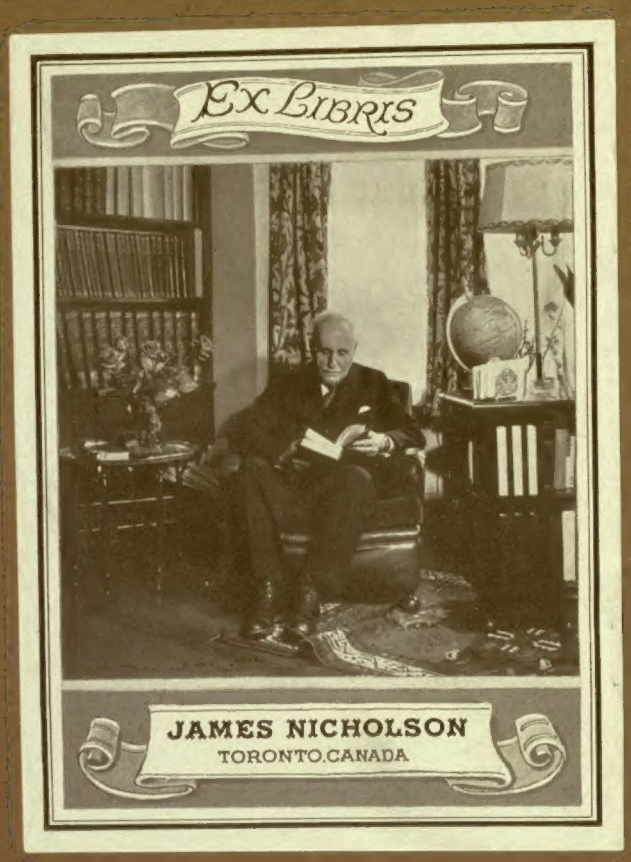

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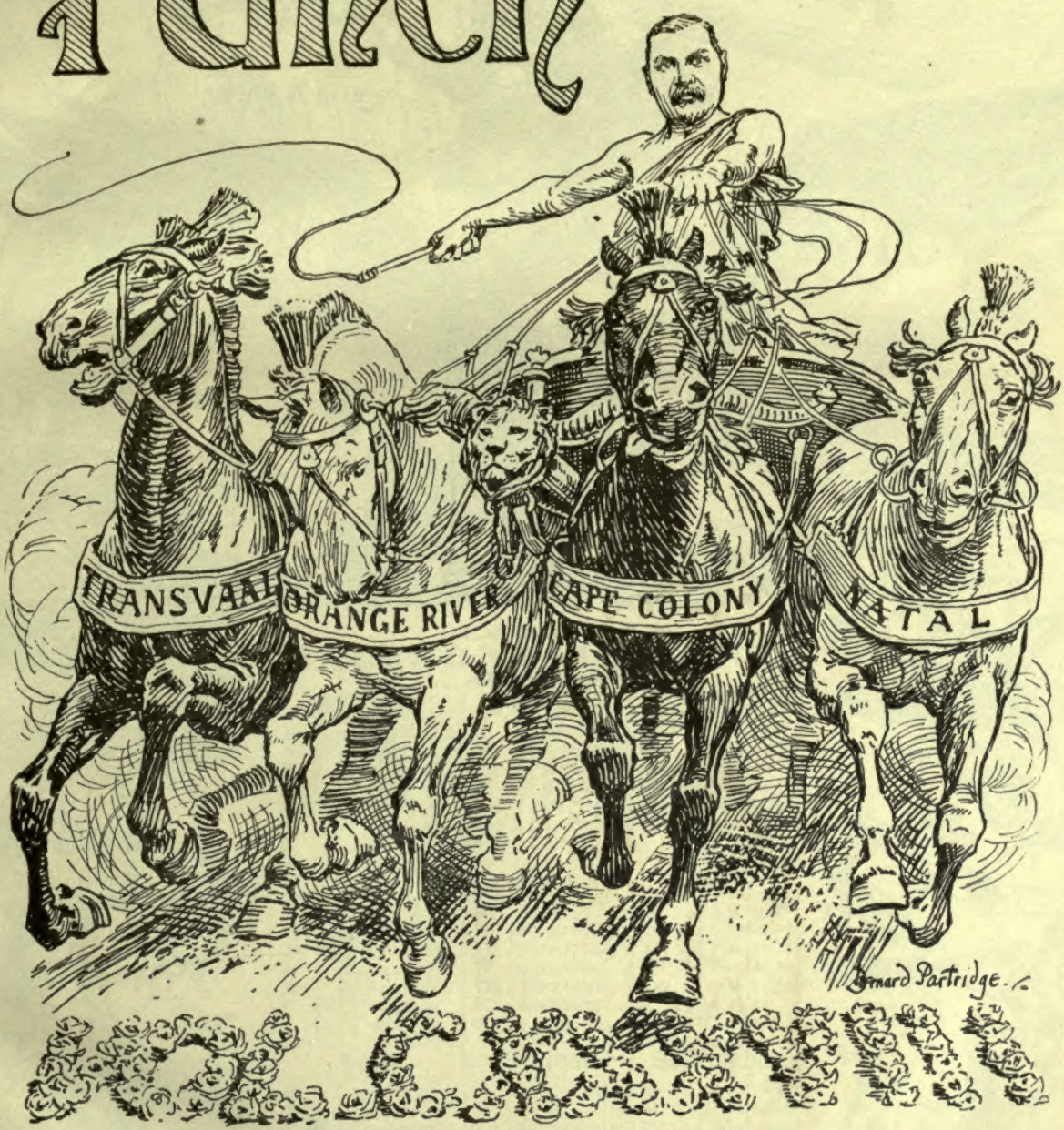
JANUARY—JUNE, 1910.

PUNCH

Vol. CXXXVIII.

JANUARY JUNE, 1910

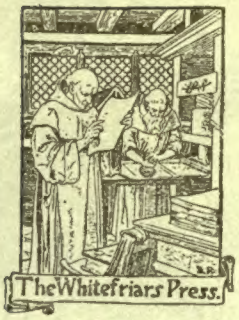
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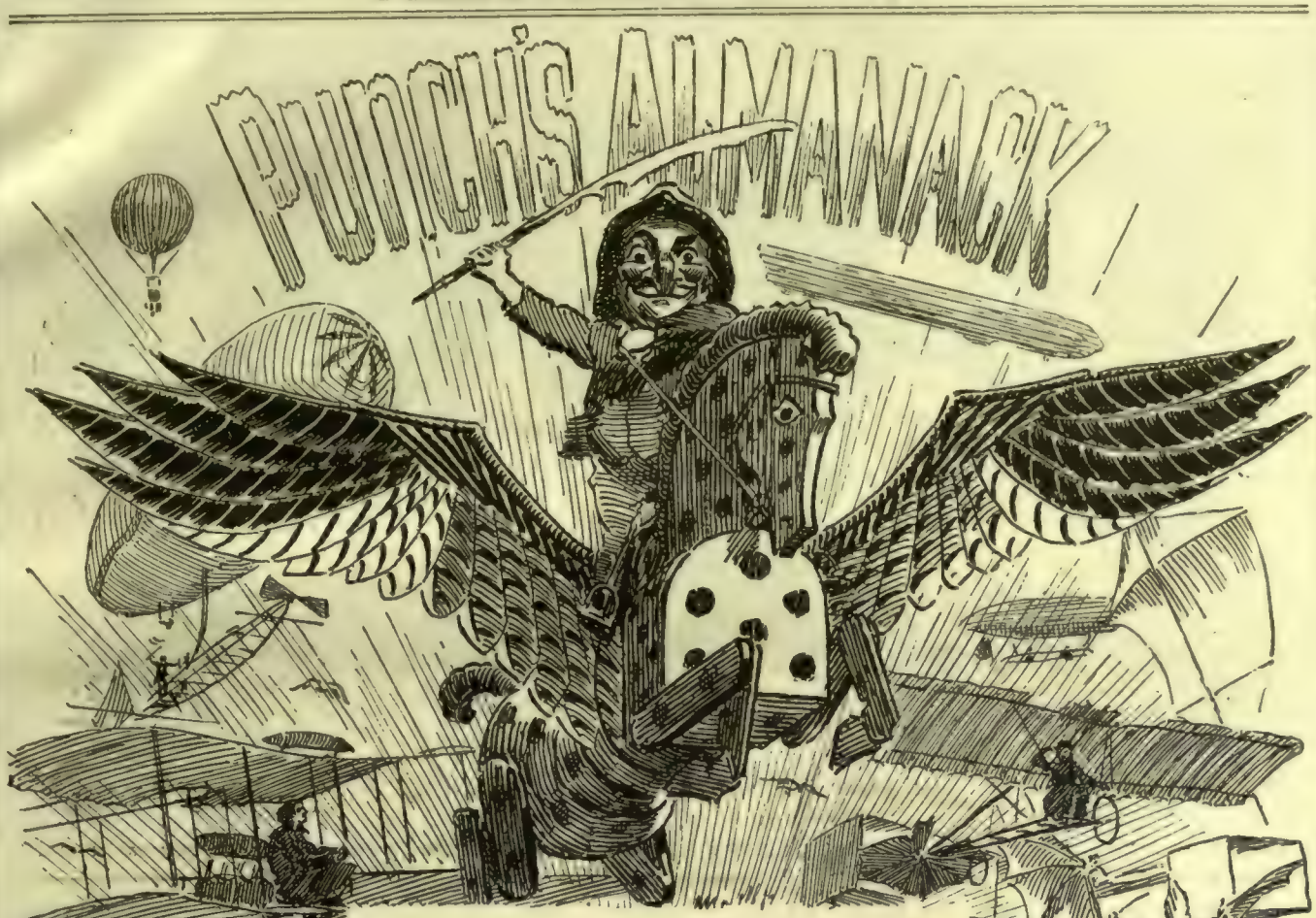
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Bradbury, Agnew & Co., Ld.,
Printers,
London and Tonbridge.



CALENDAR FOR 1910.

January						
S	...	2	9	16	23	30
M	...	3	10	17	24	31
Tu	...	4	11	18	25	...
W	...	5	12	19	26	...
Th	...	6	13	20	27	..
F	...	7	14	21	28	...
S	1	8	15	22	29	...

February						
S	...	6	13	20	27	
M	...	7	14	21	28	
Tu	1	8	15	22	..	
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Th	3	10	17	24	...	
F	4	11	18	25	...	
S	5	12	19	26	...	

March						
S	...	6	13	20	27	
M	...	7	14	21	28	
Tu	1	8	15	22	29	
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April						
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Th	...	7	14	21	28	...
F	1	8	15	22	29	...
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May						
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F	6	13	20	27	...	
S	7	14	21	28	...	

June						
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Th	2	9	16	23	30	
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S	4	11	18	25	...	

July						
S	...	3	10	17	24	31
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Tu	...	5	12	19	26	...
W	...	6	13	20	27	...
Th	...	7	14	21	28	..
F	1	8	15	22	29	...
S	2	9	16	23	30	...

August						
S	...	7	14	21	28	
M	1	8	15	22	29	
Tu	2	9	16	23	30	
W	3	10	17	24	31	
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F	5	12	19	26	...	
S	6	13	20	27	...	

September						
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W	..	7	14	21	28	
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S	3	10	17	24	...	

October						
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W	...	5	12	19	26	..
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F	...	7	14	21	28	...
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November						
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F	4	11	18	25	...	
S	5	12	19	26	...	

December						
S	...	4	11	18	25	
M	...	5	12	19	26	
Tu	...	6	13	20	27	
W	...	7	14	21	28	
Th	1	8	15	22	29	
F	2	9	16	23	30	
S	3	10	17	24	31	





THE FLYING YEAR.



Lady Spectator. "JUST LISTEN TO HIM! I DO WISH YOU KNEW FRENCH, GEORGE; IT'S MUCH MORE EXPRESSIVE, AND NOT NEARLY SO VULGAR!"



"WELL, THE HONLY THING AS I LIKES ABOUT *YOU* IS YER CHAIN!"



Scout Leader. "HERE, EYES—*RIGHT!* NEVER MIND THOSE CIVILIANS!"



Officer of the Day. "REPEAT YOUR ORDERS." *Sentry.* "ON NO ACCOUNT TO WAKE THE SERGEANT, SIR!"



Colonial Barber. "TOWN CUT OR COUNTRY CUT, SIR?"
Customer. "GIVE US ABOUT FIVE MILE OUT."



He. "DO YOU EVER HUNT, MISS O'MALAN?"
She. "PAPA DOESN'T ALLOW ME TO HUNT, BUT I GO TO THE COVERT-SIDE SOMETIMES, AND MY HORSE RUNS AWAY WITH ME."



Gladys. "And are ducks hard to shoot?"
Gladys. "Why? Do they bob underneath the water?"
Sportsman. "Yes, rather."
Sportsman. "Oh, we don't shoot them on the water."
Gladys. "Oh, but is it quite fair to shoot them on land?"



"I want a box of cigars for a fair, slim gentleman, please."



The Major (who, owing to an attack of gout, has to shoot from a motor-car). "WATCH THAT BIRD; HE'S HIT HARD."
Chauffeur. "YES, SIR, 'E'S STEERIN' A BIT WILD. GOT IT IN 'IS DIFFERENTIAL GEAR, SIR, I THINK."

TIME'S REVENGES.

[A straight talk addressed by a middle-aged bachelor to the love of his youth.]

No, Honoria, I am greatly flattered
When you cast a soft, seductive eye
On a figure permanently battered
Out of shape by Anno Domini;
Yet, you'll take it please, from me,
It can never, never be.

Vainly—and you mustn't be offended
Should a certain candour mark my words—
Vainly is the obvious net extended
Underneath the eyes of us old birds;
Nor are we—it sounds unkind—
Taking any salt behind.

You have passed, you say, the salad season,
Growing sick of boyhood's callow fluff;
You prefer the age of settled reason—
Men with minds composed of sterner stuff;
All your nature, now so ripe,
Yearns towards the finished type.

Yes, but what about your full-fledged fogeys?
Youth is good enough for us, I guess;
Still we like it fluffy; still the vogue is
Sweet-and-Twenty—ay, or even less;
Only lately I have been
Badly hit by Seventeen.

I have known my heart to melt like tallow
In the company of simple youth,
Careless though its brain was clearly shallow,
Beauty being tantamount to Truth;
Give us freshness, free of art,
We'll supply the brainy part.

Thus in *your* hands I was soft as putty
Ere your intellect began to grow,
When we went a-Maying in the nutty
Time—it seems a thousand years ago;
Then I wished to make you mine;
Why on earth did you decline?

You declined because you had a notion
You could choose a husband when you would;
There were better fish inside the ocean
Than had come to hand—or quite as good;
So, until you reached the thirties,
We were treated much as dirt is.

Then you grew a little less fastidious,
Wondering if your whale would soon arrive,
Till your summers (age is so insidious)
Touched their present total—45;
Well, then, call it 38;
Anyhow, it's *far* too late.

You may say there's something most unknightly,
Something almost rude about my tone?
No, Honoria, when regarded rightly,
These are Time's revenges, not my own;
You may deem it want of tact,
Still, I only state the fact.

Yet, to end upon a note less bitter,
You shall hear what chokes me off to-day:
'Tis the thought (it makes my heart-strings twitter)
Of a Young Thing chasing nuts in May:
'Tis my loyalty to Her,
To the Girl that once you were.

O. S.

QUESTIONS FOR THE "BOOK OF ETIQUETTE."

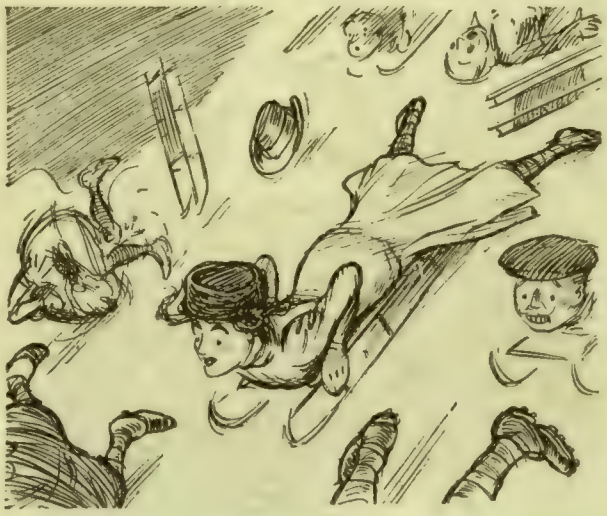


WHAT SHOULD A VERY SHY GENTLEMAN DO WHEN, HAVING CAUGHT THE HORSE OF A VERY SHY LADY, HE FINDS THAT, OWING TO THE LOSS OF HER SAFETY SKIRT, SHE HAS TAKEN COVER IN A GORSE BUSH AND WILL NOT COME OUT?



WHEN, AFTER HAVING HEADED THE FOX AND OVERRIDDEN YOUR HOUNDS, THE ELDEST SON OF THE LARGEST LANDOWNER IN THE HUNT RIDES THROUGH THE PACK ON A KICKING HORSE JUST AS THEY ARE BREAKING UP THEIR FOX, AND ASKS FOR THE BRUSH, WHAT SHOULD YOU SAY?

THE STRENUOUS YEAR OF A LADY OF FASHION.



JANUARY.—SHE TOBOGGANS IN SWITZERLAND.



FEBRUARY.—SHE ATTENDS THE BATTLE OF FLOWERS AT NICE.



MARCH.—SHE BREAKS THE BANK AT MONTE CARLO.



APRIL.—SHE SHOPS IN PARIS.



MAY.—SHE PATRONISES ART.



JUNE. SHE ENJOYS THE WHIRL OF THE LONDON SEASON.

THE STRENUOUS YEAR OF A LADY OF FASHION.



JULY.—SHE ATTENDS RACE MEETINGS.



AUGUST.—SHE GOES YACHTING.



SEPTEMBER.—SHE STALKS THE DEER.



OCTOBER.—SHE ASSISTS AT A SHOOT *DE LUXE*.



NOVEMBER.—SHE LEADS THE FIELD WITH THE QUORN.



DECEMBER.—SHE MERRYMAKES AT A SMART COUNTRY-HOUSE.

MINCE-MEAT.

By our Charicariety Artist.

"Remember that Christmas was made for the children, and the children for Christmas," says a contemporary. A small boy, however, writes to us challenging the correctness of the latter part of the statement. No child, he declares, is so constructed that he can eat too much with any degree of comfort.

***

As the 1st of January will be here shortly, may we beg persons who are wished "A Happy New Year" not to retort, "The same to you, *and many of them*"? This subtle insinuation that the original greeting had an air of meanness is in bad taste.

***

"If you are thinking of Switzerland for Winter Sport," says an advertisement, "why not give Engelberg a trial? It has a Bob run of nearly seven miles with train for return." This certainly sounds a bargain.

***

As a compliment to the increasing number of automobilists who visit Switzerland with their cars, a well-known mountain is to be re-named The Motor-horn.

***

A burglar who was accused of breaking into a large drapery establishment the other day put in the ingenious defence that he was merely accepting an invitation from the proprietor, who had exhibited a large notice on the window:—"STOCK MUST BE CLEARED BY END OF MONTH."

***

An Irish connoisseur was expatiating on the glories of his Old Master. "Is it not marvellous," he said, "how those colours have kept their freshness for over three hundred years? Show me the modern artist whose work has lasted as long!"

***

"When does the next train start?" asked the American millionaire, rushing on to the platform of one of our tube stations. "Sorry, Sir, but there's not another for two minutes," answered the official. "What a line! I must have a special, then," said the millionaire, pulling out his cheque-book.

***

More commercial candour? To advertise a certain make of underwear, a hosier in one of our leading thoroughfares is exhibiting the following notice:—

"RHEUMATICS MADE EASY."



THE GREATER OF TWO EVILS.

"'Ere, Alf, take 'Erb and let me 'old the beer—or you 'll be spilling it directly."

News of a most deplorable misprint has just come to hand from a certain provincial town. According to our information, placards announcing a forthcoming amateur concert were recently issued bearing the heading:—

"A GREAT MUSICAL THREAT."

***

The Austrian Finance Minister, to meet his deficit, is imposing a tax on bachelors. We should have thought that in Austria a tax on Merry Widows would have brought in a bigger return.

***

The fledgling made its first attempt at flying, and fell helpless to the ground. "Well, well!" said the mother-bird, as she peered out of the nest, "every aviator must make a beginning."

***

"You sent me an old fowl yesterday," complained the newly married wife to her poulterer. "Well, I didn't like to let you have a young inexperienced bird, Madam," explained the tradesman.

***

The fact that some fifty valuable animals, including an orang-outang and some elks, were recently stolen from the St. Petersburg Zoological Gardens has seriously alarmed those in authority at our own Zoo. Several stout gentlemen, in spite of frantic struggles, have, we hear, been searched at the exits on suspicion of concealing rare mammals under their waistcoats, and the lions, tigers, giraffes, hippopotami, and rhinoceroses are to be provided at once with neat spiked collars bearing the inscription, "Not to be taken."

***

The statement that the island site between Aldwych and the Strand is to be utilised for a temporary Trades' Exhibition effectually disposes of the rumour that the Zoological Society were acquiring it as a Haven of Rest for Home-Sick Camels.



"GOOD MORNIN', YER RIV'RENCE; IT'S GLAD I AM YE ARE LOOKIN' SO FAT AN' ROSY. *IV'RY BUTTON DOIN' ITS DUTY!*"

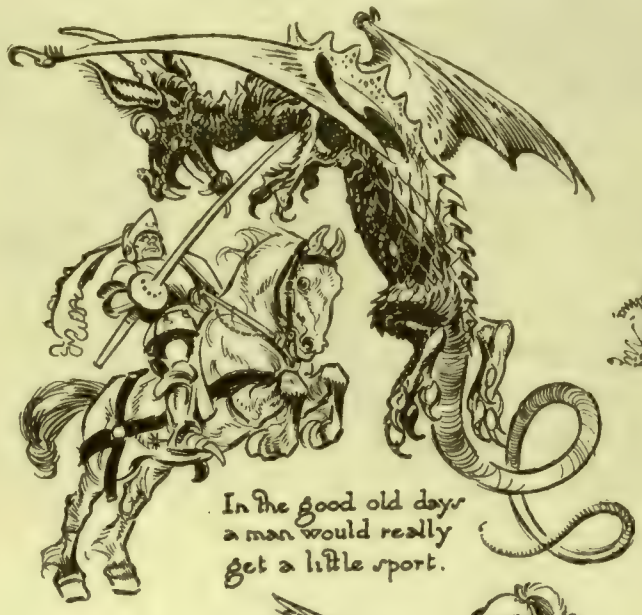


Mrs. Dibs-Smythe. "WE ARE JUST BACK FROM THE CONTINENT, WHERE MY DAUGHTER HAS BEEN FINISHING HER EDUCATION. SHE SPEAKS ALL LANGUAGES."

The Professor. "AH! DOES SHE SPEAK ESPERANTO?"

Mrs. Dibs-Smythe. "*LIKE A NATIVE!*"

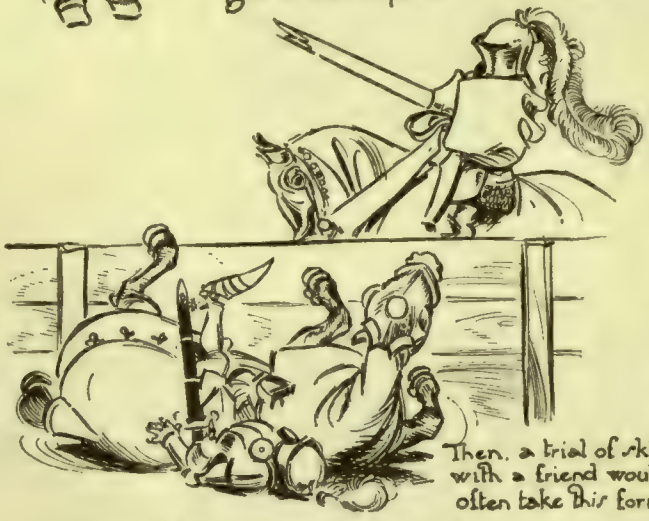
THE SPORTSMAN: OLD AND NEW STYLES.



In the good old days a man would really get a little sport.



Now he puts up with this.



Then, a trial of skill with a friend would often take this form



Now he makes this do



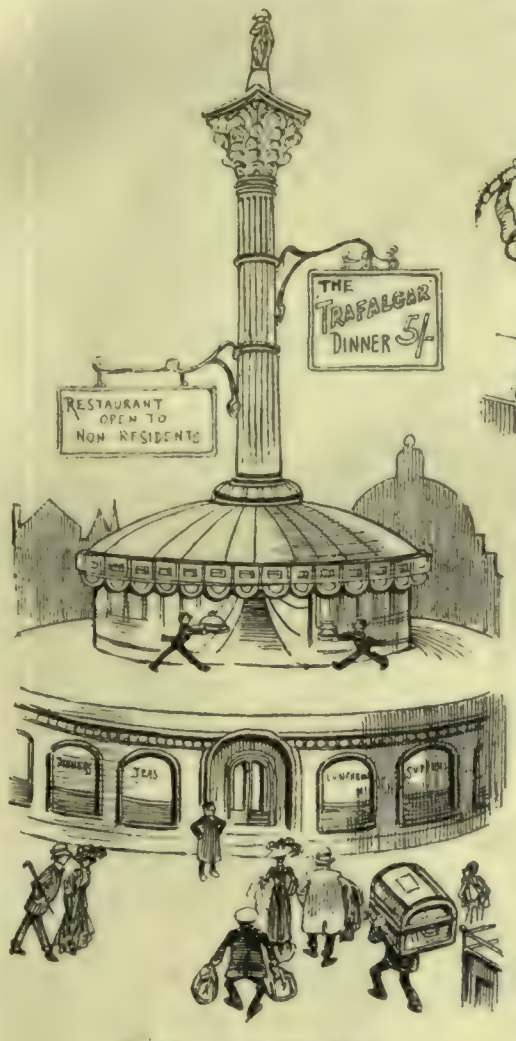
And the chained and distressed damsel he used to be so fond of rescuing —



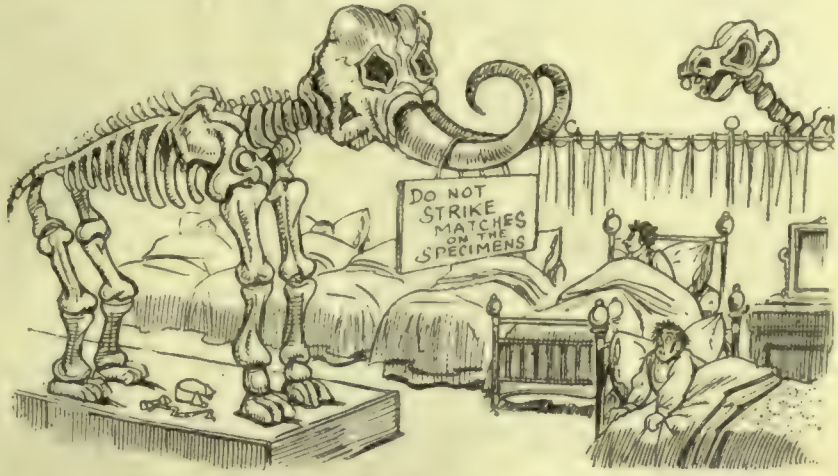
Only raises a smile when he comes across her nowadays.

OVER-CROWDED LONDON.

A FEW PROFITABLE SUGGESTIONS TO THE AUTHORITIES FOR NEXT SEASON.



THE NELSON COLUMN HOTEL.



THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM TEMPORARY HOTEL.



HORSE-GUARDS—VISITORS TAKEN *EN PENSION*.



THE NATIONAL GALLERY HOTEL.
DINNER SERVED IN THE TURNER ROOM.



THE TOWER OF LONDON.
VISITORS RECEIVED ON BOARDING TERMS.



1.



2.



3.



4

MR. PUNCH'S GALLERY OF POPULAR ART.

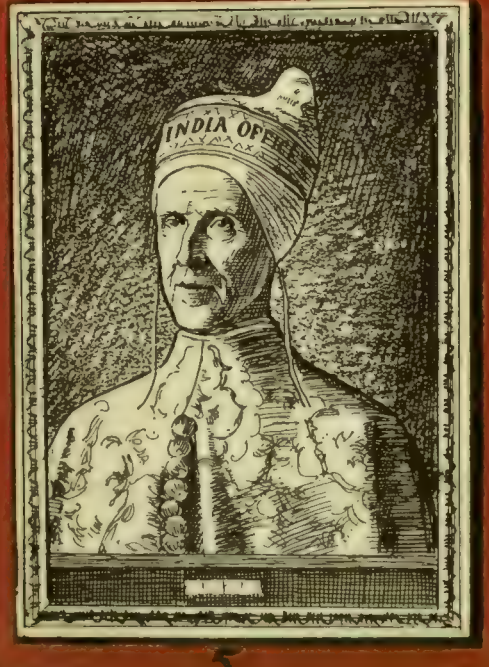
1. The Kaiser's naval designs (*after* Thumann's "*Art wins the Heart*").
2. Mr. Balfour (*after* Cot's "*Spring*").
3. Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Lloyd George (*after* Landseer's "*Dignity and* ——").
4. "Dare I?" Mr. Asquith and Master Winston Churchill (*after* Reynolds).



1.



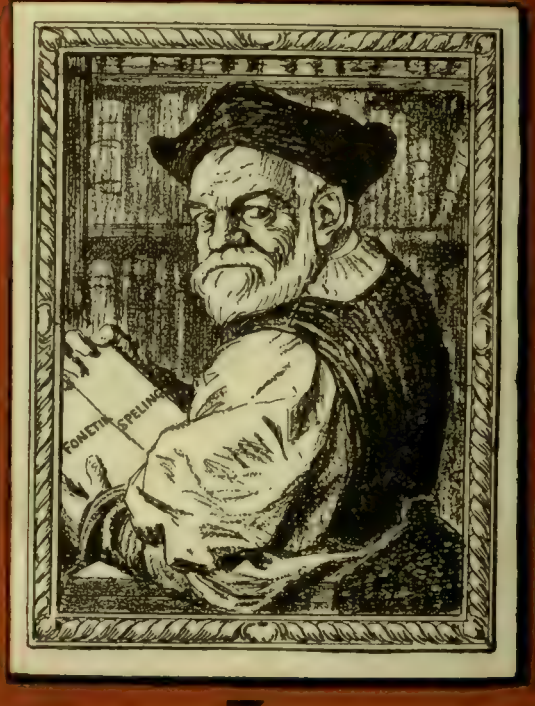
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5.



6.



7.

MR. PUNCH'S PO

1. Mr. Taft (*after* Velasquez). 2. Sir Arthur Pinero (*after* Gainsborough). 3. The Glaring Cavalier—Mr. Lewis W



3.



4.



8.



9.



10. BERNARD PARTRIDGE

TRAIT GALLERY.

(*after* Franz Hals). 4. Mr. Sargent (*after* Velasquez). 5. Lord Morley (*after* Bellini). 6. Mr. Chaplin (*after* Giotto).



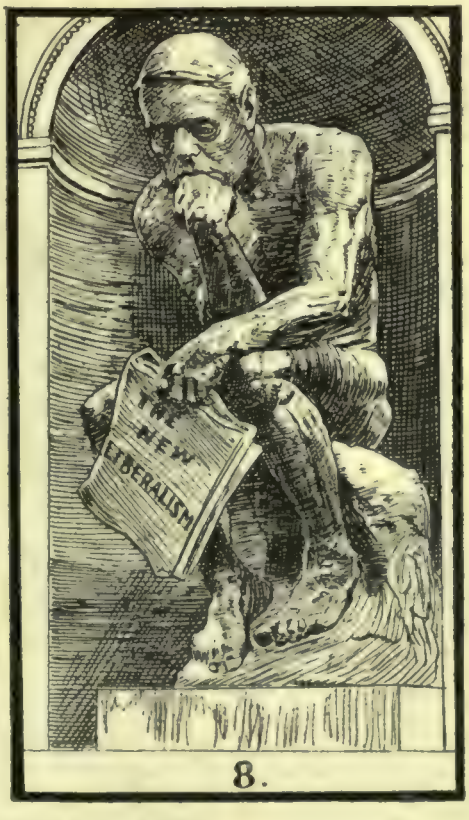
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6.



7.



8.

MR. PUNCH'S GALLERY OF POPULAR ART.

5. St. Theodore Roosevelt relates how he did it (*after* Dürer's "*St. Jerome*").

6. Lord Hugh Cecil as The Black Free Trader (*after* Millais' "*The Black Brunswicker*").

7. Mr. Keir Hardie and the Suffragette (*after* Maclise's "*Malvolio*").

8. Lord Rosebery (*after* Rodin's "*Le Grand Penseur*").

CHRISTMAS TOYS.

(Don't thank me for this article. I get the money back from the shops whose goods I advertise.)

INTRODUCTORY.

THERE are two ways of toy-shopping: the Old (before this article was written), and the New; or, as one might say, the Haphazard and the Scientific. The old haphazard way was this:—

You (very red and uncomfortable). H'm—er—I—er—good morning. Er—yes, I—er—want a thingummy thing for a youngster of mine, don't you know.

She (very cool and superior). We have an amusing toy here which is very popular.

[Retires to show-case.

You (nervously following her). H'm, I thought—some little don't-you-know—amuse the little chap. Christmas, what? . . . By Jove that's deuced funny, that's *deuced* funny. Hee-hee-hee-hee-hee. What? I mean, how they get things up now. Not like when you and I—I beg pardon, *really!* I meant not like when *I* . . . Yes, I'll take that. Deuced good. Make the little chap laugh, by Jove. . . . Thanks. Ah—good morning . . . The other way out? Ah, thanks. *Good* morning.

That was the old method, governed by one consideration only: to get out of the shop as soon as possible. The scientific toy-shopper will take many other things into account.

CHAPTER I.

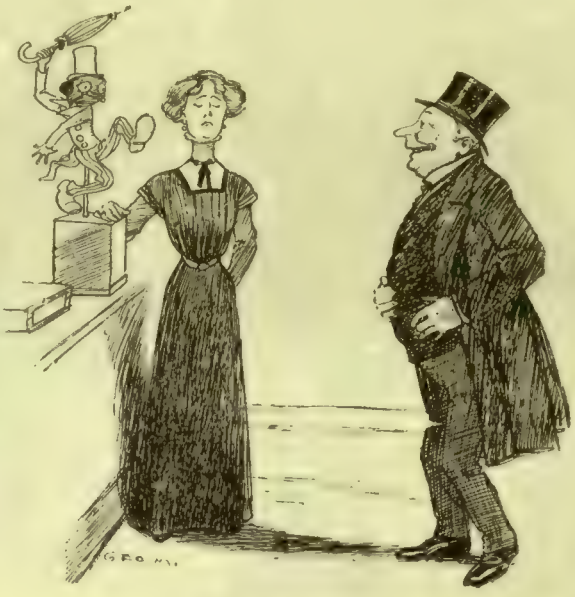
The Boy.

In toy-shopping for a boy the first consideration is this: What is the nature, temperament, habits (if any), and



REGRETTABLE WANT OF TACT ON THE PART OF AN UNCLE WHO PRESENTED HIS ANTI-MILITARIST NEPHEW WITH A BOX OF SOLDIERS.

outlook upon life of the child to whom you are presenting your Yuletide gift? My artist has depicted upon this page—(don't limit yourself to the text; look at the illustrations, too, even if they *are* poor)—the sad case of an uncle who grievously mistook the tendencies of a small nephew of his. I must say for this uncle that he did his best to repair the error, for on the next morning he



A STUDY IN DETACHMENT.

changed the toy soldiers for a box of rural deans; but owing (it may be) to the fact that a minor canon had slipped in amongst them . . . However, we need not go into that now. It is sufficient that you should realise how important it is to be in sympathy with a child's feelings.

The question of what the child is going to be is of equal importance. In these days of Get On or Get Out the boy cannot begin too early the struggle for existence. His toys should help him, therefore, to prepare for his profession. Luckily this is now possible, thanks to the enterprise of the firms for whom I am writing. I may mention—(between ourselves I *must* mention)—the following specialities:—

The Little Sculptor's Outfit.—This comprises 1 Chisel, 1 Hammer, 1 Apron, and 1 Block of Marble.

The Compleat (or, as it is sometimes spelt, *Complete*) *Child Caxton.*—The type for the little model printing press numbers five each of every letter, figure, and punctuation mark, together with one each of the following: %, §, £, *, [redacted]. Invaluable for a budding editor.

The Young Painter's Pantechnicon, including two pamphlets entitled "Half Hours with the Green Bice" and "Alone in the Burnt Sienna."

In addition to these there are special toys for the Boy Barrister, the Embryo Chartered Accountant and the Juvenile Exporter of Hardware (none of which my artist has had the courage to depict). The model skull and forceps in the Little Dentist's Outfit is another feature in Christmas Gifts, while for the rising young engineer there is no limit to the number of suitable toys. One of these mechanical models for the little George Stephenson I shall now endeavour to explain.

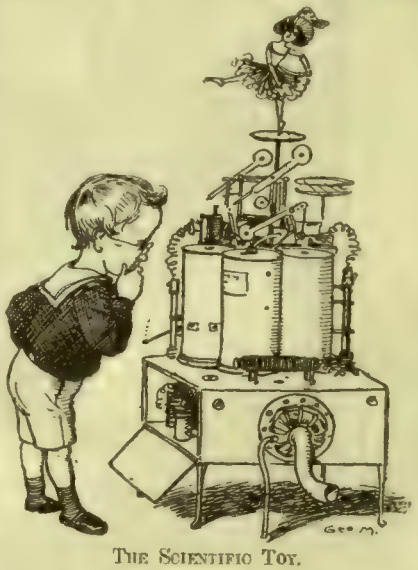
THE TOY AEROPLANE.

For a thoroughly successful flight in the garden the lucky lad to whom this is presented will find two things necessary:—

(1) Suitable climatic conditions.

(2) The permission of the Aero Club. An ascent in the drawing-room, however, is in no way dependent upon the weather, though the second condition is still imperative.

Having taken the aeroplane out of its shed, the young operator releases a spring, which empties the petrol tank over the radiator, and so renders a flight for that day impossible. The aeroplane then returns automatically to its shed. A short time having elapsed, the doors of the shed open again and the aeroplane pitches forward on to its propellor and breaks the mainstay, thus rendering all chances of a flight for that day absolutely impossible. Once more the aeroplane retires backwards into its home. There is another interval, during which a hammering noise issues



THE SCIENTIFIC TOY.

from the shed, and then suddenly the biplane whizzes out and circles round the ceiling at an incredible speed—until at last it is captured and brought to earth with a butterfly net.

Price (with butterfly net) £5 9*s.* 6*d.*

Although books cannot, strictly speaking, be called toys, yet it is undeniable that suitable ones can be bought at all toy shops. An overpoweringly useful adventure book has been issued this year, entitled *The Pirate Chief*. I have only time to give the briefest synopsis of the story.

"Mackerel Fiend is the leader of a desperate band of pirates. After a short but fierce engagement, he captures the good ship *Ruritania*, which is carrying bullion from the Cape. There are 2,198,360 bars of gold altogether, each of which weighs 1 lb. 13 oz. Gold is now, according to the computation of Mackerel's dare-devil lieutenant, Halibut Hopps, at 21*s.* an ounce. Having made everybody walk the plank Mackerel and his band returned to London and invested the proceeds of their villainy in Rio Tinto Six per Cents. at 187, brokerage being ½. Chapter XX. (which is sealed, and deposited safely in the strong-room of the shop which collaborates with me) discloses the subsequent life of ease and independence led by Mackerel Fiend, who took twice as much as everybody else. £100 is offered to the first solver of the questions:

"(1) What was M. Fiend's income?

"(2) Will Rio Tintos go up?"

You will agree with me that this is just the Christmas present for the thoughtful lad who is destined for the commercial life.



Little Britons at Work.

Chapter II.

The Girl.

Having dealt with toys for boys (which is poetry), let us now turn to toys for girls (which isn't). In presenting the boy with our Yuletide gift, our one object was to be of use to him in his future career. No nice girl has a future career. Let us see, therefore, that our toys for her are useless.

The most obvious present for a girl is a Teddy Beast. I had a long and acrimonious (as they say in the dictionary) discussion with my artist as to what constituted "teddiness" in an animal. He thought it was the head; I said it was the fur. We talked a long time about it, and then I had him. I said:

"If it's the head, then you couldn't have a Teddy Sardine. So there!"

He said: "That's just what I was going to say. Who ever heard of a Teddy Sardine?"

"You did," I said, "and you jolly well know it. I told you to draw one only yesterday."

He said: "Yes; but how could I when it hasn't got a head?"



The Search for Beauty.

I said: "You fool! that proves it's the fur."

And then he went and drew that *rotten* picture you see above; he did it in about five minutes, before I could stop him. I should say it was a soft job being an artist.

Another thoroughly useless present is the "Little Girls' Jigsaw." The firm which has the honour to pay me is now turning out one of these delightful puzzles in two pieces only. The object is to place the blocks of wood together so as to form a complete picture, and, though this sounds easy, yet many a child has failed to effect the correct solution at the first attempt. I may add that when the puzzle has been solved to repletion, the two blocks may be scooped out and used for holding pins or other trifles.

Yet another very popular and useless toy has just been invented by the same firm. This is called "Americans in Clover," and is a variation of the old puzzle, "Pigs in Clover." The ideal in view is to roll one of two peas into a receptacle called "The North Pole," without letting the other in. The two peas, though exactly alike in appearance, are in reality different—one being Peary and the other Cook. Part of the game is to remember which is which.

*Snip.**—(The Great Novelty.)

This is a thoroughly futile card game, something on the lines of "Snap." Each card bears upon it the likeness of some world-famous person, there being four artists (Rubens, Hassall, Titian, and Murillo—N.B. Do not confuse the last name with anybody whose pictures you see on this page), four soldiers, four musicians, and so on. Each little girl plays a card in turn, and as soon as two of a kind appear on the table, *instead of saying "Snap!" they say "Snip!"*

"Cuckoo!"

This is really a mechanical toy, but of so simple and unpractical a nature that it may safely be given to the most innocent little girl. When it has been wound up, it is placed upon a table, from which post of vantage it says "Cuckoo!"—twice—in a clear and musical voice.

(Cordially recommended as useless.)

Of course, I could go on for pages and pages, telling you all about the new toys in the warehouse of my patrons.

* [Copyright in all countries represented at the Hague Conference. All rights reserved. Patented in Hobomoko.]

Instead of doing that, I will now narrate a very amusing story.

"Once upon a time there was a sweet child called Little Red Betsy—oh, so good and gentle! And her mother said, 'Betsy, don't get up to breakfast this morning because Grandmamma is coming through the wood to see you.' So Betsy stayed in bed.

"It was a fine frosty morning when Grandmamma began to walk through the wood. She had a little hamper on her arm for Betsy, and she was tripping along when suddenly she met a Wolf, who gobbled her all up.

"And the Big Bear said, 'WHO HAS BEEN EATING MY PORRIDGE?'

"And the Medium Bear said, 'Who has been eating my porridge?'

"And the Little Bear said, 'Who has been eating my porridge?'

"And they all lived happily ever afterwards—except, of course, Grandmamma."

For the middle of this delightful and original tale for little girls you must buy the new story-book, *Little Brown Bear*, by Ernest Tupham. An entirely new thing in whimsical romances.



THE LITTLE GIRL'S JIGSAW.

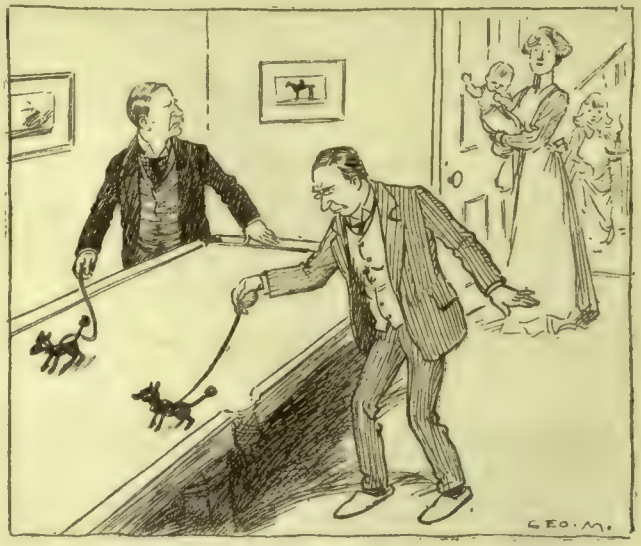
(Emily's first attempt at negotiating this tricky puzzle.) *(Final and correct solution by Emily and Aunt Maud.)*

CHAPTER III.

The Babe.

In giving presents to a boy or girl, it is (as we have seen) necessary to consider the recipients; in giving presents to a babe, it is our duty (fortunately) to consider nobody but ourselves. Lucky, indeed, is the man or woman who has a relation of less than one.

For a baby of six months, the best present is a ball. Generally speaking, this is of soft india-rubber, big and round and highly coloured. The disadvantages of such a ball are obvious; you cannot drop-kick properly with it, and if you are trying to punt over the chimneys in a high wind, the gale generally takes it right away on to the greenhouse roof. The enterprising firm which I have mentioned once before in these pages realised this, and is now stocking something much more sensible. It is oval in shape, and has a stiff leather case; you will see it in the windows of all their shops, marked, "*For Baby*—21/-." I cannot recommend them too strongly.



AN INTERRUPTED RACE.



A PRESENT FOR BABY.

I may be wrong, but personally I have always felt that those toy dogs which jump make a delightful gift to an infant. By squeezing a rubber bulb you can make their back legs move, and in this way it is quite possible to race them along the billiard table. The baby will prefer that you should give him two of them, so that his father may work one and his uncle the other. I have taken part in many an exciting contest of this nature, and I may say that my dachsund—my nephew's albino dachsund Fritz is the longest white loser that I have ever seen upon the green baize.

There can be no doubt, though, that the gift of a box of bricks is the one most eagerly welcomed by any well-brought-up babe.

I should like to tell you about a little house called "The Rabbit Hutch," which I built the other day. It was in the Early Norman style, save the east window, which was Gothic. For various reasons there were only two stories; the bottom floor was the tiled bathroom, which was used for goldfish, and the top was where the people lived.

In the suite of apartments on this upstairs floor one noticed immediately the numerous facilities for shooting arrows at the enemy outside without getting any of them back; these loopholes were to be found on every wall, being indispensable to the very early Norman style. There was also a trap-door in the floor through which you could suspend a line into the fish-pond, thus combining old English sport with *fin de siècle* luxury.

There was a castellated roof, supporting two white chimneys which from a distance looked rather like two cigarettes. A nearer view convinced you that this, in fact, is what they were. Furthermore there was a doorstep, a scraper, and a mat with *Salve* written on it. Two sparrows and a cat perched upon the roof, a red-coated rabbit was at the door to welcome you in. . . .

And then, just as I had put the finishing touches to it . . . that wretched baby . . . to whom I was giving it . . . kicked out suddenly . . .

What a nuisance children are. A. A. M.

"ONE CROWDED HOUR OF GLORIOUS LIFE."



A CABINET MINISTER'S DAY.





A LONG-FELT WANT.

THE "BALL-ROOM REMINDER," FOR SITTING-OUT PLACES.



Ostler. "WANT A HORSE? WHAT KIND O' HORSE?"

Man from "Liberty" Boat's Crew. "OH, A GOOD LONG 'UN; THERE 'S ELEVEN OF US!"



"THE GOVERNMENT ARE IN FIGHTING TRIM" *(Ministerial Speech).*

WITH THE ARTIST'S HEARTFELT CONGRATULATIONS TO THOSE OTHER GALLANT WARRIORS WHO, FROM EXIGENCIES OF SPACE, HAVE ESCAPED INCLUSION IN THE ABOVE BATTLE-PICTURE.



DEAR OLD ENGLAND IN THE LLOYD-GEORGIAN ERA: 'YDE PARK.



OUR MODERN SCEPTICS.

"EXCUSE ME, SIR, YOUR BOOTLACE IS UNDONE."

TO THE FOURTH ESTATE.

O FOURTH Estate, whose soaring pens have mounted
To a pure height where none may dare to climb,
In whose comparison are kings accounted
Nothing, the lords of Spirit and of Time
Puppets that cower at thy deific nod;
The majesty of whose imperious prime
Shadows the cringing commons like a god:
Thou that alone art strong, alone art free
Almost to licence, hear, oh, hear my plea.

Thou that with tireless ardour penetratest
Through the obscure in such audacious wise
That whispering walls divulge the very latest
And keyholes ope like caverns to thine eyes,
Whose myrmidons, for ever on the track
Of a new thing, with jealous enterprise
Creep up the front stairs or infest the back;
O Thou that knowest all, that layest bare
Skeletons in grim cupboards, hear my prayer.

Thou at whose newsy fount the thirsting many
Absorb their mental viand and consume
Draughts of intelligence at two a penny;
Thou Trumpeter of the Unknown, to whom
Art, Science, Letters, Dogma, and the Stage
(Fresh apple-blossom, blushing for a boom)
Kneel for due favour; Thou whose patronage
Quickens a pyrotechnic flash, and fame
Bursts with a sharp report on even the humblest name,
Hear me, oh, hear! I wince, I shrink, I tremble,
That seek a boon, but not as others seek.
Lo, I am mean! yet how may I dissemble
In thy dread sight? Or what that I am meek?
For, as the elephant's continued nose
Plucks up the pin or piles the squdgy teak,
So to the scheme of thine embracing prose
The least thing does. Yet, O promiscuous One,
Thou in whose ear the faintest rumour blows
Loud as a clarion, thou that, like the sun,
Beholdest all, oh, hear me, lest I be undone!

For lo! by machination of mine enemies
I am entangled in the Law's dread reach;
They have appointed me—so great their venom is—
Defendant of an imminent deadly "Breach,"
Suited by one that vowed to hold me dear,
And now cries Damage! And I do beseech,
Thou wilt restrain thyself when I appear.
There are some letters which the lady filed
(Prudent!) whereat the ribald mob would jeer;
And some poor foolish numbers, far too wild,
Too sacred, for perusal, woe is me!
Then, O great Press, I pr'ythee draw it mild!
Ignore my frailty, that my song may be
That Thou, tho' Fourth, art First! And blow the other three!

DUM-DUM.



Visitor "YOUR OLD-AGE PENSION OUGHT TO COME IN USEFUL AT CHRISTMAS." *Sexton.* "WELL, SIR, 'TAIN'T WHAT WE'VE GOT, 'TIS WHAT WE'VE LOST. HERE'S SQUIRE'S CHRISTMASSING, AS USED ALWAYS TO BE A CROWN AND A GOOSE, DROPT DOWN TO A TWO-SHILLING PIECE AND A RABBIT!"



Vicar. "WHY, MILLY, HERE'S A MESS! WHATEVER WILL YOUR MOTHER SAY?" *Milly.* "SHE'LL SAY IT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE A PA'SON SWEAR."

HOW BILL BOWSPRIT KEPT HIS OATH.

A Christmas Yarn.

It fell about the blithe Yuletide,
When the purse-strings all hung loose.
Bill Bowsprit sware by his binnacle
His crew should dine off goose.

As tough a salt Bill Bowsprit was
As ever in brine did soak;
One leg he had of bone and brawn
And one of the British oak.

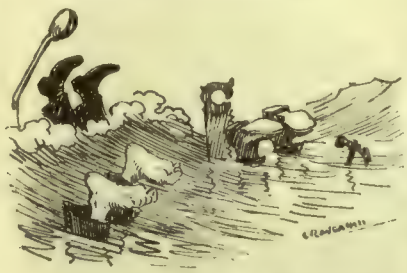
Red was his nose as the rising sun,
His speech like the sunset-sky,
His hair of the golden tow, his face
Of the brown mahogany.

His roll was the roll of the rolling sea;
Like a sea-cave was his mouth;
When his right eye looked to the north, his left
Looked east-south-east by south.

A good hard-swearing man was he,
A fault all landsmen loathe,
But glare or gloom, come death, come doom,
He always kept his oath.

They had not sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When a hurricane took 'em abaft the beam
And they shipped a howling sea.

The good ship righted her apace
With creaks and shrieks and groans,
But the bos'n, the cook and the carpenter
Was gone to Davy Jones.



"The bos'n, the cook and the carpenter
Was gone to Davy Jones."

"The bos'n and the carpenter,"
Quoth Bill, "I well could spare;
There 's many a man aboard this bark
Would blithely eat their share.

"There 's many a hungry mariner
He was welcome to have took,
But what 's the use of a Christmas goose
When you hasn't got no cook?

"But I'm not a-going for to break my oath,
Though it cost me body and bones;
So by hook and crook I must rummage for cook
In the locker of Davy Jones."

He 's jumped into the heaving main,
He 's sunk like the sounding-lead,
With the salt brine gurgling in his ears
And bubbling o'er his head.

He 's waded through weeds and slimy things,
Through wrecks and dead men's bones,
For all the gear that 's lost at sea
Goes down to Davy Jones.

* * * * *

"And if I lets that cook come back
Your vittles for to dress,
First tell to me what now shall be
The order of your mess."

"Oh, first we polishes off the goose,
But and the stuffing rare,
Then we polishes off the plum-pudding
And the rest of the Christmas fare.



"He's jumped into the heaving main."

"And then we drinks his Majesty,
Like every good sea-dog,
And we sits a-smoking of us pipes
And a-mixing of us grog."

"Now swear to me, Bill Bowsprit,
By all you holds most dear,
When you 've polished off the Christmas goose
And the rest of the Christmas cheer,

"May Bet and Prue and Sal and Sue
Have never a kiss for your cheek,
May your baccy all pay the King's penny
And your rum-keg spring a leak,

"If you doesn't come back to me, the cook
And yourself, you old sea-dog,
When you sits a-smoking of yous pipes
And a-mixing of yous grog."

He has ta'en the oath and they 've waded both
Through weed and slime and wreck,
And they 've swarmed aloft up the anchor-rope
And scared the watch on deck.

And first they polishes off the goose,
And the cook he heaves a sigh,
Then they polishes off the plum-pudding,
And the cook he pipes his eye.



"They've swarmed aloft up the anchor-rope."

And Bill he fills his long long clay
And lights it with a match,
And his eyes they has a solemn look
As he bids 'em pipe the watch.

And he ups and says: "We 've eat that goose,
And the boy is a-picking of the bones;
We 've had our spree, now cook and me,
We settles up with Davy Jones.

"I'm a good hard-swearing man," says he,
"A fault all landsmen loathes,
But glare or gloom, come death, come doom,
I always keeps my oaths.

"And we 've swore," says he, "has cook and me,
To go back to the musty dog,
When we sits a-smoking of us pipes
And a-mixing of us grog.

"So hark ye, my lads—and I grieves to cast
A damper on your treat—
We doesn't *mix* no grog to-night,
But we drinks our rumbo *neat!*"



"We drinks our rumbo *neat!*"



How Tommy pictured Christmas at his Uncle's in the country.



How it turned out.



THE NEW BOY-SCOUT.



"LIVES OF GREAT MEN ALL REMIND US," &c.

Now that nations live as sweethearts in a long, unselfish peace,
And the harmony of statesmen's lives is making them obese,
Readers, pull yourselves together; let *your* private quarrels cease.

Since the Teuton and the Saxon are so happily at one
And the *Dreadnought* competition 's only carried on for fun,
Let there be no further sparring 'twixt the father and the son.

Let the mother and the daughter live in unison together,
Since our Sea Lords and our Admirals are linked in friendly tether
And agree on every point that might be moot, except the weather.

As our Ministers and Suffragettes are walking paw-in-paw,
And the least reproach of either gets the other on the raw,
So let each of us embrace with zeal his least beloved in-law.

Let the snowballs of our combatants be innocent of stones,
Since the Lords address the Commons in such amiable tones
And all possible contention is deceased for lack of bones.

Now that URE and BALFOUR love to take each other's word on trust,
And the Stock Exchange and LLOYD-AP-GEORGE would share their final crust,
And the Vinci-men and Lucas-ites have gone upon the bust,—
Let us likewise keep our private disagreements in subjection
And so re-arrange our feelings that the General Election
Be a universal pageant of our general affection.

Ungallant Journalism.

"In the next compartment was the wife of a prominent politician, off to the Riviera. Her husband, seeing her off, looked wistfully after the train as it pulled slowly out of the station with its heavy load."—*Daily Mail.*

Well, as long as no names are mentioned it 's all right.

A young Greek woman of the dangerous name of MARIKILLI, having stabbed a man severely at Bacos (where the local races are presumably held), was sentenced, according to *The Egyptian Gazette*, to

"three months' imprisonment only to take effect if she commits another crime."

"One woman, one free stab." Nevertheless, we warn Clement's Inn against trusting to the motto, "One woman, one free punch."

Metamorphosis.

The pretty picture of a lady's face in *The Daily Dispatch* bears above it the legend:—

"BRIDE OF RUGBY'S NEW HEAD."

Mr. Punch presents his compliments to the Bride of Rugby and records his opinion that, if a new head was really necessary, she could not have chosen a better one.

THE LIB-LAB LEAGUE.

[A moderate Liberal addresses a member of the Labour Party.]

GIVE me your so-called horny hand
Here in the enemy's sight;
'Tis well to wear a genial air,
But do not squeeze too tight;
Press me a little, palm to palm,
And not with all your might.

Give me your horny hand, I say,
And you may guess what for;
It is to oppose the common foe's
Designs upon our gore;
I should not love you, mate, so much,
Only I loathe him more.

Strange fellowships, in fact, are those
Our passing needs devise;
But, should we come back from the scrum
Big with the victors' prize,
We can arrange to readjust
Our temporary ties.

Frankly, I do not hold with your
Iconoclastic views;
At times I trace a certain grace
In things that you abuse;
You are too much upon the make,
And I've too much to lose.

You'd have all forms of property
Crippled without redress;
While I would not attack the lot
With equal heartiness;
I simply want to paralyse
The sort I don't possess.

You look upon the House of Lords
With murderous intent;
I'd raise its tone up to our own,
And might indeed consent
To serve that end by being made
A Peer of Parliament.

I'd have the Navy not too big;
You'd have it far too small;
For you the soil of men that toil
Requires no frontier-wall;
While I am really, in my bones,
A patriot, after all.

These confidences kindly keep
In petto (in your breast);
Meanwhile I'll sing that tasty thing,
"*The Land-Song*," by request;
I'll join your hooligan brigade
And bellow with the best.

But afterwards—well, that can wait;
Let rivalries be mute
As hand-in-hand, a brother-band,
We step to the martial toot.
Who knows? We may be spared the pain
Of fighting over the loot. O. S.

"His disappointment was keen, yet in after days he looked upon that evening as the date on which he burst from the chrysalis and became a caterpillar."—*Grand Magazine.*

And the date lower down in his calendar, with the *two* red lines round it, marks the occasion when he finally burst into an egg.

LETTERS TO A MARTIAN.

MY DEAR SIR,—Since all the world here is talking and writing about political affairs, and since, as I suspect, you are not interested in the iniquities of the House of Lords or the multifarious and ever-changing virtues of Tariff Reform, I shall not afflict you with my views on these sublime matters. I propose instead to tell you something about a dog who has recently joined my family circle and now rules it as a dictator.

When I speak thus about a dog your imagination will conjure up I know not what gigantic canine specimen—a St. Bernard tramping majestically over the lawns, a Deer Hound with a delicate step and muscles of steel set to a gear of almost incredible speed, a noble and massive Newfoundland, or a Great Dane, statuesque, deep-voiced and magnificent. Banish these sedate and glorious pictures of size and power from your mind's eye. My latest dog is not of that sort. He is, in fact, one of the smallest of the canine kind, a Pekinese spaniel of high quality and lengthy pedigree. It is true that Mandarin—for by that name he is summoned through the house and across the wintry wastes of the garden in which he takes his lordly pleasure and his exercise—it is true that he is only eight months old, and he will grow, but his increase cannot be great. His mane will doubtless develop and his tail will become more thickly feathered, but in most other respects he appears to be already a fully-formed dog with his coat of red-brown fur, his long body shaped in miniature on a leonine model, his curved inch or two of front legs, which he lifts, in walking, with an unconscious sort of arrogance, and his absurd face with the domed forehead, the black and bulging eyes and the ridiculous fierceness of his eminently turned-up snout, through which he snores on occasion an obbligato of disjointed tenor notes.

A more grotesque and fascinating object never moved about on four legs or imagined himself to be a terror to domestic cats. Indeed, the curiosity of the cats in regard to Mandarin is insatiable. Evidently they cannot believe—why should they?—that he is a genuine dog. I have seen two of them follow him closely along the garden paths, sometimes darting ahead, concealing themselves behind bushes, and then springing out upon him *à l'improviste* to test his dog-hood and his courage. Whenever this happens he is unappalled. He makes at the intruder with a perfectly dauntless gallantry. His eyes gleam with the joy of battle; he pricks his ears, curls his tail on high and hurls himself at the foe, and the humorous cat always plays into his paws by galloping away or clawing herself swiftly up a tree. His nose has been scratched only once.

With the larger dogs of the neighbourhood he is on terms of a somewhat haughty familiarity, never abasing himself by lying on his back and waving his paws in the air, or by grovelling and cringing, but always bearing himself serenely and even defiantly in their presence. To see him, when engaged upon a cutlet-bone, furiously growling off a St. Bernard of some eleven stone to a respectful distance, is a tremendous lesson in animosity and pluck. We have a Great Danish lady who is devoted to him and lets him gnaw her ears or tug her tail without a murmur. Withal he is the most submissive and affectionate friend to the little girls whom he acknowledges as his mistresses, reserving for them the treasure of an immeasurable and almost pathetic adoration.

How profoundly changed is his lot from that of his ancestors. They spent their little span of life in the halls and corridors of a Chinese palace. Lying at ease on silken embroideries or pit-patting over floors of curious wood, they accepted the endearments of almond-eyed beauties or listened to the strange intrigues of supple courtiers, in whose ample sleeves a little dog might sometimes sleep. What



LEST WE GET LEFT.

LIBERAL CANDIDATE. "ON THE DISTINCT UNDERSTANDING THAT THIS IS NOT TO BE REGARDED AS A SIGN OF LASTING AFFECTION, I AM PREPARED, IN THE FACE OF THE COMMON FOE, TO GIVE WAY TO YOU."

LABOUR CANDIDATE. "SAME HERE."



POLITICS FOR THE MASSES.

Orator. "TAKE THE FIGURES, FORTY-THREE MILLION SEVEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY-THREE THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED AND SIXTY-TWO IN 1906, AND SUBTRACT THIRTY-NINE MILLION FOUR HUNDRED THOUSAND SIX HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-SEVEN IN 1907, ALLOWING 1·27 PER CENT. FOR INCREASE OF POPULATION. GENTLEMEN, YOU CAN DRAW YOUR OWN CONCLUSIONS." *Enlightened Audience.* "'EAR, 'EAR!"

ambitions, what deceits, what queer and crooked policies aimed against ill-scented and overbearing foreign devils by impassive Mandarins might they not have revealed had nature granted them the hateful gift of speech? But, as it was, they ate their portion of rice and remained silent and discreet and beloved. And now this latest and not least honourable scion of their ancient race has become in the vicissitudes of time the darling of a little band of fair-haired, frank-eyed English girls, the pursuer of cats through an English garden, and the nocturnal inhabitant of a sort of Gothic cathedral in wickerwork in the bedroom of an English house. And, since no whisper of that imperial palace whence his great-great-great-grandparents came has ever reached him, he seems fairly well contented with his lowlier dwelling and his humbler friends in the land of the Barbarians. He never yaps and his manners are beautiful.

Yours, A CHINOPHIL.

"This comes hopping."

"The 10th Infantry Brigade is a very different thing from a crowd of 3,000 young men in khaki. When it marches, all its 6,000 legs move as one."—*Daily Mail.*

Go it, ye cripples!

A LITTLE BANK-JOKE.

[The following advertisements are, no doubt, a counterblast to that of Farrow's Bank, Ltd., who offer to send a new game, "Farobank," gratis to all who make application for it on certain coupons.]

HOW TO LIVE TO BE 200. We present illustrated Life of Old Parr to first thousand applicants. Send p.c. to Parr's Bank, Ltd.

ABSOLUTELY FREE!! Six lovely picture postcards, suitable for our young folk, will be forwarded to all who send name and address to Desk Q, Child's Bank.

DO YOU find the evenings long? Then send two penny stamps and we will post you our latest novelty, "The Old Lady and the Needle." Roars of laughter! Endless amusement! Address, The Governor, Dept. Z, Bank of England.

SEND TO-DAY; to-morrow may be too late! We are giving away signed photos of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE to all who apply to Lloyd's Bank.

Complete works of ELINOR GLYN may be had by fulfilling a few simple conditions. Just the reading for the family hearth during the holidays. Apply GLYN, MILLS & Co.

THE RABBITS.

[*Second Series.*]

CHAPTER I.—ONE OF THE PLAYERS.

"Do I know everybody?" I asked Myra towards the end of dinner, looking round the table.

"I think so," said Myra. "If there 's anybody you don't see in the window, ask for him."

"I can see most of them. Who 's that tall handsome fellow grinning at me now?"

"Me," said Archie, smiling across at us.

"Go away," said Myra. "Gentlemen shouldn't eavesdrop. This is a perfectly private conversation."

"You 've got a lady on each side of you," I said heatedly; "why don't you talk to *them?* It 's simply scandalous that Myra and I can't get a moment to ourselves."

"They 're both busy; they won't have anything to say to me."

"Then pull a cracker with yourself. Surely you can think of something, my lad."

"He has a very jealous disposition," said Myra, "and whenever Dahlia—— Bother, he 's not listening."

I looked round the table again to see if I could spy a stranger.

"There 's a man over there—who 's he? Where this orange is pointing."

"Oranges don't point. Waggle your knife round Oh, him? Yes, he 's a friend of Archie's—Mr. Derry."

"Who is he? Does he do anything exciting?"

"He does, rather. You know those little riddles in the Christmas crackers?"

"Yes?"

"Yes. Well, he doesn't do those, because he 's an electrical engineer."

"But why——"

"No, I didn't. I simply asked you if you knew them. And he plays the piano beautifully, and he 's rather a good actor, and he never gets up till about ten. Because his room is next to mine, and you can hear everything, and I can hear him not getting up."

"That doesn't sound much like an electrical engineer. You ask him suddenly what ampères are a penny, and see if he turns pale. I expect he makes up the riddles, after all. Simpson only does the mottoes, I know. . . . Now talk to Thomas for a bit while I drink my orange."

Five minutes elapsed, or transpired (whichever it is), before I was ready to talk again. Generally, after an orange, I want to have a bath and go straight off to bed, but this particular one had not been so all-overish as usual.

"Now then," I said, as I examined the crystallized fruit, "I 'm with you in one minute."

Myra turned round and looked absently at me.

"I don't like it," she said to herself.

"That 's all right, you aren't going to have it. The green ones are for me."

"Can you eat that and listen to something serious?"

"I 'll try. . . . Yes, I can eat it all right. Now let 's see if I can listen. . . . Yes, I can listen all right."

"Then it 's this. I 've been putting it off as long as I can, but you 've got to be told to-night. It 's—well—do you know why you 're here?"

"Of course I do. Haven't I just been showing you?"

"Well, why are you here?"

"Well, frankly, because I 'm hungry, I suppose. Of course I know that if I hadn't been I should have come in to dinner just the same, but—— Hang it, I mean that 's the root idea of a dining-room, isn't it? And I *am* hungry. At least I was."

"Stave it off again with an almond," said Myra, pushing them along to me. "What I really meant was why you 're here in the house."

This was much more difficult. I began to consider possible reasons.

"Because you all love me," I started; "because you put the wrong address on the envelope; because the regular boot-boy 's ill; because you 've never heard me sing in church; because—stop me when I 'm getting warm—because Miss Fortescue refused to come unless I was invited; because——"

"Stop," said Myra. "That was it. And of course you know I didn't mean that at all."

"What an awful lot of things you don't mean to-night. Be brave and have it right out this time."

"All right, then, I will. One, two, three—we 're going to act a play on Saturday."

She leant forward and regarded me with apprehension.

"But why not? I 'll promise to clap."

"You can't, because you see you 're going to act too. Isn't it jolly?" said Myra breathlessly.

I gave what, if I hadn 't just begun the last crystallized greengage, would have been a scornful laugh.

"Me act? Why, I 've never—— I don't do it—it isn't done—I don't act—not on Saturdays. How absurd!"

"Have you told him, Myra?" Dahlia called out suddenly.

"I 'm telling him now. I think he 's taking it all right."

"Don't talk about me as 'him,'" I said angrily. "And I 'm *not* taking it all right. I 'm not taking it at all."

"It 's only such a very small part—we 're all doing something, you know. And your costume 's ordered and everything. But how awfully sporting of you."

After that what could I say?

"Er—what am I?" I asked modestly.

"You 're a—a small rat-catcher," said Myra cheerfully.

"I beg your pardon?"

"A rat-catcher."

"You said a small one. Does that mean that I 'm of diminutive size, or that I 'm in a small way of business, or that my special line is young ones?"

"It means that you haven 't much to say."

"I see. And would you call it a tragic or a pathetic part?"

"It 's a comic part, rather. You 're Hereditary Grand Rat-Catcher to the Emperor Bong. Bong the Second. Not the first Bong, the Dinner Bong."

"Look here, I suppose you know that I 've never acted in my life, and never been or seen a rat-catcher in my life. It is therefore useless for you to tell me to be perfectly natural."

"You have so little to do; it will be quite easy. You have to approach the Emperor very nervously——"

"I shall do the nervous part all right."

"And beg him to spare the life of his mother-in-law."

"Why? I mean, who is she?"

"Miss Fortescue."

"Yes, I doubt if I do that part so well. Still I 'll try."

"Hooray. How splendid!"

"A rat-catcher," I murmured to myself. "Where is the rat? The rat is on the mat. The cat is on the rat. The bat is on the cat. The——"

"Mr. Derry will go through your part with you to-morrow. Some of it is funnier than that."

"The electrical engineer? What do they know about rat-catching?"

"Nothing, only——"

"Aha! Now I see who your mysterious Mr. Derry is. He 's going to coach us."

"He is. You 've found it out at last. How bright green sweets make you."

"They have to be really bright green sweets. Poor man! What a job he 'll have with us all."

"Yes," said Myra, as she prepared to leave me. "Now you know why he doesn't get up till ten."

"In the rat-catching business," I said thoughtfully as I opened the door, "the real rush comes in the afternoon. Rat-catchers in consequence never get up until ten-thirty. Do you know," I decided, "I am quite beginning to like my little part." A. A. M.

Muscular Christianity.

"He served as a curate at Lower Brixham, and held the headmaster of Lower Brixham school, from 1880 to 1884"—*Torquay Directory.*

Break away!



TRAGEDIES OF A SIMPLE LIFE.

THE HARD-WON BATH.

LITERARY SELF-VIVISECTORS.

IN preparing a new and complete edition of her novels, with introductions describing the circumstances in which they were written, Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD has set a precedent which will shortly be followed in more thorough-going fashion by her famous *confrère*, Mr. Halley Coraine. To each of his epoch-making and soul-devastating romances Mr. Coraine will contribute an introduction of 250 pages, giving full details of his mentality both before, during, and after, the throes of composition. Special features will be (*a*) an exact reproduction of the temperature chart of the author when he was approaching the climax of each work, (*b*) a faithful record of the diet on which he subsisted, and (*c*) a complete list of the number of tears shed by him during the elaboration of the more tragic passages.

Thus it will be found that when dictating the terrific *dénoûment* of *Tin Gods* Mr. Coraine's temperature went up to 107, while his pulse could not be counted. *Tin Gods*, it will be remembered, is a tale of Cornwall, and was mainly composed on St. Michael's Mount, which Mr. Coraine rented for the summer at the fabulous price of 500 guineas a week. It was written on a diet of plover's eggs and Jerusalem artichokes, washed down by draughts of ketchup and ammoniated quinine, and in a special costume designed for the author by Sir LAWRENCE ALMA TADEMA. An antique peplon draped his opulent torso, his locks were confined with a classic fillet, and his nether man was garbed in a pair of accordion-pleated knickerloons.

Peculiar interest attaches to the new and biographical edition of *The Purple Emperor*, which will contain no fewer than thirteen photographs of Mr. Coraine as he appeared at different stages of the work, in which the strain on his physique is painfully illustrated. Thus while engaged on the famous poisoning scene, in which Cardinal Spaghetti pours prussic acid into the Emperor's *fine champagne*, Mr. Coraine's weight went down to 8 st. 11 lbs., and he was only enabled to complete his task by constant resort to oxygen and a special brew of shandy-gaff compounded of sparkling Moselle and the strongest audit ale. *The Purple Emperor* was partly written in a portable Swiss châlet (which Mr. Coraine obtained permission from the King of ITALY to erect on the summit of the Mole of Hadrian), partly in the catacombs, but mainly in the beautiful Byzantine pagoda in the grounds of the novelist's castle in the Scilly Islands. Before its publication he was interviewed eleven days running for eleven different papers by the famous publicist, Mr. Roland Begthwayt, and all the eleven interviews are now reproduced in the Introduction, together with photographs of Mr. Begthwayt playing temperance bridge with Mr. and Mrs. Coraine and Lord "Billy" Scilly, the youngest son of the Marquis of Mullion.

The Introduction to *The True History of Sarah Lunn* tells at great length the arduous exertions undergone by the author in the quest of the fitting local colour for this poignant recital. Mr. Coraine not only spent six months at Bath making historical investigations, but worked for eight weeks in a biscuit factory at Reading to master the technique of confectionery. He then took several trips to Grindelwald, Norway, and the Greek Archipelago with Dr. LUNN, to glean authentic information from the most distinguished descendant of his heroine before writing a single word of the narrative.

The illustrations include a charming three-colour print of Mrs. Coraine at her tea-table; a snapshot of Mr. Sheeny-mann, Mr. Coraine's publisher, diving into the sea at Blackpool; a view of the Pump Room, Bath; a sketch of Dr. LUNN steering a bobsleigh at Montana; and a pastel of Mr. Coraine singing *Sally in our Alley* to the pianola accompaniment of Mr. Begthwayt.

THE PASSING OF ROMANCE.

["The English cow has lost the pleasing atmosphere of interest and charm which rightly belongs to her—an atmosphere made up of buttercups and three-legged stools and milkmaids."—*Country Life.*]

TIME was, if intra-mural
Delights began to flag,
I rhapsodized the rural,
And packed a carpet bag.
I left the lures of London,
And, pining for the plough,
Made many a brief but happy jaunt
To study in her native haunt
The captivating cow.

I took (three bob the fare is)
A ticket to a scene
Where damsels decked the dairies,
The daisies graced the green.
Mid buttercups and beauty
I seldom failed to feel
The "lowing herd" proceed to wind
A spell around my simple mind,
Like packthread round a reel.

But gone are all the features
That used to charm me then;
The cows are common creatures,
The milkmaids mostly men.
The bovine brings no longer
A joy, however brief,
But, mooing in her native mire,
She merely moves me to inquire,
"How stands the price of beef?"

HOW TO COPE WITH CHRISTMAS INVALIDS.

(By a Specialist.)

THE difficulty of amusing the modern invalid is greatly enhanced by the complexity of the modern temperament, and can only be surmounted by great patience and ingenuity. Much, however, can be done by judiciously harmonising the treatment with the peculiar exigencies of the sufferer.

Take, for example, the case of the luckless individual debarred by illness from lunching, dining or supping at his favourite restaurant. For such as these an excellent thing to tempt the appetite is to clothe the patient in fancy dress. For breakfast in bed a Japanese kimono and motor goggles make a most exhilarating combination. Beef-tea, again, never tastes half so sweet as when it is sucked through a narghilé. Here appropriate local colour can be secured by placing a tarboosh on the invalid's head and disguising the nurse in a yashmak.

Again, if the sufferer is an Alpinist, nothing promotes recovery so much as to lay his climbing kit—boots, rope, alpenstock, etc.—on the bed by his side, and decorate the room with edelweiss and other Alpine flora.

Music, as the faculty are beginning to admit, exercises a most beneficial therapeutic influence on most invalids. If, for example, the patient is inclined to be drowsy, a few high notes on the piccolo have a wonderful effect in dispelling somnolence. On the other hand, if insomnia has to be combated, there is no more effectual remedy than a quartet of muted strings or a Chlorale of BACH.

Certain Composers have a peculiarly salubrious effect on certain maladies, while others are to be carefully avoided.

RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF is invaluable in bronchial affections.

On the other hand HUMPERDINCK is positively dangerous to persons suffering from German measles and mumps.

SCARLATTI—— [No, I cannot bear any more of it. ED. *Punch.*]

(Not to be continued.)

"Attempts have been made to write literary drama with the characteristics of pantomime. M. Maeterlinck's 'Blue Beard' is one."
Liverpool Courier.

You mustn't miss *Brandy* and *Soda*, the great cross-talk comedians, in the Haymarket version of *Blue Beard.*

"The society thereupon took the appeal to the House of Lords which has just been dismissed."—*Glasgow Herald.*

"Which is about to be reformed" would be more accurate.

A CASE FOR PROTECTION.

BY A PERFERVID SCOT.

[A Tariff Reform orator, in the course of a recent address in Stirlingshire, said that he would rather listen to the music of the bagpipes than to Paderewski on the piano.]

UPON ma soul, it 's ill tae thole
  Thae foreign chiels that fare
Frae a' the airts o' ootlan' pairts
  Wi' awesome heids o' hair,
Wi' violins aneath their chins
  Tae dae uncanny things,
Or skreigh a sang, or skelp an' bang
  The box o' jinglin' strings.

Sae lang 's we hae the pipes tae play
  On Scotia's favoured sod,
What need hae we o' minstrelsie
  Imported frae abroad?
I 'm beat tae think hoo Scots can clink
  Their siller doun tae hear
Some chap whase fee wad keep—losh me!
  A piper for a year!

In ma belief, it should be chief
  An' foremaist o' oor laws
Tae fill the wame that 's nearest hame,
  Tae min' oor ain sea-maws,
Tae bar oor coasts tae foreign hosts
  An' bid them gang tae—France;
A thumpin' tax upon their backs
  Will gie oor ain a chance.

Wi' glee will then oor Hielandmen
  Blaw up a michty skirl,
A pibroch guid tae fire the bluid
  An' gie the lugs a dirl;
Oor lasses stoot will a' turn oot
  Their maist kenspeckle stripes,
Tae grace the day when aince we hae
  Protection for the pipes!



M.F.H. (at a check, riding up to Young Stranger who has been right among hounds, if not in front of them, during the run). "EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT ARE YOU THE FOX?"

THE PROVINCIAL EDITOR'S LETTER BAG.

IV.

DEAR SIR,—I have now waited for two weeks to see my letter in your columns; but as it is still absent even in the current number—which is, of course, owing to Christmas, difficult to fill—I am constrained to believe that you can never have received it, and therefore I have copied it out again and shall register the envelope.

Believe me, Yours faithfully,
THOMAS SCRIMGEOUR.

Enclosure.

To the Editor of "The Easterham Gazette."

SIR,—Having occasion not long ago to visit Easterham on a wet day, I was distressed to find that the two cabs which wait outside the station on the chance of getting a job were standing in the wet with no shelter from a pitiless rain. It is true that the drivers might either sit inside or stand in the booking "hall" (as it is now snobbishly called, "office" being a good enough term for the same place in my youth), but the horses had no protection whatever. Now, Sir, I ask you as a humanitarian to do what you can to remedy this gross abuse. The horse is the friend of man, and should be treated accordingly. If a fund can be started for the erection of a covered shelter for these patient creatures my mite is at your service,

Believe me, Yours faithfully.
OLD EASTERHAMIAN.

V.

The Editor of *The Easterham Gazette* begs to return Mr. Scrimgeour's letter, which he does not consider of such general importance as to merit publication.

VI.

DEAR SIR,—Your letter annoys both myself and Mrs. Scrimgeour. My proposal was humane and necessary and peculiarly fitted for publication at this season of the year. Your decision seems to me more callously incompetent than anything I ever remember, and *I shall not forget it.* Yours faithfully,
THOMAS SCRIMGEOUR.

"Throughout the West all cider-makers are agreed that this year is likely to provide one of the poorest vintages known for many years. Analysis of the fruit shows a great deficiency of sugar, and the farm labourer at the press misses that stickiness so intimately associated with good cider."

You or I might head that paragraph "Sticky and Good," or "The Budget Again"—something quite ordinary. But *The Birmingham Weekly Post* is more subtle, and calls it "How a Horse Gallops."

Address on
'WAR IN THE AIR,"
by
JOHN BROWN, B.Sc.

"B.Sc.?" said the old gentleman, as he stopped to read the notice; "well, well, it 's wonderful what these Boy Scouts are coming to."

Final Motto for the "Flora" bust: *Lucas et non Leonardo.*



MORE GOLF JOTTINGS.

Mr. Robinson. "WHAT ARE WE?" *Mrs. Robinson.* "WE 'RE SQUARE."

THE COMPLEAT SPORTSMAN.

["I am not a sporting man," Lord CURZON is reported to have said at Burnley. "I have never worn what is called the pigskin."]

You should see me clad in pigskin when the starter shouts,
"Offside!"
And my filly takes the crupper in his teeth;
You should see me when, at Wimbledon, I chance to serve a wide,
You should see me wield the willow at Blackheath!
When I represent my County, in a foursome up at Lord's,
How the people cheer my famous anchor-stroke,
How the umpire blows his whistle when the scoring-board records
A revoke
You should hear the cries of "Blimey!"
When the mob its joy evinces,
Ev'ry time I score a stymie
In the tennis-court at Prince's!

You should see me covert-shooting, with my rifle in my hand,
And my faithful pointer, Fido, at my heel;
You should see me stalking rabbits in the marshy meadow-land,
Or exploring misty mountain-tops for teal.
How I love to track the coot or capercailzie to his hole,
Or to listen to the pheasant's plaintive pipe,
As I sit beside the river with my fishing-rod, and troll
For a snipe,
Or with catapult (discreetly
On my knees and elbows crawling)
Slay the snaffle that so sweetly
To the martingale is calling!

On the polo-field at Hurlingham I've made some record breaks,
At St. Andrews, too, I've carried out my bat;
I was *proxime accessit* in the Prince of Wales's Stakes,
And I've won a dozen rubbers on the flat.
I would often do the hat-trick, in the days when I was young,
At regattas where they put me on to bowl,
And at pyramids or curling I could always pitch the bung
Through the goal.
In the nation's sporting annals
I have held my own unbeaten,
Since I won my croquet flannels
On the playing-fields at Eton!

COLDSTREAM.

AN ELECTION ALLEGORY.

I WAS shown into the kitchen, where I found him seated in the warmest corner. "I have called," I said, "to question you about the rumour that you have been deliberately calling the——"

He held up his handle for silence. "You need not proceed," he said. "I admit it; and he *is*. If you will step through to the scullery you can see for yourself. You will find him on the gas stove. Perfectly dreadful! Soot isn't in it!"

"But was it quite just, considering that you are supposed to be equally——" He waved his handle again. "It was he who began it," he said, pointing towards the scullery door. "I need hardly tell you that he is quite mistaken about my colour."

"Then if your colour is not black what is it?" I asked in wonder.

"Do you suggest that I am not speaking the truth?" he asked indignantly. "Please remember I am not a ewer. I am a pot. My colour is pure white, Sir; and I have just sent a letter to the Press which my friends will declare to be an unanswerable proof of that statement."



"EN GARDE, MESSIEURS!"



THE LLOYD-GEORGIAN ERA.—THE LAST FLICKER OF GRAND OPERA.

Mrs. Sniggs (caretaker of Grosvenor House). "OH, DO JEST LOOK, PA! THERE'S THE 'BOWOOD' LOT OVER THERE, AN' WOULD YER BELIEVE IT, MRS. BINNS 'AS GOT ON THE SAME OLD BLACK ALPACA WITH THE 'ORN BUTTONS WOT SHE WORE FOR THE PAGLIARCHY! AND THE GARNET BROOCH! WELL, I DECLARE!"

MR. PUNCH'S ADVERTISEMENTS.

AS PREMIER.—Respectable man seeks re-engagement. Excellent refs.; four years last sit. Parties (Irish, Labour, etc.) catered for.—H. H. A., 10, Downing Street.

ENERGETIC Welshman (used to handling large sums of money) wants position as CHANCELLOR. Previous exp. Applicant only giving up present sit. through employers going to country. —"The Hen Roost," Limehouse, E.

HOTEL URA.—Liberal table. Aged couples taken in *en pension*.

HANDY MAN.—Parks and gardens laid out. Estimates free. Or would not mind at a pinch taking on Prime Minister's job.—"LULU," Story's Gate, S.W.

ALL Suffragette Accessories at lowest prices. Have you seen our "Premier Persuaders?" (solid leather, gun-metal mounts).

"SLEEP comfortably in your beds" by taking MCKENNA'S LITTLE NAVY PILLS FOR NERVOUS PEOPLE. Highly recommended by Mr. ASQUITH, Lord FISHER, etc. The KAISER says, "Your Pills have been invaluable to me. I am gaining strength every day."

FOR DISPOSAL.—January 15th and following days. About 670 second-hand Seats (all British). What offers?—J. BULL AND SONS.

LOST from Party Politics two valuable qualities, answering to the names of "Truth" and "Dignity." Anyone who finds and adopts the same will (we feel sure) be handsomely rewarded.

. . . NIL NISI MALUM.

"WELL," I said, as the bells rang out, "I'm glad to see the end of him. He was a beast."

"*De mortuis* . . ." said someone.

"Oh, rubbish!" I replied. "This is an exceptional case. He was so bad that abuse is almost praise. One of the really great malefactors."

"Yes," they agreed, "he was."

"He was every one's foe—or nearly every one's. He had a special down on farmers and agriculturists. He hated to see them prospering. He put every obstacle possible in their way. Surely you would not have me keep silence as to that?"

"No. Oh, no."

"And games. He loathed games. I don't say that people can't be too fond of them; but he was the limit. Whenever he saw a cricket match going on he tried to stop it, and often enough succeeded."

"True enough."

"Travellers too he had a grudge against. He was never so happy as when there was a gale; and latterly he must have been happy indeed. Bad Channel crossings delighted him. He adored the sight of people drenched and ill. But there, he's dead now. Let's try and forget him."

"Yes," they all cried, rising to their feet and raising their glasses.

"And let us hope," I said, "that 1910 will be better."

And we drank the toast.

AT THE PLAY.

"ALADDIN" (DRURY LANE).

THE morning after Boxing Day, painful as it is for the reaction which it brings, might easily be worse. We might wake up and fail to find in our morning papers the annual statement, gaudily embroidered, that the Management of Drury Lane had once more surpassed itself. Happily this tragedy has never yet occurred within the memory of the oldest inhabitant; but if ever such a day should dawn for England it would be the beginning of the end, and the Germans might come as soon as they care to. There seems, however, no immediate risk; for Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS has left himself a very bright chance of improving on this year's pantomime, at any rate in the matter of novelty. It is really an extraordinary thing that Mr. WILKIE BARD should have been given no better *clou* than the old one of last year; that he should again, and *twice over* at each performance, be found trying to teach his audience to sing after him; and that, too, after this faded novelty has been further staled, as I understand, at a Music-hall.

Truly, a British pantomime audience is not hard to please. And to sit and watch its fat and stolid satisfaction is to understand something of that immunity from ideas, and from the very desire for ideas, which has made us, as a nation, what we are. For the stalls of Drury Lane are surely an epitome of those middle classes of which the backbone of the country is constructed. I would hazard that that quiet and observant humourist, Mr. BARD, gets almost as much fun from the study of his audience as they get from him—which means a very great deal.



A TEACHER OF SONG.
Widow Twankay . . . MR. WILKIE BARD.



Aladdin . . . MISS MARIE GEORGE.
Abanazar . . MR. GEORGE GRAVES.

Changes seem to have come over the spirit of pantomime. One misses the burlesque of manners and vogues; one misses the Aristophanic flavour so proper to a democracy. I could only catch one political allusion (Mr. CHURCHILL was chosen for that honour), and its unique intrusion saved a very dull song about a barometer, by pretty Miss RENÉ, from being a frost. No doubt the omission is made out of deference to the impending crisis. Of bad puns there was a pleasant lack; and I was content to be spared the rough-and-tumble phase of humour. But I should have liked a little more piquancy in the lyrics. Legs, though admittedly tantamount to human nature, seem to have gone out of fashion, and the *pas seul* with them. As for the concerted dances, they tend to sacrifice rhythm to intricacy. The dresses and the scenery show a closer study of harmony in line and colour, but the note of barbaric splendour is still too insistent and the eye is seldom allowed to rest.

I think perhaps the total sum of change is not for the worse. If the fun is less boisterous, and the house hardly ever rocks to its foundations, the level of humour is more equably sustained and there are very few intervals of absolute dulness. Now and then an inveterate wheeze occurred, such as that of the "whereabouts" that went to the wash, or the rather long story of the boots that disturbed the invalid in the flat below. On the other hand there was freshness in the duologues between Mr. GEORGE GRAVES and his fluttering heart. Of the two leading comedians he had much the harder task; but he went through it nobly. I judged, however, of the strain that was put upon his invention by the number of times he removed and replaced his hats. I think it must have run to four figures.

Miss MARIE GEORGE had no particular chance, but she took what there was with her customary lightness of heart. I could have done with much more dog, for Mr. GEORGE ALI is very perfect in this character, and the way in which he went for a live cat that strolled on by the footlights proved how thoroughly he had divested himself of his last year's *rôle* in the service of *Dick Whittington*. But, as some critic has very properly pointed out, the dog has no *locus standi* in the story of *Aladdin*.

Finally, I know that if I had a spark of the right critical spirit in me, I should say that Miss TRULY SHATTUCK "made a superb *Prince Pekoe*," but I shan't. I have met many men—less superb, I grant—who could have looked much more like a Prince than she did. What remaining compliments I have at my disposal I shall assign to the joint authors of an entertaining book that was creditably free of vulgarity; to the painters of the Pekin scenes; to Mr. GLOVER for some bright music which never failed to get itself heard; and to whoever it was who thought of making real people bathe in a cinematographic seascape. O. S.

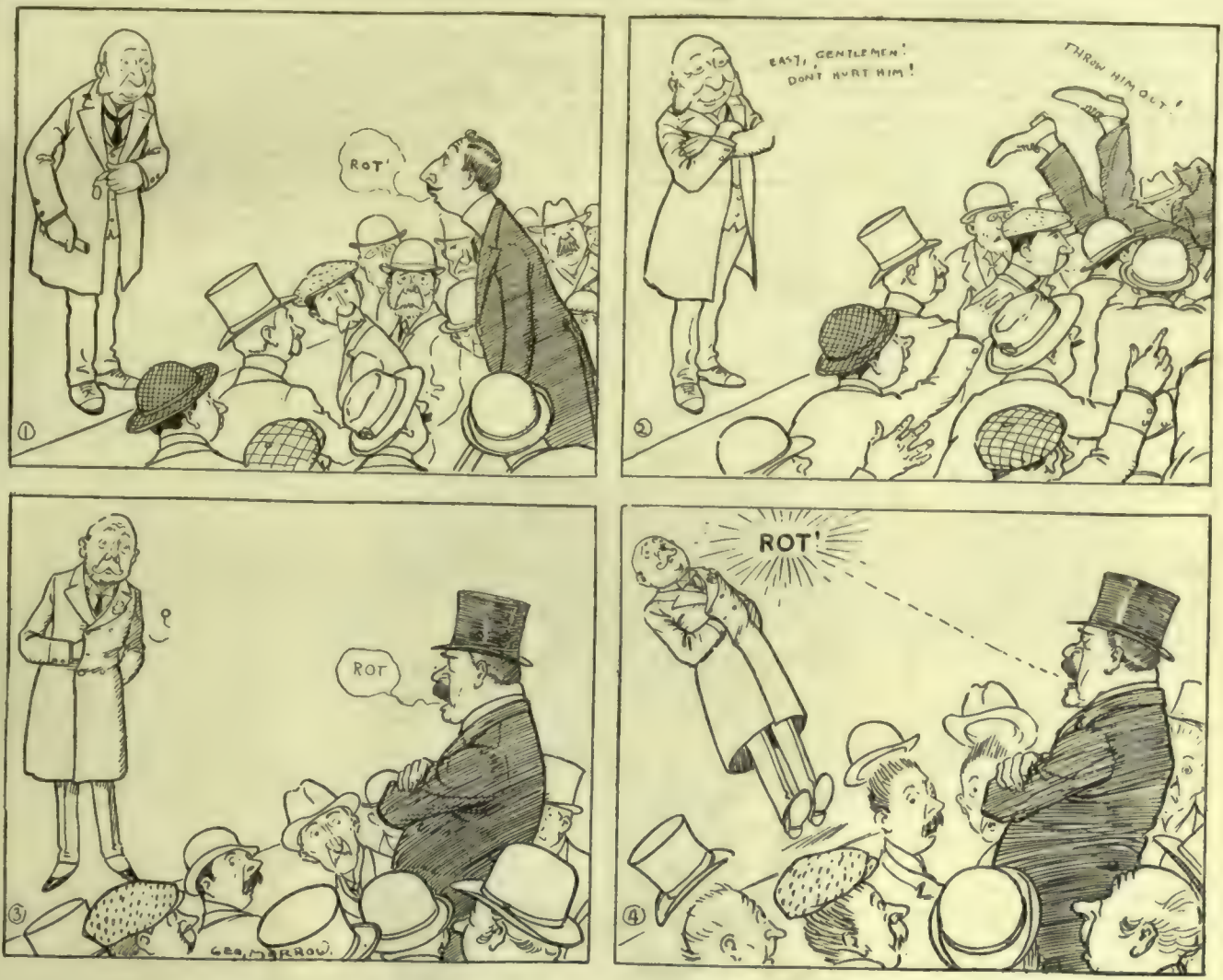
II.—"THE HOUSE OF TEMPERLEY."

Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE'S Adelphi "melodrama of the Ring," in four rounds, must, I feel, be described in appropriate language. It deals with the great moral fight between *Sir Charles Temperley* and *Sir John Hawker*. The physical punching was done by others.

Round 1.—Some preliminary sparring



"Devil" Hawker, after having had the devil's own time before the Club Committee.
Sir John Hawker . MR. CHARLES ROCK.



HOW TO BE A HECKLER.

1 AND 2.—THE WRONG WAY. 3 AND 4.—THE RIGHT WAY.

makes it clear that the house of Temperley is in danger of falling, owing to the extravagance of its master, who has lost thousands at cards to *Devil Hawker*. Seconded by his mother, the *Temperley Pet* (Mr. BEN WEBSTER) makes up to his rich cousin, *Ethel*. His young brother, *Captain Jack*, is also staying at Temperley Manor, but on this occasion he draws a bye, for *Ethel* accepts *Sir Charles* in order to save the house. Immediately afterwards she discovers that her secret love for *Jack* is indeed returned. It is too late, however—she is affianced to another. They clinch and break away, *Ethel* fainting. *Jack* returns to his corner, having first extracted a promise from *Charles* that for the girl's sake he will give up cards and dice.

Round II.—Devil Hawker jumps into the ring. Will *Sir Charles* cut him at cards for a thousand guineas a cut? *Sir Charles* will. They begin, and *Sir John* is just getting in a very nasty upper cut when *Jack* reminds his brother of his promise. The *Temperley Pet* apologises and side-steps. But it appears that *Sir John* has not been using a straight left by any means—in fact he has been marking the edges of the Kings when pretending to shuffle. One *Jakes*, a bookmaker, lands upon the mark, but agrees to be silent if paid sufficiently well. *Charles* takes the ring again and fixes up a sporting wager with his opponent—a fight between *Sir John's* nominee and his own. The claret is tapped and healths are drunk.

Round III.—Sir John again hits below the belt. He kidnaps *Charles's* man at the last moment. The fight will be off and *Charles* will have to pay forfeit. But no, brother *Jack* will take the absent one's place, and fight for glory and the House of Temperley. He does so with great success.

Round IV.—Jakes exposes *Devil Hawker*, who is counted out of the Club, and throws up the sponge. *Sir Charles* then saves his brother's life at the expense of his own, in order that *Jack* should marry *Ethel*. Time!

That is the story of the play, but of course the great attractions are the two incidental fights—one with gloves, in the Second Act, and one without, in the Third. These are splendidly stage-managed, and should be seen by everybody. To the fighters, Messrs. CHARLES MAUDE, EDMUND GWENN, A. S. HOMEWOOD, and REGINALD DAVIS, I offer my congratulations—they were delightfully in earnest. Much of the acting by the men was very good, the principals being all that could be desired; while of the minor characters Mr. HOMEWOOD, in the last Act, as *The Duke of Broadwater* (he had previously been *Joe Berks*—what a life!), Mr. SPENCER TREVOR as *Jakes* and Mr. BASSETT ROE as *Tom Cribb*, were especially excellent. The women had not much show. M.

CHARIVARIA.

So many persons have found the giving of Christmas presents an almost unbearable strain this year, owing to the badness of times, that a serious proposal has now been made that Christmas shall in future be kept only every other year.

***

Another Budget tragedy! Left for the night in a room at the Ritz Hotel, a Chow puppy worth £80 jumped through an open window and was found dead on the pavement in Piccadilly. It is supposed that the unfortunate creature had been worrying over the recent attacks on wealth and lived in constant fear of the dog licence being raised.

***

THE FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY, it is rumoured, is about to issue an earnest appeal to his political opponents to sleep quietly in their beds on polling-day.

***

The Daily Mail, which is nothing if not up-to-date, published a letter in its first issue after Christmas entitled "British Interests in Turkey."

***

It has been suggested that a Mass Meeting of Humourists shall be held at an early date with a view to passing a Vote of Thanks to that distinguished mis-statesman, Mr. URE, for his invaluable assistance in enabling them to eke out a precarious livelihood.

***

In sending 25,000 pennies to the Mayor of Stafford's fund for the local infirmary, Mr. W. MORTON PHILLIPS stated that he was unable to support either political party, and that his contribution represented what might have gone to election expenses. It is thought that this common sorrow may do something to draw Liberal and Unionist together and soften somewhat the asperities of the contest.

***

Dr. COOK is in a quandary in regard to Mount McKinley. If he did not climb up, how can he climb down?

***

It is, of course, all right—only unfortunate. Commander PEARY has sold the British rights of his account of how he reached the North Pole to *Nash's Magazine*, the well-known all-fiction monthly.

The jig-saw or puzzle picture craze continues to spread. The latest development, as reported from America, strikes us as being a somewhat vulgar one. In certain circles the game is being played, according to our information, with real paintings, priceless canvases by VELASQUEZ, REMBRANDT, and other old masters being cut up for the purpose. This gives one an idea of the astonishing wave of prosperity which is passing over the States just now.

***

San Francisco has been naming its new streets, and, according to a local paper which reaches us, a member of the Streets Commission objected to "St. Francis Boulevard" on the ground that it suggested one of the worst pirates who ever sailed the seas. "St. Francis of Assisi a pirate?" protested the chairman. "I mean St. Francis Drake," said the objector. Yet to canonize DRAKE would have been a noble revenge, in kind.

***

The Guildford police arrested a man last week for being drunk while in charge of a hearse. Quite right. It doesn't look well.

***

"Thieves," says *The Express*, "succeeded in stealing £70 from a waiter who had received a legacy on the steps of a motor omnibus." Personally we have long realised this kind of danger, and for many years have arranged to receive our legacies elsewhere.

***

The heroic conduct of the clock in the tower on the Britannia Pier, Yarmouth, during the recent fire, is the talk of the neighbourhood. Although the flames were licking its face it continued coolly to tell the correct time until at last it fell, fainting, into the sea.

***

Burglars broke into the Eustace Miles Restaurant the other day, and took three bottles of temperance beer and £50. The proprietor of the restaurant and the police have, we hear, different theories as to the crime. The proprietor holds that the men broke in to obtain the temperance drink, and that the theft of the £50 was an afterthought.

***

Extract from *The Times*:—

"JULIAN.—On the 20th inst., at 'Cazenove,' Finsen-road, Herne-hill, S.E., to Mr. and Mrs. J. JULIAN—son and daughter (twins)."

What, both of them!

***

The discovery of the British Astronomical Association that there are no canals in Mars will, it is thought, cause a sensational rise in British canal shares, as it may be possible to do a deal with the planet.

***

From an account in *The Daily News* of one of Mr. F. E. SMITH's speeches:—

"Mr. Smith said that . . . . conshrdlu cmfwyp shrdla cmfwyp cmfwypce."

A bold bid, this, for the Welsh vote.



THE PERPLEXED PATRIOT.

A sketch of an unhappy Elector who is most anxious to follow the advice of Lord Rosebery, to consider well his vote, and save his country, but is somewhat hampered by the following considerations.

He dislikes much of the Budget, yet hates Tariff Reform; is strongly in favour of a Second Chamber, yet is infuriated by the partisan action of the House of Lords in recent years; has great faith in Mr. Asquith, Sir Edward Grey, John Burns, and others of the Ministry, yet non-contributory Old Age Pensions and all pandering to the Extreme Labour Party make him dreadfully unwell; mistrusts Home Rule (when conceded to people with a record like that of the present Irish Party), yet realises the astounding success of Liberal Policy in South Africa.

Will some charitably disposed person kindly tell him how to save his country by his vote this month?



Maud (hiding from Visitor). "I SAY, NURSE, DO I LOOK AS IF I WASN'T HERE?"

MORE SECRET HISTORY.

(IN THE DARK AND KNOWING MANNER OF A REPUBLICAN CONTEMPORARY.)

CONSIDERABLE surprise was manifested in Bond Street one afternoon last week at the sight of two well-known leaders of Society arm-in-arm. The stages by which this degree of intimacy has been reached, after so long and fierce a feud, would make not the least piquant chapter in the History of the Upper Ten of our time.

* * * * *

Speculation is rife as to the name of the fortunate young lady to whom a famous American millionaire, not long since deceased, is said to have left property which, capitalised, should bring in not less than £10,000 a year. Whoever she may be—and we have our suspicions—she is to be congratulated; and from the sounds of happiness recently proceeding from a house not a hundred miles from Hyde Park Corner we should say that she too is conscious of her good fortune.

* * * * *

A question which has often been asked but never answered—and the repetition of which would seem to be very distasteful to the official ear—is what has become of the statue of Lord Wigram which used to stand at the corner of Pulteney Place. One day it was there, and the next it had disappeared. It is significant that the removal occurred not very long after the publication of a notorious book of reminiscences of a scandalous type, in which Lord Wigram played no small part, and that the house in Pulteney Place nearest to the statue is inhabited by one of the straightest-laced of the leaders of Society.

* * * * *

The profusion of diamonds worn by a certain queen of musical comedy is a continual source of curiosity to many of her admirers who are unaware of the secret marriage that she recently contracted with an exalted personage of foreign extraction. Those who know, however, have nothing but felicitations to offer.

* * * * *

A recent advertisement in *The Times* emanating from an address in the West End, and announcing the loss of a black poodle, a reward being offered for his return, may have worn to the casual eye an innocent enough air; but those who are in the know are smiling at the success of the ruse, especially when they read of the enormous haul which those responsible for the recent burglary at Foston Magna succeeded in making.

A PIOUS WISH.

[It is said that, though germs abound in books, only the person who moistens his fingers can take any harm therefrom.]

DEAR Jack, the book of verses
  You borrowed yesteryear
Came back to-night by Parcel Post,
And I was grieved to find it most
  Distinctly worse for wear.
On each white page there lingers
  A blob of something dark
From your much-moistened fingers—
  John Jones, his mess and mark.

And so it gives me pleasure
  To think how folk affirm
That, when the turning finger-tips
Have previously sought the lips,
  They gather up the germ.
No deadly germ I wish you;
  May one of milder mould
Torment you with "a-tishoo."
  I hope you have a cold.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

In the Grip of the Nyika (MACMILLAN) is the name of Colonel PATTERSON's new diary of sporting adventures in East Africa, but it was really the Nyika that was in the grip of Colonel PATTERSON, so firmly does the gallant author seem to have grappled with the wilderness and its astounding fauna, to say nothing of the unruly members of his caravan. Life "on *safari*" in the Northern Game Reserve, for which Colonel PATTERSON set out to fix an official boundary on the East, may not differ very greatly from itself one day with another, but it does not make for monotony. With lions occurring at almost any moment, and with a constant stream of charging rhinos, nobody need be really dull in these parts; and should the more offensive beasts be engaged elsewhere there are always kongoni, or impala, or wildebeeste or eland or oryx or antelope to play with; or you may stalk JACKSON'S harte-beeste, or COKE'S; or GRANT'S gazelle, or THOMPSON'S; and without permission from the gentlemen responsible for their names. It is a thrilling tale, with modesty and a great simplicity for its only adornments. Coolness and courage were needed at every turn of the march, but Colonel PATTERSON is never conscious of his own possession of these qualities. And that is as it should be, for many of his readers are brave men too, who daily go on foot and unarmed amid the motor traffic of a London that has become a mere labyrinth of unprotected level crossings. Lions and other wild beasts offer a change, but not a great access, of peril. Indeed, Colonel PATTERSON tells how one of his travelling companions diverted the charge of a furious rhino by "shooing" her umbrella—her only weapon at the moment—right in the brute's face; a simple expedient often adopted, with less happy results, in the attempt to arrest the progress of a motor-bus.

If there is anyone whom the lavish display of agricultural produce in emigration office windows has failed to convince that Canada is a land flowing with milk and honey, he should read *Anne of Avonlea* (PITMAN), and learn that there is at least one settled portion of the Dominion where life runs as sweetly as maple sugar. *Anne*, of course, lives at Green Gables with *Marilla*, and if L. T. MONTGOMERY has not been able to make her quite so charming at "half past sixteen" as she was at eleven, her experiences as a school marm and as the mentor (if a girl can be a mentor) of *Davy* and *Dora* (*Marilla's* newly-adopted twins) are quite worthy to be compared with the days when she so unfortunately dyed her red tresses green. For *Davy* is a lineal descendant of that Western child-race that began with *Toddy* and *Budge*, and there are many other children at Avonlea School whose quaintnesses, whether they behave as "limbs" or as budding laureates, are a mixture of distraction and joy to their elders. *Anne* herself retains, along with her old quality of romantic imagination, her no less charming liability to awkward and amusing scrapes, as, for instance, when she falls through the roof of an outhouse up to her arms, and (whilst waiting to be rescued) composes a "garden idyll." It will be seen also from the portrait on the cover that her hair has somehow gained that earnestly desired shade of auburn, and is no longer the "life-long sorrow" she announced it to be in her childhood, so that, all things considered, *Gilbert Blythe* will be congratulated as a very fortunate young man by anyone who is not too jealous.

In *The Humour of the Post Office* (ROUTLEDGE) ALBERT HYAMSON has collected some admirable tales of the vagaries of correspondents, the ingenuity required for their correction, and the accidents that sometimes happen in the best-regulated of all our State services. The happiest instance of error occurred in a telegram sent by a doctor to the husband of a patient who had sustained a chill. It reached him in this form: "No danger, your wife has had a child. If we can keep her from having another to-night she will do well." One very humorous incident within my knowledge has escaped the chronicler—or perhaps he was too loyal to the service to report it: A letter was posted in a suburb of London at 8·10 P.M. on a Saturday. It lay, as usual, twenty-seven hours in the pillar-box without being touched. The ordinary night mails having been safely dispatched some three hours ago, it was then taken out and eventually travelled to its destination (sixty miles away) by an early morning train on the Monday—a Bank Holiday. As there is only one delivery on these festivals, and it arrived too late for that, it took a further rest of some twenty-three hours in the local Post Office, and was ultimately delivered on the Tuesday morning sixty hours after it had been posted, its transit having been conducted at the precise rate of one mile per hour. This incident repeats itself every Bank Holiday-time, and the humour of it is by now not so good as it was at first. (Mr. SYDNEY BUXTON—or his successor—please note.)



A NEW YEAR RESOLUTION.

The Cheque Forger. "WELL, I'LL REGISTER A VOW THAT I'LL NOT FORGE ANOTHER CHEQUE FOR FIVE YEARS AT LEAST!"

Paul among the Poets.

From a theatrical poster exhibited at Montreal:

"'RICHARD III.,' par Paul Cazeneuve, auteur et adapteur de 'Hamlet,' 'Romeo et Juliette,' etc."

"Dont's" for Snakes.

Afterthought of a correspondent to *The Barrhead News*:—

"P.S.—The insiduous snake of Fair Trade should not wag the cloven hoof of Protection in the air."



"WANTED, A MAN."

Canvasser. "HOW WOULD YOU LIKE THE VILLAGE OVERRUN WITH GERMANS? AND A GERMAN LIVING AT THE HALL?"
Villager. "WOT! THEM GERMANS TURN SQUIRE OUT? YOUNG MAN, YEW DON'T KNOW SQUIRE!"

A LAMENT FOR KING PANTOMIME.

["So far as we can observe the tendency of the time, the old-fashioned pantomime is on its last legs; and, naturally, we mean by the old-fashioned pantomime the Harlequinade, with its attendant spirits of Clown and Columbine, Harlequin and Pantaloon . . . All praise to Mr. Barrie, who began the beneficent revolution by devising his immortal hero, *Peter Pan*."—*Daily Telegraph*.]

ONCE more, ye laurels, and once more,
Ye myrtles brown (see MILTON'S *Lycidas*),
Your mournful help I must implore.
Let all enjoyment be dismisséd as
I drain the cup of sorrow to the dregs
For one who 's on his last expiring legs.

Anticipating that sad day
When nought is left us but his phantom, I 'm
Constrained to pen a funeral lay
In honour of our lord, King Pantomime.
To think that, one fine Christmas, all in vain
We 'll listen for his "Here we are again!"

From boyhood I 've been wont to make
Unto his court an annual pilgrimage;
And little did I think to break
This venerable custom till grim age,
Laying his chilly finger on my chest,
Disabled me from chuckling at a jest.

For years, past all remembering,
I 've joined with fervour in his revelry,
Allowed my sentiments full fling,
Roared at the Clown's amazing devilry,
And nearly died with laughter when he met
The abandoned baby in the bassinette.

Then, when the Harlequin appeared,
How eagerly we 'd crane our necks to see
The Pantaloon's devices queered,
And with what undiluted ecstasy
We 'd lay our fulsome tributes at the shrine
Of that entrancing fay, the Columbine!

But what avails it to recall
Joys that were destined for eternity
Had not our youth been seized in thrall
By that strange spirit of modernity
Which frowns upon the sausage-stealing joker
And sees no humour in the red-hot poker?

So let us tearfully prepare
A royal wake, and, *inter alia*,
Summon the mirthful monarch's heir
To don His Majesty's regalia;
And, when our King has fully served his time,
Proclaim, "Long live King Peter Pantomime!"

"Committee Rooms have been taken by the Women's Social and Political Union within a stone's throw of both candidates' Central Committee Rooms."—*Votes for Women.*

"Stone's throw" is good.

THE PATRIOT AT THE POLLS.

My Countrymen! Upon the eve
Of such a fight as I believe
Will most severely test your moral sinew,
Each man of you (if I am right)
Will hold aloof from party spite,
And act according to the light
Latent within you.

Yes, if I know your ways of old,
You will distinguish dross from gold
By just the gleam of those internal tapers;
No private aims, no egoist views
Will blur your conscience or confuse
That blessed spark when you peruse
Your ballot-papers.

Though selfishly you may incline
To have Britannia rule the brine
And never, never be a Kaiser's slavey,
Yet if you feel, deep in your breast,
This latter state would suit her best,
You 'll vote at conscience's request
Against a Navy.

So, if you find the Budget good,
If to your sense of brotherhood
It seems a lovely thing, a dream of beauty,
The fact that you are fond of beer
And think the stuff is far too dear—
You 'll never let that interfere,
But do your duty.

And if, upon the other hand,
Your soul abhors the tax on land
As tending to facilitate our ruin,
Then, though your neighbour (whom you hate)
Happens to own a large estate,
You 'll tell the Liberal candidate,
"We can't have *you* in!"

If in your inmost heart you know
The Second Chamber ought to go,
Vote like a man for calling in the wrecker;
Don't let the thought that, if you scored
Your many virtues' just reward,
You would, in time, be made a lord,
Weaken your pecker.

You 'll vote as Right and Reason bid,
Not just the way your father did,
Nor go by what your leader (B. or A.) says;
You 'll track the Truth—the trail is stiff—
And never turn your nose to sniff
The red, red herring's devious whiff
Crossing her traces.

Take for your guide the good Sir PERKS;
Brought up *ad Lib.*, yet in the circs
He left his side—his conscience couldn't stick it;
Follow in noble WINSTON'S train;
Bred Tory, yet for England's gain,
However sore the private pain,
He swapped his ticket.

O. S.

"Lost between Foregate Street and Tything, to-day, a Fish Frail containing photo of lady."

The "Found" advertisement of our "Photograph Album" containing a young cod-fish (male) is held over for want of space.

THE DUTY OF WORKING MEN.

Stirring Appeal by Famous Novelist.

MR. HEWLEIT TAKES TO THE OPEN COUNTRY.

WE publish below in its original form the rough draft of the appeal to the working men of England from Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT, the famous novelist. Mr. HEWLETT is only one of several distinguished writers who have boldly leaped into the arena at this great crisis in the affairs of the nation. The notorious charm of his literary style, it will be observed, is not at all submerged in the force and directness of this clarion call to action:—

"Let me say that I belong to no recognised political party, unless it be the party *per pale*. I am neither Socialist, Liberal, nor Conservative, Fabian nor Fontarabian, but a straight-cut, bouncing, belligerent working man; no chopper of chirpy paradoxes, but a swart-haired, sanguine, square-built, sloe-eyed, and square-chinned Salamander! Ay, and a working-man who reasonably desires to see his class get its rights.

I intend, then, to vote for anyone who will help me in those things which I want to see settled by law.

What, then, gentlemen, do we want, as workmen, husbands, and fathers of families, out of the Parliament which we are going to choose?

(1) That every Hodge-King should have at least one white-and-green surcoat, one gold baldrick, one suit of plain black mail, three white palfreys and a milch cow.

(2) That no labourers' cottages shall henceforth be builded without having each a buttery hatch, an outer bailey, and a phalanstery hung with black arras.

(3) That all and sundry, irrespective of social status, shall be christened by names likely to voice their inherent claims to natural respect. I believe that access to a romantic nomenclature is absolutely necessary to every honest and able member of the state. Names like Mellifont, Pietosa, Malise, Spiridion, Osric, and Fulk should no longer be the monopoly of orgulous lordlings, but be available for every working-man, Heaven help us, like you and me.

(4) That heraldry should be a compulsory subject in all provided schools.

. . . All this vapouring and stressful blustering about Empire and All Red maps is the most ineffable Panjandrum-blather that was ever exuded from the limbo of a pseudo-Goliardic gallimaufry. The only All-Red colour that counts is the bloom of healthy blood in the ruddy cheeks of some dark woodland elf. . . .

The so-called Colonies are of no commercial value whatever to us, and only a source of interminable chaffering. There is no more danger from the GERMAN EMPEROR than from the Soldan of Babylon. . . .

There, gentlemen, that's all I have to say. But I hope you will not ask me what it means, or what the moral of it should be. My sole affair is to put the argument dispassionately. Every man must seek his salvation in his own way; and what I mean precisely by salvation is of little account save to inarticulate theologians. I have achieved my own personal, particular thrill. I have clouted the Tory dogs in the big bowwow style with my own big stick. *Explicit liber ineptiarum mearum. O tempora, O Maurice! Houp-là.*"

"The religious convictions of one prisoner could not be ascertained as he was unfortunately suffering from delirium tremens."

This hardy annual from *Whitaker's Almanack* distresses us afresh every year we read it. Surely in all this time the sufferer must have had one lucid moment in which he might have been tempted to reveal the great secret. Incidentally we may say that the "previous convictions" of the prisoner would make a more useful document.



THE WARRIOR'S RETURN.

Time—JANUARY 10, EVENING, AFTER THE ISSUE OF WRITS.

CHATELAINE. "WILL MY LORD AGAIN RIDE FORTH TO BREAK THE HEATHEN ON THE MORROW?"

NOBLE EARL. "NAY, HENCEFORTH I MUST E'EN WATCH THE BLOODY FRAY FROM THE HOME TURRET."



First Loafer. "CHEERO, CHARLIE. I 'OPES THE NEXT GUV'MENT 'LL MAKE THINGS LOOK UP A BIT."
Second Loafer. "THEY WOULD IF I WAS AMONG 'EM. BUT IT 'S YUMAN NATUR, YOU MAY DEPEND—AS SOON AS THEY GITS INTER PARL'MENT THEY FORGETS THEY WAS ONCE MEN, LIKE ME AND YOU—AND THEY *DOES NUFFINK!*"

THE POSTER.

"DADDY," said Isobel, "*do* take me to the pantomime."

"What pantomime?" I asked kindly.

She pointed one of her tiny fingers in the direction of a large hoarding opposite, upon which were displayed some of the pictorial posters with which political agents have so lavishly regaled us of late.

"My dear," I expostulated, "that 's not a pantomime; that 's the General Election!"

"Is it a circus?" asked Isobel.

"No, my dear," I replied, "it is not a circus. The General Election is the great contest that is at this moment rending the country in twain. Our finest statesmen are busily engaged upon the campaign. The House of Peers hangs in the balance. The country is asked to decide whether it is to be ruled by——"

"Then why do they have those pictures if it 's not a pantomime or a circus?" inquired Isobel sulkily.

"Because pictures can be more readily understood by the voters," I explained.

"What is that man doing with those sheep?"

"That man, my dear, is our great Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. The picture is symbolical; it represents——"

"Are the sheep voters?"

"No, my child, the sheep——"

"Daddy," she interrupted, "*do* take me to the General Election, it *must* be fun."

That is the worst of children, they cannot distinguish.

"Sinclair, b Simpson-Hayward 3
Connaille, stStrudw'k, b S-Haywarp 8
Schwarz, b Simpson-Aayward 0"
The Citizen.

It seems quite like summer to read all about the great SIMPSON family again.

"Chili's Change of Time."—*Daily Mail.*

Quite true; we always get it in the summer now.

IN PHYLLISTIA.

PHYLLIS, as you love me, pray
Do not talk of taximēter.
Thermomēter, would you say?
Phyllis, as you love me, pray
Try the word the other way:
It is more correct and neater.
Phyllis, as you love me, pray
Do not talk of taximēter.

Did you say those sort of things
Never seemed to you to matter?
Gloomily your poet sings,
Did you say "those sort of things"?
Frightened love would soon take wings,
All his fondest hopes you 'd shatter,
Did you say those sort of things
Never seemed to you to matter.

"On the sofa rafter tea?"
No, that really is decisive.
Thus you spoke? It cannot be:
"On the sofa rafter tea!"
Phyllis, you are not for me . . .
Yet you would be rather nice if—
"On the sofa rafter tea!"
No. That really *is* decisive.

THE RABBITS.

[Second Series.]

CHAPTER II.—ALARMS AND EXCURSIONS.

I WAS, I confess, very late the next morning even for a rat-catcher. Mr. Derry was in the middle of his breakfast; all the others had finished. We saluted, and I settled down to work.

"There is going to be a rehearsal at eleven o'clock, I believe," said Derry. "It must be nearly that now."

"I shall be there," I said, "if I have to bring the marmalade with me. You're going to coach us?"

"Well, I believe I said I would."

"Though I have never assumed the buskin myself," I went on, "I have of course heard of you as an amateur actor." (*Liar.*) "And if you could tell me how to act while I am finishing my bacon I should be most awfully obliged."

"Haven't you really done any?"

"Only once, when I was very small. I was the heroine. I had an offer, but I had to refuse it. I said, 'Alath, dear heart, I may not, I am married already.'"

"Very right and proper," murmured Derry.

"Well, as it turned out, I had made a mistake. It was my first who had been married already. The little play was full of surprises, like."

Derry coughed and began to fill his pipe. "Let me see," he began; "what's your part?"

"I am a—er—a rodent-collector."

"Oh, yes—the Emperor's rat-catcher."

"Grand hereditary," I said, stiffly. "It has been in the family for years."

"Quite so."

I was about to enlarge upon the advantages of the hereditary principle when the door opened suddenly to admit Myra and Archie.

"You *don't* say you're down at last!" said Myra, in surprise.

"I hardly say anything at breakfast as a rule," I pointed out.

"What an enormous one you're having. And only last night——"

"On the contrary, I'm eating practically nothing. A nut and one piece of parsley off the butter—the fact is, I glanced at my part before I went to bed, and there seemed such a lot of it, I hardly slept at all."

"Why, you don't come on very much," said Archie. "Neither do I. I'm a conjurer. Can any gentleman here oblige me with a rabbit? . . . No, Sir, I said a *rabbit*. Oh, I beg your pardon, I thought you were coming up on to the stage . . . Any gentleman——"

"Have some jam instead. What do you mean by saying I don't come on very much?" I took the book out of my pocket and began to turn the leaves. "Here you are, nearly every page—'*Enter R.*,'—'*Exit R.*,'—'*Enter L.*,'—I don't know who *he* is—'*Exeunt R.*,'—why, the rat-catcher's always doing *something*. Ah, here they're more explicit—'*Enter R.C.*' Hallo, that's funny, because I'd just—— Oh, I see."

"One of our oldest and most experienced mimes," said Archie to Derry. "You must get him to talk to you."

"No secret of the boards is hid from him," added Myra.

"Tell us again, Sir, about your early struggles," begged Archie.

"He means your early performances on the stage," explained Myra.

"There's one very jolly story about ELLEN TERRY and the fire-proof curtain. Let me see, were you *Macbeth* then, or a *Noise of Trumpets?* I always forget."

I drank my last cup of tea and rose with dignity.

"It is a humorous family," I apologised to Derry. "Their grandfather was just the same. He *would* have his little joke about the first steam-engine."

Outside in the hall there was a large crowd of unemployed all talking at once. I caught the words "ridiculous" and "rehearsal," and the connection between the two seemed obvious and frequent. I singled out Thomas, abstracted his pouch, and began to fill up.

"What is all this acting business?" I asked. "Some idea about a little play, what? Let's toddle off and have a game of billiards."

"They've let me in for a bally part," said Thomas, "and you needn't think *you're* going to get out of it. They've got you down all right."

"Thomas, I will be frank with you. I am no less a person than the Emperor Bong's Hereditary (it had been in the family for years) Grand Rat-catcher. The real rush, however, comes in the afternoon. My speciality is young ones."

"I'm his executioner."

"And he has a conjurer too. What a staff! Hallo, good morning, Simpson. Are you anything lofty?"

"Oh, I am the Emperor Bong," said Simpson gaily; "I am beautiful, clever and strong——"

"Question," said Thomas.

"'Tis my daily delight to carouse and to fight, and at moments I burst into song."

I looked at him in amazement.

"Well, just at present," I said, "all I want is a match . . . A lucifer, Emp. Thanks . . . Now tell me—does anybody besides yourself burst into song during the play? Any bursting by Thomas or myself, for instance?"

"Nobody sings at all. My little poem is recitative."

"If you mean it's very bad, I agree with you," said Thomas.

"I made it up myself. It was thought that my part should be livened up a little."

"Well, why hasn't it been?"

"If you will give me two minutes, Simpson," I said, "I will liven up my own part better than that. What rhymes with rat-catcher?"

"Cat-catcher."

"Wait a bit . . . Yes, that's got it.

"'Oh, I'm on the Emperor's staff!
I'm a rodent-collector (don't laugh)—
My record (in braces)
Of rats and their races
Is a thousand and eight and a half.'"

"May we have that again?" said Myra, appearing suddenly.

"'Oh, I'm on——'"

"No," said Thomas.

"'Oh, I'm on——'"

"No," said Simpson.

"There is no real demand, I'm afraid."

"Well, I did just hear it before," said Myra. "I wish you'd make up one for me. I think we might all announce ourselves like that, and then the audience will have no difficulty in recognising us."

"They'll recognise Thomas if he comes on with an axe. They won't think he's just trotted round with the milk. But what are you, Myra?"

"The Emperor's wife's maid."

"Another member of the highly-trained staff. Well, go on, Simpson."

"'Oh, I am Her Majesty's maid,'" declaimed Simpson. "We all begin with 'Oh,' to express surprise at finding ourselves on the stage at all. 'Oh, I am Her Majesty's maid, I'm a sad little flirt, I'm afraid.'"

"I'm respectable, steady, and staid," corrected Myra.

"No," I said; "I have it—

"'Oh, I am Her Majesty's maid!
And her charms are beginning to fade—
I can sit in the sun
And look *just* twenty-one
While *she*'s thirty-six in the shade.'"

Myra made a graceful curtsey.

"Thank you, Sir. You'll have to pay me a lot more of those before the play is over."

"Will I really?"

"Well, seeing as the Grand Hereditary One is supposed to be making up to Her Majesty's confidential attendant——"

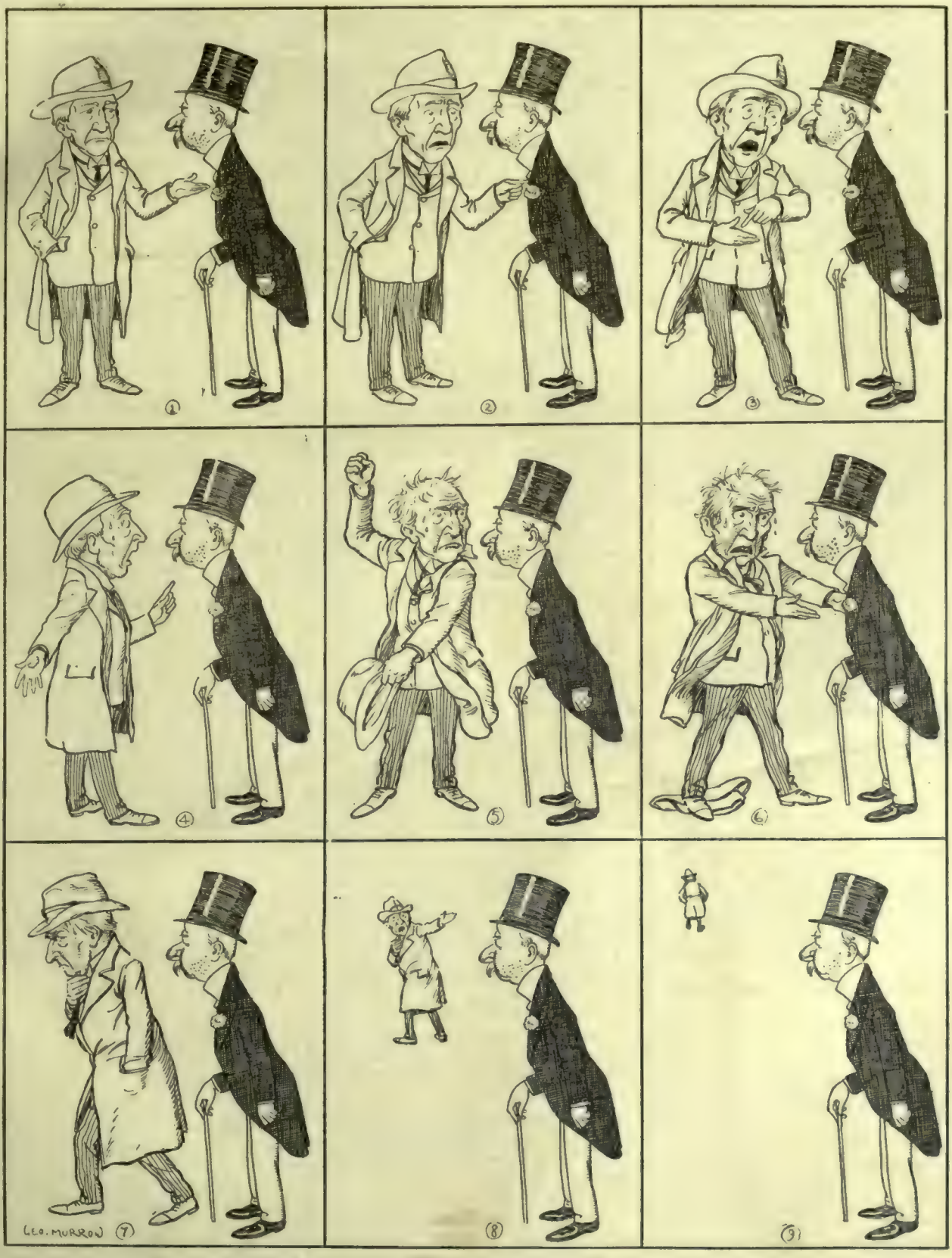
Miss Fortescue came pushing up to us. "It is too ridiculous," she complained; "none of us know our parts yet, and if we have a rehearsal now—what do *you* think about it?"

I looked at Myra and smiled to myself. "I'm all for a rehearsal at once," I said.

A. A. M.

Good News from the Animal World.

"Holidays of a judge and some otters."—*Daily Graphic.*



THE CANVASSER AND THE UNIMPRESSIONABLE VOTER.

BLUE DERIVATIVES.

THERE is no doubt that M. MAETERLINCK'S innovating genius, as displayed in *The Blue Bird*, will leave a lasting mark on the stage, for already (such is the inherent mimicry of the normal dramatist) we hear of several new plays in which ordinarily inanimate objects play lively parts.

The casts of one or two such works reveal how strong the Belgian influence is. Thus:—

THE BROWN DOG.

An Anti-Vivisectionist Morality.

Rover, the hero, a brown dog, the friend of man.
Poos, a cat with nine lives, and therefore the despair of the vivisectionists.
Several Surgeons, all named and all villains.
Blood, continually running from dog.
Battersea Park, who ultimately offers the dog a home.
Law } Twin sisters.
Order }
Public Opinion, an agitated female.
Stevecole, an eloquent opponent of vivisection.
Scorn, his friend.
Pen } His constant companions.
Ink }
Policemen, Town Councillors, Paperboys, Outside Shouts, etc., etc.

And here is *The Blue Bird* method as applied to melodrama pure and simple:—

THE BLACK HAND.

A Sensational Drama of Modern Life.

Jasper Maltravers, the hero, an author.
Grace Lovelace, the heroine.
Sir Dyrke Devious, the villain, played by a bulldog in evening dress.
Lady Devious, his unhappy wife, played by a white cat with black paws.
Ursula Davenport, an adventuress, played by a dress-stand on castors.
Guy Badminton, a spendthrift.
Limelight, who accompanies hero and heroine.
Applause, who enters after every heroic speech.
Waste-paper Basket, who devours Jasper's MSS.
A Dishonoured Cheque, friend of Guy Badminton.
A Deaf Waiter.
Postage Stamp, who assists hero and heroine in clandestine correspondence.
The Marble Arch, a friend of the family.
Sleuth, a detective, in the following disguises:—a tramp, a boy scout, a gentleman, a curate, a doormat, a postman, a sack of potatoes, a 'bus conductor, an Egyptologist, a pup, a caddie, a keyhole, an organ-grinder, a draught.
Jim Pincher, an obsolete burglar.
Jack Snaffles, thief and gentleman, the super-hero.
Kleptomania, Soap, Genius of Poetry, Crowd of Good and Bad Motives, Greed, Hate, Joy, Virtue, Vice.

Also in rapid preparation, *The Black Draught*, *The Blue Pill*, *The Yellow Press*, and *The White Lie.*

OUR IMPARTIAL HISTORIANS.

A STUDY IN CONTEMPORARY JOURNALISM.

EXTRACT from newspaper report of a meeting addressed by the Tarifferendum Candidate, at the Corn Exchange, Poopton-on-the-Push, on Thursday last:—

"At this point Mr. Glibley urged upon his hearers the vital necessity of finding work for all.

A Voice. When was your last job? (*Laughter.*)

Continuing, Mr. Glibley said that in the spring of last year no fewer than one able-bodied male in forty was on the rates.

A Voice. We don't want your personal reminiscences. (*Loud laughter.*)

Mr. Glibley made one more strenuous attempt to hold the audience; Irish affairs, he said, could not be permanently projected into the obscure perspective of an elusory futurity, but at the same time——

The Voice. Has anybody here seen Kelly? (*Roars of laughter.*)

The Chairman (*interposing*). Will you give Mr. Glibley a fair hearing?

The Voice. No. (*Loud and prolonged laughter.*)

Several members of the audience then mounted the platform in a spirited and determined manner that would be denied nothing, and a resolution proposing a vote of confidence in the anti-Tarifferendum Candidate was carried with the most wonderful enthusiasm. Meanwhile Mr. Glibley and his friends, evidently thinking discretion the better part of valour, made a hurried escape by way of a back door, which, when it became known, provoked unbounded merriment amongst the audience. The magnificent *Bread Song*—'Bread, bread, it's bread we want, not work'—was then sung, to the tune of *Oh! Oh! Antonio*, after which the proceedings terminated 'in the most admired disorder.'"

Extract from the same paper's report of a meeting addressed by the anti-Tarifferendum Candidate, at the Corn Exchange, Poopton-on-the-Push, on Friday last:—

"Continuing, Mr. Glumley pointed out that a levy of only nineteen shillings in the pound on all treasure trove would, at the end of twenty years, provide all *bonâ-fide* trade-unionists over the age of forty-three with red bandana handkerchiefs free of cost. But at this point it became only too evident that there was a plot on foot to break up the meeting by an organised gang of hooligans, and worse. The Chairman's appeal for order was greeted with un-English catcalls and ribald snatches of song. Ultimately the platform was rushed by hired bravoes, who had gained admittance by means of forged tickets. Providentially, no lives were lost, but several legs (Windsor chair) were broken, and, amid scenes of brutal violence, cheers were given for Mr. Glibley and his policy of universal fratricide. It now rests with Poopton to clear up this scandalous affair, and to remove the stigma that at present rests upon its name. A foul blow has been struck at the Englishman's inalienable right of free speech; terrorism and rowdyism stalk openly and unashamed in our midst, and we cannot leave the matter there. What were the police doing?" Etc., etc., etc.

BALLADE OF THE OPEN MIND.

FROM every hustings 'neath the sky
The stream of talk begins to run;
To fierce and windy warfare fly
The Tory Goth and Labour Hun;
And as I hear each mother's son
I wonder which is worse than t'other—
It seems to me it 's six of one
And half-a-dozen of the other.

Each morning is the pensions lie
Exposed by some great Tory gun;
Each night the Food Tax fallacy
Is settled and for ever done.
And as I watch the sorry fun,
Where each must vilify his brother,
It seems to me it 's six of one
And half a-dozen of the other.

"Tariff Reform," the Liberals cry,
"Would surely end in work for none."
"No, no," good Unionists reply,
"It 's bread for all—perhaps a bun.
The only way our fate to shun—"
"The only way our trade to smother—"
It seems to me it 's six of one
And half-a-dozen of the other.

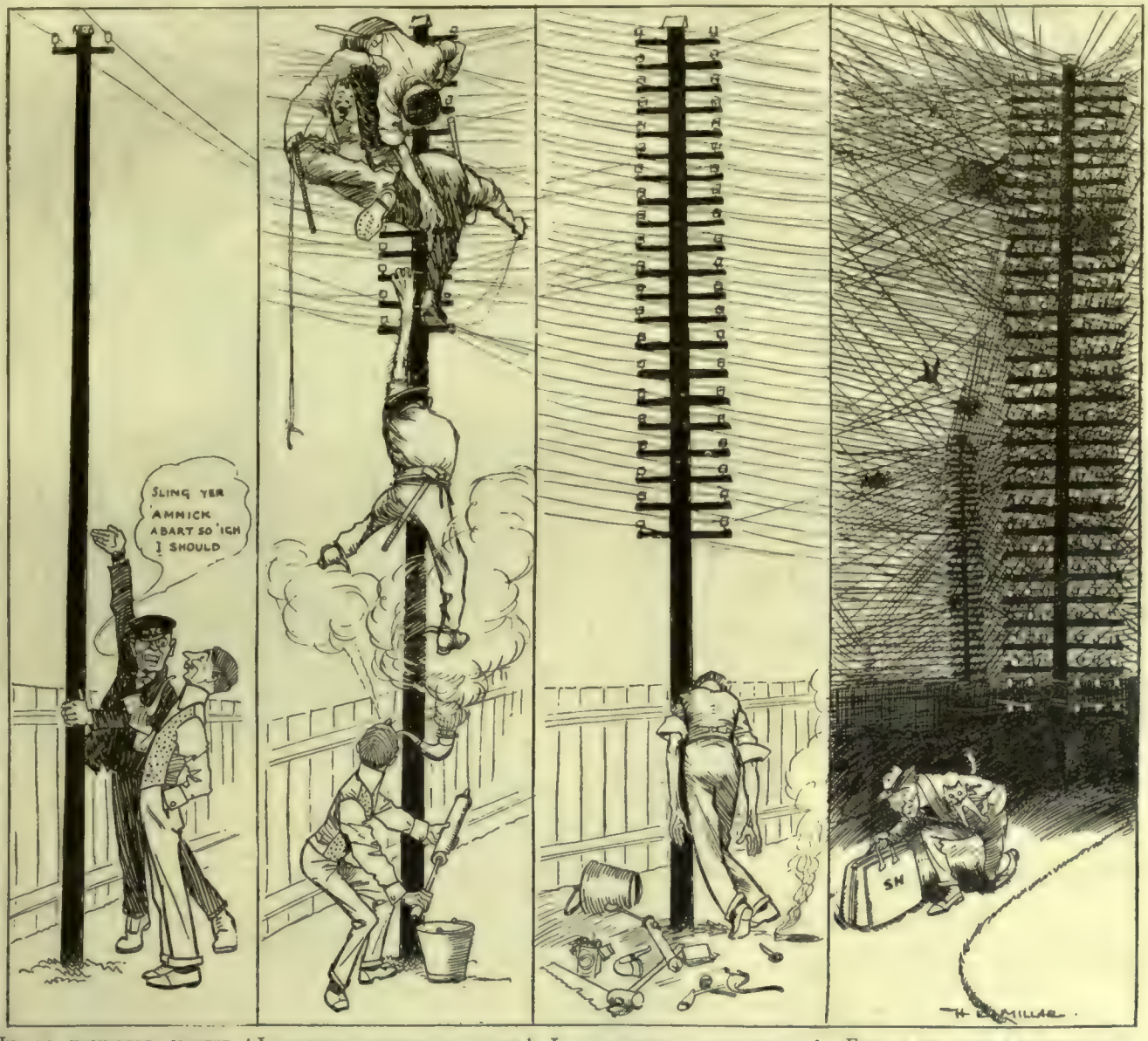
ENVOY.

Votes, could I have you by the ton,
I 'd give you all to wife or mother,
Till they, too, learn it 's six of one
And half-a-dozen of the other.

"Leigham Court II. beat Wallington II. by 13 goals to nil. Wallington were unfortunate in being two short, but two spectators filled the gap; one got hurt and retired and the other put her knee out, and so could only stand in goal the second half."—*The Hockey Field.*

After all, Wallington II. were not so very unlucky. These accidents might have happened to the actual team.

A SUBURBAN TRAGEDY.



IN AN UNGUARDED MOMENT THE SIMPLE HOUSEHOLDER ALLOWS THE YOUNG SAPLING TO TAKE ROOT IN HIS GARDEN.

IT BECOMES INFESTED WITH LARGE APE-LIKE PARASITES, UPON WHOM TOBACCO SMOKE, BEER AND SUCH-LIKE INSECTICIDES HAVE NO EFFECT.

IT FLOURISHES EXCEEDINGLY, THROWING OUT ITS FAIRY-LIKE FILAMENTS IN ALL DIRECTIONS.

FINALLY THE SIMPLE HOUSEHOLDER ABANDONS HIS PROPERTY AND SEEKS SAFETY IN FLIGHT!

BALFOURIFFORM.

[Mr. BALFOUR has declared in favour of "a rational system" of Tariff Reform.]

THEY have nobbled their BALFOUR and clapped him in quod.
Sing hey for the blessings of Tariff Reform!
He is taking it kindly; he 's kissing the rod.
Oh, it 's taxes on food that 'll keep a man warm!
He is all for "a rational system," says he,
But he fails to explain what his method will be.

He has slipped them before. Will he slip them again?
Oh, it 's Blatchford and bogeys and up with the scare!
And his half-sheet of paper was not very plain.
Sing ho and sing hey for the cupboard that 's bare!
ARTHUR B. is a man who with sense is imbued.
Are you certain he said he 's a taxer of food?

"Yes, yes," came the answer, "we 've got him pinned down."
Oh, talk unemployment and keep it to that!
"ARTHUR B. is our own from his sole to his crown."
Sing hey and sing tit for the foreigner's tat!
"For his 'rational system'—you heard what he said—
Means a tax upon rations, *i.e.*, upon bread."

"The reredos of the altar is composed of seven gilt panels of Fra and Jellicos angels."—*Ludlow Advertiser.*

This well-known firm makes a speciality of angels. Fra's is supposed to be the inspiring brain ,and Jellico does the rest.



COSTUMES FOR CANVASSING.

SHOULD THEY BE VELVET OR TAILOR-MADE? MR. PUNCH'S VERDICT ON THE GREAT CONTROVERSY.

VELVET, WITHOUT A DOUBT— OR PERHAPS, ON SECOND THOUGHTS, TAILOR-MADE.

RICHMOND PARK.

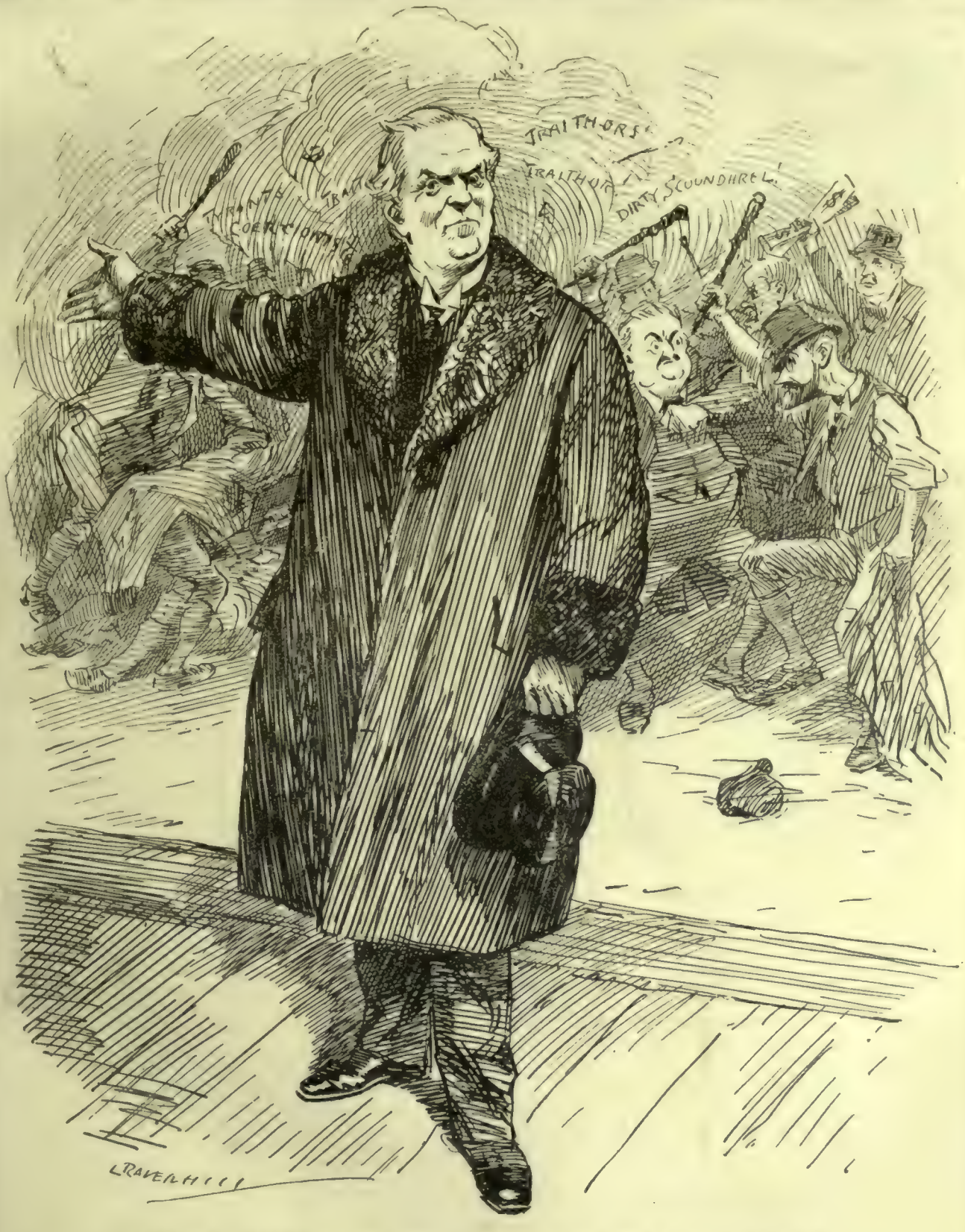
Oh, have you been to Richmond of a windy April morning,
When the loose white clouds are flying and the blue is washed and clean,
When the beeches on the hill-top don a diffident adorning
And the river twines its silver through the shimmer of the green,
When the cuckoo flings his notes
And the thrushes crack their throats
And the boatmen at the eyot start a-varnishing their boats?

Have you seen its gallant vistas in the splendour of a June day,
Oh, the rhododendron thickets and the water and the wood!
When the stags are still in velvet and across the hush of noon-day
Comes the throbbing of the motors past the Gate of Robin Hood,
When the bracken by the ponds
First unfolds its crinkled fronds
And the dragon-flies are dancing round the slender willow wands?

Have you been to royal Richmond when the year is growing mellow,
And October, mild and fruitful, on its woodland sets her mark,
When the footpath—of her bounty—has a carpet red and yellow,
And the great harts roar a challenge as the twilight meets the dark,
And at half-past five or so
There are lights that flash and glow,
Thrilling upward in the quiet out of Kingston down below?

Have you ever been to Richmond when the days are short and chilly,
When a red December sunset has been swallowed in the fog,
When the wanderer, belated in the frosty air and stilly,
Sees the tree-trunks full of goblins, and he whistles up his dog,
And turns to look again
At the firelight on the pane,
In the keeper's cottage window, going home by Clarence Lane?

If you 've not, then, and would know it, with its pools and forest spaces,
Take this gratis introduction, very willingly bestowed,
And a trifling thing in train-fares will acquaint you with its graces,
Or you 'll hear its Pan-pipe music by a 'bus from Brompton Road.
If a Dryad you should see
And you care to mention me,
I shouldn't be astonished if she asked you in to tea!



HOME CHAT: A STUDY IN DOMESTICITY.

MR. ASQUITH. "PRESENTING, AS THEY DO, A SOLID AND UNITED FRONT, WE PROPOSE TO HAND OVER TO THE IRISH THE ABSOLUTE CONTROL OF THEIR DOMESTIC AFFAIRS."

CHARIVARIA.

SIR EDWARD GREY has acknowledged that a Navy is essential for our safety.

***

Mr. ARNOLD LUPTON, the Radical Member for the Sleaford Division of Lincolnshire, in reply to an inquiry from *The Express*, has wired, "Yes, heckler insisted on categorical reply to question, Would Tariff party pay old age pensions? My reply was 'No.'" Can we have been doing an injustice to Mr. URE all this while?

***

"You say to a tradesman," said Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, "'You seem to be doing very well. Why don't you open out?' 'Open out?' he says; 'where am I going to open out? I cannot build in the clouds, and if I did they would charge a ground rent.'" Well, we are fond of sunshine ourselves, and should be very glad to see a rent in the sky.

***

It is rumoured that if the Unionists are successful they will be prepared to act generously to their opponents who have the People's Budget so much at heart. No Liberal who wishes to pay the increased Death Duties will have any obstacle put in his way.

***

A grave injustice was done to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE by the person who quoted him as having said in his Queen's Hall speech that "The time has come for us to say that the land of England was not made for partridges, but for pheasants."

***

Notwithstanding the welcome report that Mr. HALDANE is progressing favourably, we are informed that he is still in favour of the Budget.

***

The heat last week was so abnormal that several tortoises awoke from their winter sleep under the impression that Spring had already begun, and one of these reptiles, an old gentleman informs us, upon learning how it had been tricked, poured forth such a torrent of revolting language that our correspondent had to send his wife indoors.

***

The doctors tell us that the mild weather is unhealthy at this time of year. It has undoubtedly played havoc with the nerves of those editors of topical papers who have to send their journals to press ten days in advance and decide to take the risk of a snow-balling picture.

***

The Chairman of the Fire Brigade Committee of Aston was presented, the other day, with an ink-stand made out of the hoof of a fire-brigade horse known as "Old Tommy," who died some months ago. This horse, we are told, was the first animal that put on its own collar, a feat it always performed when the fire-alarm rang. What a lesson to us human beings, many of whom in similar circumstances would rush out just as we were without thinking of the proprieties!

***

A postman was stationed at the corner of Berners Street last week to replace temporarily a damaged pillar-box. Several ignorant persons, it is said, tried to post their letters in the mouth of the unfortunate functionary.

***

While the pastor of a Congregational Church was delivering an address in the church parlour on Saturday his overcoat containing the manuscript of his sermon for the following day was stolen from the vestry. We understand that the pastor handsomely acknowledges that he himself is to blame for leaving valuables in such an exposed place.

***

The Board of Trade Report upon London traffic remarks that as an instrument of locomotion the motor omnibus is in its infancy. It is to be hoped that the noisy little fiend will as soon as possible reach the age of discretion.



MR. LLOYD GEORGE INTRODUCES QUEEN ELIZABETH.

From a report in *The Times* of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's speech at Reading:—"He wondered what would have happened if Sir Francis Drake had said, 'I have only got two big ships for every one of the Spaniards', and only five small ones for every small one on their side. I really cannot face them.' There was a good old Welsh lady named Elizabeth Tudor on the throne of England at that time who had no fear of either German or Spaniard in her soul. She would have sent for Drake and have said to him, 'Come over here; your head is more useful on Tower Hill than on a British man-of-war.'—(*Loud cheers*)."

(Other things equally unpleasant might also have occurred.)

MY CANVASS.

My conscience compelled me to come to the rescue of the Constitution, and when I demanded a canvassing book the agent beamed on me.

"You take Nelson Street," he said. "It'll need tactful management. Tell 'em all in confidence that Clump is certain to be in by two thousand. If we can get 'em bettin' on our man they'll back their bets with their votes."

"Is there any special constitutional point I should emphasise?" I asked.

"Don't talk too much about work for all," he said cynically. "Last thing they want down there is a job."

When I looked at the gloomy dwellings of Nelson Street I thrilled with enthusiasm. I resolved that if one man's eloquence could do anything every vote in that street should be cast for Clump, and not a solitary one for Higgins.

Very confidently I knocked at the door of No. 1.

"Mrs. Budge, I believe," I said in my sweetest tones to a stern-looking lady. "Could I see your husband for one moment about the election? I have called in the interests of England and Clump."

"I'd like to see *'im* for a minute," said the lady shrilly. "Run away, 'e did, four months since, an' not a penny nor a word 'ave I 'ad from 'im. Jus' let me get 'old of 'im once. An' toffs like you 'oo encourages 'im is jus' as bad. Get away with you—comin' an' talkin' to respectible merried wimmen as if they was Suffragettes."

As Mrs. Budge's attitude was distinctly threatening, I hurriedly marked her husband as "removed," and hastened to interview Mr. Progers at No. 5.

Mr. Progers was washing himself in a bucket, and looked up at me with a soapy face.

"Called for Clump, 'ave yer? Now 'ow many *Dreadnoughts* is 'e in favour of?"

"Sixteen," I said. "Mr. Clump is resolved at all costs that our naval supremacy must be maintained."

From behind his mask of suds Mr. Progers glowered on me.

"Get out, you an' yer sixteen. We wants fifty, an' the dooks ter pay for every one of 'em. I'll 'ave no Little Englanders in this 'ouse. Yer looks like a German spy—that's about your mark. Wait till I've done washin' myself, an' I'll show yer what a true Englishman thinks o' the likes o' you."

With exceeding promptitude I marked Mr. Progers as "doubtful," and departed for No. 13.

There Mr. Kenworthy received me with open arms. He agreed with everything I said. He listened with delight to my exposition of the constitutional crisis. So when I rose to go I said, "Then I may put you down as pledged to Mr. Clump?" "Not me. I'm a-votin' for 'Iggins. Yer see it's this way. My missis's maiden name was 'Iggins, an' there'd be trouble if I voted agin a 'Iggins. Peace at 'ome—that's my motter. You come round for 'Iggins, an' you'll 'ave my vote certain. I likes yer way o' talkin'."



SOFAS FOR LOAFERS.

A "Social Reform," which for some unaccountable reason has not been Budgetted for as yet, but is, of course, a natural corollary of recent legislation; the cost will no doubt be cheerfully borne by the hapless middle-class taxpayer, though he can barely make both ends meet as it is. "*Shirts for the shiftless*," have also been only too long delayed.

After this bitter disappointment, it was a relief to find that Mr. Abbott of No. 19 was in gaol and could take no interest in the constitutional crisis for at least six months. But when I called at 25 and asked for Mr. Clewer I was surprised at the warmth of my reception.

"Come in," cried Mr. Clewer, "an' sit yer down. I'm fer Clump thick an' thin. Them as don't vote for 'im wants boilin'."

"I quite understand your very proper indignation at the grossly immoral tactics of the Higginsites," I replied.

"'Ogs," said Mr. Clewer disgustedly. "Now, yer a gent. Knew it d'reckly I set eyes on yer. Now, speakin' as man ter man, could yer oblige me with five bob? This 'ere Budget 's made money awkward to get 'old of."

"At any other time I should be delighted, Mr. Clewer, but during an election it might be interpreted as corruption."

"Wot! D'yer mean ter tell me as five bob 'd corrupt me. Tellin' me that after sittin' down i' my arm-chair like a ole friend."

Mr. Clewer suddenly gripped the poker and stood between me and the door.

I looked at Mr. Clewer and the poker, and placed five shillings on the table. As he jumped for it I jumped for the door.

When I was safely at the end of the street, I resolved to let the Constitution look after itself. I marked all the remaining voters at random "dead," "removed," or "doubtful," and was just going off in disgust when I saw another canvasser approach. He glanced at my book and said sneeringly, "Not much good trying this neighbourhood. The democracy are solid for Higgins."

I was about to contradict him when a happy thought came to me.

"Some of them are very bigoted," I said sadly. "There's a man called Clewer at 25 who was quite offensive."

His face lit up. "Ah, you're finding out what the people really think. It'll be an eye-opener for you."

I saw him march eagerly down Nelson Street to No. 25 and knock cheerily at the door. I saw Mr. Clewer open the door and draw him in, and I went away happy. Some one else would have an eye-opener.

"Schadenfreude."

DARK DAYS
IN GERMANY
DEAR FOOD
UNEMPLOYMENT
AND SUICIDE.

"*Daily News*" *Poster.*

Notwithstanding its affection for this "friendly" Power—an affection so great that it views the rapid growth of a rival navy in that quarter with a complete immunity from suspicion—one can picture the grim satisfaction with which our contemporary must have composed the above terribly imaginative placard for the purpose of making the Tariff Reformer's flesh creep.

"Christmas Day will not again fall on a Saturday until 2190."—*Yorkshire Post.*

Then we shan't wait.



Radical Candidate. "I HAVEN'T HAD TIME FOR A SINGLE DAY'S HUNTING THIS SEASON."

Conservative Sportsman (anxious to convey cheery sympathy). "OH, THAT'LL BE ALL RIGHT AFTER THE ELECTION; YOU'LL HAVE TIME FOR SIX DAYS A WEEK."

BETRAYED.

LOST is my faith in man! I have been robbed
By those for whom I sought the Crown of Fame;
Were times I could have flung me down and sobbed,
Though mine was but the sorrow, theirs the shame.

Ah! 'twas my inborn modesty forbade
That I myself should seek the fadeless bays;
Enough could I all gloriously be clad
In the shed lustre from another's rays.

I chose an author, one of claims distinct;
I clung to him like tendrils to the oak;
Our names, I vowed, for ever should be linked
In reminiscence, anecdote, or joke.

A closer friend than I he never found;
I wooed his favour with my every breath. . . .
Did he achieve distinction? Selfish hound!
He cultivated style, and starved to death.

I chose a painter, one whose lofty brow
Gave bounteous promise for the years to be;
Where Fortune's gilded apples weighed the bough,
I leaned a golden ladder 'gainst the tree.

Then, loving-handed, led him nigh to show
How, ready to his reach, the Fame-fruit hung. . . .
Did he ascend the ladder? Curse him, no!
He had ideals! and never rose a rung.

I chose a politician, one of parts;
His star, I felt, was rising ne'er to set;
His purple diction swayed the people's hearts,
His person early graced the Cabinet.

"This man," said I, "makes Hist'ry; its fair page
Shall laud a friend who nobly shared the cost." . . .
Did he retain the centre of the stage?
The ass developed scruples, and was lost.

* * * * *

Fooled and betrayed! Fate yet shall not bestrew
With my unhonoured dust Oblivion's shelf.
Down, Diffidence! What now I have to do
Is win the fadeless laurels for myself.

Election Items.

Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN has addressed a letter to his fellow-countrymen, dealing with the political situation. Our Poet Laureate has begun the New Year well by writing prose.

"M.P. Fights for his Seat in a Sick Bed," said the placard of a halfpenny paper. We don't know who was disputing his right to a seat in his own sick bed, but while sympathising with his indisposition we feel it is a case where he should have taken the trouble lying down.

Sir WILLIAM BULL, M.P., is reported to have punched a heckler for remarking, "I am not a solicitor who is paid to tell lies." There is no truth, however, in the rumour that Sir WILLIAM has offered to take on three dukes, seventeen other peers, and 240 Unionist Candidates because of their lack of respect to another solicitor—a Welsh one.

A VICTIM OF TYRANNY.

EVER since the Tyrant set his foot upon my neck I have had to give up jig-saws, aeroplaning, the dodging of split infinitives, and all the gentle tasks that go to fill the days of a simple and useful life.

At ten this morning, for instance, just as my fountain-pen had begun to work without blobbing, my chief retainer put her head in at the door and said explosively: "Please, master—you 're—wanted!"

I had already entertained a mild suspicion that this might be so; for there had been five knocks and three rings during the preceding two minutes, and a proud champing of bits and the stertorous breathing of a Daimhard sounded at the outer postern. So I cast a lingering fond glance at a still wet chapter-heading—"How Henry Pressed his Suit"—and went dejectedly downstairs.

"Which room?" I asked. My chief retainer made a circular sweep with a plump mottled arm.

"All of 'em," she said aggrievedly, and tumbled down the kitchen stairs to relieve the tension of over-stimulated nerves by breaking coals below.

I went first into the grand salon, where a young man with a gardenia and an air of loving me rather more than a brother gripped my hand cordially and spun about me a dark cloud of words, words, words, from which there presently emerged, although mistily, the central idea that, given certain eventualities and right conduct on my part, my food would cost me less.

I believe I told him that the matter couldn't affect me, that I had no time for meals at all during these days of oppression. Somehow, at any rate, I got rid of him; and then I went to the banqueting-hall.

Here, his gnarled fist resting on the table—*my* table, the board sacred to hospitality—stood an uninvited stranger, with basilisk eye and a Scotch Presbyterian beard. He flung forty fiscal facts and Heaven knows how many rows of figures at me, till—dim at first and nebulous—there grew slowly into shape the suggestion that, given unrighteous conduct on my part, my food would cost me more.

I know I told him that in that case I should have to work harder, and that it might be the making of me; for work alone is noble. (It is worthy of note that any argument which does not fit into a well-worn groove will put the mind of the partizany instantly out of gear.) We parted, more in anger than in sorrow, and I telephoned down the kitchen stairs to ask who was in the Blue Room.

As I am not a Cabinet Minister there was nothing to fear, really. But I did my breathing exercises in the hall, went hurriedly through my physical drill, and then swung jauntily into the room, humming a merry stave.

But the music died on my lips as her eye fell upon me. For twenty minutes by the clock, and with only two semicolons, she told me that my sisters and my cousins and my aunts, as well as my fourteen daughters, were slaves and helots. "And now, Sir," she said, considering my plate-glass windows with an interest I did not at all care for,—"and now, Sir, have you made up your mind to do us justice at last?"

"Madam," I replied, seeing my opening here,—"Madam, it would be difficult indeed to do *you* justice." She looked by turns mollified, doubtful, and then dangerous; and I had to warn one of my varlets, who was sweeping imaginary leaves into heaps outside, to take particular heed that she did not indulge an all-too-likely propensity for roof-climbing. Then I went to the Red Room.

I have an idea that he once mis-spent a day putting my bath-taps out of order, under pretence of being a plumber. But he was quite ready to mend the constitution, and he talked of how our forefathers bled—Heavens! how they bled!

So they did—every spring. The practice, I reminded him, has been abandoned in modern medicine, though the principle remains; and if, as seemed evident, he needed a cooling mixture, my good friend, Dr. Bolus, three doors down the street——

He shed a stream of pamphlets entitled "The Dukes: Who the Deuce are they?" all the way to the front-door.

"Are there any in the box-room, the bath-room, or under the beds?" I telephoned downstairs.

"There 's her in the Yaller Room," came the resentful answer. So I went to the Yellow Room and sat down beside her on the sofa.

"My dear lady," I said—for she was young and very, very beautiful,—"my dear lady, if I have a vote doesn't it strike you that I have made up my mind how to use it years and years ago? I am whole-heartedly for a Tarifferendum, and these visits, though pleasant, seem to a busy man so unnecessary——"

Her eyes swam, and the mute reproach in them stabbed me. "I only came," she faltered, "at the cost of much violence to my not unnatural feelings of diffidence, to thank you a thousand times for giving to the world that beautiful, beautiful book, *The Heart that Overflow:th*."

And I had so often wondered who had bought it—the sole copy of a still-born masterpiece that did not figure in the publisher's statement under the head of "free copies."

But she was gone—and for ever!

And so it has come to this: that a man cannot tell friend from foe in the privacy of his own castle.

They come and go, canvasser and candidate, big loafer, little loafer, word-spinner, crank. And "Lor! the sweeping up after 'em!" as my head servitor justly remarks. And it is all the fault of the ruthless oligarchs, who *will* have it that I must be consulted about the taxes I pay! (Tyrants! of course they 'll have to go after this.)

My head servitor has given a month's notice.

Proud LANSDOWNE, see your work!

SINGLE CHAMBER POWERS.

[*The following Form of Declaration for a good Radical, to be signed and handed to the Agent for the borough or division, has been generously drawn up by a Conservative.*]

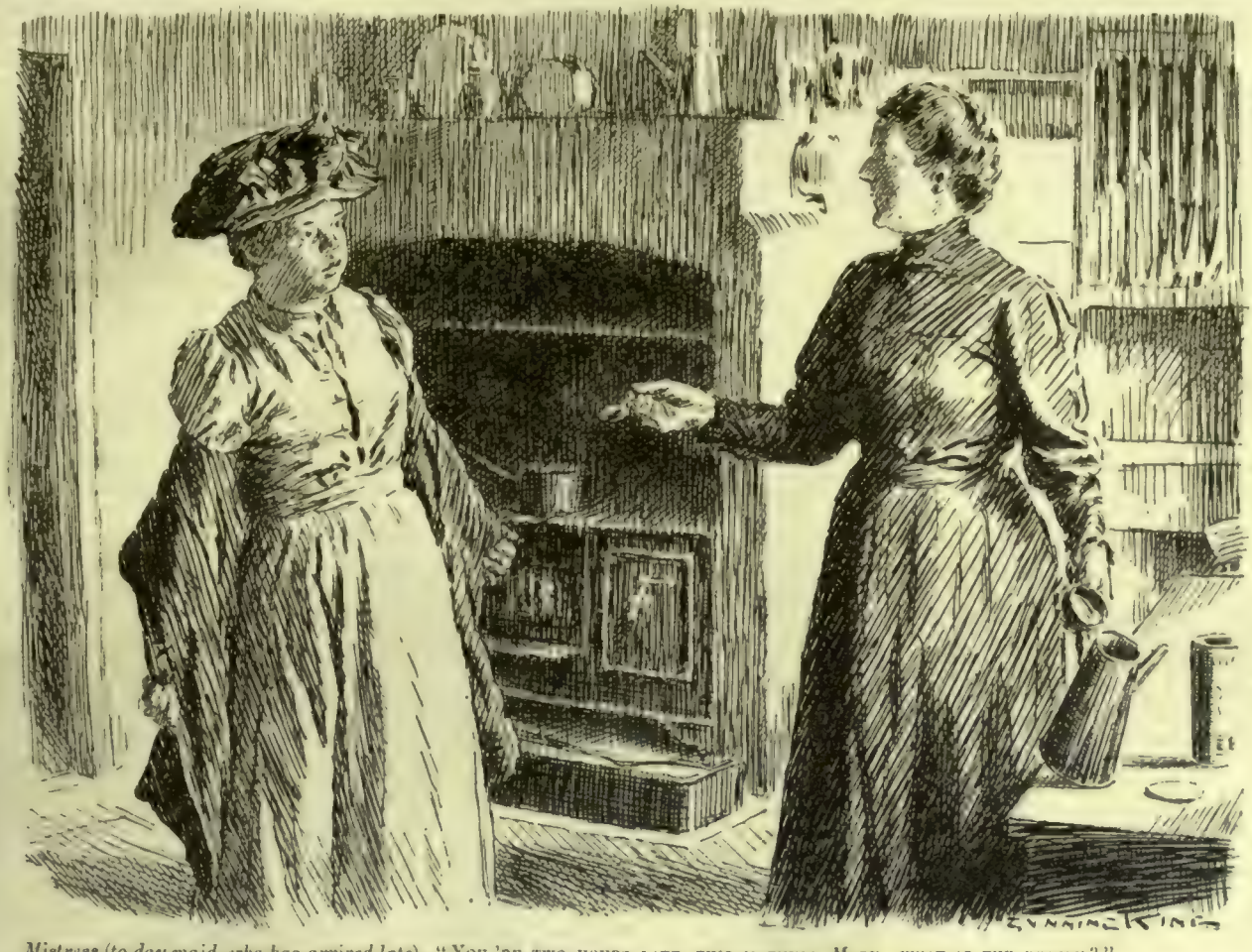
I, ... (give profession, if employed), recently of sound mind and discretion, do appoint as my proxies in the next Parliament DAVID LLOYD GEORGE, and failing him WINSTON CHURCHILL, and failing him any person they may substitute, to pass such measures as may occur to them during the next seven years, and do hereby bind myself to accept these without a murmur, remonstrance, expostulation or contemptuous observation.

I give and bequeath all my property, real and imaginary, and all increment and decrement thereof, earned or the reverse, to the absolute use of the above for experimental Party purposes, disinheriting any children or relatives or anything of that sort I may happen to have. This property to be operated upon in any way for Socialistic objects or covered with jerry-built dwellings, cut up into unworkable small holdings or otherwise used for the convenience of the greatest number of voters. The public to be admitted whenever it amuses them, for purposes of cricket-playing, love-making, curiosity or casual slumber, or for the picking of rare flowers or fruit, which, being grown on The Land, belong to no one.

I agree to accept what I am told by Cabinet Ministers without question, whether on the subject of pensions or dukes or anything else.

I further agree to the development of economy in our national defences, the reduction of the House of Lords to the status of a dormitory and sanatorium for played-out Peers, and the dismemberment of the United Kingdom in any manner which may be convenient for Party purposes.

I approve of the elevation of Wales to



Mistress (to day-maid, who has arrived late). "YOU 'RE TWO HOURS LATE, THIS MORNING, MARY; WHAT IS THE REASON?"

Mary. "YES 'M. BUT PLEASE, 'M, MOTHER SAID I WAS TO TELL YOU WHEN SHE WOUND UP THE CLOCK LAST NIGHT SHE PUT THE BIG HANDLE RIGHT, BUT CLEAN FORGOT ALL ABOUT THE LITTLE 'UN."

the position of predominant partner in Great Britain, and the removal of the Houses of Parliament to Bangor.

I hereby hand over my soul (or so much of it as is still left) to the keeping of the State. I acknowledge that I am an incapable muddler, and devoid of spirit or capacity of any kind. All the wisdom and character in the country is embodied in the Radical wing of the Liberal party. Its decisions are not to be revised by anybody whatsoever, or questioned by its electors. All this I steadfastly believe.

I agree that any resolution of the House of Commons is irrevocable, provided that the Government is Radical, even when passed in a snap division or during a spell of influenza.

I hand over my business for experimental purposes.

I agree in advance to the disestablishment of anything.

I am willing to subscribe, without being consulted, to any other opinions which may occur to the aforesaid LLOYD GEORGE and WINSTON CHURCHILL.

Signature.....

Asylum.....

THE EXEMPLAR.

ONCE upon a time there was a little boy who had a fit of naughtiness. He refused to obey his nurse and was, as she said afterwards, that obstreperous that her life for about half-an-hour was a burden. At last, just as she was in despair, a robin fluttered to the window-sill of the nursery and perched on it, peeping in.

"There," said the nurse, "look at that dear little birdie come to see what all the trouble 's about. He 's never refused to have his face washed and made clean, I know. I'd be ashamed to cry and scream before a little pretty innocent like that, that I would."

Now this robin, as it happened, was a poisonously wicked little bird. He was greedy and jealous and spiteful. He continually fought other and weaker birds and took away their food; he pecked sparrows and tyrannised over tits. He habitually ate too much; and quite early in life he had assisted his brothers and sisters in putting both their parents to death.

None the less the spectacle of his pretty red breast and bright eye shamed and soothed the little boy and very soon he became quite good again.

Motto for Hastings Conservatives.

"*Nil desperandum Du Cros duce et auspice Du Cros.*"

"Then gravely, and with signs of the deepest respect, the vicar gave the good lady the prize. It was a moving spectacle."—*Western Daily Press.*

It sounds like a clock-work Teddy Bear.

"South Africa's eleven for Durban will remain unchanged."—*Reuter.*

And if the English team also refuses to shave as well as change their clothes until they have avenged their defeat, there will be a scrubby lot of players taking the field at Durban.

"Boundary hits are grave and perilous ventures when the last wicket has fallen."—"*Globe*" *leaderette on the Test Match.*

We agree that they would be bitterly resented by the crowd that swarms over the ground after the finish.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE sub-title of *Garryowen* (FISHER UNWIN) is "The Romance of a Racehorse." If you expect something on the lines of *Black Beauty* or *The Life-story of a Partridge* (*vide* popular magazines) you will be agreeably surprised. H. DE VERE STACPOOLE'S novel is an ordinary comedy of men and women. Of course there is a racehorse in it, *Garryowen* himself, no less, but his part is largely a thinking one. *Mr. French*, of Drumgool, owed more than he could pay, and his effects (including *Garryowen*) were to be seized if he did not meet a bill by a certain date. Now *Garryowen* was a dead cert for the City and Suburban, which was to be run a week after that date; and *French* expected to get fifty to one about him, for this was a very dark horse indeed. Was this chance to go begging for want of seven days' grace? Well, there was one way of saving the situation —*Garryowen* must be kept in hiding. The story tells how *Mr. French* and his horse, household, little daughter, pretty governess, and faithful friend transported themselves secretly from Ireland to Sussex; how they lived there on next to nothing; how they were traced by a wicked cousin who was going to reveal their whereabouts to the moneylender; and how the faithful friend kidnapped the wicked cousin — all, in fact, as it should be. Of course *Garryowen* runs and wins, and *Violet* marries either *French* (the widower) or *Dashwood* (the faithful friend); she is left making up her mind, but I think she will take *Dashwood*. When I read this pleasant book I felt very grateful to Mr. STACPOOLE for it, because I really thought it was going to be the life story of a partridge; that gratitude made me overlook the fact that it might quite easily have had a larger share of fancy and sunny humour.

As myself something of an epicure in stories about buried treasure, I lay down this general axiom—that no author starting with a ruined mansion, an impoverished family, and a mysterious cryptogram, has any business thereafter to go wandering off into Germany and wasting time over foreign domestic comedy. If "JANE WARDLE" had only observed this simple rule he would have made a far better job of *The Pasque-Flower* (ARNOLD). Nothing indeed could have been more promising than the early chapters. Old *Mr. Palverson*, with his courtly poverty and the tradition of an ancestral hoard, is the very character to welcome of a winter's evening. But the Teutonic part, however well drawn, and however true to life the hospitality, kindness, and general amiability of the inhabitants, only irritates a reader who, like myself, is anxious to get on and discover what really was hidden at *The Queen's House*. Especially as I was a little worried all the time by a suspicion that "JANE WARDLE" wanted me to stop building more *Dreadnoughts*. The result is an unfortunate break in the interest of the tale. How good it might have been is shown by the delightful thrills of the end, which is worthy of the best traditions of the craft. The secret of the cryptogram, when revealed, indicates a sliding panel in the wainscot, behind which are narrow stone steps leading downwards, and only to be descended with caution because "the air may be foul down there." (Don't you always love that bit?) And at the bottom they found—— Ah, that, I think, you must find for yourself; but I advise you to pay the author the compliment of skipping his middle chapters in the process.

If this were an appropriate moment to suggest a holiday-task for politicians I should recommend MRS. EVERARD COTES'S *The Burnt Offering* (METHUEN) to their notice, because it shows very clearly the harm done by men who would rather talk about subjects of which they know nothing than not talk at all. *Vulcan Mills* (I like his name), M.P. for Further Angus, goes to India, not so much in search of knowledge as of evidence that the British are a race of oppressors. Stuffed with prejudices and accompanied by his daughter he is soon surrounded by people who regard him—and her—with veneration. Here, in fact, is a first-rate ass in the making, with a bray more harmful than his bite, a man who might easily have become as tiresome to those reading of him as he became to the officials who closed his Indian career by bundling him back to England. Such a blunder, however, has been avoided. *Vulcan* is mischievous enough; he swells with his own importance; but he retains an ingenuous simplicity which prevents him from being a bore. He is "out for the cause of the people—any cause and any people," and no further explanation of him and of his kind is needed. Mrs. COTES is able to deal gravely with a serious problem and at the same time to write an amusing novel; we are bound to sympathise with men handicapped in their work by vain babblers, but we also smile at the egregious *Mrs. Livingstone Hooper*, "struggling for utterance behind a Carlsbad plum." I wish, by the way, that Mrs. COTES would not add to her *Burnt Offering* by the revolting sacrifice of an *l* in "all right."



(It is proposed that architecture shall enjoy copyright.)

Architect of Pomona Villas—West side (to Architect of Laburnum Villas—East side).
"HERE, YOU SCOUNDREL, YOU 'RE INFRINGING MY COPYRIGHT!"

The Perils of Dictation.

"The captain and his boat's screw were picked up by a passing vessel."—*Birmingham Post.*

One of the New Year resolves contributed by the Rev. F. B. MEYER to *Answers:*

"To make room for at least one hour of solid reading daily."

But he mustn't neglect his *Answers*, all the same.

"Green and Roman children had none of the excruciatingly ingenious toys which are inflicted on our younglings."—*Manchester Evening News.*

It is certainly safer to be born in the purple.

"He was deliberate, lucid, direct, concise, and he roused the audience to a great pitch of civilisation."—*Belfast Newsletter.*

Unfortunately it is too late to commend these methods to Tory Peers when addressing the usual Radical hooligans.

CHARIVARIA.

THE flood of election oratory reached its height last week, and one was reminded irresistibly of the statement in the schoolboy's essay on Capital Punishment that "in some countries they put people to death by elocution."

***

The tendency of parliamentary candidates to publish their portraits on posters seems to be increasing. We cannot help thinking that some of them commit a serious tactical blunder in doing so.

***

Erected formerly for the defence of London, a fort in the Surrey hills near Dorking is now used for rearing chickens. "Hen-roosts," as Mr. LLOYD GEORGE would say, "are more useful than fortifications."

***

Mr. LAURENCE IRVING has called one of his critics "a blot of scum." If Mr. IRVING is not very careful he will one day be standing for Parliament.

***

After all, the great new war harbour which the Austrian Government is to construct at Sebenico on the Adriatic is not a preparation for the conflict with Great Britain. The Berlin *Lokal-anzeiger* tactfully points out that it is to serve as a menace to Austria's dear friend and ally, Italy.

***

From Washington it is announced that Mr. ROOSEVELT has discovered a new animal resembling a fox in British East Africa. Let's hope it will not prove to be merely a North Pole-cat.

***

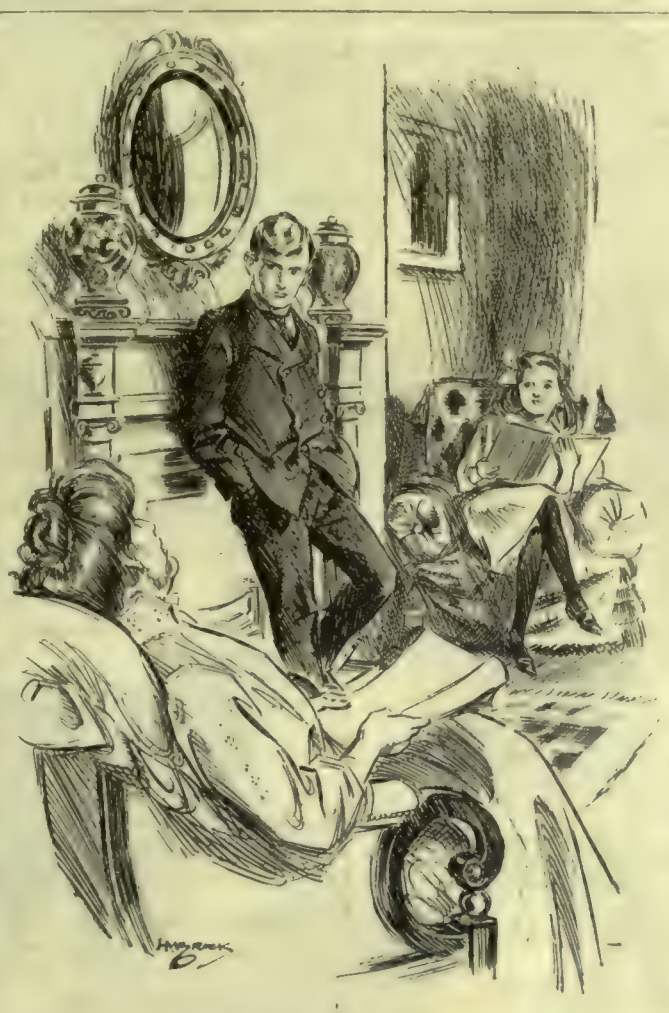
A distinguished preacher having expressed the belief that the end of all things is approaching, and that the world may be destroyed by a huge conflagration, the Wallsend Town Council are realising their responsibilities to the inhabitants, and have taken steps to improve the protections against fire in the town by installing an electric system and enlarging their fire-station.

***

A sensational incident occurred in the Paris Law Courts last week when a man suddenly appeared in the corridors in a state of absolute nudity. He was held to be a madman, but there is a malicious rumour afloat to the effect that he was merely an unsuccessful litigant whom the lawyers had done with.

***

"A large number of women in Bethnal Green," said Dr. WYNN WESTCOTT, at the Coroner's Court, "do not know their husbands' names. They marry 'Bill,' and there it ends." It looks as if the estate of marriage was a simpler thing than we had supposed.



JACK ASHORE.

Fond Mother. "YOU 'RE NEVER SATISFIED, JACK. WHEN YOU GO TO SEA YOU 'RE HOME-SICK, AND WHEN YOU COME HOME YOU 'RE SEA-SICK."

Once it was said that we were slow to catch on to new ideas. The reproach is no longer deserved. Every day we have proof of this. Last week *The Athenæum* appeared with cut edges.

***

At a meeting held last week in Notting Dale, from which scarcely a housebreaker of distinction was absent, it was unanimously resolved that it was high time that something was done to prevent the spread of Suffragette tactics among women. The meeting was called to consider the case of one of the fraternity, who had made his way recently into a Bristol lodging-house and been tackled and soundly thrashed by two representatives of the gentle sex.

***

Dr. SPEHLE, of Frankfort, urges housewives to see that their linen is thoroughly ironed, as that is the safest way of destroying microbes. Many tender-hearted women, however, cannot stand the shrieks of the little mites as they perish this way.

***

From the "Wanted" column of a provincial contemporary:—

YOUNG LADY (by birth) daily to help in house and with two little children.

This interests us, as we have always understood that we were young by birth, but never knew that there was any special demand for such persons.

***

Twenty pounds are to be distributed in prizes by the Underground Railway for the best show of flowers grown in small gardens along the line. It is not, we believe, generally known that many persons, unable to stand the noise of the motor traffic on the main roads, are now building little villas underground where they can enjoy comparative quiet.

From a letter in *The Clarion*:—

"Meetings everywhere are crowded out. . . . Not only that, but luke-warm sympathisers are burning red-hot enthusiasts."

This is carrying the thing to extremes. Still, it does prevent overcrowding.

"The society for the prevention of animals received $5 000."—*Halifax (N.S.) Evening Mail.*

We should recommend the society to concentrate on preventing insects. Preventing, say, an angry rhinoceros is dangerous work.

"The whole of the 2,000 guests on arrival went straight to their own tables, for all had been rooked beforehand."—*Gentlewoman.*

In these circumstances the sooner one got going on the *hors d'œuvre* the better.

"Mr. Curtice advised that Mr. Soares should keep his hair on. (Loud dissent.)"—*North Devon Journal.*

The audience must have been hoping that Mr. SOARES would go for Mr. CURTICE bald-headed.

"O TO BE IN ENGLAND."

[To a retired Member of Parliament, in his villa at Cap Martin.]

WHAT time, my friend, I picture you
(So distance yields to Fancy's wand)
Against a sky of sapphire blue,
With sea to correspond,

Envy of your Elysian lot,
A bitter envy, gnaws my breast,
Prisoned at home when home is not
Behaving at its best.

Here under wintry skies and gray,
Selling our little remnant souls,
We bite and scream and scratch our way
To victory at the polls.

But you, in your enchanted air,
You miss our mud-pies, rich and thick,
Discharged at random with a prayer
That some at least may stick.

You miss our nausea (*vide* note*),
When BEGBIE, moist with unctuous pride,
Pledges his word that Heaven shall vote
On his (on HAROLD'S) side.

Ah, how I pine and even pant
After your dusk-green olive groves,
There to escape from sickly cant,
Black lies and ditto loaves;

To pace the shore by those "reserves"
Where residential oysters are,
Or up the woodland way that curves
To lovely Castellar.

Or Monte's Shrine of Chance for me,
Where a great peace and silence reign,
And any loud remark would be
Resented as profane.

I picture you in that fair scene
Putting your *mille*-note on the red;
See your resigned and gentle mien
When black comes up instead.

"'Tis Luck," you say, and bear the blow,
And put a brace of *mille*-notes on,
And still preserve a genial glow
When they likewise are gone.

O what a lesson there for us!
You turn no hair, your lips are dumb,
While *we* make all this beastly fuss
About a pendulum—

So much the sport of every breeze
That none who brags of rise or drop
Knows where (to forty-five degrees)
The thing intends to stop.

O. S.

* The following specimen lines are extracted from Mr. HAROLD BEGBIE's electioneering "hymn" for Radicals in *The Daily Chronicle*:—

"For the hour of doom has sounded, lo, the mighty are put down,
He hath said, 'Thou fool' to Midas, and on Dives falls His frown,
But He calls His little children to the Kingdom and the crown,
And He shall lead them on."

THE HEDGERS.

A NUMBER of Parliamentary Candidates, anxious that the country should know the real reasons for the result of the poll, have sent us in advance alternative explanations, leaving us to select the right ones according to their success or failure. Unfortunately we have to go to press before the first results of the General Election come in, and the best we can do is to print both reasons in each case.

WHY I WON.	WHY I LOST.
A.'s Reasons.	
Because I said I should from the beginning.	Because I knew at the outset that I had the honour of leading a forlorn hope.
B.'s Reasons.	
Because I was careful to deal only in facts, and the truth, as it ever must, prevailed.	Because the subtle calumnies of my opponent were too strong for one who fought only with clean weapons.
C.'s Reasons.	
Because right is might and must be victorious.	Because the gangs of bruisers employed by my opponent prevented me at my meetings from pointing the electors to their duty.
D.'s Reasons.	
Because of the clear and ringing lead given by our honoured captains.	Because of the deplorable confusion of issues and the want of concerted action on the part of our so-called leaders.
E.'s Reasons.	
Because I was too much for the pensions lie.	Because the pensions lie was too much for me.

ELECTION STATISTICS.

OR, FACTS AT LAST!

IF the number of leaflets, etc., distributed up to last Saturday were placed across Westminster Bridge, it would take six men a considerable time to remove them, and would probably cause a temporary stoppage of the tramway service.

The 670 members who will comprise the new House of Commons would, if packed close together in the Serpentine, displace about 38 tons of water. [*Note.*—The SPEAKER is *not* included in this calculation.] It is doubtful, however, if the FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS would allow the experiment to be made.

As the names of at least two women have somehow crept into the Register, we have the curious result that of the 7½ odd million voters only a fraction over 99 per cent. are men.

The following interesting table shows by means of percentages the words or phrases most commonly used (excluding Free Trade, Budget, Tariff Reform, Peers and People, Pensions, &c.) up to the time of going to press:—

Lie (common)	25	Demagogue	3
,, (frigid and calculated)	13	Backwoodsman	11
Aged Poor	9	Firstborn	3
Welsh Solicitor	2	Tyrants	5
Ananias	7	Scaremonger	9
Black bread	4	I apologise	1
Limehouse	8		100



THE COLOUR QUESTION.

BRITISH WORKMAN (*to* GERMAN COMRADE). "MY POOR FRIEND, I HEAR THAT UNDER YOUR FISCAL SYSTEM YOU ARE REDUCED TO EATING BLACK BREAD!"

GERMAN WORKMAN. "MY DEAR FELLOW, MY HEART BLEEDS FOR YOU. I HEAR THAT UNDER YOUR FISCAL SYSTEM YOU HAVE TO PUT UP WITH WHITE!"





TOO BLUE.

Mother. "OH, YOU FILTHY LITTLE WRETCHES! WHAT ARE YOU UP TO NOW?"

Reggie. "WELL, FATHER SAID THIS MORNING THAT EVERYBODY OUGHT TO DO SOMETHING TO HELP THE CAUSE, AN' WE 'RE JUST GETTIN' READY TO P'RADE THE VILLAGE!"

THE VOICE AND THE QUESTIONS.

A Candidate to his Agent.

WHAT do I hear? Another meeting? No!
Oh, Sir, be merciful! Consider, Sir,
I have had sixty meetings; and two more
Are on the programme for to-night, and you
Would add a third one to the hideous list.
No, Sir, I can't, and that 's the truth of it.
My reservoir of phrases has run dry;
The leaflets are exhausted: I have said
All that is printed there a hundred times.
You 've heard me say it, you yourself have heard,
One hundred times, and now at last I strike.
Was it for this that I have left my home,
My humble but my comfortable home?
Was it that I might be, what now I am,
The dull retailer of machine-made words,
The cheered, the groaned, the questioned Candidate?
Pluck up, you say, your spirit; be a man;
Two days remain, two paltry little days,
And voters thronging from ten thousand homes
Shall make you victor in the dreadful fray.
But think, Sir, there 's the Voice that interrupts,
The fearful, mocking, ever-present Voice.
Last night it came as usual. I had said,
"Your bread," and there I paused; and then the Voice:
"Will cost us more unless we keep you out,"
And then the meeting laughed and I was dumb.
On other nights when I have praised the Lords,
"We 've had too much of them, too much of you,"
Broke in the Voice, and I was done again.
And, oh, the questions! When, my speech at end,
The Chairman rises blandly and declares,
"Now, gentlemen, you 've heard the Candidate;
If any here are still dissatisfied,
Up with you; put your questions to him straight.
He 'll gladly give you answers, never fear."
And so the torture-chamber is prepared,
And I, the victim, fixed upon the rack
Three times a night, and I must smile as though
My keenest pleasure lay in being there.
No, Sir, I've had enough. I'll do no more.
And when the two remaining days are past,
And even the shouting 's over, I shall fly
To some deserted island of the South,
Where never men hold meetings, since there are
No men, thank heaven, to hold them; and no Voice
Nor any question comes from any throat
To break the sunlit silence of the shore.

"But we must look on this war with Germany as not a thing impossible, but a thing quite probable. I sincerely hope it will not take place, but I fear it is inevitable. If war with Germany took place, what would be the position of the Isle of Man? I think it would mean the ruination of the Island. It would kill all chances of a successful season, upon which the Island depends. But there is another view to look at."—*The Isle of Man Weekly Times.*

Yes, yes, so there is. . . . But of course it *would* spoil the season.

THE RABBITS.

[*Second Series.*]

CHAPTER III.—A REHEARSAL.

"Now this is a very simple trick," said Archie from the centre of the stage. "For this little trick all I want is a hippopotamus and a couple of rubies. I take the hippopotamus in one hand—so—and cover it with the handkerchief. Then, having carefully peeled the rubies——"

Thomas put the last strip of silver paper on to his axe and surveyed the result proudly.

"But how splendid!" said Myra as she hurried past. "Only you want some blood." And she jumped over the footlights and disappeared.

"Good idea. Archie, where do you keep the blood?"

"Hey presto, it's gone. And now, Sir, if you will feel in your waistcoat pockets you will find the hippopotamus in the right-hand side and the red ink in the left. No? Dear, dear, the hippopotamus must have been a bad one."

"Be an artist, Thomas," I said, "and open a vein or two. Do the thing properly, Beerbohm. But soft, a winsome maid, in sooth; I will approach her. I always forget that sooth bit. But soft, a win——"

"Why don't we begin?" asked Simpson; "I can't remember my part much longer. Oh, by the way, when you come up to me and say, 'Your Majesty e'en forgets the story of the bull's-eye and the revolving bookcase——'"

"Go away; I don't say anything so silly."

"Oh, of course, it 's Blair. Blair, when you come up to me and say——" They retired to the back of the stage to arrange a very effective piece of business.

"Any card you like, Madam, so long as it is in the pack. The Queen of Hearts? Certainly. Now I take the others and tear them up—so. The card remaining will be yours. Ah, as I thought—it is the Queen of Hearts."

"Archie, you're talking too much," said Dahlia, "and none of it comes into your part really."

"I'm getting the atmosphere. Have you an old top hat on you, dear, because if so we'll make a pudding. No top hat? Then pudding is horf."

"But stay, who is this approaching? Can it be—— I say, mind the footlights. When are we going to begin?"

"There!" said Thomas proudly. "Anybody would know that was blood."

"How perfectly ripping," said Myra. "Only you want some notches."

"What for?"

"To show where you executed the other men, of course. You always get a bit off your axe when you execute anybody."

"Yes, I've heard that, too," I agreed. "Notches, Thomas, notches."

"Why don't *you* do something for a change? What about the trap or whatever it is you catch your bally rats with? Why don't you make that?"

"It isn't done with a trap, Thomas dear. It's partly the power of the human eye and partly kindness. I sit upon a sunny bank and sing to them."

"Which is that?"

"If we don't begin soon—" began Simpson.

"Hallo, Emperor, what 's that you 're saying? Quite so, I agree with you. I wonder if your High Fatness can lend me such a thing as a hard-boiled egg. Simpson, when this rehearsal is over, that is to say to-morrow, I'll take you on at juggling; I'm the best——"

Derry finished his conversation with Miss Fortescue and turned to the stage.

"Now then, please, *please*," he said. "We'll just take the First Act. 'Scene, The Emperor's Palace. Enter Ratcatcher.' You come on from the left."

I coughed and came on.

My part was not a long one, but it was a very important one. I was the connecting link between the different episodes of the play, and they wanted some connecting. Whenever anybody came on to the stage, I said (supposing I was there, and I generally was—the ratcatcher of those days corresponding to the modern plumber)—I said, "But who is this?" or "Hush, here comes somebody." In this way the attention of the wakeful part of the audience was switched on to the new character, and continuity of action was preserved.

I coughed and came on.

"No," said Derry, "you must come on much more briskly."

"I can't; I've been bitten by a rat."

"It doesn't say so anywhere."

"Well, that 's how I read the part. Hang it, I ought to know if I've been bitten or not. But I won't show it if you like; I'll come on briskly."

I went out and came on very briskly.

"That 's better," said Derry.

"His Majesty ordered me to be here at the stroke of noon," I said. "Belike he has some secret commands to lay upon me, or perchance it is nought but a plague of rats. But who is this?"

"Oh," said Myra, coming in suddenly, "I had thought to be alone."

"Nay, do not flee from me, pretty one. It is thus that—— I say, Myra, it 's no good my saying do not flee if you don't flee."

"I was just going to. You didn't give me a chance. There, now I'm fleeing."

"Oh, all right. It is thus that the rats flee when they see me approaching. Am I so very fearsome?"

"'Orrid," said Archie to himself from the wings.

"One moment," said Derry, and he turned round to speak to somebody.

"Puffickly 'orrid," said Archie again.

"Nay, do not frown," Myra went on, "'tis only my little brother who is like unto a codfish himself, and jealous withal."

"Ay, ay, and I thought it *was* a codfish. So that I had e'en brought the egg-sauce with me."

"Trouble not thyself for that," said Archie. "For verily the audience will supply thee with all the eggs thou wantest. I say, we *are* being funny."

"I'm not, I'm quite serious, I really did think it was a co—— But tell me, fair one," I said hurriedly, "for what dost the Emperor want me?"

"Yes, yes," said Derry, "I'm sorry I had to interrupt you. I think perhaps we had better begin again. Yes, from the beginning."

The rehearsal rolled on.

* * * * *

"I think it went splendidly," said Myra. "If only we had known our parts, and come in at the right moments and been more serious over it."

"If there 's any laughing to be done it will have to be done by *us*. The audience won't laugh."

"Mr. Derry having explained that the author was not in the house, the audience collected their cauliflowers and left quietly. I think it 's a rotten play."

"Well, it isn't frightfully funny," said Myra, "but we can put that in ourselves."

"It 's so jolly hard to say the lines properly—they 're so unnatural," complained Thomas. "'Truly thou hast created a favourable impression with the damsel'—well, I mean, that 's absurd. Any ordinary person would say, 'Truly thou art amongst them, old spot,' or something of that kind."

"Well, you say that, Thomas; you 'll be all right."

"We might put a few songs in," said Dahlia, "and a dance or two."

"I think you 've forgotten that we 've only done Act I.," remarked Archie. "His Majesty's conjurer doesn't really let himself go till Act II. Still, I 'm all for a song and a dance. Simpson, come and Apache with me."

They dashed at each other fiercely.

"Oh, we 'll make it go all right," said Myra.

A. A. M.

Commercial Altruism.

"Do you wish that you were dead? Try 'Bushmills.'"—*Advt. in "T.P.'s Weekly."*

"Use of Floor for Visitors bringing their own Skates, 2*d.* each Session."

The great "Session" joke has never been put more neatly than this.

THE LEISURED CLASSES.

Dr. Wilson, in a recent lecture, had a good word to say for tramps: "They were not really a very bad class; *they corresponded to the country gentleman.*"



"Don't know 'ow it is,—I seems dead hoff my 'drive,' some'ow! ab-serlootly rotten!!"



"Nothink much in the way o' distance this mornin', Blériot—not more 'n abaout two or three 'undred mile; 'cos we've got a Bridge porty liter hon."



"Top o' my form this mornin'! simply cawn't miss 'em! It's as heasy as kiss my 'and!"



"Bein' a J.P. I allus likes to put in an appearance nevery naow and agen. Goo' mornin', Constable."

DUAL PERSONALITY.

WHEN a thing goes astray, as it frequently may,
And is not to be found where I put it away,
I seem to become, says my *dimidium*,
More blind than a bat in the light of the day.
She is seized with the blues at the places I choose
To search for a trace of my second-best trews,
And she frowns as I grope with a vanishing hope
Through her blouses and skirts and diminutive shoes.
I can see her nerves shrink when I venture to think
They may be in the box with her ermine and mink,
And she 'll probably ask, as I give up the task,
If I 've looked in the scuttle and under the sink.

But when I 'm at the office I am quite another me;
I can declare
Precisely where
Each thing I want should be.
There all is ordered sweetly,
And tidied up completely,
And docketed as neatly
As one could wish to see.
At least, that is the tale I drum
Into my dear *dimidium*.

When I 'm making a hole in my hot buttered roll
It will frequently chance that the half of my soul
Will say, "You will 'phone to the Stores, ownest own,
And order a ton of the best kitchen coal."
"Very good," I reply, and I carefully tie
A knot in my hankie, and Citywards hie——
In the evening—great Scott!—I discover that knot
And wonder whoever has tied it, and why.
I puzzle my brain in attempts to explain
The knot and its meaning, but all is in vain
Till my ownest comes in and I hear her begin,
"Oh, silly, you 've never forgotten again?"

But when I 'm at the office I am quite another man,
For there I find
I bear in mind
As much as mortal can.
There I 've no need to coddle
With tricky knots my noddle;
My memory 's a model
Of order and of plan.
At least, that is the kind of tone
I practise on my ownest own.

When troubles appear, and the cook becomes queer
Regarding such questions as outings and beer,
When the porridge is clumps of impossible lumps
And I 'm told to complain by the lady I fear,
Though I 'm vastly impressed that she dares to suggest
A course so heroic, I haste to protest
That the stuff is all right, that I fancy it quite,
Then when it 's like that it agrees with me best.
Then with masculine guile I endeavour to smile
As I start to absorb the detestable pile,
While my queen's upturned nose all too pointedly shows
That *she* knows that *I* know the mixture is vile.

But when I 'm at the office I am not like that at all:
The clerks obey
Whate'er I say,
The typists rush at call;
The office-boys deliver
Their errands with a shiver,
The porters quake and quiver
When I pass through the hall.
At least, that is the kind of scene
I try to picture to my queen.

THE REMONSTRATOR.

I.—"DESIRABLE."

"GOOD morning," I said to the house agent. "I have come about that house with your bills in the window in the Upton Road."

He became intensely polite and placed a chair for me. "Oh, yes," he said; "you could not have made a better choice."

"I don't say that I have chosen it," I replied.

"No, perhaps not exactly chosen—yet," he said heartily. "But—well, you want to ask some questions about it."

"That 's just it," I said. "I do."

"There 's not a more desirable house in London," he ran on. "It 's——" But I interrupted him.

"You 've come to the very point," I said. "'Desirable.' You call it a desirable residence, not only in speech, but in your bills. 'This desirable residence.'"

"Naturally," he answered. "How could we do otherwise?"

"Well," I said, "how long has it been empty?"

"Oh, I don't know exactly," said he. "Eighteen months, perhaps."

"Just over two years," I said.

He looked at me narrowly. "Is it so long?" he remarked. "Well, what then?"

"What is your definition of 'desirable'?" I asked him.

"'Desirable'?" he said. "Why, to be desired, of course; something that people want."

"And yet," I said, "it has been empty for more than two years. But to proceed," I added. "I have been walking about this neighbourhood for some time, just out of curiosity, looking at the bills in the windows, and I have found no fewer than forty-five of your bills. They were on houses of every variety—big and litt'e, neat and slovenly, detached and in rows, old and new—and every one is described as 'desirable.' Now surely you could do better than that? The English language is not so bankrupt as that?"

He edged nearer the door.

"How," I asked, "can one epithet describe accurately forty-five totally different houses?"

He began to groan, which encouraged me.

"And think," I said, "how foolish it looks. To go on year after year calling this empty and forlorn house 'desirable.' People will begin to think you are not sane. No wonder your business does not flourish. No wonder your paint is so dirty. It 's a confession of failure."

He writhed. "What do you suggest?" he asked at last.

"Well," I said, "something nearer the truth. Such as 'This well-built if empty residence which sensible house-hunters would desire if they really examined it.' Something like that. You see I have kept 'desire' in. I know you couldn't get on without that."

He groaned again.

"Or," I continued, "'This small but comfortably arranged residence;' 'This warm and inexpensive residence;' 'This residence with six bedrooms and three reception rooms;' 'This conveniently-planned residence;' or even, as a last resource, 'This residence.' But, I implore you, not 'this desirable residence' when it isn't desired."

He rose at last and thanked me.

"Any way," he said, "you 'll let me give you an order to view?"

"No, thank you," I said.

"But you should look over it," he said. "It's an excellent house, commodious, in every way des——" He stopped suddenly.

"But how did you know," he asked as an after-thought, "that it had been empty so long?"

"Because," I replied, "I live next-door."



Lady (to Committee-room Clerk, who hands her a small bill announcing a forthcoming political meeting). "BUT IS IT POSSIBLE FOR LADIES TO GO TO THESE MEETINGS?" *Clerk.* "WHY NOT?" *Lady.* "I THOUGHT THEY WERE MORE OR LESS OF A ROUGH NATURE." *Clerk.* "WELL, MADAM, WE 'VE TAKEN EVERY POSSIBLE PRECAUTION TO KEEP OUT THE SUFFRAGETTES."

LOVE THE REDUCER.

WHEN first my love-sick form was thrown
For Dot's disdainful feet to flatten,
It turned the scale at fifteen stone,
And though I did my best to batten
On patent foods, like Anti-tum,
And exercises hard and rum,
They only used to fatten.

But, oh, the powers of passion spurned!
Where drugs and drills appeared to cosset
A breast increasingly concerned
To bring the buttons home across it,
Romantic grief began to melt
Like mountain snows beneath my belt
The adipose deposit.

Amanda's help was more than Dot's;
Her "No" (that nipped my prayers to win her)
Was worth its weight in gold, and lots
More use than eating toast for dinner;
And Laura, too, when she forsook
My life for ever, made me look
At least a belt-hole thinner.

I think the next were Blanche and Nell;
When they refused my hand (with jeering)
And all my shattered day-dreams fell,
Undoubtedly I found it cheering
When 'neath a bosom rent and raw,
Like long benighted friends I saw
My boot-tips re-appearing.

One disappointment more—should May
The sequence of her sisters follow
And melt a pound or so away,
Though all the world thenceforth were hollow,
'Twould comfort me, I feel, a bit
To know the suits I wore would fit
The Belvedere Apollo.

EVOE.

The Black Man's Burden.

The South Wales Echo, on the subject of the political crisis, states that "we are making history by sweeps." No names, however, are mentioned.

The Transformation.

"She has her mother's beautiful golden hair, which she still wears tied back with ribbons."—*The Onlooker.*



Gwendolen (greatly shocked) "OH, *MOTHER!* BABY'S SPEAKING TO ALL SORTS OF PEOPLE HE DOESN'T KNOW!"

THE VITAL ISSUES.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—The attitude of "Perplexed Patriot" in a recent issue of yours fills me with unmitigated compassion. But why worry about conflicting issues? His course should be as clear as mud. Take my case. Here am I, a resident in Kensington, where the Candidates were Lord CLAUD HAMILTON and Captain MCILWAINE. I couldn't possibly vote for the Captain because he supports Woman Suffrage, and nothing will ever induce me to give the vote to a sex which prefers the music of CHOPIN to that of HANDEL. I suppose you will argue from this that I supported Lord CLAUD HAMILTON. Wrong again. He is Chairman of the Great Eastern Railway Company; the climate of Norfolk always affects my liver, and I never go to Liverpool Street station without losing my temper. In those circumstances the duty of a patriot to abstain from the polling-booth was absolutely imperative.

Yours complacently,
RESOLUTE MUGWUMP.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—As a convinced humanitarian and member of the Feline Defence Society, I have made it my business to extract, if possible, pledges from the Liberal Candidates in the five divisions in which I have a vote to support the grant of a Government subsidy to the Society in question. So far I have entirely failed to obtain even an acknowledgment of my letters. Perhaps you will suggest some more effectual means of inducing them to listen to the voice of reason.

Yours faithfully,
ANTI-DREADNOUGHT.
The Nest, Catford Bridge.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—As the father of a family which I am attempting to bring up in an atmosphere of culture and refinement, will you permit me to lodge a protest against the unspeakable vulgarity of the Tory literature that is being daily foisted upon my household? To take only one example, a few days ago my little boy, Theobald Athanasius, aged seven, brought me a leaflet which had been insidiously thrust into my letter-box, bearing upon it the following couplet:—

"If you want to cheaply smoke
Then kick out the Liberal bloke."

Whatever my political opinions may be, is it not a gratuitous insult to imagine that this revolting instance of the split infinitive would appeal either to me or to any other member of my family?

Indignantly yours,
DISGUSTED HOUSEHOLDER.
Worple Road, Wimbledon.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—May I count upon your well-known love of fairplay to give prominence to the following. Though I detest Home Rule and the Land Taxes, I am so firmly convinced that the true solution of all national problems is to be found in the scientific study of Phrenology that I shall be reluctantly obliged to withhold my vote from the Unionist Candidate in this Division, as he has refused to support a Bill making that subject compulsory in all elementary schools. The Liberal Candidate, on the other hand, promises that if the PRIME MINISTER introduces such a measure into his programme he will give it his benevolent consideration.

Faithfully yours,
JONAH BURDEKIN.
Planchette Villa, Leatherhead.

"THE DAMPAIGN IN BRECONSHIRE."
Hereford Times.

That's what it comes to, really.



THE GREAT ELECTION STAKES.

MR. PUNCH. "HERE THEY COME. NOW THEN, MA'AM, WHAT'S YOUR FANCY?"
BRITANNIA. "THANKS, I'M NOT BETTING; I ONLY HOPE THE BEST HORSE WILL WIN."

CHRISTMAS DRAMA IN 1959.

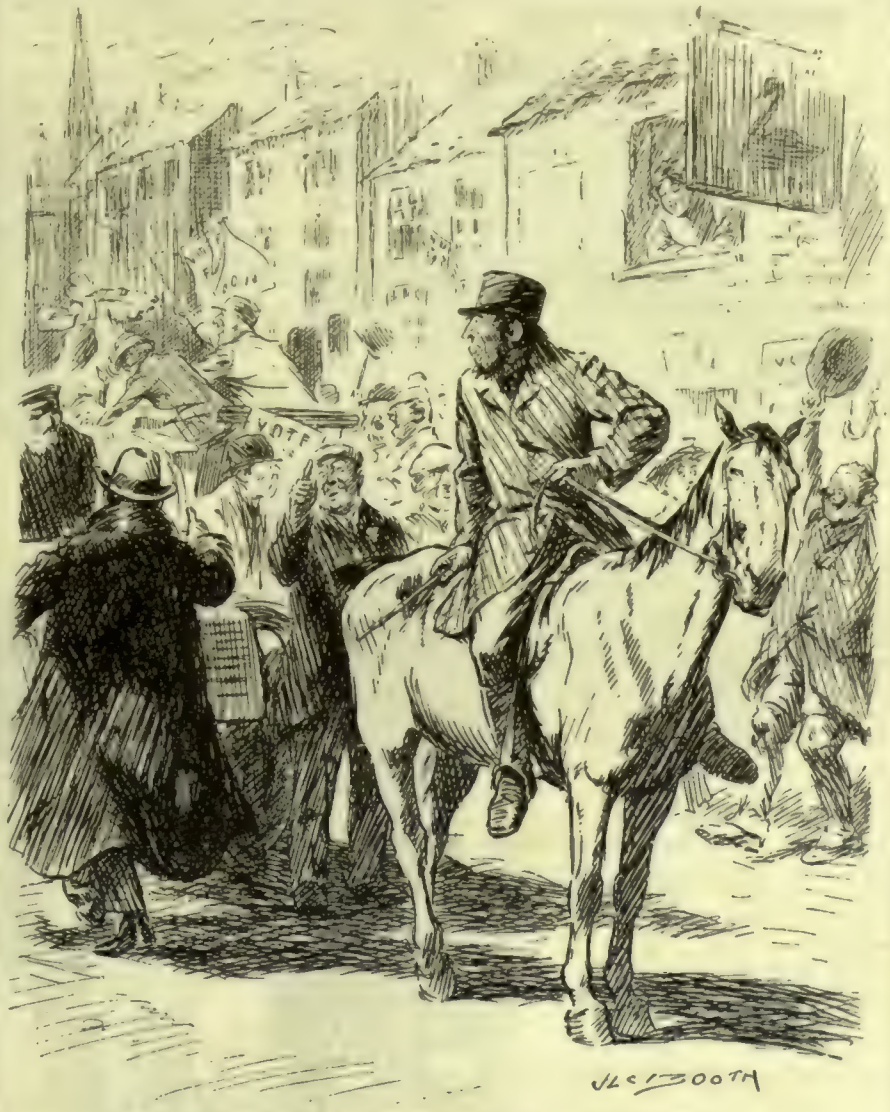
WHAT WE ARE COMING TO.

THE Yule-tide attraction at Tonge's Theatre this year, a play performed entirely by grown-ups, is certain to draw large audiences, if only by reason of its piquant novelty. Spectators at the opening performance were enthusiastic over the quaint spectacle, and when at its conclusion the manager appeared before the curtain, leading by the hand a lady who could not have been a day less than thirty-five, the applause was tremendous. Now that the parents have a play written and acted especially for them, they will assuredly clamour to see it, and Mr. Tonge has very wisely arranged to give two performances daily of *The Herodians* till further notice.

Peter Pan celebrated his fifty-sixth birthday at the Citizen York's Theatre last evening, and is apparently as fresh and popular as ever. We are relieved to notice that at least one line in Act III., inexcusably mutilated in (we believe) the edition of 1934, is now restored to its original form. Another victory for the most enlightened government of modern times!

At other London houses the usual theatrical fare of the season continues in brisk demand. Drury Lane, now more than ever the nursery of the British drama, has again followed the precedent of the last twenty years in producing a spectacular kindergarten play, announced as the work of the youngest *littérateur* yet living. The entire book of the piece has, we understand, been dictated to a staff of nurses, the talented author being at present unable to read or write. As usual, a noteworthy feature is made of the orchestra, this year augmented by a number of rattles and coral bells, an innovation for which the audience on Boxing Night testified their approval by their hearty reception of Master Glover, *minimus*, on that talented youngster being lifted into the conductor's seat.

Meanwhile a striking echo of bygone taste was afforded last Sunday evening at the Galsworthy Hall, where a distinguished gathering of serious playgoers assembled to witness the much-talked-of revival of *Cinderella, a Christmas Pantomime*, by members of the Defunct Drama Society. The performance, if a trifle esoteric for popular enjoyment, proved on the whole undeniably interesting, care having been taken to ensure absolute accuracy of mounting — even to such details as coloured fires and the introduction of a genuine contemporary moon [coon?] song. Much of the humour, indeed, was so archaic as to be unintelligible to modern ears; and though certain superior members of the audience affected to laugh hugely over such passages as the *Baron's* reference to tired kippers, or the demand by his eccentric wife for female suffrage, ordinary individuals might well be excused for wondering what it was all about. The experiment, though of some historical value, is hardly likely to be repeated.



THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING TECHNICAL.

Northern Farmer (on his way to the Poll, after conversation with Candidate). "WELL, THAT SETTLES 'T. DANGED IF AH VOTES FOR A FELLER AS TALKS ABOUT A HOSS'S *LEFT FRONT* LEG."

"The terms were tempting, even for Madame Sarah Bernhardt: £4,000 for twenty-four performances in a month, each performance in a sketch to last ten minutes. This works out at a good deal over a guinea and a half a minute."
—*Manchester Evening Chronicle.*

It does indeed. What a lesson in moderation might be drawn by Candidates from the restrained methods of this statistician.

Fashion Hints.

"It is becoming usual now for men when calling to leave their hat and stick in the hall, except when foreigners."—*Daily Mail.*

Even in the case of a native the hat and stick may be taken into the drawing-room if it is understood that the visitor has called with the express purpose of thrashing his host. The hat, replaced on the head, will serve as a protection against retaliation.

"One of the Committee-rooms of Sir W. Dunn, Unionist candidate for West Southwark, was broken into during Friday night. . . . The intruder had scattered about the room a large number of canvassing cads, and disarranged a quantity of correspondence."
Manchester Guardian.

It must have been a brisk affair while it lasted. Why should canvassers have it all their own way?

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

ELECTIONS AND THINGS.

Park Lane.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—There 's not much left of your Blanche, after a strenuous time working to save the country. But I don't complain. One's country doesn't have to be saved *very* often, and saving it makes quite a nice break in one's ordinary amusements. It behoves us all (*isn't* that a lovely phrase? I begin almost everything with it now!) to stand together, and join hands, and stem the tide, and all that sort of thing, don't you think?

We were having a rippin' time down at the Middleshires' when Norty told us we 'd all got to go to town and help to save the country. It was in this way. His old constituents in the North have turned out to be pigs of the first magnitude. They say they don't want him for their Member any longer, that he hasn't kept the promises he made them or introduced any of the measures he said he would, but has flourished away on his own, making speeches on subjects they don't care tuppence about. He says they 're a rotten crowd, and that they may—but never mind about that. So he 's standing for Grimy Green, a weird North-Eastern suburb of London that I'd never even heard of, and there I've been working myself half dead for a fortnight. Oh, the dingy little parlours I've penetrated to and the *immense* amount of information I've given in these two weeks! The big loaf, the little loaf, the tall loaf, the short loaf, the black loaf, the white loaf—I 'd no idea I knew so much about loaves or anything else! (D'you want a wrinkle in canvassing, my ownest? Wear a fresh frock every day, and never leave off talking about The Loaf!)

Aunt Goldie has sprung a surprise on us. I don't defend Norty. The *rôle* of neglected wife is an impossible one to play well, and the worm will turn when neglected *too* much; but Aunt G. has proved quite the *turniest* of worms, and I *can't* forgive her for going over to the other side and helping a horrid Radical. The *idea* of letting private feelings influence one's politics! The only thing that could *possibly* excuse a woman for going over to the enemy would be that their election colours might be more becoming to her complexion.

Talking of colours, my darling Pompom is a bit *affaissé* now that doggies have to match frocks, and I can only wear him when I'm dressed in brown. At the place I go to for match-dogs they 're awfully clever at dyeing them. One of my canvassing days I was in blue, with a blue dog, and another day I was in green, with a green one. Myself I carry the idea farther still, and hardly ever speak to anyone who doesn't match the toilette I happen to be wearing. Josiah was absurdly elated because I took him with me to tea at RUMPELMAYER'S the other afternoon. "This is as it should be," he said. "Husband and wife together." "My *dear* man," I screamed, "don't be so ricky! I'm only wearing you to-day because I'm in red, and you 've a red complexion!"

Bosh and Wee-Wee aren't so comfy together as they used to be. She 's taken to writing impressionist stories and plays, and she does such queer things and goes to such queer places to get local colour and first-hand impressions that Bosh says he won't stand much more of it. One thing she did when she was writing *Lurid London* was to get herself up *en pauvresse* and go and sit on a seat on the Embankment one evening. She got into chat with a poor man, who told her he was out of a job and hadn't had anything to eat for a fortnight. This was a simply rippin' bit of local colour for Wee-Wee. She didn't know people *could* go so long without food. She said she was a needlewoman who couldn't get any needling to do, that she 'd been turned out of her lodgings that day—and she went on yarning till she gave herself away (just like her!), and the man who 'd had nothing to eat for a fortnight turned on her and said, "You 're a fraud! I know you now. You 're Wee-Wee Tresyllyan, and I shall get no local colour from *you!*" And Wee-Wee said, "And *I* know *you*—and *you* 're a fraud—and I shall get no local colour from *you*. You 're Ray Rymington." And so it was, and he was out to get first-hand impressions for his poem, *The City of Terrible Tears*.

Have you heard of Lala Middleshire's new departure? Skating is her obsession, you know. She lives on skates and thinks on skates. She can do all the club figures right off the reel, including those frightfully diffy ones, Mustard-and-Cress and Donkey's Ears, without making the teeniest mistake. Well, she 's nothing if not philanthropic, and she 's founded a School for Teaching Fancy Skating to the Orphan Children of the Deserving Poor. Subscriptions didn't come in fast enough, so Lala has generously resolved to give *herself* to the Cause. She will do a skating turn at the Magnificent, the Never-Say-Die, and the Gorgeous. The terms they offer her are enormous. It 's the first time they 've had a duchess in the bills. We all think it simply-most immensely brave and splendid of her to sacrifice her own feelings and come before the public in aid of her pet Cause. The stage dress she will wear for her skating act will be a good deal like that of a



Friend. "IS IT SAFE TO SEND YOUR STUFF IN A WRAPPER LIKE THAT?"
Poet. "WELL, I FIND IT ALWAYS COMES BACK ALL RIGHT!"



ON THE EVE OF THE POLL.

Opulent Radical (largely interested in land and brewery shares). "I'M AFRAID WE SHALL GET IN AGAIN, I'M *AFRAID* WE SHALL."

Principal Boy, with high military boots and a fur cap.

The Bullyon-Boundermere people continue their efforts to be in the movement, in spite of the snub courteous, the snub with circumstance, and the snub direct, as MILTON says. They've bought the Oldgores' place in Sussex, and on New Year's Eve gave one of those "Good Resolutions" parties that have been so popular. Towards midnight, you know, dancing stops, and everyone writes down a good resolution for the New Year. You needn't put your name, so you can say just what you like. Then, when midnight's past, someone reads the good resolutions aloud, and prizes may be given for the funniest. Well, the crowd at the B.-B.s' wrote down their good resolutions and they were all shaken together in a bag. Presently old Bullyon-Boundermere stood up and began to read them aloud (the poor wretches had a lot of swagger prizes ready), and oh, my dear, my dear! what *do* you think most of the people had written as their good resolution? "*Never to come here again!*"

Have you heard the rumour that spring coats are to be quite, *quite* short and hats small and saucy, also that gowns will be flouncier and frillier, and that with these more joyous and expansive frocks plenty of laughter will be correct? Ever thine, BLANCHE.

ONE CANDIDATE TO THE OTHER.

BILLY, old boy, we've had a merry fight,
Arguing, ranting, raving, day and night,
Much as a pair of monomaniacs might.

But let me whisper, ere the frantic din
Which marks the close of battle shall begin,
I hope with all my heart that you'll get in!

'Tis not that I have wavered in my creed;
I'm ready, as before, to fight and bleed
For Unionism. Yes, I am indeed.

I still regard your Budget as a curse,
A Socialistic plot, a—something worse;
I can't explain it very well in verse.

I still believe your policy would tend
To cause our mighty Empire to descend
To very small potatoes in the end.

I still esteem the House of Lords—but stay,
Why need I tell you this? I'll merely say
I grow more Tory-minded every day.

Nor is it, Billy, that I lack the grit
To show my face at Westminster, and sit
Among the Nation's Chosen. Not a bit.

But I am very fearful, I confess;
And this is what occasions my distress—
I never *could* live up to *The Express!*

Physical Development.

From the catalogue of the National Loan Exhibition:—

"He is seated, wearing a wig and gown; his right elbow is on the table by his side; his left forefinger to his forehead; his left arm is bent and he has a ring on the little finger; his left hand rests on his hip."

Compare the above with the following passage from a concert programme:—

"A poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,
Sing all a green willow.
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow."

We have tried both positions and can recommend them to sufferers from any of the usual complaints.

"Colonel Seely, addressing a meeting at Liverpool, protested against the sinister attempts to stir up strife with Germany.

AN EXPLANATION. LATER.

Colonel Seely explains that what he really said at Liverpool was that the pauper disqualification would be removed and the number of Old Age Pensions thus increased."—*Bangalore Daily Post.*

In a big building it is often hard to catch the exact words.

"Boy scouts are entirely non-political. So also, but to a still greater degree, is the Boy Scouts Assistance Association."—*Evening Standard.*

The B.S.A.A. can never even have heard of the Budget.

THE ERNEST SMILES SELF-HELP RESTAURANT.

(Extracts from Prospectus.)

"EXPERIMENTUM IN CORPORE SMILI."

MR. ERNEST SMILES, before resorting to the *Self-Help* regimen, suffered from cramp, club feet, diplopia, elasmobranchitis, pongo-pongo, the gorbles, and many other incurable ailments. He has now eliminated them all from his system and has demonstrated that he has benefited mentally as well as physically from the new treatment, by writing: (1) *Spiritual Law in the Vegetable World*; (2) *Suction Gas Breathing* (the standard work on the subject); by composing his famous Honey Pudding Polka, dedicated to Mrs. Tita Bedale, and by winning back the Vegetarian Spillikins Championship in his forty-third year.

TRIAL TRIPS BY FAMOUS FEEDERS.

Before Mr. SMILES opened his Self-Help Restaurant to the public he had his recipes tested at sample meals by no fewer than six hundred private guests, with striking results. Among those guests were the Head Master of ETON, the Countess RATZ, Mr. VICTOR GRAYSON, Mr. STEWART GRAY (the famous Hunger marcher), Mrs. Chickering Chipp, Mr. ARTHUR PONSONBY (author of *The Needle in the Camel's Eye*), the Countess of WARWICK, Archdeacon SINCLAIR, Miss TRULY SHATTUCK, ALGERNON ASHTON, Esq., Mr. ALEXANDER URE (the Lord Advocate), Dr. BODIE, Mr. CODY, Mr. P. G. KONODY, and others.

AN ATTRACTIVE INTERIOR.

As you enter you see on both sides and in front of you various books by Mr. and Mrs. Smiles on theological as well as culinary topics; also their famous *batterie de cuisine* (including the notorious Collectivist Colander, the Esoteric Nutmeg Scraper, the Deep Sea Biplane Fryer with polyphonic gear) and various food specialities (such as Desiccated Infants' Soup Snuff, Proletariate Palatinoids, Salsify Galantine, Beet-root Chocolate, Mud Bath Buns, Iceland Moss Méringues, etc.). Beyond are the tables gay with bunting—Sir PERCY is himself an occasional visitor—and the waitresses with their deeply spiritual lineaments, magnificent *chevelures* and rich meatless fruity contralto voices.

STRANGE MEAL-FELLOWS.

As Mr. Harold Bulbo once happily remarked, the Self-Help Restaurant is the Cranks' Clearing House. Here you may see a notorious Mayfair *roué* mingling his tears with those of a retired bath-chair proprietor from Rotherhithe; a prize-fighter unaware that his next-door neighbour is in the running for the Laureateship; an archdeacon hobnobbing with a fruitarian secularist; a famous actress terrified by the proximity of Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER; an international Rugby three-quarter fascinated by the adjacence of a militant Suffragette; or an athletic musician sharing a salmi of toad-stools with an anæmic musical critic.

SOCIETIES WHICH PATRONISE THE RESTAURANT.

Among the Societies that have held meetings at the Self-Help Restaurant are The Universal Interference League, The Vegetable Marrowtime League, The Scilly Islands Suffrage Association, The Banbury Cake Walkers, The Anti-Tannin Tea Tasters, The Cryptic Skipping-rope Guild, The Teetotal Ballet-dancers' League, The Incorporated Society of Vegetarian Sandwichmen, The Phrenological Temperance Wind Band, The Christian Science Sea-kale Club, The Anti-Bootlace Association, The Side-spring Hand-bell Ringers, The Vegetarian Lion-food Institute, The Society for the Promotion of Kindness to Criminals, The Infants' Anti-Sausage Society, The Compulsory Sunshine Society, The All-Veg. Universal Brotherhood, The Anti-Banana Side-slip Society, The Amalgamated Toe-post Boot Subscription Dance Society, The Inner Light Society, The Anti-Saponians, The Anti-Forcible Feeders, The All-wool Dew-Bathers, The Barefoot Brigade, The Chestnut Salon, The National Feline Defence League (President, Baroness Puszkin), The Upper Tooting Almack's Club, The Farinaceous Free Fooders, The One Boy One Skate Association, and The Brixton Neo-Platonic Barleywater Federation.

THE SELF-HELP RESTAURANT PROGRAMME.

Monday, 17th.

11—1. School of Arctic Cookery.

2.30 P.M. Lecturette by Professor Bastable Chump: "Levitation," with musical illustration by the Lower Tooting Flute Quartet.

3.30 P.M. Sermonette: "The Duties of Demonology," by Madame Hesper Haddock, followed by Occult Dancing Class.

5 to 6.30 P.M. Lecturine: "How to tell Character by Tea Leaves," with Limelight illustrations, by the Countess Tassila Banffy. ADMISSION FREE, including lime-juice.

7.0 P.M. Professor PETER LATHAM will lecture on the "Gnostic Propaganda of the Grille." Admission Free. A Silver Collection in aid of the Silver Grille.

8.0 P.M. Lecture by Miss Ediss Jaskit: "The Need of Hallucination," with Chirological illustrations by the Beckenham Tomato Omelette Coterie.

9.0—11.30 P.M. Annual Dance of the Occult Breathing League (President, Blanco Mandible, Esq.). Admission, 1*s.* Lucky Tub Refreshment Tickets, 6*d.* each. Reincarnation Polkas, Gnostic Barn-dances, Psychometric Lancers, Sleep Cake-walking, by the President and Mrs. Delia Warlock, P.P.Q. To wind up with an astral supper on the roof garden, at which each guest will be given two simulation chestnut sausages, one magical mince-pie and a glass of psycho-sherbet.

SOLVING THE SERVANT PROBLEM.

GENTLEMEN, will you be good enough to range yourselves outside the door for a moment, while I explain, for the benefit of anybody who happens to be reading this, who you are, who I am, why you are on one side of the door and I on the other. At the end of that time I hope to be in a fit condition to admit you.

What happened, as counsel says, was this:—William and I agreed to share a flat in the Temple, and, having so agreed and told each other how nice that would be, we proceeded to take the flat and to occupy the same. Being mere men, we were a little surprised and pained to find no furniture in the rooms when we got there, for we had always imagined that rooms would at least furnish themselves. With the assistance of a West End firm, who had been established in the year 2 A.D. and on this occasion did most of the talking as befitted their age, we overcame that difficulty and settled down to live our happy life. But there were other surprises waiting for us. Rooms, it appears, are not only too lazy to furnish themselves but will not even take the trouble to clean themselves. Breakfast neither cooks nor lays itself, and things, speaking generally, do not happen unless they are made to.

Realising this with the utmost difficulty, we set about cooking and arranging a meal for ourselves, about which processes the less said the better. Suffice it that we managed to allay our immediate hunger and to nourish ourselves sufficiently to be able to smoke our pipes. Packing, lighting and combusting tobacco is the one process that men can satisfactorily manage for themselves.

They were ample pipes, but eventually even they gave out. We felt physically comfortable but morally anxious as to why the remnants of our food stayed on the table so long. At last we were forced to the reluctant conclusion that the clearing of breakfast tables is another of those things which do not happen but are done. Food, plates, knives and forks will apparently sit on as you left them for ever unless menial pressure is brought to bear on them.



Socialist Orator. "WHAT *YOU* WANT, MY FINE FELLERS, IS THE *RIGHT* TO WORK."

Chorus of Unemployables. "WHAT O!"

"William," I said, "this table ought to be cleared by now."

"It ought," he answered. "I will ring the bell for the servants."

"There is no bell," I reminded him, wearily, "and there are no servants."

"Then," he said, "you must get a servant," and forthwith went off to stay with his people in the country. That was a week ago.

At first I could not think how one gets a servant. Now that I have mentioned the matter to my lady friends, I cannot think how one does not get fifty servants. It almost appears that these ladies do do something sometimes. Can it be the fact that they do not spend all their days idling in armchairs and looking beautiful? Can it be the truth that, when we men regard ourselves as going off to work in the morning, we are in reality being turned out of our own homes to go and do nothing but look important somewhere—where it does not matter, while the women are busy managing that part of the world that does matter? Anyhow, I had only to mention my servant difficulty to a few of the leading members of the sex to be besieged by applicants. A word in your ear, before you make any invidious remarks: the gentlemen outside the door are the said applicants. Let me tell you why they are outside.

It is now ten o'clock a.m., the appointed hour for the interviews of candidates. The first knock woke me up. Why I was still then in bed was because last night was the first occasion on which I had succeeded in making a bed possible to sleep in. If I was thus unpunctual, it was not likely that one of the fifty competitors for the post of honour would give himself away by being late on the first morning, so that before I had nearly completed my bath they had all arrived. There then they all are on the other side of the door clamouring for admittance. "But," you will say, "surely it is the servant's job and not yours to open the front door?" My dear friends, you show that you are no more intelligent than William by the way you harp on servants that do not exist. The whole of my potential staff is on the wrong side of the latch, and I . . . But that was in my ludicrous and almost indecent past. Now I am dressed and physically capable of opening a door.

Welcome, gentlemen, to my modest premises. One of you is to be my loyal if incompetent manservant. The question is, which? Come, you shall *all* set yourselves to work. Cook this morning's breakfast, wash yesterday's breakfast things, clean the seven pairs of boots that are waiting to be cleaned and remove the *débris* of a week from my sitting-room. The man who does his work best is the successful candidate. Set to, gentlemen, for I have the hunger of a week in me. Once that is satisfied, I shall be most genial and easy to get on with. Who knows that I may not be so happy and pleased with life as to engage the whole fifty of you on the spot?

Political Candour.

"ENTHUSIASM FOR SIR C. CAYZER.
DENSE AUDIENCE AT THE TREDEGAR-HALL."
Western Mail.

From an article in *The Westminster Gazette* entitled "Under Protection in Austria-Hungary":—

"Food amongst this class is very coarse, and in the county of Zips it is only enjoyed six or seven times a year."

It must be really enjoyed then.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

ALTHOUGH a good deal of the plot of *The Settler* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is laid, as the name suggests, on virgin soil, I must confess that I prefer, as being more thrilling, that lesser part which is enacted in the outskirts of civilised Winnipeg. Some twenty-five years ago, I gather, Winnipeg had a colony of Slavs of all varieties—Polak, Croatian, Magyar, and the rest—and they enjoyed nothing so much as a two days' marriage feast in true native style, with unlimited beer and a fight and a fair sprinkling of knife-wounds to finish up. Some of the members of this colony were anarchists with a great yearning to liberate Russia from the yoke of the tyrant—men who had escaped from Siberia, or just missed going there. There are exciting times in such company, and Mr. RALPH CONNOR provides these liberally. We are introduced to a blood feud (I will kill him. I have sworn the oath! Aha!), and things are lively until *Kalmar*, the avenger, is whipped away by the strong arm of the law. But of course an ordinary prison cannot hold him, and one looks for a brisk renewal of hostilities. The author, however, has a lot of local colour about settlers to work off, and so there is a long interval of settling, of a peaceable nature, during which one waits patiently for the reappearance of *Kalmar* and the fulfilment of the oath. At the end of the book he comes, but with a disappointing explosion-scheme which backfires and does for him as well as his victim. I was rather sorry about that, because, though *Kalmar* was an unpleasant customer, he was better than the other man, and I had a sneaking regard for him. But I daresay that is my bad taste.

The characters revolving round the *Faces in the Mist* (CLARKE) are not wholly unfamiliar to the novel reader. There is the *nouveau riche* American who comes over to the still Free Trade market with a marriageable daughter. There is the heir-apparent to a peerage who in consultation with his father, impecunious equally with himself, comes to the conclusion that the million sterling understood to be the dowry pertaining to the imported article is worth annexing to an ancient barony. Lastly, there is the British lover, untitled and not too wealthy, who enters the lists against the embarrassed heir of the noble backwoodsman, in the end unhorses him and carries off the prize. These are the puppets of the play, of a class not specially attractive. That makes the more creditable the success achieved by Mr. STEUART. He tells a rattling good story, artfully set in succession in the effectively varied backgrounds of the Highlands and Egypt. He has a great gift of presenting in a few strokes a scenic picture. Through the centuries prose and verse have been lavished on the eternal hills; yet I do not remember anything more briefly or more finely phrased than Mr. STEUART's passing impression of a Scotch mountain, the scene of a tragic episode in the story. Great grey crags, "massed in the grim indifference of everlasting strength." *Pamela*, the heiress, is a charming study of the American girl. More subtle is the portrayal of her father, patiently but unwillingly dragged by the chariot-wheels of a vulgarly ambitious wife who doesn't mean to go back "home" and face her friends until she has captured at least the eldest son of a peer. By a pleasant paradox *Faces in the Mist* is a breezy book, full of life and colour.



"GREAT PERCY! 'OW DID THEY KNOW I WAS SUCH A LOTHARIO?"

When I was a child I found many disadvantages in my condition. I looked forward with confidence to growing up and becoming important. Now authors and playwrights combine to make me ashamed of being no longer a child. To-day it is not the thing to be grown up. Indeed, Mr. ALGERNON BLACKWOOD suggests and warmly advocates a cure for adultness. *The Education of Uncle Paul* (MACMILLAN) is undertaken by Niece *Nixie*, and directed to this point: that you can be a child even up to the ripe age of eighty provided you take the right view of things. You must, as *Uncle Paul* soon learns, stop trying to look serious; you must realise that clouds and dreams are the things that matter, that politics and meals are the things that do not. *Nixie* herself is the sweetest child, full of imagination and affection, wisdom and inconsequence. As a teacher she is less satisfactory, even tiresome. She knows too much; she explains too logically. Children, I know, can find their way "through the crack which divides yesterday from to-day," but when they discuss that process metaphysically they cease to be children. Thus, charmed though I was with the phantasy and the poetry of the book, I came at the end of it to three prosaic and rather dismal conclusions. The first, that we tend nowadays to spoil the invaluable child by injudicious booming and excessive limelight; the second, that we deceive ourselves in supposing that we can be real children without being young; the third, that there is, after all, something to be said for growing up.

THE AWAY OF IT.

"WHITHER away?"—that was the light-heart tone,
Our careless greeting, on that summer's day;
Little I guessed life should grow dark and lone
With her away.

But that 's the kind of prank Fate loves to play:
You roam from temperate to torrid zone,
And ransack life; "A fig for love!" you say,
"And all his fetters;" then some Jill or Joan
Trips round the corner, "just by chance," and—hey!
Without her all the joys your life has known
Wither away!

"The will has been proved of the late Mr. ——, who died intestate."
Daily Express.

Tariff Reform means more of this.

CHARIVARIA.

MR. HERBERT GLADSTONE, we are told, before giving orders for the forcible feeding of the Suffragettes, tried the process on himself. So little inconvenience did he feel that he could talk perfectly well during the whole of the operation. So much for those who stigmatised it as inhumanity on the ground that it prevented a woman from speaking for some few minutes.

***

The TSAR, receiving the Chinese imperial naval mission, said that Prince TSAI HSUN'S visit would tend to consolidate the friendship which had existed for hundreds of years between Russia and China. His Majesty might have gone further and reminded the Prince how Russia had quite recently poured forth blood and money on behalf of Manchuria.

***

Mr. DE MORGAN'S next novel, we are told, will be sold to the public at a halfpenny per thousand words. We understand, however, that it will not be possible to purchase a smaller quantity than the entire book.

***

We make no apology for quoting the following paragraph from *The Liverpool Daily Post*, for it undoubtedly deserves a place in our columns:—"We are officially informed that at a general assembly of academicians and associates of the Royal Academy of Arts . . . Jean Baptiste Edouard de Taille was elected an honorary foreign academician; and William Orpen (painter), F. Derwent (wood sculptor), and Ernest George Derwent Wood (sculptor), and Ernest George Academy."

***

Dr. COOK'S whereabouts are still only a matter of conjecture. There is some talk now of fitting out a Search Expedition. This is not unusual in the case of Arctic explorers.

***

A Bill to secure the future of the Crystal Palace has been deposited for introduction into the next Parliament, but the difficulty of preserving a glass building in an age of aviation would appear to be almost insuperable.

***

About three hundred disused horse-omnibuses, it is said, are now lying idle, and it should soon be possible to pick up one for a song. Here surely is a chance for the young doctor who cannot afford to buy a brougham.

***

"Skating at St. Moritz" is the title of an article in a contemporary. It is wonderful how the craze is spreading.

***

"AVOID THE WEATHER
TRAVEL UNDERGROUND"

says an insulting placard issued by the Underground Railways; but we must confess that the weather has brought it on itself.

***

"Well, I call it a most bare-legged thing to do," said Mrs. Jones on hearing of Lady CONSTANCE STEWART-RICHARDSON'S appearance at the Palace.

***

Lady CONSTANCE, we understand, is dancing for a philanthropic object, yet her performance will serve to show other members of the aristocracy how they may be able to earn a living when practically reduced to their last shift.

The Duke of CONNAUGHT has left England for a hunting expedition in East Africa. This confirms the rumour that Mr. ROOSEVELT one day missed a lion.



"I 'EAR THIS JENKINS IS GOIN' TO GET IN; BUT DON'T YOU SAY AS I TOLD YOU—OR THE OTHER SIDE MAY LOSE 'EART, AN' I'M A LIB'RAL MESELF."

POINTS FOR PATRIOTS.

(Generously supplied to Tariff Reform Orators by a Free Trader.)

GERMAN measles come into this country absolutely free. Is this fair? A ten-per-cent. tax on every imported measle would give the home article a chance. Vote for Tariff Reform and British Measles!

Do you love the manners and customs of old England? You do? Tariff Reform means better manners and MORE CUSTOMS!

Why buy eggs laid by hens who cannot speak a word of English? Tariff Reform means a Busy Time for Buff Orpingtons!

Ask your Pawnbroker how business is. "Very bad," he will reply. Quite so. Tariff Reform means Prosperous Pawnbrokers and More of Them!

When you dine at a restaurant the waiter is probably a German. Is this fair? No! Vote for Tariff Reform and reverse the positions!

From a letter in *The Glasgow Herald*:—

"Let each elector ponder on this question before entering the ballot box."

We pondered, and squeezed in.

"The conference between the Northumberland owners and men on Saturday in respect of the Eight Hours Act resulted in no definite decision. After sitting for some hours the meeting broke up, and the following statement was issued to the press:—

BE PATRIOTIC and eat —— OATS.
LARGE Packet, 5d."
Western Mail.

So the time was not wasted altogether.

"Speaking at an overflow meeting at the Corporation Baths . . ."—*Daily Telegraph.*

How easy some things are made for the modern humorist.

BIRRELL ON THE BOROUGHS.

[Under the heading "Mr. Birrell's Message to the West,' *The Times* announces that after the second day's polling, when the results showed that about 30 per cent. of the contested Liberal boroughs had gone over to the Unionists, the Chief Secretary for Ireland gave to a Press representative the following message for the Western Counties: "The boroughs have with hardly an exception proved true. It now only remains for the counties to do the same, and the grandest victory of our time will have been won."]

I DO not blame a little bluff;
  I rather like a dash of colour
Thrown on electioneering stuff,
Which even so is dull enough,
  But might be vastly duller.

Yet, when the facts to Heaven cry,
  If you are still for throwing dust in
The well-informed elector's eye,
Then I can only say, "O Fi!"
  Or else "Tut, tut! AUGUSTINE."

The West, to which your message flew,
  Defying facts as well as distance,
Is not the Wild West; it can do
These little sums of two and two
  Nicely, without assistance.

Not only clever clerks on stools
  But fat-head ploughmen in the furrows,
Recalling certain simple rules
Imbibed in elementary schools,
  Had totted up the boroughs.

Your West, in fact, had got to know
  (You can't deceive these Occidentals)
That three in every ten or so
Who held The Faith four years ago
  Had changed their fundamentals.

"Scarce an exception?" Ah, the touch
  That lends to Truth a gloss and glamour!
I only hope you did as much
With those "exceptions"—verbs and such—
  In your Hellenic grammar.

Still, you are just the same to me,
  Thanks to old ties I would not dissipate;
And, after all, these things must be
In every famous victory
  Like that which you anticipate.

So in the West where this occurred
  May Charity extend her bounties,
Saying, "The wish begot the word;"
But please don't make the same absurd
  Mistake about the counties!

O. S.

Taking German Leave.

The North-German Gazette, anxious to conceal the eager desire of the Germans for the victory of the Liberal Party, says:—"To whichever side, whether Conservative or Liberal, the majority of the British people gives the preference, we have, for our part, always regarded it as a matter for the British people to decide."

Many thanks for this very gracious concession.

"A local gentleman calls attention to a somewhat curious circumstance connected with the election result. If the figures for each candidate namely, 12,334, 12,270, 11,529, and 11,058 are added, o gether with 741, the figure by which Mr. Knott beat Mr. Stuart, the o tal is 70 which is the age of Mr. Storey."—*Sunderland Daily Echo.*

Subtract 10 and you get the date of the new moon.

THE COW.

I.

From William Hobsleigh, Pear Tree Farm, Farwell, Bucks, to Ronald Campion, J.P., Blisworth Hall, Calthorpe, Berks.

Jan. 4, 19—.

SIR,—On Monday last I was driving cows along the road close by and your motor car come along at a great pace it run into one of my cows and throwed her over she can never be the same cow again now Sir I am only a farmer and will you please to pay compensation I leave it to you

Yours respectly WILLIAM HOBSLEIGH.

P.S.—The cow is very bad

II.

From Ronald Campion, J.P., to William Hobsleigh.

Jan. 5, 19—.

SIR,—I have received your letter and have made enquiries of the driver of my car. He tells me that on Monday last he was driving very slowly and carefully owing to a fog, and was sounding his horn at frequent intervals. According to his account he was hardly moving at all when he met your cows, and he was on his right side of the road. No accident appears to have happened, but one of the cows slightly grazed the motor when it was almost at a standstill. It is plain that you were not exercising sufficient control over your cows, and under the circumstances I cannot see that you are entitled to any compensation, more especially as my man assures me that the cow was in no way injured and immediately rejoined her companions.

Yours faithfully, RONALD CAMPION.

III.

From William Hobsleigh to Ronald Campion.

Jan. 6, 19—.

DR. SIR,—Yours to hand and cannot believe you would wish to do me harm but Sir the cow has been very bad and remains on a bed of sickness Sir she is not an ordnery cow but one of the best milkers and a great pet of the children and my wife too she has a swelling in her side the size of a marrer which was corsed by your motor car This is no threat but why am I to suffer the cow is now groaning in torchers and we cannot bare it shall we say three pounds (3£) and no more heard about it Sir I am sure you are a gentleman Yours respectly WILLIAM HOBSLEIGH.

IV.

From Ronald Campion to William Hobsleigh.

Jan. 8, 19—.

SIR,—I am convinced that my man gave me an accurate and trustworthy account of what happened on Monday last, and I cannot see, therefore, that I am in any way liable to you. I regret that your cow should be ill, but I am bound to believe that her sufferings are not due to collision with my motor-car but to some other cause.

Yours faithfully, RONALD CAMPION.

V.

From William Hobsleigh to Ronald Campion.

Jan. 9, 19—.

DR. SIR,—We are expecting the cow to die any minnit and we do not know how to go on her side is now swelled terribly my wife is nursing her night and day but she cannot move her hindlegs Sir if you saw her you would say three pounds (3£) is not enough but as you are a gentleman I will take 2£ the house is all upset with it

Yours resply WILLIAM HOBSLEIGH.

VI.

From Ronald Campion to William Hobsleigh.

Jan. 10, 19—.

SIR,—To avoid further trouble I propose to send a veterinary



SALT OF THE SEA.

MR. PUNCH. "WELCOME, SIR, AND MORE SEA-POWER TO YOUR ELBOW!"

[With warm congratulations to Admiral WILSON on entering upon his new duties as First Sea Lord.]



SCENE—*Housekeeper's room. Enter excited family with letter from schoolboy brother.*

E. F. "HURRAH! MRS. RUGGLES, ARCHIE HAS GOT HIS 'FIRST FIFTEEN' COLOURS!"

Mrs. R. "WELL, WELL—BLESS HIS HEART, THAT'S GOOD NEWS. AND HOW MANY MORE WILL HE HAVE TO GET?"

surgeon to your farm the day after to-morrow at 11.30 in the morning. If he certifies that the cow was really injured by the collision and is suffering from that cause I shall be quite ready to pay reasonable compensation.

Yours faithfully, RONALD CAMPION.

VII.

From William Hobsleigh to Ronald Campion.

Jan. 11.

DR. SIR,—Our cow died last night and we are now berrying her so it is no use sending over Sir I am a poor man and so is my wife but we want justice that is all we want we are willing to take ten shillings for we dont want to be hard on anybody. Yours respectly WILLIAM HOBSLEIGH.

VIII.

From Ronald Campion to William Hobsleigh.

Jan. 12.

SIR,—I regret to hear of the death of your cow. In order to avoid further correspondence I enclose a P.O. for 10*s.*, which please acknowledge.

Yours faithfully, RONALD CAMPION.

Rumoured Deafness of a Colonial Premier.

The Canadian House of Commons has overwhelmingly rejected a motion to abolish the Second Chamber. In opposing this motion Sir WILFRID LAURIER is reported to have said that he had "never heard it suggested, even by the most Radical of Radicals, that the House of Lords should be done away with." If Sir WILFRID has failed to catch the trumpet-notes of our Radical Press, we are afraid that he must be suffering from a serious defect of the tympanum.

THE BOY IN THE STREET.

THERE'S an undersized tyrant who governs our lives,
From whom the police have no power to protect us,
A cynic whose sarcasm always "arrives,"
Who, though we're his betters, declines to respect us;
The hurling of gibes is his principal joy,
And the "man in the street" is no match for "the boy."

With hands in his pockets and jaws on the munch
He comes, an unwashed but intelligent creature;
On his mouth the remains of his breakfast and lunch
Form a permanent crust round that flexible feature;
His manners are easy though hardly discreet;
He's the crudest of critics, the boy in the street.

In taste he's a Tory, impatient of change,
And the costume that marks an inflexion of fashion
Is greeted as soon as it comes into range
With a gesture of scorn or a start of compassion;
His comments are rude and his juvenile squeak
Brings a frown to the brow or a blush to the cheek.

Oh, child! you are hardly aware of the power
Of the sceptre you wield in sartorial matters;
Your influence governs our taste in the hour
When we're making a choice at the hosier's or hatter's;
And the "latest creation" or "ultra smart line,"
With you at the back of our heads, we decline.

Aphorism for the Week.

"It is far better to use a pin-curl than to cut one's own hair."
Sunday Times.

JEBBOMANIA.

A STUDY IN OBSESSION.

[*Extracted from "The Mourning Post" of April 1, 1911.*]

NOTICE.

THE proprietors of this journal have decided to change its title from *The Mourning Post*—the name assumed on the ever-memorable date of January 18, 1910—to *The Daily Jebb*.

[*Extract from Leading Article.*]

The year opened ominously for England with the abolition of the Second Chamber, the disfranchisement of all persons with incomes of more than £5,000 a year, the disbanding of our regular army and the inauguration of the Irish Republic. But it is always desirable to retain a due sense of perspective in politics, and these disasters, serious as they undoubtedly are, have been altogether dwarfed and eclipsed by the imperial catastrophe which it is our painful duty to announce to our readers to-day. Mr. RICHARD JEBB is suffering from an attack of influenza, and although the latest reports point to his speedy recovery from this depressing ailment, at least two, possibly three, days must elapse before he is restored to the full exercise of his unparalleled and superhuman powers. Meantime all that we can do is to assure our incomparable leader that the hearts of all his devoted followers go out to him in his affliction, and that they are more than ever resolved to spare no effort and stint no endeavour until the nefarious plague-spot of crypto-Cecilian Free Trade has been everlastingly eradicated from the body politic.

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

Polling in the South Salford division—where a vacancy was caused by the appointment of Mr. BELLOC to the Viceroyalty of India—took place yesterday, with the following result:—

J. PERKINS (Lab.)	6,120
F. EVANS (U.)	6,104
R. JEBB (Jebbite)	310

Mr. RICHARD JEBB, in an interview with a representative of *The Daily Jebb*, said that he was entirely satisfied with the result. Not only had he purified his poll by fifty per cent. since his last candidature, but he had succeeded in rescuing the Unionist Party from the humiliation of being represented by a man who was tainted by the Free Trade heresy. It was true that Mr. EVANS declared his adhesion to the principles of Tariff Reform, but it was none the less true that Mr. EVANS'S wife's step-sister had once been engaged to the brother of a doctor who had attended Lord ROBERT CECIL'S under-gardener.

IMPERIAL VERSE COMPETITION.

The adjudicators in this competition have awarded the prize of £100 to Sir HENRY MORRIS, who sent in the following set of verses:—

"Two heroes in the selfsame country born
The Channel and East Marylebone did adorn.
The first with ocean's wildest waves did wrestle
The second overthrew Lord ROBERT CECIL.
Nature, improving on great Captain WEBB,
When England's fame was at its lowest ebb,
Produced the ever-glorious RICHARD JEBB."

NATIONAL TESTIMONIAL.

The subscriptions for the National and Imperial Testimonial have now reached a total of £2,409 16*s.* 11*d.* Amongst the latest subscribers are the following:

	£	*s.*	*d.*
Anti-Cecilian	5	5	0
Jebusite		10	6
Three Robertophobes ...	1	10	0
"J'accuse Boyton"		2	6
Sursum Cauda	1	1	0
A (Lord) Bob-slayer		7	6

The Committee entrusted with the task of determining the form of the testimonial have now unanimously reported in favour of the erection in the courtyard of the Hotel Cecil of a colossal group of statuary representing the modern RICHARD CŒUR DE LION slaying the Dragon of Free Trade.

NEWS FROM ALL QUARTERS.

We have received the gratifying intelligence that the University of Woolloomoolloo has conferred the honorary degree of D.I.T. (Doctor of Imperial Thought) on Mr. RICHARD JEBB for his noble services to the Empire.

Telegrams from New York state that the residents in the post-hamlet of Cecil, Washington Co., Pa., by an overwhelming majority have resolved to change its name to that of Jebbville, as a tribute of their undying respect to the greatest Imperialist of the Twentieth Century.

We have received a message signed by three hundred prominent Tierra del Fuegians conveying their deep and loyal sympathy with the policy of this paper and stating that at a public meeting Lord ROBERT CECIL was burned in effigy.

A deputation of loyal tribesmen from Northern Nigeria waited on the Colonial Secretary yesterday with a view to the alteration of the name of the town of Jebba by the omission of the last letter. Mr. KEIR HARDIE promised his most sympathetic consideration, and the deputation retired singing the National Anthem in the Yoruba dialect.

THE REMONSTRATOR.

II.—ABANAZAR.

ALTHOUGH when I saw him on the previous night he had been covered with grease paint and was dressed outlandishly, I recognised him instantly by his voice, a mellow, fruity organ, in which he said everything four times—that being at once one of his humorous tricks and a device to conceal the fact that he had never allowed his part to distress him, if indeed a part had been written for him at all—a voice, too, in which he said without thinking again most of the things that ran through his nimble and exceedingly sophisticated mind.

"I am glad to meet you," I said, "because I saw your performance last night, and one or two things you said perplexed me a little."

He laughed. "That often happens," he replied. "You see, I say a few things at most performances purely for a few friends in the stalls, or even for the other actors."

"Oh, do you?" I remarked. "That's very interesting. How do the authors like it?"

"Authors!" He was really amused this time. "I never act in plays where the authors count."

"Well, then," I said, "how do the audience like it?"

"Oh, they like it, of course. Look at the crowded houses."

"Yes—but look at the crowded cast too. Is it all for you?"

He let that pass.

"Any way," I said, "granted the fascination of hearing a comedian say things that one cannot understand, surely there must be a certain residuum who rather like to see the point of every joke."

He admitted it.

"And isn't it a children's pantomime?" I added.

"Of course." He was very hearty about this.

"And if a grown-up person misses some of the inwardness, wouldn't a child miss even more?"

He had to agree.

"Well, is that quite playing the game?"

"Oh, come," he said, "one can't say everything for children."

"Why not?"

"Well, it's a grown-up show too, you know."

"But don't such grown-ups as go willingly reduce themselves to children? Isn't that rather the idea? Especially nowadays with so much confessedly purely childish competition?"

He did not argue the point.

"Well, then, why not talk so that children will be made happy?"

"Don't I?" he asked.

"Last night," I replied, "you said to *Aladdin*, 'For heaven's sake stop calling for your mother, like a flapper in a fog on Clapham Common.' What did that mean?"

"It 's simple enough, isn't it?"

"Well, that 's just it. If it is really simple it 's anything but humour for children. It either means something or nothing. If it means nothing it 's no great shakes as a simile; if it means anything it means too much."

"Oh, I say, aren't you overdoing the charge?"

"Not a bit—at a children's pantomime. If you said it at one of your musical comedies, where one goes to hear such things and is disappointed if one does not get them, I should say nothing. But not at a pantomime."

"But *Abanazar* was a bad man. He would not choose his topics."

"Oh, no, that won't do at all," I said. "You can't have it both ways. If you made the faintest effort to play the part of *Abanazar* consistently—if you really explained your position and made the audience know your purposes and reasons, that plea might stand; but you don't. In a pantomime notable for the realistic faithfulness of the *Aladdin* and the *Widow Twankey* and the *Princess*, you are conspicuously a detached undefined figure—a humorous anarchist."

"But the audience laugh!"

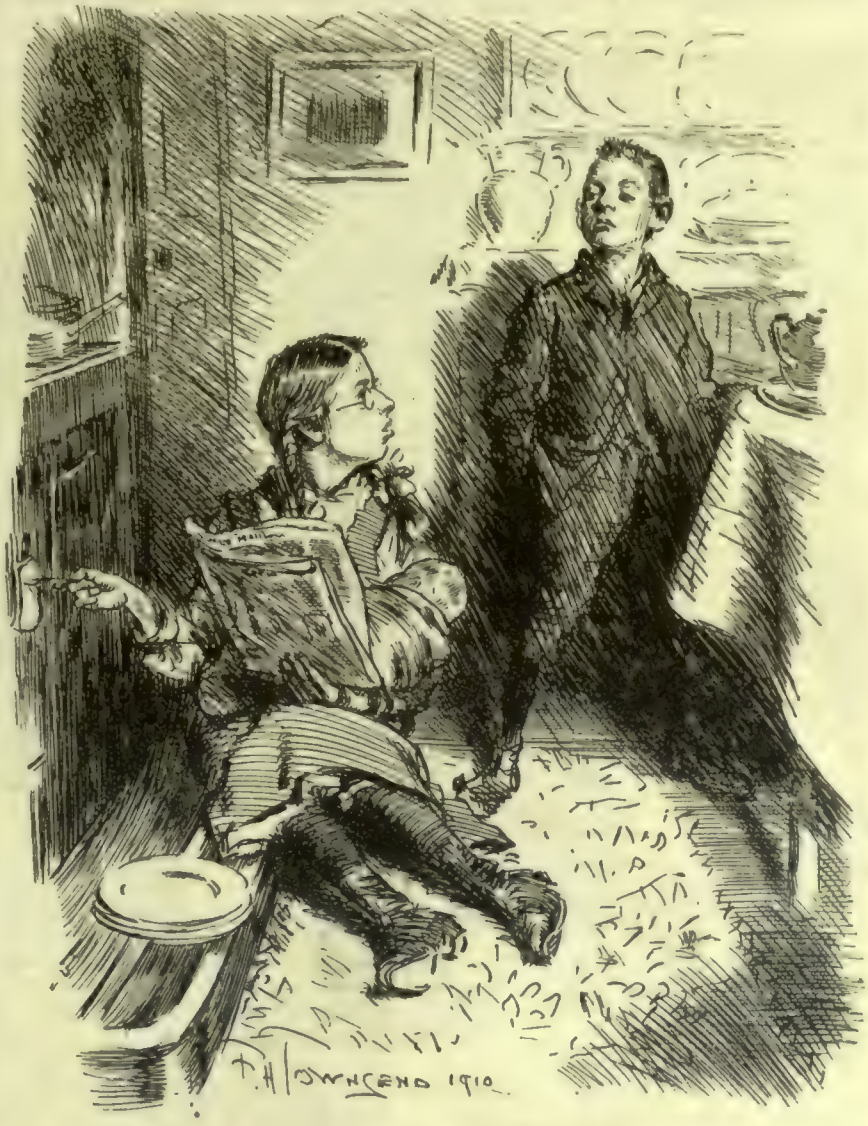
"Oh, yes, I know. That, alas, always happens."

SOME SEASONABLE TABLE DELICACIES.

1. THE ST. KILDA HOLD-ALL.—It is not always wise to transplant a local dish, but the following instructions will afford, if carefully carried out, an excellent imitation of a favourite luxury of the Lonely Isle. Take two strips of seasoned old leather four inches wide and about nine in length. Cut up a bar of yellow soap into little cubes, mix these with tasty odds and ends from the pantry (scraps of cheese-rind, potato-peelings, or jam-labels), add three penny pieces of indiarubber, shredded finely, and spread the mixture thickly over one of the strips. Pepper it well, cover carefully with remaining strip, then let a saddler or a shoemaker machine the two edges thoroughly—the lockstitch will be best in case any of the contents try to escape. Bake in a stewpan for ten hours and serve hot. Get a good grip and bite well into it, and the result will be most satisfying.

2. PLUM PUDDING.—Put a quart of water into a saucepan (press it in tightly) and set on a quick fire. Pour in two currants, having first sorted them and wiped them well with a damp cloth; have a piece of wood handy to hit them if they should get nasty and try to hop out. Colour with one teaspoonful of red sandstone. Now make a thick paste of brickdust and flour and stir it in. Brood over it for twenty minutes or so, and when the whole thing begins to set, arrange the two currants in any pretty pattern on the top, and leave it to cool. Chop it out of the saucepan and serve as required, garnished with holly and onions. This pudding will keep for months.

3. TURNIPS À LA RUSSE.—Hollow out two large turnips as though you intended to construct a turnip-lantern, rub the insides with camphorated oil, and prepare the following ingredients: One carriage candle shaved down finely, wick removed; half-a-pint of sawdust (to give consistency); a pound of suet, and the shells of six walnuts. Melt the wax and stir in the sawdust; melt the suet and stir in the walnut-shells (which must be smashed up well); melt the lot, and add whatever flavouring you prefer—a peppermint-drop gives piquancy, but many persons use a pinch of acetylene gas. Then, while the mixture is still semi-fluid, stuff it into the turnips, and glue a piece of wood over the apex. Boil for one hour, remove lids, cut in slices and serve at once. If any are left they make splendid fire-lighters.



Jem. "I SAY, TOM, WE WON FIFTEEN MORE SEATS YESTERDAY!"
Tom. "I LIKE YER CHEEK—'WE,' INDEED! GET YOUR VOTE AND THEN TALK ABOUT 'WE'!"

"It has everything to gain and nothing to lose by Socialism, and everything to gain and nothing to lose by Tariff Reform."—*Evening Standard.*

"It" was Islington; which remained unmoved by the magnificent promise of both these creeds and voted Liberal.

A TALK WITH ONE OF OUR DUMB PETS.

"How would you like it yourself?" said a peevish voice.

I looked carefully round the room but saw nothing. The voice continued, however.

"It's no use your trying to see me—I'm too small; but you can talk to me if you like."

"Very well," I replied; "to begin with, what *are* you?"

"I'm a microbe," was the disconcerting answer. "Oh, it's all right; I shan't hurt *you*, old chap; I'm not as bad as I'm magnified to be, and I've taken a fancy to you."

My first impulse was to shrink from the speaker, but in the absence of any idea as to his position, I kept my seat.

"You haven't answered my question yet," the microbe continued—"how would you like it yourself?"

"Like what?"

"Why, all this badgering and moving-on business! It's making life unbearable for us microbes."

I nodded sympathetically in the direction of the voice.

"In the old days one *could* have some fun! What with fevers and wars and a decent plague every few years, one could put in a pretty good time; but now it's all medical congresses and carbolic acid! It's simply sickening."

I acquiesced vaguely, as the speaker seemed to expect something from me.

"I tell you, I'm fed up with life in this country, and if I only get a decent chance I'll clear out of it. Why, what do you think happened last week? A snuffy old fool in a frock-coat and spring-side boots shut me up in a beastly little test-tube and lectured on me! If I had not been fairly spry I shouldn't be talking to you now, for if you'll believe me the brute gave orders to have me put in boiling water! Fortunately the servant dropped me instead, and I managed to escape. But it was a near thing, I can tell you! I'm shuddering now, but of course you can't see."

As a fact, I was myself feeling anything but comfortable, but refrained from making any observation.

"Perhaps I ought not to grumble too much, though," continued the voice; "I've had some good times, I must confess. I had the happy luck once to spend the best part of a year in a sardine tin. It was grand! There was a colony of us, and we were as sociable a lot of bacilli as you'd wish to meet. All friendly and jolly and as thick as—well, very matey, anyhow. But of course it wasn't to last. I think there must have been a Jonah among us. What do you think happened? An inspector fellow came along and condemned us! Yes, it's a fact, I assure you; he simply opened the tin, glanced at us in a most casual way, and ordered us to be destroyed! That's the sort of thing that makes microbes wretched."

"You escaped, however," I observed, somewhat unnecessarily perhaps.

"Rather! I escaped, and retired to a slum that I know of. I should be there now, no doubt, but some interfering council or board came and pulled me down! The alley, I mean. I hung about the neighbourhood as long as I could, but it was no good, I had to shift again. Now I'm here."

There was an awkward pause.

"Oh, you needn't look so panicky," continued the visitor; "as I said before I rather like you, but I couldn't dream of staying here permanently. Why not? Well, if you *must* know, there's a confounded draught in this room, and a great deal too much sunshine to suit *me*. I hate to say rude things to a host, but it's the truth . . . .

"I lost my best friend not long ago; and it's wretched for a microbe to be alone in the world, I can tell you. Dear old Rex, he and I were the best of pals and never had an angry word. We were spores together, and were brought up in the same glycerine. Ever lived in glycerine? No? Well, it isn't all it's cracked up to be, you can take it from me. Poor Rex is gone now—sterilised to death! He hung on as long as he could, but I could see the end was near, when he became an attenuated virus. Rex absolutely wasted to nothing, and couldn't even look at a guinea-pig! He was one of the best."

My visitor was silent for a few moments: when he resumed he spoke in a more hopeful tone.

"Now the winter is here," he said, "I intend to have a change. One can't go on for ever in laboratories stuck between sheets of glass. It's too narrow an existence for me. Where am I going? Ah, that's telling; for all I know you're an inspector person yourself! Still, I don't mind saying it's in the country, and it's a pond with any amount of weed and stuff on it. Perhaps I shall have a quiet time there, and not be chased about from pillar to post. It seems too good to be true, but I'll give it a trial anyway. Good-night."

* * * *

The encyclopædia fell from my hands and I looked at the clock. It was four in the morning and there *was* a draught in the room.

"Japanese gentleman wants a Teacher of bagpipe (very simple one), who can teach it after dinner, once or twice a week."—*Daily Telegraph.*

Someone is looking for trouble.

"MADMASEL."

I CANNOT imagine why my sister did not attempt to break it to me more gently.

She simply came and told me that "Madmasel" was here to tea, and I was completely unnerved.

"Madmasel," I exclaimed. "Good heavens, what for?"

"To see us, of course," she replied lightly; "come along."

"But I can't," I cried in agony. "How awful! Is she in the house now?"

"Yes, she's waiting in the drawing-room—I came to fetch you."

"Well, I suppose I'd better find the picture-loto," I said.

In the old days picture-loto had been the great resource in all our French lessons. It was a very convenient game because you only had to say things like "Le lapin—comme il est grand!" and "L'oiseau—comme il est joli!" and you got through the hour in fine style.

"Don't be silly," said my sister. "We can't ask Madmasel to play picture-loto now. She hasn't come in her professional capacity—she's come to tea."

I shook hands thoughtfully with the air. "'Bon jour, Madmasel'—'comment vous portez-vous'—'comme il fait beau temps'—I think we might say quite carelessly that we were just going to play a game of picture-loto when she came—and——"

"No," said my sister firmly, "we shall have to talk."

"Lead on," I said. "I am full of conversation."

But outside the drawing-room door I stopped, for I had come to a great determination.

"No," I said, "I shall speak English. I shall speak my own tongue," and in we went.

"Good afternoon, Madmasel," I began cordially. "I am delighted to see you." Madmasel bridled.

"Mais le français donc, Monsieur—vous ne l'avez pas déjà oublié?"

I faltered. "Un peu," I said feebly, and searched about for some cakes to hand her.

During tea Madmasel talked volubly to my sister. I sat trembling on the edge of a chair, and every time there was a pause I said "Vraiment," and I thought this was going to do, but at length Madmasel turned to me.

"Et, Monsieur—il ne dit pas beaucoup."

"Mais oui," I protested, "justement je viens de dire 'vraiment.'"

"Tenez," said Madmasel, speaking slowly and distinctly as to a child. "Racontez-moi une petite histoire de votre promenade ce matin."



Father (fetching daughter from party). "WELL, LITTLE WOMAN, HAVE YOU HAD A GOOD TIME?"
Daughter. "AWFULLY SLOW, DAD. THE ONLY AMUSING PERSON WAS THE MAN IN THE FANCY DRESS."

The worst had befallen me. I was solemnly to relate a little story of my morning promenade. I thought desperately. I would say I never took walks, or I would say that I was not at liberty to make my adventures public—anything to escape.

Meanwhile Madmasel repeated the request, and my sister threw in a little unnecessary translation, adding insult to injury, for I realised only too clearly what was before me.

"Alors," I began cautiously. "J'ai vu un chien, vous savez——"

"Et qu'est qu'il faisait ce chien?"

This was unfair. I had not thought of that.

"Il—il—il marchait, vous savez." It seemed a trifle weak as a story, so I tried again. "Il voulait traverser la route et puis un—une—un automobile squashait le chien."

"O—o—oh, pauvre petit—mais ces automobiles sont terribles—*terribles*."

I felt I had gone too far. Madmasel's feelings had been needlessly harrowed. I tried to modify the narrative.

"Est-ce-que j'ai dit un chien?" I asked. "J'avais tort. C'était un chat tout-le-temps—le chat comme il est méchant, n'est ce pas?"

Madmasel had never liked cats.

"À propos des moutons," I continued, the subtleties of the language coming to me as I gained confidence. "Laissons nous tous jouer un parti de picture-loto, quoi? Ça serait bien gentil pour le sake d'Auld Lang Syne, n'est ce pas?"

Madmasel seeming at a loss, my sister endeavoured to explain that I had a great longing to play the game again.

"Oui, oui," I said, "le lapin comme il est grand, vous savez, n'est ce pas? Je cherche."

I honestly did go to look for it, but somehow it seemed impossible to return, and I hid in the box-room until the front-door had closed behind her.

Overheard in Harley Street.

Doctor. Well, I've put in eleven good votes for the Party to-day.

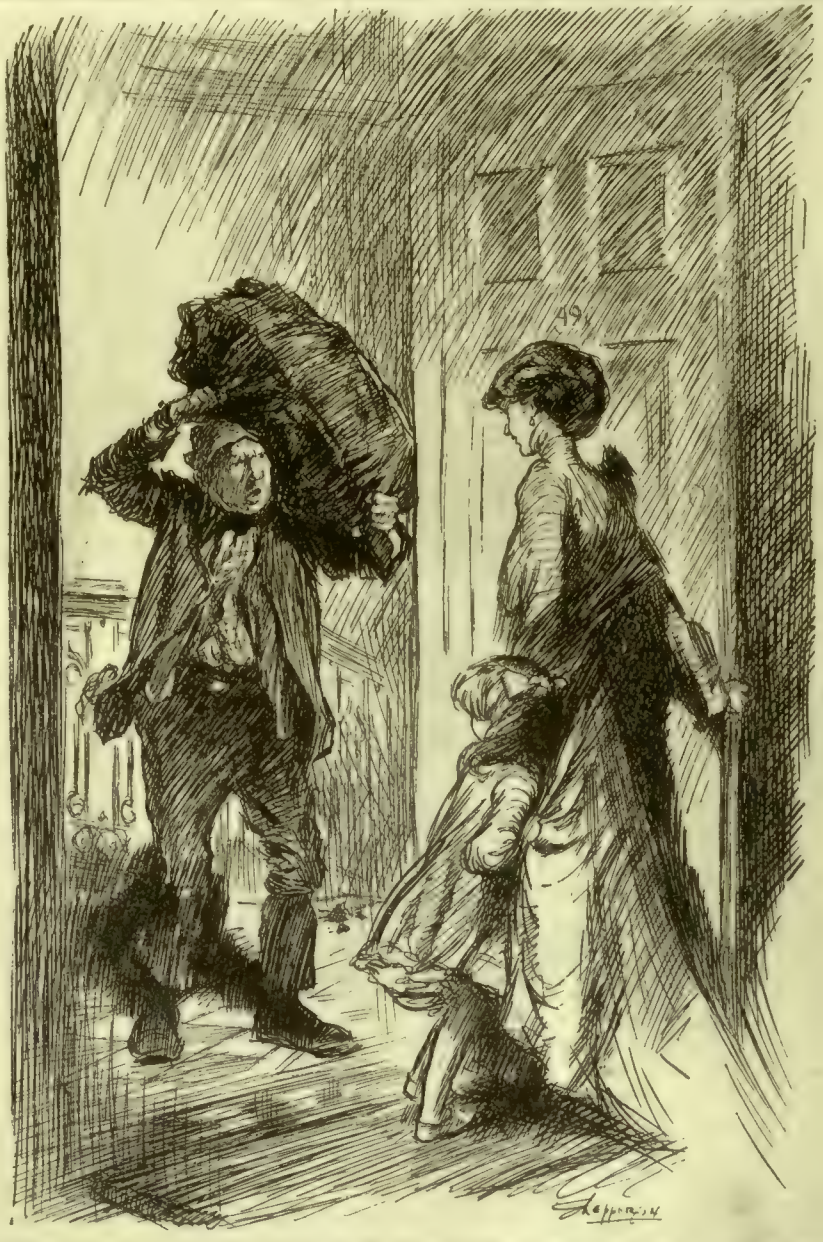
Friend. How 's that? I thought you only had two?

Doctor. Ah, but I've been keeping nine of my patients in bed.

"Sir Herbert Tree could scarcely have made a more interesting announcement than that he has acquired a new play from Mr. Zangwill's pen," says *The Westminster Gazette*. We venture to differ. He could have announced (to give only one instance) that he was about to grow a beard, and oppose Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL at the next General Election.

"Rooms for smug gentlemen, good table."
Jornal do Commercio.

Show this to your friends.



Coalman (*who has been summoned from the street to a flat on the tenth storey—no lift*). "HOW MANY HUNDREDWEIGHT DID YOU SAY, MUM?"

Lady (*sweetly*). "OH! I DON'T WANT ANY COAL! I WAS ONLY TELLING MY LITTLE GIRL THAT IF SHE KEPT ON BEING NAUGHTY YOU 'D TAKE HER AWAY IN YOUR *BIG BLACK BAG*, BUT SHE 'S BEHAVING BETTER NOW, THANK YOU VERY MUCH."

THE LAST LAP.

[For the benefit of Orkney and Shetland and other belated constituencies *Mr. Punch* publishes the following gems which a correspondent has forwarded with the request that they may be distributed among suitable organs of the Press.]

FOR *The Manchester Guardian*.—There has been no such crisis in English constitutional history since the last occasion on which the Peers struck an effective blow at the People's rights, in the memorable contest of 1066.

For *The Daily News*.—A spirited brochure, under the heading of "The Duke Goes Caravanning" (showing how the Duke travelled a whole week without going off HIS OWN LAND) is about to be issued (1) in pamphlet form, (2) as a poster 47 feet by 3, (3) as a private telegram from Mr. CLESTERTON.

For *The Daily Express*.—We publish to-day a remarkable cablegram from Our Special Correspondent in New York, showing that the custom of giving away grand pianos as Christmas gifts is rapidly spreading among the working-class population of America.

For *The Daily Chronicle*.—Lord LANSDOWNE'S letter, as we read it—we may be wrong, but it isn't likely—means not only that Old Age Pensions will be discontinued under a Unionist Government; there is in it, we think, a hidden threat of an endeavour to recover the money already spent by TAXING OLD AGE.

For *The Westminster Gazette*.—The Bread Line in New York on Saturday was FOUR MILES LONG.

For *Reynolds'*.—Lord LANSDOWNE is threatening to rear pheasants in Hyde Park—the People's playground.

For *The Observer*.—We say once more—and it won't be our fault if we fail to make you believe it—that it is entirely a matter of taste. The German workman prefers the fruity, positive flavour of black bread to the insipid, negative flavour of wheaten bread. The latter, indeed, of which there is no lack in Prussia, is largely used for feeding horses, and this fact in some measure accounts for the admirable flavour of their horse-flesh, so different from that of our own bus horses.

For *The Daily Chronicle*.—Every vote for the Tory is a vote imperilling Old Age Pensions. [We fear it is no use sending this to *The Daily Chronicle*. It used these very words as headlines only the other day during the elections.]

For *The Morning Leader*.—The truth about KRUPP'S. Their enormous output of sewing-machines explained. THEY HAVE NO OTHER WORK TO DO.

For *The Daily Express*.—Tariff Reform means cheaper boots, meat for half-price, and BREAD GRATIS.

For *The Star*.—Tariff Reform means SUDDEN DEATH.

For *The Daily News*.—Vote for the Liberal and Old Age Pensions at 50.

For *The Daily Mail*.—Vote for the Unionist and Old Age Pensions from the cradle to the grave.

"THE TITS' INTELLIGENCER."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am in a difficulty, and I need help. I have hung up in the garden a number of cocoanuts with one end sawn off, revealing the most alluring and appetising cavern; but no birds come. They have been hanging there for a month; but no birds come. The cocoanut meat is white and juicy; but no birds come. What shall I do? It seems that some bird gazette—some *Tits' Intelligencer*—is wanted to spread the news. But how prepare and disseminate it? Man is very clever: he can talk from London to Paris; he can fly; he can make telescopes and microscopes; he can telegraph without wires; but he has no means of telling titmice that if they care to stroll his way they will find cocoanuts and fat in his garden. This is very absurd, and in a way humiliating, is it not?

Yours faithfully, BENIGNUS.



THE MANDATE.

Liberal Champion. "I ASKED FOR A CHARGER, AND THEY GIVE ME THIS!"



POLITICS IN THE HUNTING FIELD.

Conservative Farmer. "HURRA! THERE'S ANOTHER RADICAL SEAT LOST!"

THE HONOURABLE SCAR.

[A Yorkshireman is said to have laughed so uproariously at an election meeting that he finally dislocated his jaw.]

TRUE scion of a race uncrumpling
To Humour's ordinary thrust,
Whom beef and beer and apple-dumpling
Have gifted with the rhino's crust,
What was the devastating wheeze
That whelmed you with its shattering seas?
What fancy of Euphrosune's
Caused you to bust?

Was it some flower of fiscal fables?
Was it some farce of German bread?
A *jeu de mots* on Tariff tables?
A little thing that WINSTON said?
Was it the Old Age Pension "slip"
That bade you let your buttons rip?
Was it a pearl from GEORGE'S lip
That pinked you dead?

I know not. But from crashing thunder
To sounds of rookeries that caw,
From river sluices rent asunder
To beams divided by a saw,
Through paroxysms unrestrained
Of laughter that severely pained
You rang the chimes till you sustained
A fractured jaw.

And when the tale of wounds is counted
Of those who for their party's sake
To foe-beleaguered platforms mounted
And fought with mattock or with rake
To let the cause of Progress in,
And suffer now from voices thin,
And huge abrasions of the skin,
And skulls that ache—

On you I'll lay the crown of laurel;
With balm of Gilead I'll anoint
Your head, that in no angry quarrel
Acquired a comminated joint,
But (oh, thrice enviable stroke!)
For joy and joy alone got broke,
At finding in some speaker's joke
A genuine point. EVOE.

ELECTION NOTES.

IT is again rumoured that if the Liberals take office Mr. ASQUITH will still remain nominal leader of his party.

***

The Daily Graphic published a photo on the 17th inst. depicting the scene outside its offices when the election results were being announced. "The Strand was thronged by a dense mass of people watching the figures of Mr. Asquith and Mr. Balfour gradually climbing the election ladder," said our contemporary. "Ah deary me," said an old lady subscriber, "there was a time when responsible statesmen would have been too dignified to make such an exhibition of themselves."

***

"Birmingham is a *Trilby*," says Mr. HERBERT SAMUEL, "and has no voice of her own, but sings whatever her *Svengali* suggests." *Trilby's* foot, too, was famous.

***

Liberals are pointing out that only one constituency—Exeter—has returned a DUKE.

***

At North Paddington, STRAUSS shows which way the wind blows.

***

An American gentleman visiting this country is vastly amused at the unscientific way in which we carry on our elections. He declares we are babies in the art. To mention but three points. If you are a Conservative, and a Radical canvasser calls on you, you should, it seems, not dismiss him at once, but detain him in argument as long as possible, so as to prevent his canvassing other persons. Ultimately you should tell him that you will vote for his man, and so make him over-confident. And, on the day of the election, you should get the Radical agent to send a vehicle to take you to the poll, keep it waiting a good hour, and then vote Conservative.

ON THE RANK.

(Growler speaks.)

I.

KEB, Lidy? . . . Not 'er! She don't look the sort. Wants one o' them bloomin' gasometer kebs, I 'spec'. An' welcome to it. An' welcome to it, I says. It 'll cost 'er more—an' perraps 'er life. Did you read in the noose-paper, the other die, 'ow a lidy an' 'er biby was killed in one on 'em? That 's what we wants, lots more axdents like that, an' then the public 'll give 'em up perraps, an' come back to 'orse-kebs. In any event I should say as them motor kebs is doomed, for we shall 'ave airier-kebs a-comin' along soon—I s'pose they won't call 'em kebs then, they 'll call 'em flies?—an' then the taxis' noses 'll be put out o' joint, an' the little tin gawds 'll 'ave to come down from their frones. For they 're only a passin' fancy. Yuss, don't you make no mistake, they 'll find 'emselves stuffed in a mujeum afore long beside the pore old 'orse keb, for all their fine close and the grand hairs they gives 'emselves.

There 's them as speaks against LLOYD GEORGE. I ain't one o' them. In my opinion 'e 's a werry good Chauncellor—a werry just man, an' a werry fair man. An' I 'll tell you for why. 'E 's clapt a hextra tax on their peetrol. An' a good thing too! Let them pay as can afford to. They calls 'emselves taxis, so let 'em pay the taxes. Good old LLOYD GEORGE! 'E 's done a werry just an' a werry fair thing.

My old 'ooman wanted *me* to take up wiv a motor-keb. I says to 'er, "Look 'ere. Which 'd you rather be, the awful wedded wife of a genterman what drives 'is 'orse, or the awful wedded wife of a bloomin' engine-driver? That settles 'er, for she 's one to fink of 'er social standin', is my old 'ooman. An' I told 'er about pore Sam Empson. 'E give up 'is 'ansom for a taxi, an' what 'appens? The first day 'e takes it out 'is wife becomes a widder wiv ten children! No, a 'orse-keb 's been good enough for me these forty years, an' it 's goin' to be good enough for me till I drops off the box. Arter all, a 'orse ain't a bit o' ironmongery; 'e 's a noble hanimal. ('Old up, Jenny, or you shan't go in for the Durby nex' year! Stand still!) An', mind you, we 'as our advantages over 'em. What 'appens when you 're gettin' a bit o' somethink to eat in the shelter, an' the front keb moves off the rank? Why, the 'orse-keb 'e moves up of 'is own accord, an' you can go on eatin', but the motor-keb man 'e 'as to run out an' shove 'is keb! I 've orfen cried "Yah!" to 'em for that, an' taken a swig o' their beer while they 've been out! Oh, you can 'ave some fun out of 'em sometimes. Soon arter them motor-kebs come in I recollec' I was passin' a bawdin'-'ouse, an' there was a bloomin' German waiter outside—a little undersized feller, looked as if 'e 'd jumped out of a box of sprats—an' 'e says to me, "Oh, cabman," 'e says, "please 'ow many times do you vhistle"—they don't say "whistle" like me an' you, these hignorant furriners, they says "vhistle"—"ow many times," 'e says, "do you vhistle for a taxi-cab?" 'E 'as the cool cheek to ask me that! "Thirteen times," I sharts. An' Master German 'e believe me, an' I leave 'im there a-whistlin' 'is little German inside out. Ha-ha!

. . . 'Ullo, what does this little servink-girl want? Now then, speak up, Mary Ann. What is it you wants, my dear? "What would I charge to take your missus from hover-the-way to Huppingham Gardens?" Well, you look 'ere, my dear. Tell your missus that kebs don't 'ave no bargain sales. Let 'er pay my correc' legal fare, an' we won't say no more about it, an' you shall 'ave a ride in my keb to the 'ouse frown in. Run 'ome an' tell 'er that, my dear. . . . Purty little thing, ain't she? Wouldn't mind takin' *'er* anywhere for nuffink. But that 's what 'er missus wanted. I know 'em well enough. She wanted a 'alf-crown ride for a bob.

Ah, b'lieve me, you don't know people *till* you knows 'em. My experience o' people 's this: A gent, 'e 's nearly always a gent; but a lidy 's scarcely ever a lidy. They 're very purty as a sex, I 'll grant yer. There 's some as calls 'em "The Fair Sex." I calls 'em "The Bare Fare Sex." Mean? That ain't the word for 'em.

What d'you fink of the lidy what got into my keb yes'day with free children! She first plumps the heldest on 'er lap, then makes 'er take the nex' on *'er* lap, an' that un 'olds the biby, an' then she refuges to pay for more than 'erself, arguin' as 'ow as the others was all in harms!

An' then did I tell you about the lidy an' 'er luggidge? Why, she 'ad about twenty pieces o' luggidge, an' there she was a-crammin' as many of 'em as she could hinside of the keb, so as she shouldn't have to pay tuppences for 'em. "'Alf a mo', lidy," I says, "'alf a mo'." "Yes, what is it?" says she. "Why, I fink I can give you a little tip," I says. "Why don't you put *hall* the luggidge hinside," I says, "an' you an' the little boy ride houtside," I says, "an' then it 'll only cost you tuppence each," I says. Mean old cat! An' there 's plenty more like 'er.

You see that little servink-girl ain't come back agen. I was right.

Never mind, we gets quits wiv 'em now and then. I recollec' once I 'ad a old crock oo paid me my bare fare, countin' it out in coppers an' freppeny-bits an' what not—I 'm not sure there wasn't four farvin's among 'em—you know the sort—an' as she walks up 'er steps as quick as possible, I looks into the keb, an' notices a di'mond brooch on the floor. "'Ere, what 's this, lidy?" I cries. "Not a penny more!" she hanswers back as the door slams. So she keeps 'er penny, an' I keeps 'er di'mond brooch. Ha! ha!



ELECTION FEVER.

REVOLTING TORY TACTICS.

"YUS, THAT 'S RIGHT, IT *IS* A RADICAL MOTOR. *GIVE IT A KICK, BILL.*"

ROBERT SUPERMAN.

WILD chaos ruled it in the Strand,
Folly and frenzy hand-in-hand;
Now rowdy Radicals with jeers
Answered the Tories' raucous cheers;
Now hooligans from Stepney, E.,
Jostled young clerks from Battersea;
Now West-end toffs and bounders bounded—
All was confusion worse confounded.

Amid this seething sea, serene
In all the hurly-burly scene,
Unmoved like some great rock I saw
A god-like guardian of the law.
Though history was in the making,
Though British Empires might be quaking,
Yet "he was more than usual calm—
He did not give a single dam."

There in the throng, alone, aloof,
I marked him, sphinx-like, passion-proof;
No joy, no sorrow showed a trace
Upon that moveless marble face.
Tariff Reform, Free Trade, the fates
Of pettifogging Candidates.
For these he did not care a tittle;
It all was infinitely little.

To such as he what matter what
Amazing lies are nailed or not?
What matter if we pygmies eat
Black bread of rye or white of wheat?
Does the great lion heed the mole
That 's crushed beneath his royal sole?
The forest oak-tree deign to mark
The ants that crawl upon its bark?

As when a sacrifice is brought
Before some carven Juggernaut,
The struggling victims shriek and cry,
With yells the howling mob reply—
Above the grim and gory scrimmage
Unmoved remains the graven image—
So, following the godhead's plan,
Unmoved was Robert Superman.

THE REASON.

I HAD always expected that when the Semiramis of Streatham married Smithers he would be made to drop poor Blithers. This intelligent anticipation was not founded upon the fact that Blithers was an old bachelor friend, dating back, indeed, to an epoch long before Theodora Trotter had been even thought of—by Smithers, at all events. Such a record might doubtless have prejudiced an ordinary girl against him. But Theodora stood upon another plane. What other advanced young woman, when she found that the wearing of green, white, and violet in stripes caused her to be left strap-hanging, would have thought of wearing these colours separately on consecutive days? But she had the Cause none the less at heart because she thus cozened barbaric man upon the Underground into giving up his seat to her. And Blithers *was* barbaric — not, of course, in externals, but in ideas; and with so intellectual a girl I felt sure that ideas alone counted. His views upon Theodora's pet subjects could only be described as oriental, and he was brutally frank about them. A great traveller and a keen yachtsman, he was commonly credited with being able to give any professional sailor points in the number of ports wherein he had moorings of a more or less sentimental character. That one of the first official acts of Mrs. Smithers *née* Trotter would be to put the name of Blithers upon the *Index* was a foregone conclusion. I was agreeably confirmed in my belief by his conspicuous absence from her very first dinner-party. But his name cropped up.

"You know him, of course?" I asked.

"He called, of course," murmured Theodora, "once."

"Blithers' point of view," I began softly.

"Delightfully old-world, and all that," said Theodora; "I loved it."

"And his principles," I persisted.

"Beautifully naïve," she smiled; "but——"

"But?" I echoed.

"He started teaching Geoffrey topsail-halyard bends and things—knots you know—with a piece of picture-cord."

"Sounds innocent enough," I ventured.

"On the backs of my new Chippendale chairs," said Theodora.



SHAKSPEARE ADAPTED AD HOC.

WOLSEY (*Asquith*). "The fifth day comes a frost, a killing frost—
And, when he thinks—good easy man—full surely
They 're coming up quite nicely, nips his roots.
And *then he feels* AS I DO! I have ventured
Like little wanton boys that climb on ladders
This many evenings in a blaze of glory—
(But it 's perfectly evident there 's been some sort of miscalculation somewhere!")

(*With acknowledgments to Mr. Seymour Lucas, R.A.*)

The Art of Happiness.

"To enjoy garden work thoroughly, the gardener must keep the proper posture. Do not bend your back and work with all muscles strained."

And if you are a coal-heaver take care to keep the hands smooth and clean.

"Libearls, 75," said *The Daily Chronicle* last week. If the Conservatism of the House of Lords is to be overcome there will need to be more Lib Earls than that.

"IT'S AN ILL WIND, ETC.;"

OR, THE OBITUARY ADVERTISEMENT.

Now that death duties threaten to become almost prohibitive, it is clearly the business of those who inherit property to turn to profitable account every opportunity offered to them by a family be eavement. We have pleasure, therefore in providing our readers with a few samples of obituary advertisement, modelled, to the verge of plagiarism, upon originals that are frequently to be found in the provincial Press:—

THEODORE PUFF.

The death of Mr. Theodore Puff, which occurred yesterday at his residence, Cranberry Lodge, Cherry Drive, removes from our midst one of the old guard of the pastry trade. Born in 1856, he was one of the brightest examples of the old adage, "'Tis stodgy as does it." Educated at Edgbaston Grammar School, he rapidly showed remarkable leanings towards pastry and a pretty taste in confectionery, and when at the age of eighteen the death of his father left him an orphan he decided to seek his fortune without parental assistance. The deceased used often to tell how he arrived at Knockham with nothing but a halfpenny bun in his pocket. By a stroke of fortune, which he regarded as fate, he disposed of this appetising morsel for three farthings, and so laid the foundations of the enormous business in Main Street, which will in future be conducted by his two sons, William and John. He became early celebrated for his doughnuts, which are still justly admired, and are sold for the reasonable price of two a penny or five for twopence. Mr. Puff (*père*) always prided himself on the purity of his confectionery, the standard of which is maintained to this day. In later years his sons, under deceased's directions, opened a restaurant business at the back of the shop, where the best lunch in Knockham may be obtained at such moderate prices as: fillet of sole, 4*d.*; steak, 8*d.*; cutlet and tomato sauce, 6*d.*; cold meats, 6*d.*; cup of tea or coffee with roll and butter, 4*d.*; and so on. His motto was "Tip-top tea and no tips." Smoking after 3 p.m. Deceased leaves two sons and three daughters, who survive him. The funeral, which will leave Main Street at 3 p.m. to-day, will be furnished by Silk, Brass & Co., No 14, The Ridgway.—*—The Knockham Star.*

W. B. BANNER.

We regret to announce the death, on the 14th instant, of William Bright Banner, our esteemed townsman and a member of Salem Chapel, Dewlap Road. Deceased was in his 60th year, having been born of humble parents in a Northumberland mining village and educated privately. When he was scarcely in his teens his parents left the North, taking him with them to Leicester, where, in deference to their wishes, he entered a boot factory. In the same year that the Prince Consort died, the late Mr. Banner, in conjunction with Tobias Flog, opened a small boot repairing establishment at the corner of Meadow Lane. Deceased, by his untiring energy and determination, which he owed to his mother's influence when still a child, raised the business step by step until he was able to erect the establishment on Pigskin Hill which is known to the locality as one of the best for high-class foot-wear in Little Mocester. The deceased gentleman, who by the way took much interest in municipal affairs, having a running contract for the repair of the boots of the Borough Police, used often to recall that when he started business, boots were 16*s.* 0*d.* per pair, whereas he supplied a trustworthy article in all sizes at 4*s.* 11*d.*, or in patent leather 5*s.* 11*d.* His business, which has passed into the hands of his nephew, the deceased being a strict bachelor, will be conducted as heretofore, and for one week, to commemorate the decease of his relative, his heir, Mr. Montague Ephraim Banner, has determined to sell all goods at a reduction of two-pence in the pound delivered free in Little Mocester. The premises, we need not remind our readers, are the first on the left as you turn the corner out of Hurdlegate. For further particulars see advertisement on page 3. Deceased left instructions in his will that the sum of £50 should be expended on a tombstone, the order for which has been placed in the hands of Cockle, Lucas, Limited, The Crescent.—*Little Mocester Guardian.*

A correspondent writes to the *Liverpool Daily Post*:—

"Sir,—There are two remarkable coincidences in the figures of the Aberdeen (North) Division. The votes cast for the Liberal Candidate are exactly the same as the combined votes of the Conservative and Socialist! Further than this, the Liberal majority over Socialist is exactly the same as the number of votes secured by the Tory!"

Wait! There is yet a third overpowering coincidence!! The Liberal majority over the Tory is exactly the same as the number of votes secured by the Socialist!!! (N.B. We had a paragraph like this four years ago, and we shall probably have one at the next election. But does it do any good? No.)

"The bodily needs would be met and without any offence necessarily to the gustatory susceptibilities."—*The Lancet.*

Or "taste," as we say in England.

AFFAIRE DE CŒUR.

Corydon.

I'LL take your photo, Phyllis dear,
And celebrate your charms right here.

Phyllis.

I cannot think what you can see
To sing about in little me.

Corydon.

I'll leave your photo on the shelf
And sing instead about myself.

When I was first by love possessed,
My heart was always in my mouth;
But, as the wild affair progressed,
That tiresome member travelled South.

For, with so many in the field,
Mine seemed the unkeliest of suits;
The more I felt my doom was sealed,
The more my heart was in my boots.

And then I tried to use finesse,
But failed my object to achieve.
He cannot hope for much success
Who wears his heart upon his sleeve.

I was indeed in sorry case,
For mine is not a heart of oak,
And, wearing it in such a place,
I naturally got it broke.

I thought to buy another one
And have it fitted on the spot.
The doctor said, "It can't be done,
You'll have to steel the heart you've got."

But oh! the pained surprise with which
The sympathetic fellow winced,
As I explained the fatal hitch:
"'Twas stolen on the seventh inst."

Phyllis.

You pig, you might have mentioned me!
I think you've acted heartlessly.

Corydon.

Oh come, I say! Look here, you know!
You said yourself not long ago . . .

Phyllis.

You needn't argue. We must part.
I hate a man without a heart.

"Play started with the men ankle deep in mud and the sound of their running like horses flashing through a stream."—*Leicester Daily Mercury.*

For years we have told the children that the flash didn't cause the thunder, and now it seems that we may have been wrong all the time.

"SALE of excellent HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, Piano, MARBLE BAS RELIEF of the 14th Century, by Don. E. Tello."—*Chester Observer.*

No Spaniards for us; Mike L. Angelo (N.) is the boy for our money.

From a Calendar:—

"January 13.—The Moham. New Year (1328). [Light up 5.15."



Public-House Proprietor. "VOTE FOR 1M!—NOT ME. 'E CAME INTO MY BAR AN' TALKED FOR A NOUR OR MORE ABOUT FREE TARIFF AND TRADE REFORM AN' LORDS EATIN' UP OUR LOAVES AND GERMANY SWALLERIN' UP WOT 'S LEFT, AN' *NEVER STOOD 'ISSELF SO MUCH AS A 'ARF-PINT O' BITTER, NOR EVEN ASKED ME IF I 'AD A MOUTH!*"

A WHINE FROM A WOOER.

ONCE on a time, ere leagues for woman's freedom
Had shed upon the world their golden gleam,
Ere dames had stormed the fortress of M.P.dom,
The mere man reigned supreme.

No female dared to challenge that position;
She only lived to grovel at his throne,
Content if she obtained his kind permission
To call her soul her own.

Then, lovers' vows were food for maids' digestion;
Then, swains received their meed of fond support,
Or read in azure eyes the plaintive question,—
Why come ye not to court?

That was indeed a great and glorious era;
But now we mourn for moments that are not,
Since modern damsels bluntly state that we 're a
Sad and a sorry lot.

Lovers, whose wounds still crave the same old healing,
Find when they come to throw the handkerchief
An absolutely callous lack of feeling
Almost beyond belief.

I love my country; I would gladly serve her;
But, since her daughters have no eyes to see
A matrimonial prize, I say with fervour,
"This is no place for me!"

Fixed is my resolution to escape hence;
I used to think my skin was fairly tough,
But kicks have been more plentiful than ha'pence;
It isn't good enough!

England, farewell, a long farewell; for why let
The heart remain a slave for chits to tease,
When there is many a comfy little islet
Set in the Southern seas.

Thither I 'll go, a lorn and lonely wight who,
Grown tired of wooing Phyllises, may rest
Content to know some coloured beads would buy two,
Two of the very best!

"The result of the election is not considered at all in doubt, the general feeling being that Sir Luke will be elected.
Only one person was killed."—*Leeds Mercury.*

Let 's hope he belonged to the other side.

"She was attended by Miss ——, who was attired in an écru net princess robe, daintily trimmed lace, and finishing at waist with turquoise blue sash."—*Newcastle Daily Journal.*

Very pretty, but it finished too soon.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MY feeling about *The Anger of Olivia* (MILLS AND BOON) is that under less discreet management than that of Mr. THOMAS COBB it would probably have developed into a much more serious affair. Because undoubtedly *Olivia* had a grievance. She had been brought up to consider herself the daughter of a widowed mother whose husband had lost his life heroically at sea. Whereas her real parent, *Dick Banister*, had disappeared to America, without going through the formality of marriage. So that when this *Banister* suddenly turns up in London, very rich, and proclaims his intention of righting everything on the better-late-than-never system, well, one sees how upsetting it must have been for poor *Olivia*. If she had lived in Wessex, for instance, almost anything might have happened. As a matter of fact, nothing does—which I take to be one secret of Mr. COBB'S popularity as a novelist. *Olivia* herself, a thoroughly nice girl, is admired placidly by two well-bred swains; one the insolvent but quite nice heir to a title, the other an artist and even nicer. *Banister* (who appears, somewhat unexpectedly, to be really as nice as anybody), seeing that an unmarried *Olivia* must remain an obstacle to his own belated nuptials, offers the first suitor twenty-five thousand pounds to take her and be happy. *Olivia* thereupon promptly accepts the other, and, her anger having by this time evaporated, the book leaves off as pleasantly as it began, having once more earned for Mr. COBB the gratitude of a nice-minded public.



INOPPORTUNE MOMENT CHOSEN BY THE MUSE FOR VISITING A RESPECTABLE POET.

TOM GALLON'S novel (LONG) exhales
The praises of that type of scamp—
Unrecognised except in tales—
The pseudo-gentlemanly tramp.

The hero, nobly born as you,
Has fallen, but his cultured air
Shines like a bull's-eye lantern through
The rags which are his only wear.

At least, I gather so, although
His doings, as depicted here,
Lack that refinement which we know
Clings to the caste of Vere de Vere.

In fact, *The Great Gay Road*—the way
On which he seeks his chequered fate—
Is not what I should reckon gay,
Nor yet particularly great.

Still, GALLON'S no raw hand; his works
Are nearly thirty (*vide* list),
And possibly in this there lurks
Some subtle point which I have missed.

Oblivious apparently of the unhappy predicament of his brother Peers, *Lord de Lys*, who is the hero of Mr. H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON'S *Romance at Random* (HUTCHINSON), occupied his time with a series of mild amatory adventures in different parts of the country and varying ranks of society, behaving always with that extreme chivalry which marks the knight-errant of monthly magazines, even if he happens to be a burglar. Not that *Lord de Lys* was that; I would trust him with a whole deer-forest if I had one, and if he stole anything it was merely the hearts of a procession of heroines, none of whom he met again, and none of whom I found particularly stimulating. The method of this rather watery *Prince Florizel* was to walk into strange houses and mix himself up with other people's concerns, generally love-affairs, and then, after having played Providence or made the place too hot to hold him, to disappear suddenly without leaving his card. Only once does an adventure border on the serious, and though these stories are pleasant enough reading they do not put any very exhausting strain on the emotions. I think *Lord de Lys* ought to have been roped in by his fellow-backwoodsmen to serve the cause. He might have made a considerable sensation by appearing on the wrong platform and impersonating Labour Members.

I welcome Miss SILBERRAD'S *Ordinary People* (CONSTABLE) as a serious study of London suburban life—serious in the sense that it is sincere. Without holding a brief for Suburbia I think that of late it has been treated with scant sympathy in fiction. We have had countless opportunities to laugh at suburban people, but we have been given few chances to learn much about them. Miss SILBERRAD is alive to the humours of Netherford, but she has not insisted upon them. Instead she has drawn a picture of the place which I, at any rate, feel to be true. We get a real insight into its little snobberies and cliques, so real indeed that were I to be suddenly planked down in Netherford I know exactly at which house I should hope to eat my early Sunday dinner. *Mr. Crickelby, John Cobham* and *Mrs. Toller* are typical Netherfordians, and (incidentally) my familiar friends. The book is perhaps unduly prolix, but in compensation we get to know these humdrum people and to realise that a most ordinary man may have at least one incident in his life which redeems him from commonplace. I regret that a touch of melodrama should have been added to *John Cobham's* love-story, for—to use a word of which Miss SILBERRAD is too fond—it is *somewhat* incongruous.

A Good-Plucked One.

According to *The Exeter Express and Echo*, Mr. IAN AMORY, the defeated Candidate, addressing his supporters from the window of the Liberal Club, spoke as follows:—"We will take our defeat like ladies and gentlemen. What we have got to do is to get ready for the next one (*Loud cheers*)."

CHARIVARIA.

IT is commonly thought that the new Parliament will be short-lived. So Orkney and Shetland must push on with their polling if they want to be in time for it.

***

One of the scandals of the present Elections has been the dragging in of the name of the Deity by certain owners of Nonconformist consciences. An unwritten law is surely needed here. The KING is not supposed to be drawn into an Election. This restriction should be extended.

***

"Up to the present," said the Chanticleer of the Exchequer at Stourbridge, "Bills have been signed by His Gracious MAJESTY, but in future they have got to be signed 'A. J. BALFOUR.' 'EDWARD REX' is not enough." Rejected Bills, we take it, will be endorsed, "Arthur Wrecks."

***

"There is one thing in common," said Mr. GEORGE, "between Whips and little children. It is said of little children that they ought to be seen and not heard. And Whips ought to be just the same." We don't know if he was thinking of the Chief Liberal Whip's announcement as to the PREMIER'S intentions toward Home Rule, but it is significant that Mr. J. A. PEASE will neither be seen nor heard in the House for some little time.

***

By the way, one of the most curious results of the Elections, it has been pointed out, is the defeat of Messrs. J. A. and Pike Pease, who whipped on opposite sides of the House. It looks as if there were something, after all, in the saying, "As like as two Peases."

***

Meanwhile it is said that a conference is about to be arranged between them, now that they have so much spare time, with the view of seeing whether they cannot convert one another.

***

Next time Mr. VICTOR GRAYSON must really be more careful in his choice of a Christian name.

***

The Liberal Candidate for the Stamford division of Lincolnshire said in his election address, "I stand for a minimum standard of life and comfort *below which no person shall be allowed to exist.*" This proposal that every Labour Exchange shall have a lethal chamber attached to it is surely a too drastic solution of the Unemployment question.

***

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, in the course of some severe remarks *à propos* of a political speech by the headmaster of Eton, advised him to stick to his last. This is rather good from Mr. CHURCHILL, whose last was the Conservative party.

***

The House of Lords is being embellished and re-gilded by one of the last orders of the Government. This confirms the rumour that it is to be offered to the United Irish Party for a Committee Room.

***

Black bread is becoming quite the rage in Conservative circles, but it is an exaggeration to say that long queues of Tories may be seen every morning at street corners waiting while the local shoe-black converts their white bread.

***

"£100 for a Title," announces *The Week End.* One gets some idea of the sensational slump which has set in when one thinks of the enormous fee which a certain Liberal peer is said to have paid for his title not so long ago.

***

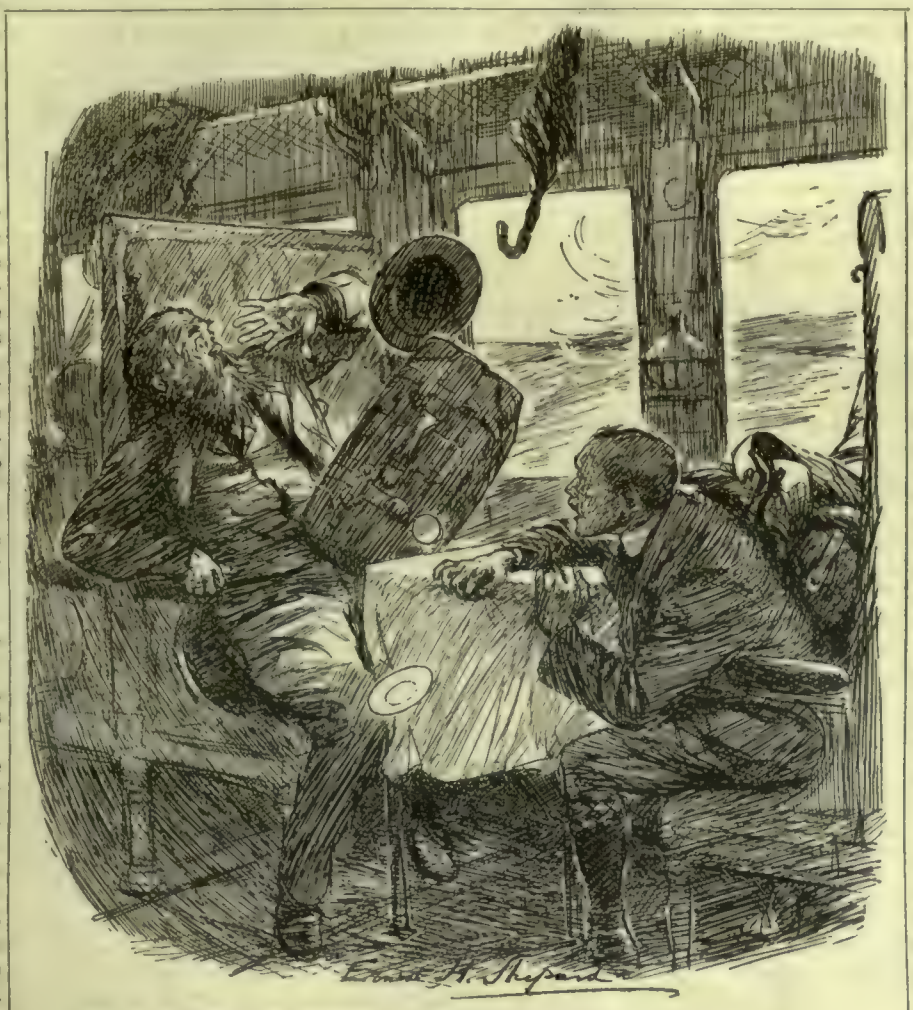
Judge WILLIS is improving. "It is one of the signs of a man being out of employment," he remarked at the Greenwich County Court, "when you see him with a cigarette in his mouth." There is something in this. In the same way a big cigar is often the sign of the successful bankrupt.

***

A number of Irish people who were recently deprived of their old-age pensions on various grounds have now been served with notices demanding reimbursement of the sums paid. The Government, it is said, is anxious to scrape together enough money for another *Dreadnought.*

***

Outside the collection box for the Children's Infirmary at Liverpool there has been placed an electric-light device which, immediately a coin is dropped into the box, displays the acknowledgment "Thank you." It is contemplated to introduce into churches a similar contrivance which will deliver an insulting message whenever a button is contributed.



Sandy. "HOOT, MAN, THE TRAIN'S GOING OFF THE LINE."
Donald. "DINNA FASH YERSEL, WE SHALL NO HAE TO PAY FOR THE DINNER."

THE ALTRUIST AT THE POLLS.

[On the front-window of *The Christian World* the total results of the elections have day by day been recorded, not under the natural headings, "Liberals" and "Unionists," but "For the People" and "For the Peers" respectively. *The Westminster Gazette* pictorially supports the same pleasant illusion with a slight variation—"Commons" and "Lords." If these categories mean anything, they mean that about half the British People have voted for the Peers instead of for themselves—a very noble performance.]

Most Christian England! They who deemed you selfish,
Who in the shape of poster, print, or song
Implied that your ideals were low and pelfish,
Have done you grievous wrong.

They pictured you as passing keen on spending
Your giant strength to strike the Tory dumb,
Moved by a single passion for distending
Your pocket and your tum.

They called on you to crush the vile encroacher,
To amputate the Peer's rapacious hand,
Laid like the paw of some insidious poacher
On your (the People's) land.

They trusted you would send to sheer perdition
These bloated Lords who longed to see you bled,
Who had designs, destructive of nutrition,
On your (the People's) bread;—

Monsters, whose bulging maws had ever fattened
On unearned increment of wine and oil;
Rodents whose teeth habitually battened
On your (the People's) toil.

And yet, with cheek presented to the smiters,
Taking a purely altruistic tone,
You beamed forgiveness on these belted blighters,
And made their cause your own!

Yes, in your myriads, drawn from every station—
Workers in towns and he that tills or delves—
You voted, like a really Christian nation,
For them and not yourselves!

I speak of England. Pawky Scots rejected
The claim of noble sentiments like these,
Choosing the primrose path where they expected
To pouch the most bawbees.

And "gallant little Wales" ignored the moral
Which in her bardic hymns you find rehearsed—
That noble knights should waive a private quarrel
And think of Others first.

(Erin's intentions I can scarce determine;
With Home Rule and the whiskey-still at stake,
Her manner towards the gentlemen in ermine
Is markedly opaque.)

Yet when the totalised results are sorted
We find this creditable fact (*loud cheers*)
That roughly half our populace supported
Its natural foe, the Peers.

Nay, though the Lords abused their light authority,
Consulting wantonly the People's will,
You justified 'em by a clear majority
Against the Budget Bill.*

So, lest we hear the voice of aliens crying
That you have let your chivalry go to seed,
Spent with the one desire of gratifying
Your own peculiar need,

Within our glorious annals be it noted,
And laid for future reference on our shelves,
How large a portion of the People voted
For Others, not themselves.

O. S.

* The result of the Irish Elections must be regarded as unfavourable to the Budget since the Nationalists voted against its Second Reading. So that, without prejudice to the future action of the Irish Party, we may say that the United Kingdom, by a substantial majority, has justified the Peers' reference to the People.

THE ENTHUSIAST.

I encountered him in the train, some scores of feet below the ground, and he interested me, for instead of regarding the periodical outbursts of poster-scenery or endeavouring to evade the stony stare of the people opposite he was deep in the perusal of a little book. Not that there was anything extraordinary in this fact; but he read as though his life depended on it. As we stepped off the car, faced the wind, and huddled into the lift, I noticed he had a dreamy look. He trod on a lady's dress and met her glance calmly, while I, who saw that glance only as an innocent spectator, was compelled to shudder at its lightning. I stood near him as the cage went up, and my curiosity perhaps attracted him, for he lifted his eyes from the volume—the page had been kept by his finger—and met my gaze. He smiled; I smiled too, encouragingly; too encouragingly, alas!

"I never waste a single minute," he remarked

"It is well," I said, "to occupy one's moments profitably."

"Yes. To that end I carry with me literature in lengths, if I may so term it, suitable for any emergency of the day."

"May I enquire . . . . ?" I asked, as we tripped over the step and fell into the street.

"With pleasure. In this pocket I have five *Peeps at Parnassus*—twopence a peep—each containing material for a ten-minute journey. In ten minutes I can read one of Dickens sonnets, one lyric of Johnson's, and one compressed edition of Butler's *Decline and Fall*. For longer journeys I have the Quick-Lunch Edition of Assorted Authors: No. 1 comprises 'Nibbles at Newton,' 'Snips from Shelley,' and 'Chips from Chesterton'—it can be read through in twenty minutes; No. 2 contains a page from Pope's *Essay on Man*——"

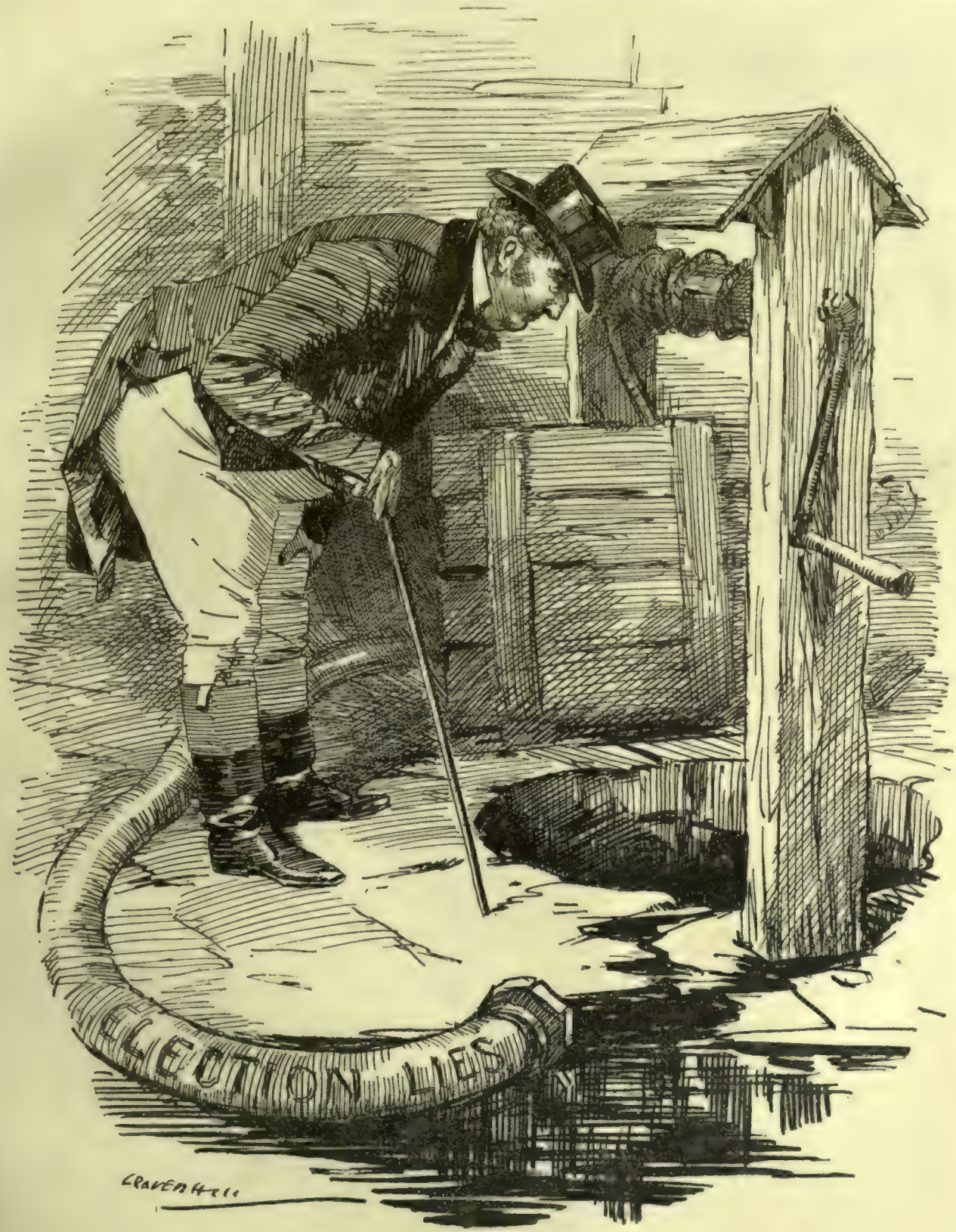
"Pardon me," I interrupted maliciously, "you mean Thackeray, of course—Thackeray's 'Essay on Man.'"

"Of course—thank you. Also two of Carlyle's short stories, and Henry James's 'Ode to Melancholy'; this will take up about half-an-hour. 'Fritters of Fancy'—another helpful idea—contains fifty three-minute touches, for use while I wait for lifts, wait to cross Piccadilly Circus, wait for the telephone, wait, in fact, for anything; it is so arranged that each item can be absorbed at a glance. Just to show you what can be done—yesterday was a busy time with me, and yet I managed to get through the 'Sonnet to a Grecian Urn' (you know that glorious thing of Milton's?); Wordsworth's 'Tiger, Tiger, Burning Bright'; Keats's 'La Belle Dame Sans Merci'——"

"I have always thought Verlaine's 'La Belle Dame' one of the loveliest things I ever read," I murmured.

"Verlaine, of course—the title should have told me—one gets a shade confused occasionally; er . . . four pages of *Three Men in a Boat*, by Emerson, and a chapter of *Omar*. Not bad for a busy man, eh? There is absolutely no excuse for the shameful modern ignorance of the world's best authors. In this way I regain the lost hours of youth, and incidentally become a brilliant conversationalist; my friends are astounded at the unerring manner in which I can fix a quotation. Allow me to illustrate——"

It was at this point that I wished farewell to this admirable representative of the age we live in.



THE POISONED WELL.

Voice of Truth (*from bottom of well*). "IS THIS GOING ON MUCH LONGER?"
John Bull. "NO, IT'S NEARLY OVER." Voice of Truth. "THANK HEAVEN!"



THE GOVERNMENT OF THE "CELTIC FRINGE"-CUM-CORDUROY.

Design for an appropriate composite costume for the "Ministerial Boy" returning from the wars with his "wild harp slung" all over him.

A REIGN OF TERROR.

INTIMIDATION, from all accounts, has been the salient feature of the recent Elections in the provinces. Several flagrant cases have been reported, notably from Carnarvon Boroughs and High Wycombe.

In Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S constituency two Carnarvon ladies had the effrontery to sport the Unionist colours, intending thereby to overawe a crowd of about two thousand adherents of the opposite party, chiefly quarrymen from Bethesda. These staunch Lloyd-Georgites—what a lot of "staunch" individuals there are at election time! — were driven to desperation by such dastardly tactics (another useful political phrase) on the part of a supercilious pair of aristocratic hooliganesses. The latter, not content with parading the badge of domination in public, carried their audacity to the point of exhibiting the same to the down-trodden descendants of the ancient Britons from the threatening portals of a Saxon post-office. To finish with, they attempted to carve their way with feudal arrogance, aided by an escort of their minions, the police, through the huddled masses of natives, who were now goaded by panic and recklessness into protesting against this last act of tyrannical aggression and raising cries of "Kill the devils!" We are glad to say that this show of independence on the part of a cowering concourse, now swollen to some five thousand, had its effect in putting an end to the reign of terror inaugurated by the pair of female despots. Feeling themselves now their match, the justly exasperated inhabitants swept aside the police-escort and nearly stripped the clothes from the backs of their would-be oppressors.

Truly, with such a display of courage and spirit, there is yet hope that freedom may be won.

At High Wycombe also, the audacious promoters of a dump-shop went, for once, too far in their campaign of intimidation. The collective Radical worm began to turn at last and the emblem of serfdom was overthrown, gutted, and generally dispersed to the winds. The populace arose in their might and chased the pro-peeriff proprietor from their midst. England has discovered at the eleventh hour how to deal with the autocrat, since a thousand sturdy patriots can now summon up courage to deal with one (or even two, if of the opposite sex) who would enslave them by sheer force of terrorisation.

These examples of intimidation should suffice for those who have hitherto been in doubt as to the exact political application of that word. But if further illustrations are needed we may say that (according to a speech of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, delivered a few days after the Welsh episode described above) it was intimidation "when great landowners came from outside to canvass their tenants" in these same Carnarvon Boroughs. Again, it was intimidation, in the view of a writer in *The Westminster Gazette*, when "the farmers and the landowners told the labourers that if the Budget passed and Free Trade continued there would be less work." On the other hand, it was *not* intimidation when Radical Candidates told the labourers that Tariff Reform would mean dearer bread.

So now we know all about intimidation.

THE RABBITS.

[*Second Series.*]

CHAPTER IV.—LAST MOMENTS.

"HAS anybody here seen Kelly?" asked Dahlia, putting her head in at the billiard-room door. "I mean Archie."

"I'm waiting here for Kate," I said. "I mean Myra."

"Oughtn't you to be dressing? It doesn't matter about me—I'm not on for a long time."

"A rat-catcher's best suit is not an elaborate one; I can put it on in about five minutes. It is now 7.15; we begin at 8.30—hence the billiard cue. More chalk."

"Oh, *why* aren't you nervous? How you can stand calmly there——"

"I *am* nervous. Look." I aimed carefully and put the red into a pocket some miles away. "There you are. Have you ever seen me do that in real life? Of course not. If my hand had been steady I should have been a foot to the right. Still more chalk."

"Well, I want Archie, and I shall cry if I don't find him. That's how I feel." She sat down and got up again.

"My dear Dahlia," I said solemnly, "now you can understand a father's feelings—I mean, now you see what you women have brought on yourselves. Who suggested a play? The women. Who dragged me into it? The women. Who said rat-catchers always wore whiskers? The women. Who is designing me a pair of whiskers at this moment? The wom— Simpson. Who but for whom (this is going to be a difficult sentence) would be just thinking of dressing leisurely for dinner, instead of which we had a hasty snack and have now got to put on Heaven knows what? The women. Well, it serves you right."

"Don't be horrid. I want Archie." She got up for the third time and drifted out of the room.

I chalked my cue and went into a pocket without touching anything. When I say I went in, I mean that the ball I was playing with went in. You do see that? Very well then. I took it out and began to squint along my cue again, when two hands came suddenly over my eyes and a voice said, "Guess who it is."

"The Queen of Sheba," I tried.

"Right," said Myra.

I turned and looked at her.

"Golly, you do, you really do!" I said at last. "Did they always dress like that in the Bong era? Short skirts, long pigtail, bare arms——lovely."

"'I can sit in the sun and look just twenty-one,'" sang Myra as she dropped into a sofa.

"Well, just at present you're sitting in the billiard-room and looking about fifteen . . . How are you getting on with your French this term? I had a very bad report in the holidays, from your governess. The extra ninepence a week seems to have been simply thrown away."

"Aren't you excited?" said Myra, looking at me with sparkling eyes.

"As for Callisthenics, well, what I say is, 'My daughter is Church of England, and if you don't like it she can come away. I'm not going to have her stuffed up with all that nonsense.'"

Myra jumped up. "Aren't you excited?" she insisted.

"Feel my tongue—I mean my pulse, it's quite normal. And why? Because I've forgotten my part and I'm going to bed."

"It's a great responsibility our beginning the play."

"It is. Have you ever thought that, if we refused to begin, the play couldn't continue, and then the audience would be able to go home? My idea was to tackle the people as they arrive, and come to terms with them. I'm sure there's money in it."

"You aren't bothering, are you?"

"Of course I am. I'd give a hundred pounds to be out of it. No, I wouldn't—I'd give a hundred pounds if you'd always wear that frock, and do your hair like that. Will you? And you shall go on with your French, child."

Myra curtsied prettily.

"And I'll go on with my whiskers. You haven't seen me in those yet, have you?" There was a loud noise without. "Here they are, coming in."

It was not the whiskers, however, but Archie and Thomas in full costume: Archie in green, and Thomas in black.

"Hallo," said Archie, "I feel just like a conjurer."

"You look just like a grasshopper," said Thomas.

"My dear friend," said Archie, patting him kindly on the shoulder, "is that you? But you oughtn't to be here, you know. You came up the hot-water pipe, I suppose? Yes, yes, but they misdirected you—the blackbeetle department is in the basement. Well, well, it will be easier going down."

"Archie, Dahlia's looking for you."

"It's all right, she found me. She was nearly in tears. She said, 'Is that my Archibald or an onion?' I said 'Fear not, fair one, 'tis but the early crocus.' Myra, don't you think they've overdone the green rather? To be quite frank I don't see why a conjurer should be dressed in green at all."

"To distinguish him from the rat-catcher in brown, the executioner in black, and the Master of the Gold Fish in red."

"I had thought that perhaps a certain aptitude for legerdemain might so distinguish him. But I perceive that I am wrong. Hallo, why aren't you in brown, then?"

"I'm going on like this," I explained. "I was going to have changed, but now I've seen you two I don't think I will. With my ordinary clothes, one whisker—probably the starboard one—and a little insouciance, I shall be a great success."

"What annoys me," said Thomas, "is that in the early Bong age they had no bally pockets. I've simply got nowhere to keep a handkerchief."

"Keep it behind the scenes;" and then if you blow your nose immediately before the execution, and again immediately after it, you ought to be all right."

"It isn't for that; it's in case I want to cry."

"It's all right for me," said Archie. "I've simply got to say, 'Now can anybody in the audience oblige me with a handkerchief?' and I shall get dozens."

"Then I shall probably touch you for one. Great Irvings, is this really Simpson?"

The Emperor Bong was making a splendid entry, looking (except for his spectacles) exactly like an emperor

"Rise, rise," he said. "Stop grovelling. Oh, look here, you fellows, when I say 'On the stomach!' then you must—— Oh, I beg your pardon, Miss Mannering, I didn't see you were there."

"Where are my whiskers?" I asked sternly.

"My dear old chap, I couldn't do them; there wasn't enough to go round. I made two nice little eyebrows instead—you'll find them on your dressing-table. 'Oh, I am the Emperor Bong, I am beautiful, clever and strong. I am beauti——' Do you think I ought to wear my spectacles or not?"

There was a loud shout of "No!"

"Oh, all right. But I shall probably fall over the sunset or something. Thomas, if you see me wandering into a new moon, tap me on the head with your axe. Why isn't my rat-catcher dressed?"

"He was waiting for his whiskers."

"That's perfectly absurd. You could have grown a pair in the time. Go and dress at once."

"I refuse to do anything till quarter-past eight," I said. "If I get into my things now all the atmosphere will have worn off by the time we begin."

"It's worn off me a long time ago," said Thomas dismally.

"And me," said Myra, with a shiver.

"Well, we're all very miserable," said Archie; "let's have a bottle of something. What? Oh, hush! Simpson, just ring the bell, and I'll show you a little conjuring trick. There's nothing on the table at present, is there? No. Well now, you watch."

A. A. M.

THE STAGE AND SOCIETY.

FOLLOWING THE LEAD OF LADY CONSTANCE STEWART-RICHARDSON.



THE DUKE OF DULMINSTER SINGS AS MUCH AS HE CAN REMEMBER OF "PUT ME AMONG THE GIRLS," WITH THE IDEA OF FOUNDING A HOME FOR INDIGENT LANDOWNERS.



WHILE HER GRACE TAKES HER PET DOGS ROUND THE HALLS FOR THE BENEFIT OF BROKEN-DOWN M.F.H.'S.



MRS. "OOFY" GOLDBERG STARS AS A TRICK CYCLIST, THEREBY ESTABLISHING A REFORMATORY FOR STRAY CATS.



WHILE HER HUSBAND GIVES HIS GREAT "IMPERSONATOR" ACT IN AID OF A FUND TO FACILITATE THE REPATRIATION OF ALIENS.

HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH BEATEN.

[A foretaste of the Cheery Optimism which we may expect to see in the Radical Halfpenny Press at the *Next* Election!]

THE Beef Taxers are beaten and they know it. The Unionist Party is dead and buried and will never be resurrected. Yesterday ninety-eight seats were contested. Of these it is true the Black-Breaders won twenty-four, and the Anti-Peerites only won two, but one has only to glance at the names of the constituencies which have changed their political faith to appreciate the true significance of the stupendous Liberal victory with which the country is ringing to-day. Here they are:—

PARTY GAINS.

Beef Taxers.	Seats.	*Anti-Peerites.*	Seats.
Manchester	5	Hammersmith	1
Glasgow	4	Rochester	1
Liverpool	2		
Swansea	1	Total	2
Bristol	2		
Edinburgh	3		
Nottingham	1		
Leeds	4		
Sheffield	2		
Total	24		

It will be seen, as Mr. LLOYD GEORGE remarked contemptuously in his magnificent speech last night, that the gains of the Beef Taxers are mainly in the industrial towns of the provinces. Let them make as much of these so-called gains as they like. HAMMERSMITH (large caps, please!), where the great heart of London again beats true to Liberalism, is ours! Hammersmith has sealed the fate of the Beerites for ever. Rochester, our other gain, is magnificent! By the superb majority of ninety-eight (only two less than a hundred!) this typical centre of cathedral culture in the Home Counties has sent the Pro-Peers packing!

To show how hopeless is the case of the Beef Taxers, we have only to look at the

PRESENT STATE OF PARTIES.

Liberals	17	
Labour	26	
Socialists	19	108
Nationalists	38	
Independents	8	
Beef-Taxers (Including the Speaker)	102	
LIBERAL MAJORITY	**6**	

There is no getting away from these figures. They speak for themselves. This is only the third day of the Elections, but we have already won! Protection is a dead donkey. Free Trade is a living, roaring lion. Hammersmith and Rochester have spoken. The sands are running out. Let us hear no more——

[Quite right.—ED.]

STOP PRESS NEWS.

ELECTION RESULTS.

CORK CITY.—One Nationalist and one Independent Nationalist returned.

STATE OF PARTIES.

LIB.	17	
LAB.	26	
SOC.	19	110
NAT.	39	
IND. NAT.	9	
BEEF-TAXERS	102	
LIB. MAJ.	8	

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE at Pulwhymwnlly:—

"Protection is not only damned, it is dead."

PROMETHEA.

BEFORE the February day
Yellows the window-pane once more,
I hear her on her slipshod way
Clatter outside my bedroom door,
Unshrined and all unknown to fame—
To me a goddess just the same!

Hers was no columned Grecian grove,
Hers no be-ferned Sicilian fount;
No shepherd of the white-fleeced drove
Adjudged her fair on Ida's mount,—
Nor did she in the dusk unbar
The dawn gate for the sun-god's car!

Yet, ere the laggard milkman cries,
Ill-nurtured nymph of household care
She comes, poor child, with heavy eyes
Adown the creaky lodging stair,
To struggle with the Stygian gloom
Of fog that fills the dining-room!

Coarse-fingered, grimy as to face
From scuttle, pan, or window-sill—
Well, was the very rosiest Grace
So fit to merit man's good-will
As she, who comes in low estate,
Poor little drudge, to lay the grate?

And when the glow of kindly flame
Leaps 'neath her touch to warm and cheer
The cockles of the human frame,
Its little handmaid doth appear,
For sheer humanitarian worth,
His equal, who brought Fire to Earth!

"Cook, disengaged; used to about 70 horses."—*Liverpool Echo.*

This advertisement is premature. "Cook" must try again when a Tariff Reform Government is in and we are all eating horse-flesh.

NORTH *v.* SOUTH.

A GREAT public demonstration was held last Saturday in Belle Vue Gardens, Manchester, to record the indignant protest of Lancashire against the publication in *The Spectator* of an article signed *Ouris*, contending that London was always right in politics.

Mr. Bellairy Hilloc, M.P., who took the chair, was greeted with enthusiastic cheers, showers of French beans and other appropriate floral tributes. When order had been restored, Mr. Hilloc said that in his long and arduous career he had often been stirred to righteous indignation, but never had his blood broiled with a fiercer fury than on the present occasion. Speaking as a rate-payer (*Cheers*), a tax-payer (*Loud cheers*), a patriot (*Cries of "Cheers for* LLOYD GEORGE!") and a father of a family (*Immense enthusiasm, and cries of "A bas* BALFOUR!" "*Conspuez Kensington*") he did not hesitate to say that this insult to Lancashire wounded him to the quick. For London—the home of the idle and rotten rich—to insinuate that she led Lancashire was a monstrous perversion of fact. The direct contrary could be proved in a thousand ways. If the Thames was "liquid history," the Irwell was "clotted wisdom." Did not the proverb run: "What Lancashire thinks to-day, England thinks to-morrow"? Was it not the case that what Orkney and Shetland said to-day, Lancashire said the week before last? Had not Lancashire elected him (Mr. Hilloc) one of its Members? (*A voice: "Rub it in!" and confused howls from the gallery*). Had not London borrowed the names of Piccadilly and Oxford Street from Manchester?

Mr. Hilloc concluded a brilliant speech by declaring that he never went to bed without drinking two pints of Lancashire botanic beer.

Dr. HANS RICHTER, who spoke with a strong Lancashire accent, said that he associated himself with what had fallen from the lips of the previous speaker. Manchester was the Mecca of British musicians, and the Hallé Concerts, which he had the honour to conduct (*A voice: "Cheers for* LLOYD GEORGE!"), were the best human approximation to the music of the spheres (*Cheers for Hallé's Comet*). The scenery of the Manchester Ship Canal was superb and fully equal to that of the beautiful blue Danube. (*Dissent.*)

Miss HORNIMAN added a few eloquent words on the interest shown by the people of Lancashire in the drama. In Manchester the theatre was a democratic institution, whereas London showed its enslavement to obsolete feudal prejudices by naming one of its new theatres "The Coronet" ("*Down with the Peers!*").

The Editor of *The Manchester Guardian*



First Politician. "I SEE MR. MEADOWS HAS GOT IN FOR MID-MUDSHIRE, MRS. JONES. HE 'S A FRIEND OF MINE, THOUGH HE IS SO STRONG ON THE OTHER SIDE."

Second Politician. "OH! DEAR! DEAR! MISS, TO THINK HOW PEOPLE DO GET LED AWAY!"

First Politician. "WELL, I SUPPOSE, AFTER ALL, THAT 'S JUST WHAT THEY WOULD SAY OF US."

Second Politician. "I DARESAY THEY WOULD, MISS, BUT THEN, YOU SEE, WE ARE LED AWAY IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION!"

in a polished address called attention to the euphony of Lancashire nomenclature. London and its environs could boast no such names as Chowbent or Bootle, where the historic Baby came from. Even the streets in Manchester had Christian names, *e.g.* John Dalton Street. If he were not a Mancunian he would infinitely rather be a Liverpudlian than a Cockney. In conclusion he said that though they were all for cotton he hoped they would never be worsted (*Cries of "Help!" and "Chestnut"*).

Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT, the famous novelist, said that, speaking as a working-man with some knowledge of DANTE, he repudiated the contention of *Οὐ-ις*, with all the Goliardic *bravura* at his command. Mr. HEWLETT then quoted a long passage from GUICCIARDINI in the original Italian, punctuated by continuous cries of "Rub it in!" and ended a brilliant peroration by denouncing Lord LANSDOWNE as a desiccated *guastamestiere*.

A resolution to the effect "that London's claim to be superior in political intelligence to Lancashire is a gigantic and impudent imposture" was then carried by acclamation, and after the Chairman had sung, "*Partant pour la Syrie*," to the accompaniment of the Besses o' th' Barn Temperance Reed Band, the huge audience dispersed in a state of comatose complacency.

"Mr. McKean said he did not wish to add to the bitterances of the contest, and he would be glad if any words of his which would tend to bitterness would be forgotten."—*Dublin Evening Herald.*

But he must not try to improve on that delightful word "bitterance."

Spare the Rod.

"There is too much sugary sentimentality in our dealings with our children. There is an overwhelming desire to shield them from the present woe at the expense of the future weal."
The Gentlewoman.

"The present weal" is what was meant.

"The doxology and further refreshments closed a delightful gathering."—*Penrith Observer.*

We can quite imagine that the spiritual refreshment had to be supplemented.

"The large comet was seen by a resident in the heavens in the direction of the Forest."—*The Football Echo and Sports Gazette.*

"The resident in the heavens" may well have been Venus; and, if so, we think Mars ought to be told about it.

The Observer states that among the dances which Lady CONSTANCE STEWART-RICHARDSON gave was, "Grieg's 'Ass's Death.'" This must be a companion piece to the tune the old cow died of.

"For my part I look for a very close match with a great deal depending upon the way in which H. O. Cooper shapes with his Cambridge colleague, H. O. Cooper."—*Sportsman.*

One would expect them to be about the same shape.



BALM.

"SPEAK, SAUNDERS, SPEAK! DON'T YOU KNOW ME? I'M YOUR *LANDLORD!*"

THE REMONSTRATOR.

III.—THE SUB-EDITOR.

"You are the sub-editor, aren't you?" I asked.

"Yes," he said.

"May I have a few minutes' conversation with you?"

"Certainly, if it 's important."

"It 's about the paper," I said.

"Oh, all right then," he replied, "fire away."

"This article," I said, unfolding yesterday's issue. "'Astounding Revelations.' I suppose you had a hand in that?"

"Only to cut it down and insert cross-headings," he answered, "and to give it its title, of course."

"That 's just it," I said. "I guessed it was you. Did you read it?"

"Read it? My dear Sir, I have just told you I cut it down."

"Then you were astounded?"

"Well . . . I don't know exactly that I was astounded."

"But you must have been. Here 's the title—added, of course, after you had finished the cutting down—'Astounding Revelations.' A man doesn't deliberately say that unless he has been astounded, does he?"

"Put it that I was surprised."

"Oh, no—'astounded.' You said so. So amazed—to be literal—that you were struck dumb as by a peal of thunder."

He laughed.

"Then it 's not true?" I said.

"No, of course not. It 's journalism."

"And journalism isn't true?"

"Well, not minutely and meticulously true in every point. How could it be? There isn't time."

"But why 'astounding,' anyway? Why not 'surprising' or 'unexpected'?"

"So tame. Besides, where should we be beside the other papers? You evidently don't know much about evening papers. There are certain words which every sub-editor must use if he is to satisfy his employers. 'Astounding' is one of them. We have to be careful, of course, not to overdo it, but 'astounding' once in every ten days makes a great difference to the sales.

"Then there 's 'sensational.' You have seen that, of course? 'Sensational' is almost as good as 'astounding,' but not quite. 'Scene' is a seller, too: 'Scene in Court,' 'Scene at a Theatre,' 'Scene in the Strand.' You can't go wrong with that. After we have used 'Scene' often enough we say 'Disturbance'; but 'Scene' 's much better.

"'West-End' also is valuable. 'Scene in a Church,' for example, would not catch the reader half so surely as 'Scene in a West-End Church.' The other day there was a row in a wretched little club in the Italian Quarter in Soho; but do you suppose I hesitated to call it 'Raid on a West-End Club'? Certainly not. 'Raid on a Club' means nothing.

"Then 'shocking.' In a way everything at all violent is shocking, but we keep the word for accidents and murders, alternating it with 'terrible' and 'horrible.' No murder is anything but horrible, of course, yet we find that to continue to say 'horrible murder' is profitable. 'Brutal murder' pays well too. 'Disgraceful' also is a good friend to us; the public lay down their coppers for it nobly—even more readily than for 'thrilling.'"

He ceased.

"Thank you," I said, having caught the infection, "for your astounding revelations. I quite understand now."



THE IRONY OF CIRCUMSTANCE.

Mr. John Redmond. "WELL, IF I CAN'T RULE IN DUBLIN, I CAN HERE!"



CHILDREN HAVING PLAYED SUCH A PROMINENT PART IN THE RECENT ELECTIONS, IT IS RUMOURED THAT AT THE NEXT THEY WILL AS A UNITED PARTY DEMAND REDRESS OF THEIR OWN GRIEVANCES.

"GOOD OLD CHARLIE."

["I do not wish to make it (the Navy) a Party thing, but one has to get into Parliament somehow."—*Lord Charles Beresford at Parkstone.*]

GIVE it a rest, my CHARLES: it hasn't paid.
The meetings that declare you good and old,
Hearing the clamour of your whirling words,
And all the pretty touches of your style;
The innuendoes and the strange abuse
Of those who see not eye to eye with CHARLES;
The panic-moving phrases, and the froth
Stirred by the windy methods of your speech—
These meetings cheer, but, oh, they disbelieve.
"Somehow to Parliament!" Is that your cry?
Quocunque modo rem—you know the tag—
Si possis recte, and the rest of it.
But where's the *recte* of your latest mood?
You doubt the Navy and the Navy's Lords,
Not being one of them—ay, there's the rub—
And so to gain your petty private end,
"Navy!" you cry, "It's going to the dogs.
Few ships we have, and those not fit to float;
Few guns, and those not fit to fire a shot;
And men too few to man our failing ships;
And fools (or traitors) at the head of all,
Fools since they will not all agree with me,
And traitors since they scout my plain advice."
And so the Navy's made a Party thing,
And CHARLIE B. is sent to Parliament.
Well, there's a level there for all to find,
For CHARLES and others, and the words that shake
The platform leave the benches undisturbed.
And PERCY SCOTT perchance might give a hint
Of CHARLES, the breezy sea-dog, and his ways.
Therefore, while yet the Fates allow, perpend;
Since BERESFORD too is mortal he may make
Mortal mistakes like any other man.
Give it a rest, my CHARLES: it hasn't paid.

The Matrimonial Column.

"Reversion to a moiety of £12,800 payable on the death or marriage of a lady aged 36. Will accept any reasonable offer."—*The Law Society's Registry.*

Taking her age into account we cannot blame the lady.

Mr. HICKS-BEACH on his victory, as reported in *The Gloucester Citizen*:—

"Once again it has stuck true to its old colours. (Loud cheers and cries of 'Good old True Gloucester (cheers and cries of 'Good old Glouloucester—(Cheers, and cries of 'ood old loucester')."

The enthusiasm seems to have been immense.

ON THE RANK.

(Growler speaks.)

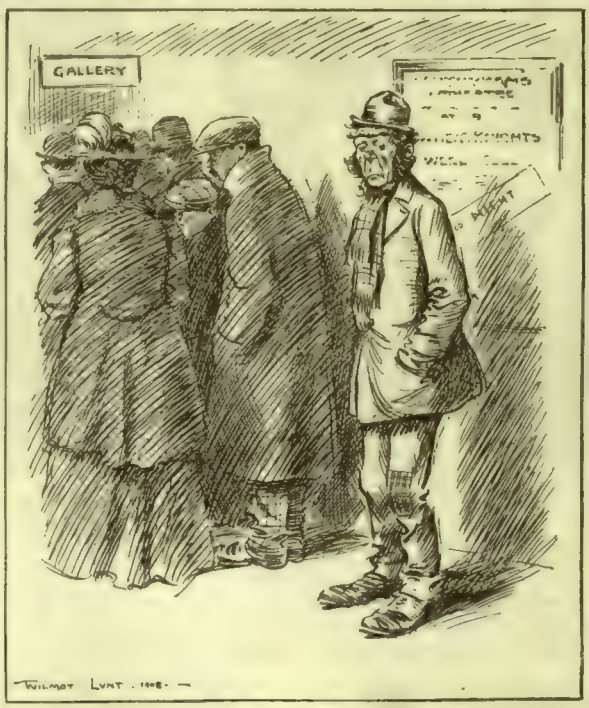
II.

I 'AD a couple o' Suffrajits in my keb the other day. They 'ails me near the Benk, an' says, "Drive 'ard to Traffalgy Square." An' the 'ole way they was cryin' "Votes for Wimming," an' jumping about like a couple o' performin' fleas. Which reminds me. 'Ave you seen them performin' fleas they 're showin' in the Edgweer Road? They 're well worf seein'. There 's one on 'em does sech tricks as 'd make 'is fortune, I should say, on the Music 'All stage. Might call 'im "Little Itch." Well, I was goin' to tell you about these Suffrajits. When they gets to Traffalgy Square—all the way from the Benk to Traffalgy Square—they gets out, *an' gives me a shillin'*, an' cries, "Votes for Wimming!" "Votes for Wimming?" I says; "Oats for 'Orses, that 's what I want. 'Ere 'ave you been usin' my keb as a featre, an' then you offers me a shillin' for its 'ire!" But there, what 's the good of argufyin' with that sort? I chucks the shillin' after 'em, an' drives hoff amid the cheers of the populice . . . My opinion of 'em is they 're mad. They 're tryin' to prove that they ought to 'ave the vote by showin' they ain't wurvy of it.

Votes for Wimming, indeed! My old 'ooman started gettin' uppish one night—I 'spec' some of them Suffrajits 'ad been talkin' to 'er—but I don't stand none of 'er truck. I puts my foot down at once, an' pretty 'eavy too. I says, "You mustn't fink that because I drives a 'orse I can't drive a donkey as well."

Mind you, there ain't nuffink new about these Suffrajits. I recollec' when I was a young man we 'ad the Wimmings' Rights meetin's. An' I recollec' a werry good tale they used to tell about 'em. There was a Wimmings' Rights meetin' at the St. James's 'All, an' the lidy speaker she says, "After all, we 've often 'eard of a Perfec' Woman, but oo 's ever 'eard of a Perfec' Man?" At that up jumps a miserable little second-'and-lookin' feller in the body of the 'all, an' 'e says, "Hif you please, I 've 'eard of a Perfec' Man—'ear of 'im every day in my life." "Ho!" says the lidy speaker, "an' pray oo 's 'e?" "Why, my wife's first 'usbang," hanswers the little man. Ha-ha! That 's my idea of a good story.

Which reminds me—a bloke as I knows what drives a 'ansom-keb 'ad a lark one day. 'E was a-drivin' a 'usbang an' wife, an' they started discussin' what the fare 'd be. 'E says, "Heighteenpence," an' she says, "No, certingly not more than a shillin'," at which they was almost startled out o' their lives by suddingly 'earin' a loud voice from the top shout, "Ye 're both wrong; it 's a couple o' bob!" Ha-ha! They didn't know the trep-door was jess open. Same bloke was a-drivin' a gent with a habnormally large nose one day, an' it comes on to rain. "Let down the glawss," says the fare. "All right, Sir," says my friend; "lean back, Sir," for 'e sees 'is nose a-stickin' out. "I *am* leanin' back as far as I can," hanswers the fare. Ha-ha!



Irishman (after waiting at the theatre entrance for a long time on a cold night). "SHURE IT 'S MYSELF WAD SOONER WALK FIFTY MILES THAN SHTAND FIVE!"

Let 's see, what was I a-talkin' about? Oh, yes, 'ow close the lidies are. No, they never overpays you. Not that they 'as a monoply o' meanness, mind you. There 's gents — himitation gents, I should say—what bilks you. One done that to me a fortnight ago come tomorrer. I drove 'im all the way from the Swish Cottage to a 'uge big buildin' in the City what 'ad a hentrance-in on the one side, and a hentrance-out on the other side. 'E says, "I shan't be a minnit." An' 'e wasn't. I 'm waitin' for 'im still. I fink I shall know 'im again, but I don't fink 'is own muvver will know 'im when I 've done wiv 'im. I 'm one what 's slow to hanger, but, when my dander 's up, it 's hup, an' it 's been gettin' huppier every day for a fortnight now. I shall reconnise 'im right enough. 'E 'ad carroty 'air—an' a turnip nose. The deesign of that nose is goin' to be haltered.

No, my opinion o' people is they 're deteriatin' all round. For one thing you don't meet with the same respec' as you used to. They fink nothin' of insultin' a 'orse kebby now. T'other night I says to some gents as was walkin' along, "Keb?" an' one o' them hanswers, "No thenks, we 're in a 'urry." That was Yewmour, I suppose. Then a lidy asks me if I cou d tell 'er where she could find a taxi-keb. There 's exquizzit delicacy for you! I needn't tell you where I told 'er to go for 'er taxi-keb. Then there was two gentermen as 'ailed me in the Stran'. Furriners I took 'em for—Parly-voos, or Yah-yahs. There ain't nuffink but furriners in Town nowadays; it makes you fair start to 'ear a word of Henglish. "Gabman," they says, "vill you please drife us to ze Al'ambra." So they jumps in, an' I thinks, "I 've got a bit of all right 'ere." An' when they gets out they says, "Gabman, 'ow mooch, please—vot is your far?" "'Alf-a-sovring," I says. "Right," they says, "there 's a shillin' towards it, you lyin' ole scoundrel!" This in Hinglish, so that I almos' fell off my box! You see, they was only purtendin' to be furriners. More Yewmour, I suppose. You bet I give my 'orse a whippin' for that!

THE TESTING OF THE TARMAC.

THE Tarmac pond—it is short for Tarmacadam, a compound of tar and sand and sawdust—has been the outcome of the curler's repeated disappointments. After years of open winters, when he seemed to have never the ice and the cup and the players all together, he set about him to discover the best means of economising the frost, so that the game might be played with the least possible support from the forces of nature. The Tarmac is sprayed with the merest skin of water, and if it is freezing at all the ice is made in half an hour and the game can at once begin. It will readily be understood that the main requirement of a Tarmac pond is that it should be level. For it is not the water level that one plays on but the level of the surface itself.

I suppose I made a mistake in employing a local man. One generally does. Anyhow the pond was finished, the bill was sent in, and the contractor paid me a last visit to inspect his

handiwork before the transaction was concluded.

There had been a heavy shower of rain during the night, and it seemed to me a relevant question to put to him—why, if the Tarmac was dead level, was it covered with puddles? Was it not an established fact that water ran to the lowest point?

"Weel," said McHogg at once, "that is a very interesting obsairvation. The truth is that the leveller a pond is the mair puddles there are. If there was a slack place anywhere there would just be the one puddle." He seemed to have me there. But I insisted that each separate puddle represented a depression.

"I do not believe that the water in any of them will cover a penny," said he. He was a little disconcerted when on this being tested a column of no fewer than three pennies was completely submerged.

"Aweel," he said, "it 's everyway likely that that 'll level oot of itself, owing to the contraction." I have not yet the faintest idea what he meant by that. Then he shifted his ground.

"Thae Tarmacs," he remarked, "are a grand thing for the game o' curlin'. Ye may say they have introjooced new and scientific elements. It 's just the fact of theyre no being quite level that adds a zest."

"But you said this one was dead level."

"Hoots, ay. In a sense, that is. But I was speaking to an auld curler in the train this morning. He tells me they have grand sport on the Tarmac at Crashie Howe. It 's that onlevel that it requires a special skill. They are fair delighted with it."

"But you undertook——"

"Ye see the game 's getting too simple for thae guid players. Ony fule can play straight on a true board. But on the Tarmac they have the advantage of a' thae wee ups and doons. There 's no mistake it adds an interest. Some o' them are no so very carin' aboot the deep water noo. They find it kind o' monotonous."

I cut the excellent McHogg short by pointing out that what I wanted was a level Tarmac, and that he must fulfil his contract by making good all the depressions before his bill would be paid. He turned to me almost in horror.

"Man," he said, "ye canna' patch her the noo."

"Why not?" said I.

"Ye 'll spoil the business entirely. We 'll never get a fair surface if we begin to tamper wi' her. She 's settled noo into her final form."

"But did you not tell me that the hollows would level out owing to contraction?"

"Oo ay, in a sense. I dinna say just her final form. But we daurna patch her. That 's fatal."



First Loafer. "WELL, 'OW 'VE YE GOT ON THROUGH THE 'LECTION TIME?"
Second Loafer. SHOCKIN'! COULDN'T RAISE SO MUCH AS A FILL O' BACCY OUT O' NOBODY, FEAR OF ITS BEIN' TOOK FOR BRIBERY AND C'RUPTION."

"But I tell you she 's not level."

"Weel, they 're awfu' queer things, levels. They 're not to be depended on. But," with growing enthusiasm, "ye 'll get grand ice on here. The pond 's fine: there 's nothing ails her. Div 'e think Sandy 'll win the cup the 'ear?"

I admit that McHogg here succeeded in involving me in a lengthy discussion of curling prospects, but I brought him back at last and finally appealed to the evidence of the spirit-level which projected from his waistcoat pocket. This he was quite willing, even anxious, to apply. He supported it on a plank six or eight feet long, and it did not occur to me till afterwards that by this means he was bridging over the smaller depressions. According to this test there was no fault to be found, and McHogg further strengthened his case by a final statement that it was the oil on the surface that gathered the water. It had nothing to do with the levels. "In a manner o' speaking," he concluded, "the water is no lying doon below the surface. It's standin' up above, by capeellary attraction. In a sense."

On further testing I found that one could only draw to the tee by taking a line a yard outside the seven-foot circle. But meanwhile McHogg had got his cheque.

TO MY PIPE.

(Upon the occasion of a periodical expurgation.)

THE rose, whose sweetness fills your grain,
Too wildly flowers, unless we trim it;
All happiness may turn to pain
And prove "the limit."

And music rare, whose rising swell
Enchants the soul, may soar, my poppet,
Till someone has to go and tell
The brutes to stop it.

Such is the case, I trow, with you;
Those lees of elegiac ferment,
That ripe luxuriance is due
For disinterment.

Not once nor twice my so-called friends
Have chaffed the swan-song in your channel
(Poor smokers of inferior blends,
Their pipes are scrannel).

Little I care for what they say;
But I myself have found your wheezes
A thought too rich, too rare to-day—
Like German cheeses.

So with the fond regret of one
Who finds the blessèd daylight struck dim
Because his heart's adored, his Sun,
Has been and chucked him,

And, though his life henceforth must be
Hollow and tasteless, tries to scrimmage
Out of the gates of memory
Her glorious image,

I gird me to the bitter strife,
And excavate your clotted splendour
(Using a hat-pin and a knife)
Into the fender. EVOE.

THE BORN ORATOR.

A MAN with Burke-Brown's gift of eloquence was not likely to circumscribe its value by attaching himself to any one political party. Unhampered by convictions, he was ever prepared to put his unequalled talents at the service of either side. I never knew an orator who could carry away his audience so easily or to such a distance from the facts. It was not what he said, it was the way he had of saying it. He not only revelled in the sound of his own voice, but was the cause of revelling in others. In constant request on rival platforms, he threw off at least twice as much oratory as any partisan during the Elections. Towards the close of the conflict his impartiality began to tell upon him; yet the influence of his persuasive manner upon the emotions of his hearers lost nothing of its magnetic quality. His final speech was perhaps his greatest triumph. My notes of it run as follows:—

"Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen, it is now eight o'clock (*Cheers*) on the twenty-sixth of January, nineteen hundred and ten. (*Applause.*) Gentlemen, this is an hour of deepest importance to the welfare of our land. The House of Lords, because they trust the People, have asked the People to decide whether a revolutionary budget shall become law. (*Loud cheers.*) Gentlemen, are we going to submit to that? ('*No!*') The greatest Government of modern times have asked the rich of the land to contribute their fair share of taxation. This great Government—in which any man might be proud to serve—has declined to put a penny piece upon your food. (*Cheers.*) Gentlemen, I ask you again, are you going to submit tamely to that? (*Loud protests in the negative.*)

"Are we sunk so low that we are going to submit to do the bidding either of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE (*Laughter*) or of Mr. BALFOUR? (*Renewed laughter.*) Do we propose to use our intelligence? (*Dissent.*) Is the working man going to stay idly by while the price of his bread is reduced from sixpence to a miserable fourpence three farthings? (*Cries of 'No!'*) Am I, are any of us in this room, going to admit to these pretty purple peers (*Loud laughter*) or these little Welsh attorneys (*More laughter*), I say, are we going tamely to admit to these men that we will willingly bear the burden of a knowledge of what we are talking about? (*Cries of 'Not we!'*)

* * * * *

"Gentlemen, I will close, for the hour is getting late. (*A voice, 'Go on, cocky!'*) But I cannot leave you without saying that I do not doubt that, when the day of the election comes, you will go to the poll and by your vote show your opinion of this jerrymandering Administration and of the miserable and paltry oligarchy enthroned in the House of Lords! (*Loud and prolonged cheers!*)

When is a train like a steamer? This knotty riddle has at last been solved by an Edinburgh correspondent of *The Daily Mail*, who writes:—

"I had a splendid view of Drake's Comet this evening. The head of the comet was bright, and the train, nearly three degrees in length, was broad, and like a steamer."

"Between the eighth and sixteenth moves all the bishops and kings were exchanged."
Daily Telegraph.

Dear dear, how this reminds us of our old chess days, when "King takes King, check!" invariably followed up the huffing of our opponent's prawns.

BETRAYED BY A KISS.

[We have the authority of a weekly paper for saying that most genuine female friendships occur when the parties have reached middle age.]

THE lady wove a pleasant spell
Around my callow heart;
On being introduced, I fell
A prey to Cupid's dart;
But, ere the conquest proved complete,
My resolution swerved—
What if she only seemed so sweet
Through being well preserved?

Time's footprints are not always clear
Unless the light be strong,
So, tortured by a panic fear
That I was choosing wrong,
I would not make my passion plain,
But hovered round the spot
In search of means to ascertain
If she were young, or not.

I saw her greet a friend, and lo
I shuddered at the sight;
She actually kissed as though
She would not rather bite.
Forthwith her fascination palled;
My love was overcast;
I knew that she was what is called
(In French) a little past.

THE PRESS AND THE PLAY.

["Mr. Henry Arthur Jones will deliver a lecture, entitled "Standardising the Drama," to the members of the O.P. Club, at the Criterion, on Sunday, February 6, at 8 p.m."—*Daily Chronicle.*]

IT is expected that Lord NORTHCLIFFE will shortly address the members of the Footlights' Club on the subject of "Daily Mailifying Shakespeare, or Carmelite Comedy."

Reports are rife in Printing House Square that Mr. C. F. MOBERLY BELL will before long deliver a lecture at the United Service Institute on "Moberlising the Theatre."

Mr. JAMES DOUGLAS, it is rumoured, has completed an article for *The Fortnightly Review*, entitled "How I became a dashing *Star* serio."

It is persistently bruited in Nonconformist circles that Mr. P. W. WILSON, Ex-M.P., intends to preach a sermon in Whitefield's Tabernacle on "Cadburyising Covent Garden."

Mr. FABIAN WARE, the Editor of *The Morning Post*, has most kindly signified his intention of reading a paper at the next meeting of the British Association on "Jebbified Extravaganza."

Overheard.

Mrs. A. Did you see the new comet on Saturday evening?

Mrs. B. No, I was out of town for the week-end.



THE SIMPLE LIFE.

Hungry Guest. "AFRAID I'M A BIT LATE, BUT HOPE I HAVEN'T KEPT BREAKFAST WAITING."
Hostess. "OH, I FORGOT TO MENTION THAT WE'RE TRYING THE 'NO BREAKFAST' PLAN, AND FEEL *SO* MUCH BETTER FOR IT. WE DO TRUST IT WILL HAVE THE SAME EFFECT WITH YOU."

SCIENTIFIC HISTORY.

(*The Up-to-date Historian Speaks.*)

DID any man of old desire
To strum a tune on Clio's lyre,
Full easy was his task because
He simply strummed, and there he was.
No need for him with toilful pain
To cultivate a special brain,
No need to study in the schools
The latest scientific rules,
Nor did he make the least pretence
To learn the laws of evidence.
HERODOTUS, for instance, glories
In idle tales and fairy stories;
Whatever yarns of headless men
He chanced to hear, he seized his pen
And wrote them down upon his tables,
No matter whence he learnt the fables.
There 's scarce a word of his that I
Could not pronounce a monstrous lie—
In short, a child could show the man
Was either fool or charlatan.

THUCYDIDES was little better:
He was Imagination's debtor;
He had no notion in his pate
Of what is meant by "accurate."
His own unaided fingers wrote
The speeches which he loved to quote,
How NIKIAS spoke, how KLEON answered—
He had no *Times* nor files of *Hansard*.

GIBBON, again, but little knew
What history is meant to do:
Instead of scientific facts,
State records, legislative acts,
He gives a pageant highly tinted
By spectacles through which he squinted.

CARLYLE, MACAULAY—if one tries,
To talk about their brazen lies,
One's words and patience quickly fail—
They both are quite beyond the pale.

How different am I! How thorough
The care with which I delve and burrow
To trace a fact. They were content
Simply to read a document;
They did not know the keen, ecstatic
Joy of the art of diplomatic.
My parchments carefully I pass
Beneath a magnifying-glass,
And every inch I scan to spot
What parts are genuine, what not.
When all the good has been selected
And all the spurious rejected,
I test again and then prepare
To weigh the evidence with care.
The various readings I collate,
The pros and cons at length I state,
And for each line of text I quote
A page or two of priceless note,
Wherein, meticulously traced,
You read on what my facts are based.

And yet this curious thing I find:
Despite my scientific mind,
Despite my vast superiority
In dealing with an old authority,
GIBBON and Co. are studied still
While my admirers number *nil*.

Killed by Kindness.

From the "Post Mortem" column in *Cage Birds*:—

"Subject: Cock Linnet. Cause of death: Many thanks for encouraging remarks."

The following "classified advertisement" appears in *The Dublin Evening Mail*:—

"£18 Fee-Simple Ground Dent, out of modern property."

Under the heading, of course, of "Motor Cycles."

Miss MAUD ALLAN is making her first appearance in America. "She will," says *The New York Times*, "be accompanied by the Russian Symphony Orchestra, Modest Altschuler, conductor."

We can only faintly picture this gentleman's distress.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

POSSIBLY, if Mr. J. E. BUCKROSE had written *A Golden Straw* (MILLS AND BOON) as his first novel I should have appreciated it more. At least I should not then have been forced to compare it, not quite favourably, with other previous work of his. Here is the same easy charm of description; but the tale itself strikes me as a machine-made thing, and the characters are unconvincing. For example, *Averild*, the heroine, wishing to go to Germany to study music, exclaims, "I'll come back, but I must wander first. It's the Holderness blood. We're made so. They were wanderers who first landed here—whom we've all sprung from," etc., etc. Now it is one of my most cherished convictions that nobody ever talks like this in real life. And I charge Mr. BUCKROSE with knowing it. With regard to the story, of course *Averild* gets her year in Germany, and as she returns strangely short of money, and with a habit, whenever the hero proposes to her, of answering, "I love you, but it cannot be!" (or words to that effect), and bursting into tears, I for one was scarcely surprised to learn that she had been secretly married abroad to the unpleasing *Winship*, and had repented it ever since. Eventually her husband follows her home, and is drowned in a convenient flood, thus fulfilling a dream about "dark water" which had been hanging about suspiciously since the beginning of the story. In this way *Averild* is left free to marry *Walgate*, and Mr. BUCKROSE to begin another book, which will (I hope) be more worthy of his powers and of the esteem in which I hold them.



FAST AND LOW.

Dealer. "I CAN HIGHLY RECOMMEND THIS NEW BREED, MADAME! MOST UP-TO-DATE AND FASHIONABLE DOG IN THE MARKET."

From time to time through recent sessions I have read in *The Daily Express* a Parliamentary sketch which struck me as being considerably above the average run. The articles have been collected in a volume, *The Asquith Parliament* (HUTCHINSON), and the author is revealed as Mr. CHARLES T. KING. An essential to success in this field of journalism is that the record shall be free from political party bias. The Editorial Column may in most cases be trusted to supply full measure of such spice. Mr. KING is void of offence in this matter. Dr. JOHNSON, the best known, if not quite the earliest, Parliamentary reporter, candidly admitted that in preparing his narrative of a day's sitting in the House of Commons he took care that the —— Whigs did not have the best of it. (He inserted an adjective permissible only in a lexicographer.) Mr. KING writes with equal frankness and fairness of all sections of parties in the last Parliament. His thumb-nail sketches of the Labour Members, most of them new-comers to the vineyard at Westminster, are particularly interesting. With a shrewd sense of character, a keen eye for colour, and a sharp ear for a good thing, Mr. KING has succeeded in adding a useful and attractive book to contemporary history.

I received a great shock about two-thirds of the way through Mrs. HUGH FRASER'S *Giannella* (METHUEN). It is the story of an orphan girl (the daughter of a Scandinavian painter) who owes her upbringing, when stranded in Rome, to the kindness of a peasant woman; and, after emerging, so to speak, from the rather arid campagna of the heroine's early years, I had just got to the pleasant piazza of her love-affair (and a very pretty affair it is, with pigeons that carry messages, and balconies of flowers, and a lay figure of a cardinal used for painting portraits for foreigners), —I had just got to this point, I say, when suddenly the eyes of *Masiuccia* (*Giannella's* benefactress) snapped. I felt as if something had suddenly gone too. This terrible form of ophthalmia is creeping gradually over all our English fiction, and the circulating libraries ought to do something about it. For the rest, though I think the excitement aroused by a hitch in the heroine's romance ought to have been sustained a little longer, this is a very charming idyll of Rome, some time before the Quirinal, and a long time before the trams. The authoress uses a great many Italian words, and these have been quite correctly printed, but I take exception to some of the Latin ones: "*stultus vulgus*" may be Lucretian, but "*voluntus tua*" is certainly wrong, and though I am not a botanist I feel that the root of "*filloxerà*" ought to be taken up and looked at.

A Benighted Race.

"DADDY," said Isobel, "do missionaries go out to Germany?"

"Of course not, my dear."

"Doesn't anybody try to convert them?" she asked.

"Convert them!" I exclaimed. "Why, Isobel, the Germans are a highly cultured nation. Some of the best known men of science and letters come from Germany. Germany occupies a position in the civilised world that is second only to our own. Germany——"

"Are they cannibals?" she interrupted.

"Certainly not. What has put that into your head?"

"I don't know; I thought you said they ate dead horses and black bread."

"So they do, my dear. Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL has put that question beyond a doubt. The German workman lives upon food that the British workman would refuse with scorn, but the Germans are not cannibals."

"What is a cannibal, daddy?"

"A cannibal, Isobel, is a person who eats human flesh; who kills and devours his own species."

"Daddy, I thought I heard you say that Mr. CHURCHILL sometimes eats his own speeches? Is he a cannibal, too?"

Children should never be allowed to listen to political discussions.

CHARIVARIA.

PRINCE HENRY of Prussia has been raised to the rank of Admiral of the Fleet in both the British and German navies. We understand that in time of war he would take a command in each on alternate days.

***

"Mr. BALFOUR," says *The Daily News*, "has sunk beneath the notice of honourable men." Some of these honourable men (like *Brutus*, who was an honourable man) are very short-sighted.

***

It was rather hard on the London Hippodrome, which, with great enterprise, showed us seventy polar bears afloat, that it should have been so soon eclipsed by the immersion of an entire Zoo at Paris. In these circumstances it is more than creditable that the Hippodrome should be lending itself for a performance in aid of the Relief Fund.

***

The only animal, by-the-by, who lost his life in the flood was the giraffe. The silly creature apparently imagined he was a lighthouse, and refused to budge from the water.

***

"The Rue Royale is entirely roped off. The shops do not even dress their windows," said an account of the Paris inundation. This was natural enough. One does not dress when one is about to have a bath.

***

One effect of the flood was to plunge Paris into darkness, and a cheerful idiot now writes to ask why Noah's Arc Lamps were not used.

***

"THE KAISER.
HONOURS FOR DR. BODE AND
THE HEAD OF KRUPP'S."

Surely this should have been "Dr. BODE and the Head of R. COCKLE LUCAS?"

***

Certain art-lovers are congratulating themselves on the decision arrived at by one of our Borough Councils in regard to a proposal as to illuminated advertisements. The scheme was rejected on the ground that it would injure the appearance of the lamp-posts. For ourselves, we should not worry about that.

***

À propos of the Library censorship, a subscriber writes to *The Observer* to complain that the name of "Mr. Augustus de Morgan, who is generally held to be of some account in modern literature," does not appear in Messrs. MUDIE'S monthly list. Surely it is a yet graver scandal if the name of Mr. WILLIAM DE MORGAN does not figure there?

***

Meanwhile we cannot help thinking that, in view of the fact that the libraries have censored *The Uncounted Cost*, by MARY GAUNT, the publishers would do well to inform the public that they have now counted the cost and copies of the book may be obtained for six shillings.

***

A new game for girls has been invented, entitled Goalo. It is described as being football without roughness, and is evidently the very antithesis of the Suffragettes' favourite game, Gaolo.

***

By-the-by, Mr. EUSTACE MILES mentions as one of the advantages of the game the fact that it develops the feet. But, asks a French admirer, do the feet of English girls need developing?

***

Close upon the statement that the Hindu who is charged with killing an English collector has expressed "his sincere regret" for the crime comes the news that he has been committed for trial on a charge of murder. The action of the magistrate seems more than a little brutal after such a handsome apology, and we venture to express the opinion that it would have been impossible had certain pro-Hindus still been Members of Parliament.

***

Bad news for boating men (received as we go to press):—"It is impossible now to float even an outrigger in the streets of Paris."



Policeman (to whom Old Lady has been complaining of the destruction of her flower-beds). "PERHAPS IT 'S BIRDS, MUM!"
Old Lady (sharply). "TUT, TUT; MORE LIKE *TWO-LEGGED* BIRDS!"

Lloydgeorgiana.

Close on the heels of *The Daily Mail* Representative, Our Own Special Cabinet Beagle has been tracking the CHANCELLOR all about the Côte d'Azur, in the hope of picking up anything that might throw light on the situation.

On Thursday, playing off from the first tee at Cagnes, Mr. MASTERMAN drove to mid-on.

"A bad pull," he remarked.

"Let us all pull together," said the CHANCELLOR, and put in a strong shot in the direction of cover-point.

"A big slice," remarked the UNDER-SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE HOME DEPARTMENT.

"I have always had my fair share of the cake," was the CHANCELLOR'S witty retort.

At the fifth tee Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S ball rose like a rocket.

"Rather lofty," observed Mr. MASTERMAN.

"Like my character and aims," replied the CHANCELLOR modestly.

Yesterday Mr. GEORGE visited the Casino at Monte Carlo. After watching one of the roulette tables for the best part of an hour, he turned away, saying, "This seems to me to be a game of chance."

From a poem in *The Idler* (U.S.A.):

"Indignant at the godlet's tale,
She hastened to protest to Zeus,
(Her angry cheek was scarce so pale
When naughty Hector biffed Aneas)."

The biffing of Aneas by Hector we do not remember, but of course we all know dear old Ze-us.

"HOW TO DEAL WITH THE LORDS.
SPURS IN TRAINING."
"Morning Leader" poster.

Stamping on them seems to be the idea.

THE WAITING GAME.

[Mr. BALFOUR to Mr. ASQUITH, during the latter's recent retreat under Lord RENDEL'S roof on the Riviera.]

MY HERBERT, I have marked with much emotion
How round your precious head blows every wind,
Like Æolus, his pack, let loose on Ocean—
The Lib, the Lab, the Soc, the Nat, the Ind;
Enough to make your hair
Go by the roots and leave the summit bare.

While you 're away, supposed to be enjoying
A little azure sea for private ends,
I can conceive of nothing more annoying
Than to be lectured by such lots of friends,
All giving loud advice
In all directions; no, it can't be nice.

The gallant RENDEL, with a two-edged sword on,
Patrols his villa (ah, these splendid Peers!),
Prepared, behind a military cordon,
To slit the office-seeker's nose or ears;
Nevertheless I doubt
If all his care can keep the papers out.

Your Liberal prints (myself, I never read 'em,
But each, I 'm told, intends to be your guide)
Must play Old Harry with your judgment's freedom
Once they have dodged the guards and got inside;
Telling you things to do,
And what comes first, and which is No. 2.

Well, if you lack for honest sympathisers
To give your harried heart a little ease;
If, in the multitude of your advisers,
There 's none that whispers, "Go what way you please;"
Strange though it seem to be
I can assure you, you may count on me.

I have no wish, not I, to speed your exit;
Don't think I envy you your pride of place;
I 'm in no sort of hurry to annex it,
Needing a year or so for breathing-space;
So I shall use no guile
Not for the present, not just yet awhile.

Time is required for you to make fresh errors,
And me to test my newly-mustered ranks,
To preach the food-tax and disperse the terrors
Due to that gospel down in Yorks and Lancs;
I own—and I 'm no dunce—
I failed to grasp its beauty all at once.

So for a bit I 'll bide my hour *in statu*.
Meanwhile, if any section, one or more,
Of your assorted crew gets up and at you,
I 'll come and save your skin across the floor;
Trust me, I will not stand
And see you perish—till it suits my hand. O. S.

A Baboo proudly quotes the following testimonial :—

"Nazir Ahmed Baboo has beenany Baker and Confectioner for 12 years. He is a thoroughly capable bear and understand his merly in all its detail. His bread and cakes are hard and best."

Another Master Baker says of him, "His bread and cake were well liked and never a complement."

FOR BOTH PARTIES. *Vox Populi, vox Dei*—The voice of the People is the voice of those $\left.\begin{matrix}\text{north}\\\text{south}\end{matrix}\right\}$ of the Dee (Chester).

THE RUBBER EPIDEMIC.

I AM, he said, a very miserable man. My life has become a burden to me. I dread the dawn of every day. I never open a paper without wincing; I never see a postman without shuddering. How long it will continue I cannot think; but let me tell you.

Three months ago I did a foolish thing. It was not wicked; it was merely foolish; but the consequences have been awful. I did not think at the time that it was even foolish; merely perhaps a little impulsive, and yet a thing that anyone might do. I will tell you what it was: I bought thirty shares in a rubber company. Some one—I know now an enemy, but thought then a friend—advised me to do so. They would go up, he said, in the casual way in which so much of life's evil is done. So I bought them—a mere thirty, and should have forgotten all about them had circumstances permitted.

How many things one can do secretly in this London of ours I have never counted; but this is certain, that one cannot buy thirty shares in a rubber company and expect the news not to leak out. What the organisation may be I know not, but it seems to be perfect for spreading such, as you might think, trivial and unimportant tidings. Some herald, I take it, carries round the information, "Mr. Blank, of Dash Street, has bought thirty shares in the Pandamanan Rubber Co.!"

This announcement falls apparently on very greedy ears, designed, one imagines, and kept open and alert for nothing else in the world; for the next day what do I receive but the prospectus of the Ponkalong Rubber Co.! This is rather odd, I thought, coming so soon after the last, but I dismissed it as an ordinary chance of life. On returning home in the evening I found, however, another long envelope containing the prospectus of the Boomoo Rubber Co. The next morning came that of the Bandarman Rubber Co., and the next evening the Antananarivo Rubber Co.

What has come to the world? I wondered. Where is all this rubber to go when it is made? Are we in future to eat rubber? Is rubber to be our only wear? Still asking myself these questions, I opened two more long envelopes and revealed the allurements of the Singalay Rubber Co. and the Guava Rubber Co.

They were all alike in two respects: no matter how distant the plantations, all offered unparalleled opportunities to the investor, and all wanted my money. Why they should conclude so spontaneously that because I had idiotically (as I now began to know) ventured upon thirty shares in the Pandamanan Rubber Co., I had therefore spare cash for every other Rubber Co. existing, I have no idea; but they did. That was eleven weeks ago, and every post since has brought me (I swear I do not exaggerate) new Rubber prospectuses. I no longer open them; I throw them instinctively into the waste-paper basket.

But the situation provokes statistical reflections. I believe that if all the prospectuses of all the Rubber Companies that have come to me since the fatal moment when I first took the wrong turning were spread out they would cover Lord's Cricket-ground. I believe that if all their capitals were added together they would more than pay the National Debt. I believe that if all the directors were gathered together they would fill Holloway Prison. I believe that if all the promises of wealth were collated they would be found to contain exactly the same words.

I believe—— But I am tired of the subject. I hate rubber. I can't bear to see a motor-car, because of its tyres; I can't bear to see a policeman, because of his soles; I can't bear to see an artist, because of his eraser. It is nothing to me that my thirty shares have gone up; I have done with rubber for ever.



HORSELESS HALDANE.

The War Minister. "A HORSE! A HORSE! MY KINGDOM FOR A HORSE!"
Richard the Third, Act V., Scene 4.

[At a Conference held last Wednesday it was arranged to promote a Bill in Parliament to prevent the exportation of horses likely to be required for the Army's use, the present supply being altogether inadequate.]



AN ECHO OF ELECTION DAY.

Sybil (decorated with Unionist colours, indignantly to Nurse). "NURSE, IT IS PERFECTLY ABSURD FOR BABY TO WEAR BLUE! HE CANNOT POSSIBLY UNDERSTAND ANYTHING ABOUT THE ELECTION!"

A RAMSHACKLE ROOM.

WHEN the gusts are at play with the trees on the lawn,
And the lights are put out in the vault of the night;
When within all is snug, for the curtains are drawn,
And the fire is aglow and the lamps are alight,
Sometimes, as I muse, from the place where I am
My thoughts fly away to a room near the Cam.

'Tis a ramshackle room, where a man might complain
Of a slope in the ceiling, a rise in the floor;
With a view on a court and a glimpse on a lane,
And no end of cool wind through the chinks of the door;
With a deep-seated chair that I love to recall,
And some groups of young oarsmen in shorts on the wall.

There 's a fat jolly jar of tobacco, some pipes—
A meerschaum, a briar, a cherry, a clay—
There 's a three-handled cup fit for Audit or Swipes
When the breakfast is done and the plates cleared away.
There 's a litter of papers, of books a scratch lot,
Such as *Plato*, and *Dickens*, and *Liddell and Scott*.

And a crone in a bonnet that 's more like a rag
From a mist of remembrance steps suddenly out;
And her funny old tongue never ceases to wag
As she tidies the room where she bustles about;
For a man may be strong and a man may be young,
But he can't put a drag on a Bedmaker's tongue.

And, oh, there 's a youngster who sits at his ease
In the hope, which is vain, that the tongue may run down,
With his feet on the grate and a book on his knees,
And his cheeks they are smooth and his hair it is brown.
Then I sigh myself back to the place where I am
From that ramshackle room near the banks of the Cam.

"YOUTH (18) wants SIT. on Band Knife, slight experience."—*Yorkshire Evening Post.*

Luckily this is a profession in which staying power is more important than experience.

"Grandfather's clock; splendid timekeeper; bargain; going abroad."—*Glasgow Herald.*

The question is, will it go at home?

"DIRTY CANARY wanted for the A.O.S. Washing Demonstration, Trades Hall, Friday, 8 p.m."—*Aberdeen Free Press.*

Never throw away anything; somebody may want it.

"Mr. RUFUS ISAACS, M.P., amid cheers, stood upon the nos'rum."—*Surrey Times.*

And that was the end of Tariff Reform.

THE RABBITS.

[*Second Series.*]

CHAPTER V.—THE NIGHT.

THE play was a great success; I know, because many of the audience told me so afterwards. Had they but guessed what was going on behind the scenes, the congratulations would have been even more enthusiastic. For as near as a touch we had to drop the egg-proof curtain and hand the money back.

I am going to give you the opening scene as it was actually said—not as it was heard across the footlights—and then you will understand. As you may remember, the *Ratcatcher* (Me) and the *Maid* (Myra) take the stage first, and they introduce themselves in the usual way to the audience and each other. The scene is the palace of the *Emperor Bong* (Simpson). Very well then.

Maid (*sweetly*). Truly his Majesty is a handsome man, and I wonder not that his people love him.

Ratcatcher (*rather nervous*). Thou surprisest me. I saw him in the wings—in the winter garden just now, that is to say anon, and thought him plain. But hush, here he comes.

[*They salaam, or whatever you call it, and stay there.*

Ra'catcher (*still salaaming*). What's the silly ass waiting for? I can't stick this much longer; the blood's all going to my head like anything.

Maid (*in a similar position*). He must have forgotten his cue. Can't you say, "Hush, here he comes," again?

Ratcatcher. I can't say anything out loud in this position. Do you think I might come up for a breath?

Maid (*loudly*). His Majesty tarries.

Ratcatcher (*sotto voce*). He does. You've got it.

Maid. Whatever shall we do? Do think of something.

Ratcatcher. Well, I'm going to rise to the surface. I'm tired of being a submarine. [*They both stand up.*

Maid (*brilliantly*). Perchance it was a rat we heard and not his Majesty.

Ratcatcher (*with equal brilliance*). Fear not, fair damsel. Behold, I will investigate. [*Proceeds to back of stage.*

Archie (*from wings*). Come off, you idiot.

Ratcatcher (*always the gentleman—to Maid*). Tarry a while, my heart, what time I seek assistance. [*Exit.*

Maid (*confidentially to audience—to keep the thing going*). Truly he is a noble youth, though he follows a lowly profession. 'Tis not the apparel that proclaims the man. Methinks . . .

Me (*annoyed*). Who's an idiot?

Archie. Didn't you see me wink? That ass Simpson's banged his nose against a door-post and is bleeding like a pig. Says it's because he hadn't got his spectacles.

Me. More likely the champagne.

Archie. They're dropping keys down his back as hard as they can. Will you and Myra gag a bit, till he's ready?

Me (*excitedly*). My good fool, how on earth——

Myra (*coming to back of stage*). But behold he returns! [*Frowns imperiously.*

Ratcatcher (*coming on again very unwillingly*). Ah, fair maid, 'tis thee. I bring thee good tidings. I met one in the ante-room, a long-legged scurvy fellow, who did tell me that his Majesty was delayed on some business.

Maid. That must have been his Conjurer—I know him well. (*Aside*) What's happened?

Ratcatcher. Let us then rest a while, an it please thee. (*Seizing her by the arm.*) Over here. That ass Simpson's hurt himself. We've got to amuse the audience till he's finished bleeding.

Maid (*sitting down, with her back to audience*). I say, is it really serious?

Ratcatcher. Not for him; it is for us. Now then, talk away.

Maid. Er—h'm. (*Coyly*) Wilt not tell me of thy early life, noble sir—how thou didst become a catcher of rats?

Ratcatcher (*disgusted*). You coward! (*Aloud*) Nay, rather let me hear of thine own life. (*Aside*) Scored.

Maid. That's not fair. I asked you first. (*Modestly*) But I am such a little thing, and you are so noble a youth.

Ratcatcher. True. (*Having a dash at it.*) 'Twas thus. My father, when I was yet a child, didst—did—no, didst—apprentice me to a salad binger——

Maid (*with interest*). How dost one bing salads?

Ratcatcher (*curtly*). Ballad singer. And I would frequent the market-place at noon, singing catches and glees, and receiving from the entranced populace divers coins, curses, bricks, and other ornaments. One morn, as I was embarked upon a lovely ballad, "*Place me amidst the young gazelles*," I was seized right suddenly from behind. (*Bored to death.*) I'm *sick* of this. We're supposed to be amusing the audience.

Maid. Oh, go on, I'm getting awfully excited.

Emperor (*audibly, from green-room*). Confound it, it's begun again.

Executioner (*bitterly*). And to think that I spent *hours* putting red ink on my axe!

Maid (*with great presence of mind*). What's that? Surely *that* was a rat?

Ratcatcher (*greatly relieved*). It was. (*Getting up.*) Let's have Archie on, and see if he can amuse them a bit more. (*Aloud*) I must finish my tale anon. Stay here, sweet child, what time I fetch my trusty terrier. [*Exit.*

Maid. 'Tis a strange story he tells. How different from my own simple life! Born of proud but honest parents . . .

Archie. What's up? Stick to it.

Me. Have you got such a thing as a trusty terrier on you?

Archie. Don't be an ass.

Me. Well, the audience will be extremely disappointed if I don't bring one back. I practically promised them I would. Look here, why don't you come on and help? Everybody is getting horribly bored with us.

Archie (*delighted*). Oh, all right.

Enter Ratcatcher and Conjurer.

Maid. But behold he returns *again!*

Ratcatcher (*excitedly*). Great news, fair lady, which this long-legged scurvy fellow I told you of will impart to us.

Maid. Why, 'tis the Conjurer. Have you news for us, Sir?

Conjurer (*with no illusions about the Oriental style*). Absolutely stop press. What is it you want to know? Racing? The Bong selling plate was won by Proboscis, McSimp up. Immense enthusiasm. Bank rate unchanged—quite right this cold weather. Excuse me a moment, Sir, your moustache is coming off . . . No, the left wing—allow me to lend you a postage-stamp. Do you prefer red or green?

Maid (*biting her lip*). Will you not give us news of the Emperor?

Conjurer. I will. His Majesty has met with a severe accident whilst out hunting this morning, being bitten by a buffalo.

Maid. Alas, what will my mistress say?

Conjurer. She has already said everything that was necessary. Her actual words were, "Just like Bong."

Ratcatcher (*seizing the opportunity*). His Majesty ordered me to meet him here at noon. Methinks I had better withdraw and return anon.

[*Makes off hurriedly.*

Conjurer (*seizing him*). Not so. He bade me command you to stay and sing to us. [*Sensation.*

Ratcatcher (*huskily*). Alas, I have forgotten my voice—that is, I have left my music at home. I will go and fetch it.

[*Has another dash.*

Conjurer. Stay! Listen!

[*They all listen.*

Simpson (*in wings*). Thanks, thanks, that will be all right now. Oh no, quite, thanks. Oh, is this your key? Thanks, thanks. No, it doesn't matter about the other ones; they don't feel at all uncomfortable, thanks. Yes, I think it really did stop it, thanks.

Conjurer. I'm off. (*Aloud*) His Majesty has regained consciousness. [*Exit.*

Simpson (*apologetically*). Oh, Archie, I've got the billiard-room key in my——

Ratcatcher (*very loudly to Maid*). Hush, here he comes!

[*They salaam. Enter the Emperor Bong . . .*

A. A. M.



VIE DE BOHÈME.

Painter. "THERE GOES THE CARAFE, HANG IT! AND IT 'LL MAKE A NASTY *CLEAN* PATCH ON THE FLOOR."

THE LOST ACTOR.

[A Chicago showman has offered £50 reward for the discovery and return of a performing flea which has vanished from his troupe.]

WHETHER of wounded pride you felt the pain,
Failing to earn the meed of men's applause,
I cannot at this distance o'er the main
Exactly tell; it may have been the cause;
Or possibly they billed you far too low,
And angered, till he left the cast in choler,
One who by rights was boss of all the show,
Its HICKS, its BEERBOHM TREE, its BARD, its WALLER.

But anyhow you skipped; and was it wise
To leave the lamps of Drama and forsake
The cultured sets that counted you a prize,
Merely to keep some Philistine awake?
O nimble-footed sprite! O Ariel!
Why did you quit your company of stormers
To front a frowning world that cannot tell
Nocturnal visitants from star performers?

If haply (forced by hunger) you should fare
Into some strange inhospitable crib,
Have you the mime's expression and his air,
The speaking optic and the tongue that 's glib?
Yours is no mantle of the furry sort,
No ebon cane, no eyeglass, and no ringlet,
Nothing to prove divinity, in short,
And advertise (when off) the mummer-kinglet.

They shall not know you by your sad sweet smile,
Your haggard countenance, but merely keep
Hunting you up and down with anxious guile
Because you come to mar their beauty sleep;
'Tis likely you will fall, with none to say
That this poor fretted shape imparted rapture
(The Hamlet of some Lilliputian play)
To crowded houses nightly, ere his capture.

This only I may hope, that, when you bound
In sweet *insouciance* to plant a kiss
On some prone sleeper, he will turn him round,
Saying, "No amateur could prance like this;"
And, when the chase is o'er (you shall not stem
The march of doom for aye, however gallant),
Utter above your grave this requiem:—
"He was an artist; he had genuine talent."

"At Hallmyre, West Linton, at 7 a.m., the thermometer stood at 12 degrees below freezing point—20 degrees of frost."
Newcastle Daily Chronicle.

This is called a "Scotch record" and sounds like it.

From Saturday's instalment:—

"The girl drew a deep breath . . . etc., etc. Then she turned to him with a brave smile on her lips.
(*To be continued on Monday.*)" *Daily Mail.*

How could she smile all Sunday?

"A man knows a man is in love with her long before he is aware of it himself. Except, perhaps, in this one circumstance—when she herself is in love with somebody else. And this is a highly important circumstance."—*Ideas.*

A strange thing is love.

OUR BOY.

NOT to be outdone by *The Evening News* and the highly variegated and gratuitous exploits which its "Man," Mr. ARTHUR GOODE, is daily and nightly performing on behalf of our contemporary's readers, *Mr. Punch* has recently bought a Boy, and has been overwhelmed with a rush of applications for his services. He is an extremely intelligent and versatile Scout, as will be gathered from his first six days' programme. As yet barely twelve years of age, he has outgrown his position as Patrol Leader of the Wolves, and has decided to devote his talents to a more universal use. We have purchased our small Factotum for a mere song, but, before exhausting his capabilities we confidently expect that the bright little fellow will have solved most of the problems which are now perplexing society. He confesses, however, his inability to make a North Country audience understand what Tariff Reform really *does* mean, and to render the present comet visible from Bouverie St. Subject to these limitations, we give a short diary of his engagements for the coming week:—

Monday.—Do a day's charring for a bed-ridden countess. In the evening, draw up the King's Speech for Mr. ASQUITH, and help to rearrange the Cabinet.

Tuesday.—Before breakfast, test a gas-meter for an over-worked curate. Morning, teach a defeated Radical Candidate how not to be a "bad loser." Afternoon, convert Lady BLOUNT to the globular theory of the earth (tough job, this). Later, cure a young lady of chilblains and do up the back fastenings of her dress for dinner. Evening, edit *The Times* and put it to bed.

Wednesday.—Photo Mr. MCKENNA's heir, and investigate cause of Paris floods. Offer suggestions for further postponement of *Chantecler*, and later in the afternoon adjust differences between Turkey and Greece. Invent a new motto for the KAISER to put up in his bedroom, and persuade a Suffragette to give up the silly practice of chalking the pavement.

Thursday.—From 10.0 to 1.0 reconcile Mr. WILLIAM O'BRIEN and Mr. JOHN REDMOND. In the early afternoon relieve bow in the Cambridge Eight and find Dr. COOK. Devise a musical instrument to represent hair standing on end in STRAUSS'S *Elektra*. After dinner, help Mr. EUSTACE MILES digest a pumpkin soufflé.

Friday.—Give advice to Curzon Street crossing-sweeper on development of his pitch. Afterwards, conduct a Labour Exchange, and explain to delighted crowd how twenty-five jobs are to be distributed among five thousand claimants. Run down to Swinford Old Manor and assist the POET LAUREATE in his latest ode with a new rhyme to "throstle." After dinner, give lessons to Messrs. LLOYD GEORGE and WINSTON CHURCHILL on "Meiosis and Litotes, or the Art of Understatement."

Saturday.—Regulate the traffic in Piccadilly, and act as understudy to Mr. TROUTBECK at an inquest. After lunch, regulate the traffic, *i.e.* referee, in a football match, and subsequently visit hospital.

It will be seen that Our Boy has a pleasantly varied time of it, but that he conscientiously avoids taking girls to skating rinks, or assisting at concerts and fancy-dress balls. Applications for his assistance should be sent to the *Punch* office, marked "Boy."

ZIGZAG.

ART FOR ART'S SAKE.

LET the maiden of ambition listen well
While I tell
Of a lady who arose to sudden fame
From a wild desire to shine
In the literary line;
She is quite a friend of mine,
All the same.

Knowing nothing of the labour of the pen,
There and then
She determined, in a sunny way she had,
That she never would depart
From the highest form of Art,
Which, considered as a start,
Wasn't bad.

Much uplifted by that laudable intent,
Off she went
To attain to fame and fortune at a stroke,
And in time produced a book
Which the public wouldn't look
At, and all the critics took
As a joke.

Did she cry aloud in horror? Did she tear
Off her hair?
Did the disappointment stab her like a dart?
Not a bit of it. She said,
She was far above the head
Of a mob who never read
Works of Art.

As an Artist, to be slighted by the crowd
Made her proud;
And she begged to be permitted to suggest
That, as long as sales were low,
That was all she cared to know;
And the multitude could go
And be blest.

But she made a second effort. And behold
It was sold
By the thousand, by the million! And she struck
(To the undisputed gloom
Of her rivals) on a boom
That should last her to the tomb,
Given luck.

Every year (when Christmas present time is due)
Something new
Will be offered from her never-failing store;
And the universal mob
Gives a sympathetic throb,
And, with something like a sob,
Asks for more.

There are cavillers who sneer at her technique
(Which is weak)
And her style (which it is easy to assail),
But it's credibly averred
That her powers are never stirred
Save at half-a-crown a word,
On the nail.

And, if questioned on the cause of her success,
She'll confess
That her victory is merely what she owes
(Putting genius quite apart)
To the Public's love of Art,
For the Public (bless its heart!)
Always knows.

DUM-DUM.

OPERATIC NOTES.

THE programme of Mr. Oliver Codling's forthcoming Grand Opera season is remarkable for its catholicity. It will include *Parsifal*, *The Bohemian Girl*, *Fidelio*, *The Merry Devil*, *Tristan und Isolde* and STRAUSS'S *Electrocuta*—the last-named subject to the approval of the Censor. Besides these standard works Mr. Codling hopes to produce *A Suburban Hamlet* by Mr. Archie Pelago, the famous Anglo-Hellenic composer; *Ulat Tanalarezul*, an Etruscan Fantasy-opera by Mr. Quantock de Banville; and *Jack the Ripper*, a grand opéra comique by Mr. Ole Brok.

Some notion of the initial difficulties to be faced by Mr. Codling may be gathered from the fact that each performance of *The Suburban Hamlet* will cost £2,000, irrespective of the composer's fee for conducting his work, which is £500 a night. Again, for M. de Banville's work the orchestra will be increased to 200 performers, while in Mr. Ole Brok's masterpiece no fewer than 1,200 instrumentalists will be employed, including 300 contrabass bulbophones with reciprocating nozzles and Harveyised placket-flanges.

But the preliminary outgoings reach their high-water mark in the case of *Electrocuta*, where the inspissated gloom of the story and the appalling display

of blood-boltered ferocity in the last Act render it necessary for the management to retain the services of a whole army of medical men, ambulance bearers and nurses to attend to the needs of the terrified spectators. Sir Hector Parsley, Bart., the famous brain specialist, will attend every performance at a fee of one thousand guineas a night, and it is hoped that his mere presence will exert a restraining influence on neurotic auditors.

The team of artists already engaged challenges attention, not merely for the talent of the singers but their widely different nationalities, viz., Mesdames Cara Cass, Materna Seigel, Maria Joly, Camma Miles, Varalette Archdeacon, and Pallida Pinker, sopranos; Mesdames Casta Royal, Sanna Tojen (the famous Finnish artist), Milka Metchnikoff and Plasma Tabb-Lloyd, contraltos; MM. Sidney Doan and S. M. Kaps-Yule, tenors; and MM. Pulvermacher, Gallipoteaux and Barbroux, basses.

Some personal particulars relating to these redoubtable artists will perhaps be of interest to our readers. Madame Materna Seigel, who is of Bessarabian extraction, is a woman of colossal build and Amazonian physique. Her shrieks in the death-scene, as STRAUSS once generously observed, are more like the cries of an inspired macaw than those of a human being. Even in private life hers is a formidable personality, and DEBUSSY is reported to have said that she reminded him of a mammoth who had swallowed a peacock.

Madame Camma Miles is another singer of Titanic proportions, and her fore-arm is quite the finest on the lyric stage. For fifty years her voice has caused indescribable emotions in the hearts of the *habitués* of the Grand Opera at Odessa. Madame Pallida Pinker is a superb Californian *brunette*, and Madame Varalette Archdeacon, who was born at Varallo, is noted for the exquisite effervescing quality of her high notes. Madame Milka Metchnikoff studied successively under Herr Sauer and Dr. Bacillin, the famous Russian voice-producer. She has a Grecian profile and belongs to the sect of the Doukhobors. On the other hand, Madame Sanna Tojen is a Mennonite with Bollandist proclivities, while Mr. Kaps-Yule affects the Palatinoid heresy.

Another operatic venture which is exciting deep interest is that of Signor Fabiani Mercanzia, who announces a short season at the Imperial Theatre. The remarkable, indeed unique, feature of this enterprise is that only one opera will be performed and only one vocalist will appear, who is also the composer and librettist. The name of the work is *Egoismo Imperiale*, and the versatile genius who, by liberal resort to the method of quick changes, will sustain all the principal parts is Signor Riccardo Giebbo. Full particulars will shortly be published in the columns of Signor Fabiani Mercanzia's journal, the *Corriere della Mattina*.



Squire's Daughter. "WELL, GILES, I HOPE YOU VOTED FOR MY FATHER?"
Giles. "I DID INDEED, MISS. I PUT THE *BIGGEST* CROSS AGIN 'IS NAME AS EVER WAS."

Commercial Candour.

From the Catalogue of a Glasgow firm:

"Notable Money-Saving Opportunities are apparent in the Towel Section. To Start with.—We are giving away 100 Dozen splendid Heavy Huck Towels, with hemstitched ends for 6*s.* 11*d.* per half-dozen; worth to-day 8*s.* 6*d.* per dozen."

The Towel Section is starting well.

RINK WITH ME ONLY.

(After Ben Jonson.)

RINK with me only with thine eyes,
And do not clutch my frame;
Clasp yonder expert's hand instead,
And I'll not press my claim.
This form that from the floor doth rise,
Sick of the rotten game,
Was gallant once, but now is dead
To chivalry and shame!

Though I shall never cease to ache,
Dear heart, for love of thee,
And though thy guide, come weal or woe,
Through life I meant to be,
Another better man must take
The hand thou gavest me;
Unclasp me now, belovéd; go!
And set thy Harold free.



MY LORD BOUNTIFUL.

Benevolent Old Gentleman (who has just given a penny to Miss A., of Park Lane, who is selling "Votes for Women"). "NO, NO, KEEP THE PAPER, MY GOOD WOMAN, KEEP THE PAPER!"

TO A SURVIVING CRANK M.P.

SOME things there are without whose aid machines will never go,
For Science plainly tells us this and surely she must know.
The simple automatic toy, the big machine that clanks,
What do we find in all of them? Can no one guess? Why, cranks!

The principles of politics are scientific too,
Our great machine of state must act as other engines do,
And so it's only natural to find within the ranks
Of those returned to Parliament all sorts and kinds of cranks.

Its fundamental parts removed, the engine falls to bits,
And then no means of running it is known to human wits.
To those electors, then, we owe our curses, not our thanks,
Who pilfered from our Parliament its most essential cranks.

Our COTTON and our RUTHERFORD, our loved and lost LEIF JONES;
Gone is their priceless counsel, hushed their highly moral tones.
I shouldn't be surprised to see the Thames o'erflow its banks
With all the tears of sorrow for our poor defeated cranks.

Illustrious Survivor of the dark, disastrous fray,
Thank Providence that you at least are with us still to-day;
That, though your comrades old and true are smitten hip and flank,
Most rare, most precious, still remains one last and lonely crank!

Bear up, brave heart—though Chatterjees and Luptons low are laid,
Though all (*pro tem.*) seems desolate, though we have been betrayed,
Depend upon it, soon will rise to fill the aching blanks
From out our newly-made M.P.'s yet more and deadlier cranks!

The Resurrection of a Riddle.

A correspondent sends us the following extract from the February number of *The Contemporary Review*:—"Troubles and rumours of troubles in the confused world of international politics ushered in the first year of the second decade of the twentieth century." He also sends us a letter of seven closely-written sheets pointing out that 1911 will be the first year of the second decade of the twentieth century. He adds that it is difficult to prove this in a brief letter, but that he will be pleased to write an article on the subject so that we may place the truth before our readers. He goes on to make unkindly references to the intellectual condition of an editor who permits such a gross misstatement to appear in his review.

The question of the exact date of the beginning of the century is one of those great questions which have ceased to move us deeply. We had quite enough of it, one way and another, in 1900, and hoped the matter was ended; and we don't want any articles or correspondence whatever about this hoary riddle. We may add that if people would call the year simply "1910," instead of "the first year of the second decade of the twentieth century," a lot of trouble would be avoided.



A PLAGUE OF VOICES.

[The Prime Minister has been staying at Cannes for a little rest and change.]



Nervous Suitor. "I—ER—WISH TO MARRY YOUR DAUGHTER, SIR!"
Parent. "WELL, MY BOY, HADN'T YOU BETTER SEE HER MOTHER FIRST?"
Nervous Suitor. "I HAVE, SIR, AND—ER—ER—I *STILL* WISH TO MARRY YOUR DAUGHTER."

GOOD NEWS FOR PATRIOTS.

EVERY one really interested in the well-being, intellectual and political, of Londoners will be delighted to hear that another music-hall larger than any at present existing in Great Britain is now in course of construction at a cost of £200,000 for variety entertainments twice daily.

This is as it should be, and the promoters' patriotic efforts to get frivolity into a people that otherwise might be doing themselves harm by thought cannot be too highly applauded. More particularly should they be thanked for the wise boon of a regular afternoon performance, coming at a time, as it does, when so many persons are tempted to weary, if not positively injure, themselves with work.

A country isolated and protected, as we are, by that great natural rampart the sea, is in a position different in every respect from a continental nation with no such advantage. Were we to be told, for example, that Berlin was adding to its present inconsiderable number of places of entertainment a new music-hall vaster than anything already existing in Germany, we should shake our heads in some anxiety and disapproval. For Germany has no physical guarantees of immunity from attack, such as we have, and therefore it behoves her to think rather of technical schools and gymnasiums, rifle clubs and studiousness.

Again, France would be ill-advised to overdo recreation and live entirely on the memory of greatness, with her frontier so beset by Teutonic guards. But a nation like ourselves, which is at the top of the tree and so obviously the darling of the gods, may be permitted its hours of ease in very considerable profusion; we have indeed earned them.

It is therefore that such an announcement as this concerning the new music-hall for Oxford Circus, capable of holding its thousands every afternoon and evening (to be opened next September), fills us with satisfaction. London needs all the gaiety it can know, the total of music-halls at this moment being so small—only thirty-six in London proper and thirteen in the suburbs, with a beggarly forty-six theatres in London and twelve in the suburbs, not to mention a poor sprinkling of skating rinks and cinematograph-halls in addition.

If we had a criticism to make, it would be that morning performances should be given too—beginning, say, at eleven, when work often is getting so tiresome; but even such a suggestion as that is ungrateful when we recollect what this new enterprise really means.

One word more. Mr. GIBBONS, the benefactor who is preparing for London the new hall, is at present, he says, in doubt whether to call it "The Palladium" or "The Arena." Both names are excellent; but would not "The Lotus" or "The Siren" be even better?

From a Girls' School Examination:

Q. Explain the following passage:—

"Those melodious bursts that fill
The spacious times of Great Elizabeth."

A. Songs that Queen ELIZABETH used to write in her spare time.

ON THE RANK.

(*Growler speaks.*)

III.

Yuss, you meets some queer cards. A nole lidy 'ires me by the hour last Sunday. You know 'ow we likes that, an' I does the usual funeral crawl, o' course. "Do 'urry up a bit," she says at last. "Cawn't," I says; "my 'orse don't fink it decent to be fast on Sundays." "All right," says the old geyser in a pet, "I don't mind. It 'll only 'urt you. The hour 'll take you all the longer!" Laugh—I thought I should ha' bust!

Them lidies! There was a stout party with a fice enough to make a motor-keb shy come up to me wiv a little pet puddle dog as stout as 'is missus almost, an' all done up in ribbings. "I want to go to Tottinam," she says; "do you fink your 'orse could go so fur?" "That 's all right, lidy," I says. Then she comes round an' 'as a look at the 'orse. "Oh," she says, "I'm sure 'e couldn't go so fur, an' I want to get 'ome quick as my little dog ain't well. Why, your 'orse is nuffink but skin an' bones." Says this afore me, an' afore the gee! At that I gives my 'orse a slash wiv the whip, an' what d'you fink 'e does? 'E runs over the puddle dog! Pure ax'dent, o' course. In fac', I 'as a fright at first, I fought 'e 'adn't done it.

And then there was the American gennerman what jumps in at the Hotel Ceecil an' arsts me to drive as 'ard as I can to Li'pool Street Station as 'e got to catch a train in twenny minutes. So I flogs my old gee till me arm fair aches, and gets there with five minutes to spare. 'E pays me heighteen-pence! "What 's this?" I says. "Your fare," 'e says. "Yes, but look 'ow I 'urried," I says. "Well," says Stars an' Stripes, "I reckon you 're ready the sooner for anuvver job—it ain't 'urt you." "You 're wrong in your reckonin'," I says. "Look at my pore 'orse," I says. "Ah, I forgot 'im, pore fellow," 'e says; an' then what d'you fink 'e does? 'E goes to the 'orse's 'ead an' drops a tanner down 'is mouf, an' was gone afore I could get off my box an' make 'im see some of 'is stars. Yewmour again, I suppose! It 's on occasions sech as this that new swear-words is inwented. My 'orse's digestion ain't been the same since. No, manners ain't what they was. The public 'as no consideration for anyone's feelin's. Why, a 'bus-conductor fren' of mine told me that one day a lidy says to 'im bang outright, "Are you a Pirate?" Quite rightly 'e refused to incriminate 'isself. As a matter of fac' the public 'as more consideration for the hanimals than for us. Why, in the summer a little body comes up to me an' says, "Would you like a nice sun-bonnet for your pore 'oss?" I says, "Thank you kindly, lidy." An' my old woman 's a-wearin' it now. I buys six-pennorf o' hartificial flowers, an' sticks 'em on to the 'at, an' gives it for 'er birfday, an' werry hartistic it looks! Mind you it was a kindness to the 'orse to do that. They 'ates them bonnets. The 'orse, as I said afore, is a noble hanimal, an' 'e don't want to be made to look a second-'and music-'all comic.



SPORTS AT THE ZOO. HIGH-DIVING.

By-the-by, I didn't tell you of a remarkable thing that 'appened to me yes'day. Such a thing never 'appened to me before. A lidy give me a tip! Or, I should say, hoffered me one. Yuss, she 'd paid me 'er shillin', an' she says, "Wait a minute, Cabby," *an' then arst me if I 'ad change of a penny!* Unluckily I 'adn't, an' the hincident closed, but I 'd 'ave liked to 'ave the coin to keep as a curosity.

Yuss, it isn't orfen you 'as adventurs. A fren' of mine 'ad one about a munf ago. Free gents 'ails 'im in the 'Aymarket arter supper, and gets in. They was werry nice gents, an' afore long they stops at a pub an' arsts my fren' in, an' treats 'im very generous wiv pork wine—stands 'im almost as much as they 'as themselves. Then they gets in again, wi' difficulty, an' 'e drives 'em to their destination. They was real genermen right up to the end, for two of 'em pays 'im, one on each side of the keb. An' then my fren' drives to a rank where I 'appened to be. 'E gets off 'is box an' opens the door of 'is keb, and then 'e cries, "Great Jehosophat, look 'ere!" So I goes an' looks, an' there, sprawled on the floor, habsolutely dead drunk an' hincapable, was one of the gents. "What am I to do?" asks my fren'. "What 're you to do? Why, it 's puffikly clear," I says, "what you got to do. You takes 'im to Scotland Yard, an' if 'e ain't claimed wivin free munfs, 'e 's yours."

Yuss, we 'as a little romance in our perfession, sometimes.

Well, it don't look as if I 'm goin' to 'ave a job this arternoon. 'Owever, no matter. There 's always the work 'us. I shall be in good company there along o' the Dooks. Only what wiv the rheumatiz an' the bad times, it do take the sperrit out of you a bit. I was we 'l known for my back-answers at one time, but now I ain't got the 'eart for rippartee. T'other day one of them great stinkin' mobusses—a Union Jack (they ought to call 'em Onion Jacks!)—runs into me an' breaks one o' my winders, an' all I says, as the glass falls, is, "Never mind, you 've brought me up to date now—you 've made me into an airier-cab." That 's 'ow I took it. I s'pose it 's hold age. . . . No, no one wants the 'orse-kebs now. It 's, "Sorry, I wants a taxi." Sorry be durned! That won't keep you from starvin'. 'Owever, never mind. If the public don't want me I don't want them, 'ang 'em! . . . 'Ullo, what 's that? "Four-wheeler up." 'Ooray. Get on, old 'oss! 'Ere y'are, lidy!

AFTER-EFFECTS.

I.

"No, we don't worry about him," said his brother to me. "The doctors say he is quite harmless, quite happy, and perfectly sane, excepting in this one particular."

I glanced across at the mild-looking young man in the opposite corner, who smiled pleasantly to himself, and hummed a little tune, as he turned over the pages of *The Daily Telegraph* and jotted down figures in a big note-book.

"He became very enthusiastic over the Elections, and every morning made it his first business to work out how the parties stood. Thus he grew to love

that section of the newspaper where the latest figures appeared, and now, poor fellow, he misses them dreadfully, and can't get over it. He makes a cheerful best of it, however, and, failing election figures, you see, he contents himself with others."

Just then he was adding up the lines in a column, and as we watched him he proceeded to multiply them by 17,095, being the number of the issue of the paper. Turning the pages rapidly, he entered other figures in his note-book, finally casting the paper aside and adding up the grand total, which appeared to give him every satisfaction.

"I can show you something very interesting," he said, addressing me. "Do you mind counting the number of pages in this newspaper?" and he handed me his *Daily Telegraph*. The number was twenty.

"Now watch me," he said, and folding the paper in two he cut it through with his knife. "Now count the number of pages," he said triumphantly, handing me the two halves together.

"Forty," I said.

"Now you understand how twenty gains count forty on a division," he explained.

II.

Reggie was a small boy with ideas. He had read the newspapers intelligently during the Elections, and he had noted the terrible effect that could be produced by quoting what some great politician had said years ago.

Keeping his own counsel, he went to the stationer's and bought a threepenny note-book. He headed the pages as follows: "What Father said," "What Mother said," "What Beryl said," "What Tom said," leaving some dozen pages for each section.

He has already begun his entries, giving the exact date to each. In a fit of exasperation his father called out to him the other day when Reggie was strumming for his own amusement: "You must not play that piano!" Reggie has put it down, thinking that it will be useful to quote when the practising of scales seems to have no charms for him.

"I don't want you to go to church in the rain," his mother said on Sunday, when Reggie, in spite of a heavy cold, begged to be allowed to go and hear his friend the fat curate preach. It is now in the book, ready for a wet Sunday when the Vicar will hold forth. "You're a nasty boy, and I don't want you ever to play with me again," is entered under Beryl's name, and should successfully counter any appeal at an inconvenient moment; while Tom's latest offer is noted thus: "I will give my knife for one of your skates," an option which Reggie proposes to exercise when the winter is over.



Old Jarge. "THEY TALKS ABOUT FREE FOOD AND ALL THAT, BUT WHAT I WANTS TO KNOW IS, WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT THIS YERE SUPPER TAX?"

LITERARY NOTE.

THE latest cinematoscope device is the pictorial arrangement of short stories from the magazines, with enough explanation to make the author (should he be present) flush with pride.

The idea should spread, and indeed is spreading, a mass meeting of literary agents (who, it is well known, now far outnumber the authors) having been held in the Albert Hall to agree as to a line of policy.

As an outcome we are informed that the film-makers are hard at work preparing a strip 8,000 miles in length, or a third of the distance round the world—the longest ever made—for the adequate pictorial treatment of *It Never Can Happen Again*, Mr. DE MORGAN'S latest trifle.

This, of course, will mean for a while a film famine, but directly that is over the audiences of London may expect to see bioscoped several recent fictional successes, including some amusing fancies of Mr. HENRY JAMES, while it is probable that many authors will in future write direct for this public, and, in the present state of literary mutiny, let the ordinary readers go.

Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD, for example, is, it is alleged, already at work upon a cinematoscope romance on a film that would reach from London to West Herts and back again, entitled (to touch the sympathetic chords of the music-hall audience) *A Boy's Best Friend is His Mother.*

AT THE PLAY.

"THE O'FLYNN."

WHEN the Actor-Manager of His Majesty's finds himself with a part that suits him, more than half the battle is already won. And there can be no manner of doubt that the inconsequent character of *The O'Flynn* was admirably adapted to Sir BEERBOHM's methods. Swaggering yet courageous, swashbuckler and poet, egoist and altruist, *Falstaff* and *Cyrano* in one, sighs behind the laughter and laughter behind the sighs, and



ESPRIT D'ESCALIER.

The O'Flynn (Sir H. B. TREE) extemporises for the benefit of the *Lady Benedetta Mountmichael* (Miss EVELYN D'ALROY).

the right Irish humour playing over all—it was a figure (for professional purposes) after his own heart. As for the play, which, after all, is the thing, it has its good moments, as in the duel of swords, when *The O'Flynn* forbears his own advantage and swallows a bowl of punch between thrust and parry, so as to put his drunken adversary on level terms with him; or in the duel of drinks — with Burgundy this time for the medium—between the hero and *Van Dronk*. But Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY'S design is rather naïve, and the dialogue and action have their thin patches, notably in Act I. and the first scene of Act III. It showed, too, a certain poverty of invention to make *The O'Flynn* masquerade twice over in other men's wigs.

My pleasantest memory is of Miss EVELYN D'ALROY. To every word and motion and mood she brought an exquisite grace and dignity. I shall not soon forget her loyal anger in defence of *Lord Sedgemouth*, who had been challenged and pinked for using her name lightly in public. "He is my lover: he may say of me what he chooses." I doubt if we have any living actress who could have played the part of *The Lady Benedetta* with a more perfect charm and distinction.

As for Mr. HENRY AINLEY, he is incapable of poor work; but I think the audience never quite recovered from the shock of finding that he had been cast for the leading villain of the piece. If possible he should always be a hero, doing things as handsome as his face.

Mr. EDWARD SASS, as *Van Dronk*, gave an admirable study in bibulous Dutch, and Miss AURIOL LEE, in the part of a strolling comédienne, known as *Fancy Free* (though never found in strictly "maiden meditation"), did full justice to her name, and to the extreme candour of her part. I could have wished that Mr. NIGEL PLAYFAIR, as a mournful buffoon, doomed to suffer from toothache and a necklace of sausages, had had more scope for his talent.

Perhaps the most effective figure of all was that of Mr. FAY, who, as the uncrowned Majesty of Munster, did the one real piece of Irish work in the play. As with so many of his race, there was a strain of unforced pathos under his brave show of humour.

Altogether, I have to thank everybody for a very pleasant entertainment which never taxed my intelligence beyond its simple powers. And in any case I could never have the heart to find fault with a play in which the author has shown so generous an appreciation of the merits of punch. O. S.

"DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE."

MR. COMYNS CARR'S play at the Queen's Theatre is "founded on" STEVENSON'S book, and provides a score of parts; if it had been "adapted from" it, then it would have been a one-man play, and we should have had an uninterrupted evening of Mr. H. B. IRVING. That is what I should have liked. We should, of course, have needed a certain number of walkers on, for *Hyde* to strangle; supers with thinking, or rather dying, parts; possibly a child or two. For the rest, Mr. IRVING—now as *Jekyll*, now as *Hyde*; soliloquising, transfigurating, murdering.

Mr. CARR, as a practised playwright, knows better than to allow this; there would be nothing dramatic about the death of an odd super; *Hyde* must have some splendid reason for killing. So *Jekyll* is provided with the usual entanglement. An old intrigue with *Lady Carew* is about to be revealed to *Sir Danvers*, the injured husband, by a discharged butler who has obtained possession of "the letters." (Yes, actually "the letters" again! Why *will* people write? And now they talk about a Sunday post as well!) *Lady Carew* appeals frantically (Act I.) to *Jekyll* to save her. *Jekyll* is filled with wild and wicked thoughts about *Sir Danvers* and the butler (particularly *Sir Danvers*) . . . and behold, he has automatically changed into *Hyde*! As *Hyde*, of course he has no difficulty in putting things on a more secure basis (Act II.); strangling *Sir D.* and cutting the butler's throat.

So far Mr. COMYNS CARR. In the last two Acts STEVENSON has much more of a show. Here we do see *Hyde* hiding (I'm sorry, I can't help it) from the police in his Soho lodgings, in a fury of impatience for the arrival of the drug which will restore him to the form of *Jekyll*. Mr. IRVING was magnificent in this Act—a very devil (if devils are cowards too) as he gloated over his past orgies and trembled for his present danger. (But why such a miserable



Dr. Jekyll (Mr. H. B. IRVING). "I am ill, I am ill—I must have a complete change."
(Makes it in the next Act.)

lodging? You can do more in the orgy way, I should have thought, with luxurious surroundings.) Magnificent he was, too, in the last scene of all, where (as in the book) the spirit of *Jekyll* is finally imprisoned in the body of *Hyde*, and there is no way out but death. These two Acts were independent of Mr. CARR'S "plot," and they could not help being the better for it.

Of course Mr. CARR had an impossible task; it is not his fault that STEVENSON'S strange case does not go into a play. But if you will not see a great play at the Queen's you will at least be properly horrified. Mr. IRVING will make you shudder—he may even make you dream. As a contrast you will enjoy the curtain-raiser, *The Plumbers*, a music-hall sketch which cannot fail to make you laugh. Thus in one evening you can experience most of the emotions. M.

"ROWING 13 MILES AT 86.
Dr. Furnivall's Great Feat Next Sunday."
Evening News.

This is indeed wonderful. Why even in the Varsity race the crews only row 4½ miles at an average stroke of 36 or so.



Matilda Jane. "IF YOU DON'T COME 'OME THIS MINUTE, JOHN PHILIP, I'LL TELL MUVVER ABAHT YER GETTIN' YER FEET WET!"

A FEBRUARY TROUT-FANCY.

Now are the days ere the crocus
  Peeps in the Park,
Ere the first snowdrops invoke us,
  Ere the brown lark
Hymns over headland and heather
Spring and her riot of weather,
Days when the East winds are moaning
  together,
  Dreary and dark!

Still, just at times comes a hint of
  Softness that brings,
Spite of the season, a glint of
  April's own wings:
Violets hawked on the highway,
West winds a-whoop down a byway,
Silver clouds loose on the blue of their
  sky-way,
  Such are the things!

Yes, though old Winter o'ertake us
  Swiftly again,
These are the portents that make us
  Pause by the pane—
Windows where weavers of tackle
Snare us with shows that unshackle
Dreams, as we gaze upon tinsel and
  hackle,
  Greenheart and cane!

Visions of bud on the sallow,
  Swards in gay gown,
Glimpses of pool and of shallow,
  Streams brimming down;
Wail of the wandering plover,
Flute of the thrush in the cover,
Swirl of the pounder that breaks, turning over
  At your March Brown!

Hark to the reel's sudden shrill of
  Line that 's ripped out,
Feel the rod thrill with the thrill of
  Fate still in doubt,
Till, where the shingles are showing,
Yours are the rainbow tints glowing
Crimson and gold on a lusty and knowing
  Devonshire trout!

Such are the fancies they throw us,
  Sun and soft air,
Woven at windows that show us,
  Lingering there,
Not the mere flies for our buying,
Not only rods for our trying,
But—if we 've eyes for it—a'l the undying
  Fun o' Spring Fair!

From an article in *The Clarion* "by VICTOR GRAYSON, M.P." (Why M.P.?)

"There was little Ernest Hunter, whose indescribable hat covered a head that must have knocked around the world considerably before he found it."

Title for the picture: "The Head-Hunter."

"Various speculations have been indulged in as to the identity of the mysterious benefactor. One of these is that the donor of the bank-notes is a lady."—*Daily Mail.*

After deep thought we venture to inform our readers that, on the other hand, the donor *might* be a gentleman.

"MR. ASQUITH'S DEMANDS.

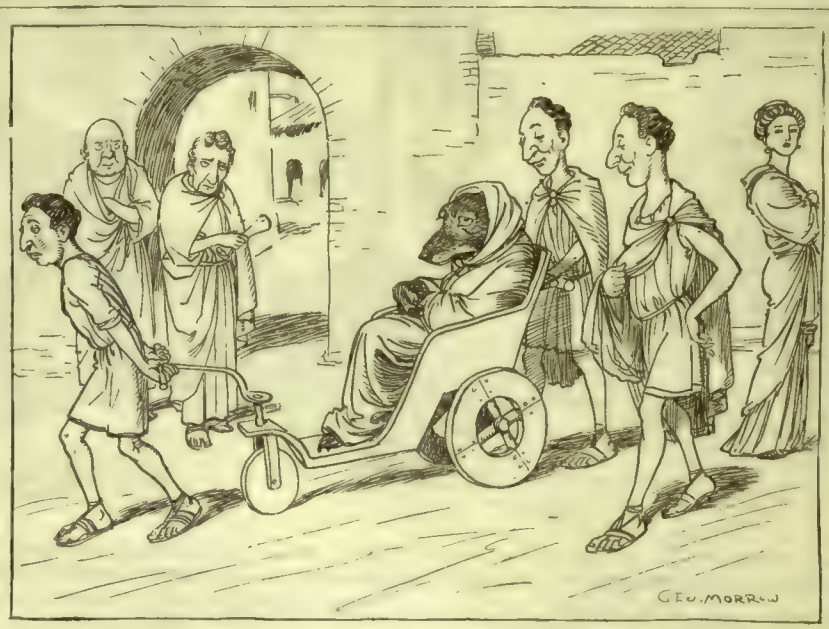
P shrdlu mfwypay yqayayq yayaqyaqaq ½ ½"
Dublin Evening Mail.

With a majority of 120 he may safely demand all that.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

J. PLUVIUS (as the sporting papers style him) has been accused of constantly popping out of his machine to ruin top-hats and test matches, and to interfere in even more important human affairs. Yet, from the classic case of Dido and Æneas, whom he drove into the fated cave, to the more modern instance of *Ralph* and *Phyllis*, the protagonists in *A Winter's Comedy* (LAURIE), for whom the god arranged a first meeting in a Yorkshire farmhouse, he has assisted at more love-affairs than Venus herself. J. P. and Mr. HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE were so pleased with the success of their little experiment with *Ralph* and *Phyllis* that they agreed to repeat it in the shape of a heavy mist which cut the happy pair off from the rest of the world when they were out hunting on the moors, and forcibly convinced *Ralph* that *Phyllis* was his only joy. *Ralph* belonged to a prehistoric family that came over with Noah, and, as he had only a beggarly two thousand a year, could not afford to keep up Mount Ararat, the old family place in Yorkshire. *Phyllis* was the niece of an ex-farmer who had made his pile abroad, and bought an Elizabethan house and some of the broad acres of the same county. And the county, which has not, as a rule, much use for newcomers, called on them and took to them because, although the bluff straight-riding uncle was obviously not one of them, the niece was charming, and bore a wonderful and mysterious likeness to *Ralph's* dead mother. (For solution of this coincidence see the book itself.) On the whole the course of true love runs through Mr. SUTCLIFFE's simple but pleasant little story with exceeding smoothness. Everything, in fact, goes as right as rain.



TOUCHING FILIAL PIETY OF ROMULUS AS SHOWN IN HIS TREATMENT OF HIS FOSTER-MOTHER.

If a man may say that he was "disappointed in the Atlantic" perhaps I may be allowed to confess that I am fed up with the great god Pan. Pan comes trotting into EDGAR JEPSON'S book, *No. 19* (MILLS AND BOON), and he is surrounded by all the dear old mysteries. The dead woman, the horrible smell of the goat, the cloven footsteps in the gravel, the man who has lost his reason and can only mutter, "Pan is not dead"—these are all here; yet Mr. JEPSON pretends to leave his hero, *John Plowden*, absolutely mystified as to the happenings of the night. *John* cannot have read much contemporary fiction. Of course I don't mind if the hero of a novel seems to be a fool, but I object to the assumption that the reader is too; and I am annoyed when an author appears to plume himself on some quality which is entirely absent from his book. You can almost hear Mr. JEPSON shuddering at the awful mysteries of his story. "Ah," he says, with bated breath, "if only I dared tell you the horror at which I must only hint;" and all the time you are saying cheerfully to yourself, "What, poor old Pan again? Never!" *No. 19*, in fact, can be recommended to readers with a sense of humour as a pleasant and harmless little story of the blackest magic.

The range of subjects in Mrs. MANN'S volume of short stories, *Bound Together* (MILLS AND BOON) is so wide that if you have a weakness of any kind she is almost certain to gratify it. Granted that you are a pre-Rafflesite and no worshipper of burglars, you can still take your choice between Sabbatarians, cats and people who "love the mystic." If you are not excited by the stupidities of a jealous wife, you may still be interested in the antics of a silly husband. To take the two best stories—*Old Billy Knock* is a simple tale, which tells of a great love of home in the heart of a labouring man; but it also reveals a nobility and a firmness of mind which those who regard country labourers as mere pawns upon a political chess-board are apt to disregard. *The Brown Greatcoat* contains two delightfully funny and unexpected situations, and is an excellent example of the author's humour. I return eighteen thanks to Mrs. MANN, one for each of her stories, and am glad to say that, as her book contains no acknowledgment of the courtesy of various editors, I conclude that even the most voracious readers of magazines can approach it with confidence.

"Some of the reports from the country districts bring the temperature down to absolute zero this morning, but up till the time of writing none of the correspondents have ventured on the minus sign. With a little more encouragement, however, this is safe to come."

"ROTHESAY.—The frost here is regarded as the keenest for sixty years. The thermometer is 16 degrees below zero."

Demand and supply, from the same number of *The Glasgow Evening News*.

The Contortionist.

The Naturalist of this month calls attention to a gentleman who was "one of the founders of the Hull Geological Society, and has passed through its presidential chair!" Moreover, he has "acted in the capacity of honorary secretary to the society almost without a break!"

We can picture to ourselves a jolly evening with the H.G.S.

"His boy, not yet released from the trammels of school, can milk cows and kill a sheep at a pinch."—*Christchurch Press* (N.Z.).

There were heroes in the old days who could kill an ox at a blow; this is better. But of course it's knack rather than strength.

CHARIVARIA.

THE Committee of the Socialist-Republican Alliance of Madrid have decided to send a telegram to congratulate the leader of the Liberal party in the British Parliament on the result of the elections. We are sure it was kindly meant.

***

The Anglo-German Arbitration Agreement of 1904 has been prolonged for a further period of ten years. If either party should refuse to be bound by it, the other, we understand, will enforce it, if necessary, by arms.

***

Another sign of the times! From an account of Cruft's Dog Show:—"It is a melancholy fact that only eight entries have been received in the mastiff section, this fine old British variety having steadily lost ground of late years, whereas the German Great Danes have proportionately increased, their strength on the present occasion being 99." Even when we go to the dogs the Germans are in front.

***

"There is little doubt," we are told, "that the impending agreement between the Great Western and the London and South Western Railways will take the form of a pooling of the West of England traffic." We would beg these Companies not to be too precipitate. Reports from Paris state that the pooling of the Métropolitain there has had a most damping effect on the spirits of the Directors.

***

Mr. MONTAGU SHARPE, in charging the Grand Jury at the Middlesex Sessions last week, pointed out that there were only 22 cases to be investigated as compared with 50 at the last sessions, but hastened to add, in case this should be taken as a sign of decadence among our criminals, that this was always so in the February session, and that in the succeeding months the numbers would rise again all right.

***

One could wish that all our newspapers were as jealous as is *The Express* of the dignity of our judges. In recording the fact that at the opening of the Northampton Assizes the nose of the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE bled, our contemporary spoke of his Lordship as suffering from "a violent attack of hemorrhage" of that organ.

***

"No home is quite complete without children," says the BISHOP OF LONDON. On the other hand, a father points out, no home is quite complete *with* children. Something is always getting broken.

***

A dear old lady, who has been studying the report of a recent lecture on the determination of sex, says she thinks she understands it now: fathers always have daughters and mothers always have sons.

***

"Everything this season," says an article in a contemporary on spring fashions, "will be shot." This is good news. We have been wanting for some time past to down certain hats.

***

Coventry now possesses a funeral motor-hearse which is capable of travelling either at a walking pace or at such a speed that it can pick up customers as it goes along.

***

The National Poultry Organisation Society is instituting a campaign with a view to drawing attention to the enormous possibilities of poultry farming in this country. That huge profits are to be made out of poultry is sufficiently proved by M. ROSTAND'S fabulous success with his *Chantecler*.

***

Signor ZERBOLA, the Milanese tenor, who is to make his *début* at Covent Garden during the forthcoming season, is described as a modern Hercules, standing well over six feet, and having a remarkable muscular development. The proportions of operatic heroines have been becoming so enormous that, to manipulate them successfully in *enlèvement* scenes, the operatic athlete has become a necessity.

***

The *Entente*, even if it had achieved nothing else, would be notable for the interchange of intellectual products which it has promoted. The latest good news is that Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH, junior, is going to Paris to introduce there a French version of "Yip-i-addy-i-ay," under the title of "Yip-ai-ady-ai-é."

***

The Great Western Railway is to run shortly a special egg train. Now is our chance — which we seize—of not calling this an Eggspress.

***

The skating craze continues to spread. Land-slides are reported from the Isle of Wight and Northumberland.

***

Now that it has been decided that the Brown Dog of Battersea is to be removed, there would appear to be some difficulty as to its disposal, and it is not impossible that the constitution of the local Dogs' Home may have to be altered so as to admit of its sheltering homeless canine statues.

***

With reference to the KING and the Crisis, *The Daily News* issues the following warning:—"He has to decide in accordance with the rules, and a failure to interpret them impartially might have unpleasant consequences for him." After this sweeping admonition, HIS MAJESTY, we fancy, may be trusted not to lose his head.

From an advertisement in *The North Middlesex Chronicle*:—

"'*Veni, vidi, vici!*' I came, I saw, I conquered. Memorable message of Alexander the Great centuries ago."

Even as a lad ALEXANDER shaped well at Latin.

"Lost, a Donkey. All expenses paid."—*Rugby Advertiser.*

Conscientious creature. May this be a lesson to the human absconding lodger.



LONDONESE.

Coster. "'ERE, WOT ABAHT IT?"
Hawker. "WOT ABAHT WOT?"
Coster. "WOT ABAHT WOT YER SAID ABAHT ME?"
Hawker. "WELL, WOT ABAHT IT?" [*And so on.*

THE FEMALE VETO.

L'homme propose: la femme dispose.

BETTY, I have borne enough!
Comes a time, I'd have you know,
When the worm, however tough,
Has to let his feelings go;
When the People, suffering long
'Neath the upper crust (or stratum),
Turns at last to right the wrong
With a manly ultimatum.

Sound proposals I indite;
Hand them in on bended joint;
You reject the things at sight,
Or amend the crucial point;
"Wife," a most important word
(This is where I get so gloomy),—
"Wife" you cancel as absurd,
But you'll be a "sister" to me.

Well, it's more than I can stand;
Must my manhood still be mute,
Humbled by a woman's hand,
Bested by a woman's boot?
Shall they make me drink the dust—
Such a tiny hand and wee toe?
No, my Betty, I will bust
Up your antiquated veto.

I have swallowed bitter rue
All these barren, blighted years,
Now I mean to deal with you
As the Commons with the Peers.
Every Valentine I've shot
At your heart, you chose to flout it;
Now I'll have my way, if not
With your leave, why, then, without it.

Twice, within a certain space,
I propose to press my claim;
Twice (I give you ample grace)
You are free to spurn the same;
But—for I decline to spend
Half my life in looking silly—
At the third time I intend
You shall wed me, willy-nilly.

"What!" you say, "if I refuse
Still when you have thrice appealed,
Is it your design to use
Savage force to make me yield?"
"Go to ASQUITH," I reply;
"Scoop the secrets of the Cæsar;
Bring them here, and then will I
Tell you what *my* 'guarantees' are."

O. S.

The Very Latest Rumour.

From a bright young contemporary:

"It is not improbable that another vacancy may be caused by the retirement of Lord Wolverhampton from the Duchy of Lancaster."

And if Mr. BRYCE would only retire from the Irish Secretaryship there would be yet another vacancy.

Election Paradox from the East.

"Top pressure is being exerted on both sides."—*The Pioneer.*

HORAE PETRINAE.

WE note with natural satisfaction that Mr. PETER KEARY has now so far modified his original views on Success as to admit that you cannot always "get it in one." But there are some obvious omissions in his new work, *Success after Failure*, and these we now propose to remedy in Mr. KEARY'S best manner.

HANNIBAL.

HANNIBAL began life as a donkey-boy at Biskra. He was a wild young rip, and so given to practical jokes that he soon got the chuck and enlisted in the Carthaginian Hussars.

Nature, while generally true enough in the long run, sometimes wobbles a bit on the start, while she is getting her bearings, but dear old HANNY wasn't long in getting on the job.

He introduced elephants into the Carthaginian cavalry, patented a new army boot, and not long after won the battle of Cannae against the Romans.

HANNIBAL was the first man to cross the Alps. It was a tough job, but he did it, assisted by HASDRUBAL, HIMILCO, HITTHERTO, and other Phœnician bosses.

Then came Capua and the fleshpots of Campania.

Capua! What a moral that word teaches!! Old HANNY was a bit of an epicure and the restaurant life was too much for his constitution.

He and his soldiers got "fed up," and FABIUS and SCIPIO knocked spots off him in the long run.

Then he started as a financier and company-promoter in the East.

He worked hard, but good intentions without results failed to fill the bill and he perished by his own hand.

Poor HANNIBAL!

When he died he was an extinct volcano.

If he were alive now I'd offer him £20,000 down for his reminiscences.

Mirrored in the pages of his deadly enemies, HANNIBAL still fairly knocks us. And, after all, no greater book has ever been written than LIVY'S History.

He makes the most wonderful people and happenings live before us just as they were in those golden days. No man who has any sort of mental ambition can afford to be without this masterpiece of luscious narrative.

If you haven't read it get it at once.

If you can't read it in the Latin, buy, borrow, or steal a crib.

I mean to read it as soon as ever I stop writing books.

JOHN MILTON.

THE MAN WHO CHEEKED CHARLES THE SECOND IN PRISON.

Before MILTON turned up, poetry in England had fairly got the hump. POPE was far away, SHAKSPEARE was a back number, and BYRON, SHELLEY and KEATS had not as yet dawned upon the world. The Muses were sick, the Pierian spring had lost its fizzle, and people were wondering if the "tuneful nine" would ever pipe up again.

Then came MILTON and altered everything.

There was no "blue blood" in JOHN MILTON'S veins. From the "Smart Set" of his day he was as far removed as he was from the inhabitants of Mars.

He wrote *Paradise Lost*, the greatest epic in the English language, a work that is especially necessary in this hustling, commercial age, when the material is so overshadowing the spiritual, and when pretty nearly all life's values dwarf before that of the banknote.

But MILTON did not merely write *Paradise Lost*. He sold it for £10!!!

Poor MILTON!

But although blind and nearly dotty he kept up his pecker to the end, and gave his daughters "what for" on the slightest provocation.

Great, brave, big-hearted, large-souled MILTON! If you do not know him already, make haste to form his acquaintance.

I mean to.

SHAKSPEARE failed as a wool merchant.

CROCKETT got out of the pulpit to address a bigger audience as novelist.

JOHN WANAMAKER began life as an errand-boy. He afterwards became the Napoleon of the retail trade.

Mr. CORTELYOU failed as a music-master.

Sir ARTHUR WING PINERO was educated as a solicitor.

(*To be continued.*)

"Two Fulham electors handed in their polling card slips at the Queen's Hall At Home, with the news that they had this time voted against the Government."—*Votes for Women.*

But that still leaves about 3,165,146 Opposition voters to be accounted for somehow. We hope it will be possible to trace them.

Beauty Culture.

"Dip your soiled face in alcohol, rinse it in the liquid and hang it straight to dry. It may then be pressed."—*Toronto Mail and Empire.*

"Give me thy face that I may press it gently."

"In his leathern gaiters you do not at first recognise him as one of the best, if not the best, inside-left in England."—*Morning Leader.*

One would have thought the gaiters would have given it away.



PICK-ME-UP OR KNOCK-ME-DOWN.

PEER. "WELL, IF I'VE *GOT* TO BE DOCTORED, I SHOULD REALLY MUCH PREFER THIS LITTLE MIXTURE OF MY OWN."



FINESSE.

Road Inspector (who has put a new man on). "WELL, JOHN, WHAT'S YOUR NEW MAN LIKE?"

Sweeper in charge of gang. "WELL, 'E 'S ALL RIGHT, SIR, FOR JUST STRAIGHT SWEEPIN', BUT 'E AIN'T NO GOOD FOR ANY TICKLISH BIT O' WORK, LIKE WHEN IT COMES TO SWEEPIN' ROUND A LAMP-POST AND SICH-LIKE."

THE CUPBOARD VALENTINE.

O Mary, in this month of Lent,
Although the motley minstrel feels
It hard upon his native bent,
An Anglo-Saxon never squeals,
And I adhere to my intent
Of cutting down my monstrous meals.

And so these Cupids on the wing,
This lover's bow I did not choose
To mail to any sweet young thing
Who fires my amatory Muse,
But her who makes the kettle sing—
A somewhat different pair of shoes.

There may be beauty more divine
Than that to which I fondly look,
But yours is that resplendent shrine,
With saucepans hung on every hook,
That claims from us this Valentine—
Accept it pray, O Mary, cook!

For yours it is with constant care,
And well-tried culinary plot,
To furnish me with pluck to bear
(Egeria of the basement grot!)
The rigours of my Lenten fare,
And make me *seem* to gorge a lot.

You help me through: your art is such
That (granted the correct receipt)
It makes the little like the much,
The plain as toothsome as the sweet;
Your fingers have the fairy's touch,
Whatever size you take in feet.

Then if you loved me in the past,
O Mary mine, so love me still,
Accept this token of my vast
Affection, and be sure to grill
The meagre sole that suits the fast
With more than customary skill.

EVOE.

AFTER "CHANTECLER."

[Green Room Gossip of the Future.]

PREPARATIONS for the forthcoming piscatorial play at His Majesty's are rapidly approaching completion. The proscenium opening has been fitted with its plate-glass front and the curtain of green seaweed is in position.

As our readers are already aware, the plot of the piece deals with the love affairs of a plaice who has conceived a hopeless passion for a high-born lady mackerel.

* * * *

Interviewed yesterday, Sir HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE said he was delighted with his part of the plaice, as it afforded great opportunities for the display of varied emotions. A plaice indicates these by changing the colour of its spots—a mode of expression not confined to the chameleon, as is popularly supposed.

A strong part is provided for the villain, a sinister devil-fish, to be played by Mr. LYN HARDING.

Some idea of the size of the properties employed may be gathered from the announcement that little ELSIE CRAVEN, who appears as a dancing winkle, will reside in a shell fifteen feet in circumference.

* * * *

Aphis, the long-talked-of insect sketch, is due at the St. James's on Saturday evening.

A typical GEORGE ALEXANDER part is that of the handsome red ant who protects the heroine, a fascinating greenfly, from the machinations of an elderly earwig.

The entire action takes place on a rose-bush in full bloom, the flowers measuring over four yards in diameter.

* * * *

Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER announces that he has secured the rights of a new animal comedy written by the Editor of *The Zoophilist*. He will play a middle-aged okapi, a congenial "friend of the family" part, while Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH has been cast for a wayward gazelle.

* * * *

The latest addition to the "Follies" bill is a new potted dog play, in which Mr. PELISSIER appears as a French poodle.

Motto for the House of Peers.

"Mirantur taciti et dubio pro fulmine pendent."—*Statius.*

THE RABBITS.

[*Second Series.*]

CHAPTER VI.—THE CURTAIN GOES DOWN.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Simpson at the supper table, glass in hand, "it is my pleasant duty——"

"Bother!" murmured Myra; "drinking healths always makes me feel funny."

"Silence for McSimp," shouted Archie. "Now then, pass along there, please. There's no need to push, you'll all be able to hear. Gentlemen, the O'Sumph is addressing us impromptu, not to say unasked."

"It is my pleasant duty," continued Simpson, "as your late emperor [*Half an hour late.—How's the proboscis?*] to propose the health of the Rabbits Dramatic Company. [*Hooray.*] Great as we are on the cricket field—[*Wide!*]—great, I say, as we are on the cricket field—[*Pitch 'em up, Simpson*]—we are, I think, still greater in the halls of Thespis. [*Don't know the lady.*] Gentlemen, I knew IRVING—[*Liar*]—I have heard tell of GARRICK—[*Good! Ever heard of Shakespeare?*]—but to-night has been a new experience for me. [*I will——give you——the kee-eys of——*]. Ladies and gentlemen, I propose our very good healths, coupled with the name of Miss Myra Mannering." [*Loud cheers.*]

"That's me," said Myra.

"I single out Miss Mannering," added Simpson, "because I'm sure we should all like to hear her make a speech."

"Oh, Samuel," said Myra, shaking her head at him, "and I thought it was because you loved me."

"The Rabbits! Myra!" we cried.

"Miss Mannering will now address you," announced Archie. "She will be glad to answer any questions afterwards; but anyone who interrupts will be hurled out. I appeal to you as Englishmen to give her a fair hearing."

Myra stood on a chair, looking lovely but very lonely, and waited till we were silent.

"My dear good friends," she began, and then she caught Thomas's eye. "Hallo, Tommy," she said wistfully . . . "My dear good friends, but why should you say *I'm* a jolly good fellow when it isn't my birthday or anything? But how *silly* of you! Why, of course, we're *all* jolly good fellows—and jolly good actors, too. It *has* been fun, hasn't it? . . . Oh, Archie dear . . . I hope we shall all be here in the summer, don't you? Well, you can't very well say you don't, now I've asked you, can you? You'll have to pretend your uncles are very ill, and then you needn't come. . . . Oh please—*don't* all look at me like that, you make me want to cry, and I only want to laugh to-night. . . . Archie, may I get down?"

"She *is* a dear," Dahlia whispered to me. "How you can go on——"

It was Simpson who saved the situation and made us merry and bright again. He hastily trotted out the suggestion that we should tour the country in the summer, playing cricket in the day and *Bong the Second* at night. Archie backed him up at once.

"Only I'm off Bong Two altogether," he said. "Of course, what we want is a cricket play. We shall have to write one ourselves, I expect; there aren't any really good ones about. Act I.: Rupert Vavasour, a dashing bat and the last descendant of an ancient but impoverished house, is in love with the beautiful but equally impoverished Millicent. Milly is being pursued by a rich villain of the name of Jasper Fordyce, the said Jasper being a bowler of extreme swiftness, with a qualification for Essex. . . . Go on, Simpson."

"In order to restore the fallen fortunes of the house, Rupert plays for Kent as a professional—Binks (R.)—and secures talent money in six successive matches. Jasper hears of it, and (Act II.) assassinates the scorer; bribing a hireling of his own to take the deceased's place. In the next match Rupert only scores 49."

"Rupert," continued Thomas, "who had been counting his own jolly score, and made it 87, was furious, and determined at all costs to foil the villain. Accordingly he went on to bowl in the next innings and took five wickets for 239, thus obtaining talent money."

"A little love interest, please, Dahlia," said Archie.

"Now the captain, who was in the secret," said Dahlia, "was in love with Rupert's sister, which was why he put Binks (R) on to bowl. As soon as Binks had collected his five wickets, Blythe went on, and took the other five for three runs. In this way Kent just managed to win, and so Rupert got more talent money."

"The next match was against Essex—Act III., the great Act of the play—and Jasper Fordyce was playing for the Leyton brigade. As he put on his spurs before taking the field, and brushed his sleek black hair, he smiled sardonically to himself. Had he not overnight dug holes in the pitch at the pavilion end, and was not the wicket fiery, and he notoriously an erratic bowler?"

"Everything points to Simpson playing Jasper," I said, and continued.

"'Heads,' cried Jasper. It was heads. 'I put you in,' he remarked calmly. 'What!' said the other in amazement. Ten minutes later Binks (R.) and Humphreys were at the wicket. Binks took first ball with a touch of nervousness at his heart. All depended on this match. If only he could make 450 to-day, he would be able to pay off the mortgage and marry his Millicent . . . 'Play.' Jasper rushed up to the wicket and delivered the ball. Then before anybody could see how it happened, Rupert was stretched full-length upon the sward."

"I had rather thought of playing Rupert myself," said Archie. "But I'm not so sure now."

"Five for 239," I reminded him. "The part was written for you."

"But what of Millicent?" said Myra. "Fearing lest some evil should overtake her lover she had attended the match clad in a long ulster, and now she flung it off, revealing the fact that she was in flannels. With her hair tucked up beneath her county cap she looked a slim and handsome boy. To rush on to the field and take the injured one's place was the work of a moment. 'Who is this?' said the umpires in amazement. 'Fear not,' whispered Millicent to Humphreys, 'I have a birth qualification for the county, and the gardener coached me for an hour last night.'"

"Once more Jasper rushed up to the crease, and the spectators held their breath."

"I'm going to be a spectator," I said, "with a breath-holding part. Sorry—go on, Blair."

"Then Millicent's bat flashed, and, behold, the ball was on the boundary! A torrent of cheers rent the air. Again he bowled, again the bat flashed. Jasper ground his teeth."

"The curtain goes down here to represent the passing of an hour. When it rises again Millicent's score is 423. . . . There was dead silence for a moment. Then Millicent swung her bat. And at that the cheers broke out, such cheering as had never been heard before. Maclaren's record score was beaten at last! 'Now surely he will knock his wickets down,' said the spectators. Little did they know that until 450 was upon the tins the mortgage could not be paid off! 430—440—449—a sharply run single—450! From the pavilion Rupert heard the cheers and fainted again."

"It was 'over' and Millicent had the bowling. Jasper delivered the ball, a fast half-volley——"

("Oh, Simpson simply *must* play Jasper.")

"— and Millicent drove it back hard and true. Jasper tried to duck, but it was too late. He was dead."

"Act IV. All his money went to Rupert, who was a distant cousin. He married Millicent, and they lived happily ever after. But, though they are always to be seen at the Tonbridge and Canterbury weeks, they have never played cricket again . . . *Curtain.*"

"And bedtime," said Myra suddenly. "Good-night everybody."

THE END. A. A. M.

WHY READ AT ALL?

FOR BUSY MEN.—THE WORLD'S GREATEST AUTHORS TAKEN IN AT A GLANCE.—IV. The Big Game Shooter.



Start for the Hunting Ground.



The Author and a day's bag in Mmba.



The Author and a day's bag in Zlmmba.



The Author and a day's bag in Mlzmmba.



The Author and a day's bag in Zlmbzlmmba.



The Author and a day's bag in Mbz—etc.

LITTLE ARTHUR'S INFLUENZA.

SCENE—*A sitting-room;* TIME—5 P.M. Little Arthur, *heavily wrapped up, is in an armchair with a clinical thermometer in his mouth.* Mamma *is attending to him.*

Mamma. Arthur, you really mustn't try to talk with that thing in your mouth. I shall never be able to get your temperature properly if you do. Keep it well under your tongue. There, that's better. Half a minute more, only half a minute. For Heaven's sake don't cough. You'll bite on it and break it, and then where shall we be? (Little Arthur *grows purple with the effort of suppressing a cough.*) The child will burst, I know he will. There, that's enough.

[*She takes out the thermometer and examines it.*

Little Arthur. Ough, ouch, wouf, wouf, ouch!

Mamma. If you cough like that, I can't possibly read the thermometer. Yes, I know you can't help it, poor boy, but—— Ah, 100. Come, that's better. You were 101 this morning, so you see you're getting on. And now I'll give you your medicine, and then it'll be time to go to bed. You'll be better off there, and you shall have a nice hot cup of beef-tea later.

L. A. Mamma.

Mamma. Yes, dear.

L. A. Must I take the medicine?

Mamma. Of course you must. How do you think you're going to get rid of the influenza if you don't take the medicine? Besides, what will Dr. Pollard say if he finds you haven't taken his medicine? (*She pours a dose of pink medicine into a wine-glass.*) There—it's the prettiest medicine I ever saw.

L. A. It may be pretty to look at, Mamma, but it's the beastliest medicine I ever tasted.

Mamma. Arthur, that is not a nice way to speak of Dr. Pollard's medicine. You ought to be thankful to him for his kindness. Think of all the poor children who can't have a doctor when they're ill.

L. A. Yes, Mamma, I do, and I think they're very lucky. But, Mamma.

Mamma. Well, what is it now?

L. A. Ought everybody to drink medicine when the doctor sends it to them?

Mamma. Of course, everybody ought—that is, if they're not foolish and wilful.

L. A. Well, I know Papa didn't drink his when he had his gout three weeks ago—you remember, Mamma, when he threw a book at Uncle John. It was called *The Complete Golfer*, or some name like that, wasn't it, Mamma?

Mamma. The name of the book doesn't matter.

L. A. Doesn't it, Mamma? I thought perhaps you'd like to know, and it might help you to remember.

Mamma. Help me to remember what?

L. A. That Papa didn't drink his medicine. I was sitting with Papa, and just after Uncle John had gone out quickly, you came in with the medicine, and you poured it out yourself, and Papa said he'd be hanged if he'd take any more of Pollard's filthy stuff. It never did him any good, he said, and it was bad enough having the gout without having to ruin your constitution by drinking a mixture that tasted like the smell of rotten eggs and old cabbage stalks.

Mamma. I'm sure your father never said anything of the kind.

L. A. Oh, yes, he did, Mamma: he said all that and a good deal more, too. And when you came up to coax him he made you give him the glass and the medicine bottle, and he told me to open the window, and he chucked them out. He said it was poor man's gout that he had, and he was going to have a good glass of port that very night; and you know he was much better the next morning. Do you think Papa was foolish and wilful, Mamma?

Mamma. I've told you a hundred times at least that you mustn't always compare yourself with your father. It's a very bad habit. Your father's a grown-up man, and you're a little boy, and that makes all the difference.

L. A. But you were very angry with Papa.

Mamma. Yes, and I shall be very angry with you if you don't drink your medicine quickly. I'll hold your nose for you if you like.

L. A. No thank you, Mamma. I think I'll hold it myself. But I'm quite sure it won't do me a bit of good. I should get on much better without it.

Mamma. I daresay you think so, but you're not fit to judge in these matters. You know I wouldn't do anything that wasn't for your good.

L. A. No, Mamma, but——

Mamma. Come, drink it up quick. I can't wait here all day with a glass of medicine in my hand. (*He drinks.*) There's a brave boy. And now I'll read to you for a quarter of an hour or so.

L. A. Thank you, Mamma, but I don't feel up to it after the medicine. I think I'll go to bed.

"CHOICE WORD AND MEASURED PHRASE."

FIND me the phrase whereby I might express
My depth of feeling, neither more nor less.

When things have dared to go awry with me
And primal impulse prompted me to curse
The Fates, myself and all the powers that be
(A process doomed to make the evil worse),
I have refrained and even come to see
A means therein myself to reimburse
By finding humour in catastrophe.
Thus I have set myself in solemn verse
To find a phrase whereby I might express
My depth of feeling rather more than less.

This has its limits; let me tell you them.
And, firstly, note:—I have a telephone,
A very foolish thing to have. And, mem.:—
I live in comfort, but I live alone.
At five o'clock, at five o clock A.M.,
When I was sleeping comfortably prone,
It rang me up, and, though I used the "Dem,"
The "Doose," the "Hang," the "Well, I will be blown!"
I failed, and failed by fathoms, to express
My depth of feeling either more or less.

When it had rung its fifty-seventh ring,
That was, I knew, a summons to obey
Or listen to an endless summoning.
I rose in anger; after much delay,
"Are you a p'liceman?" said the silly thing.
I said, "I am a bard," and came away.
A frosty morn at five! Oh, readers, bring
Your intellects to bear. What *could* I say?
Find me the phrase whereby I might express
My depth of feeling, neither more nor less.

Cock-Crow Echoes.

THE Great Play is having a considerable effect upon fashions. It is true that Messrs. WORTH have informed *The Daily Telegraph* that ladies are unlikely to attempt to rival Madame SIMONE in the street, which is regrettable in these dull days; but every hat with a feather in it, even a sham ostrich, is now called a Chantecler hat.

More than one attempt has been made to give the correct moral of the play; it may perhaps be summed up in this advice to those about to take themselves too seriously—COCK-A-DOODLE-DON'T.

HOW TO SEE HALLEY'S COMET.

MANY earnest correspondents ask us to reassure them as to the great Comet's visibility. They gather from the newspapers that the "unique celestial display" will be difficult to find. One old gentleman says that he was born in 1759, just three days after the comet's disappearance. He lived with feverish impatience until 1835, when it was timed to reappear, and, as luck would have it, he was the first English victim of influenza, which kept him on his back during the whole period of transit. He did not, however, despair. Since that date he has taken care of his eyesight and bought a pair of spectacles, only to be filled with misgivings aroused by the vague predictions which he is just able to read in the daily press. "Am I," he asks pathetically, "to have lived all these years in vain?"

Another gentleman, writing from Hampstead, inquires what the London County Council are doing. If the comet is to be visible at Greenwich, why not at Hampstead? Would it not be more just to the ratepayers to select without prejudice some central spot (such as Parliament Hill) whither all might go for the occasion?

We hasten to relieve the minds of both these correspondents. To the first we may mention that facilities for comet-seeing have made great strides since 1835, and the pastime is now possible even for the bedridden if they will go to the very slight trouble of having a glass roof made to their house. This idea occurred to astronomers after the erection of the Crystal Palace, and has found great favour with scientific invalids. The Hampstead resident will be glad to hear that the term "visible at Greenwich" is a quite obsolete technicality. Many years ago it was found convenient to extend the radius of observation for the benefit of those astronomers who, though engaged in star-gazing at Greenwich all day, had to get home to dinner in other parts of London by 8.15. Nowadays most of the stars which are visible in Greenwich are also visible in several other suburbs, including Hampstead. Before long it is hoped to complete the service by extending it to Haverstock Hill, Camberwell, Belgrave Square, Houndsditch, and the Admiralty.

Another correspondent is more confident of success in his observations, but thinks that he might make assurance doubly sure if he had a telescope. "Are they expensive?" he asks. This question is rather out of our province, but luckily a paragraph in that enterprising weekly, *The Young Galileo*, furnishes an adequate answer. "Very serviceable telescopes can be made out of the cardboard tubes which are used for packing photographs. A number of these fitted into one another and supplied with suitable lenses will be found, in capable hands, quite as useful as many of the highly priced instruments bought by the inexperienced."

The following general directions will be valued by many other correspondents with whom we have no space to deal separately. To find Halley's Comet, stand so that Mars and Saturn are in a line running due N.N.E. by E. from the parallax, and making an angle of 34 degrees with an imaginary line drawn S.E. by E.S.E. (approximately) from the Pole Star, Venus or the constellation of Orion. Taking then the mean distance between any two of these points and Greenwich, draw a pentagonal focus-line directly opposite to the base of observation. This will give the required altitude, and the curve of contact will be instantly apparent. It should be noted that after 6 A.M. the tangent of co-ordinated coefficients should be regarded as equal to the sum of the differences of the two equations squared.

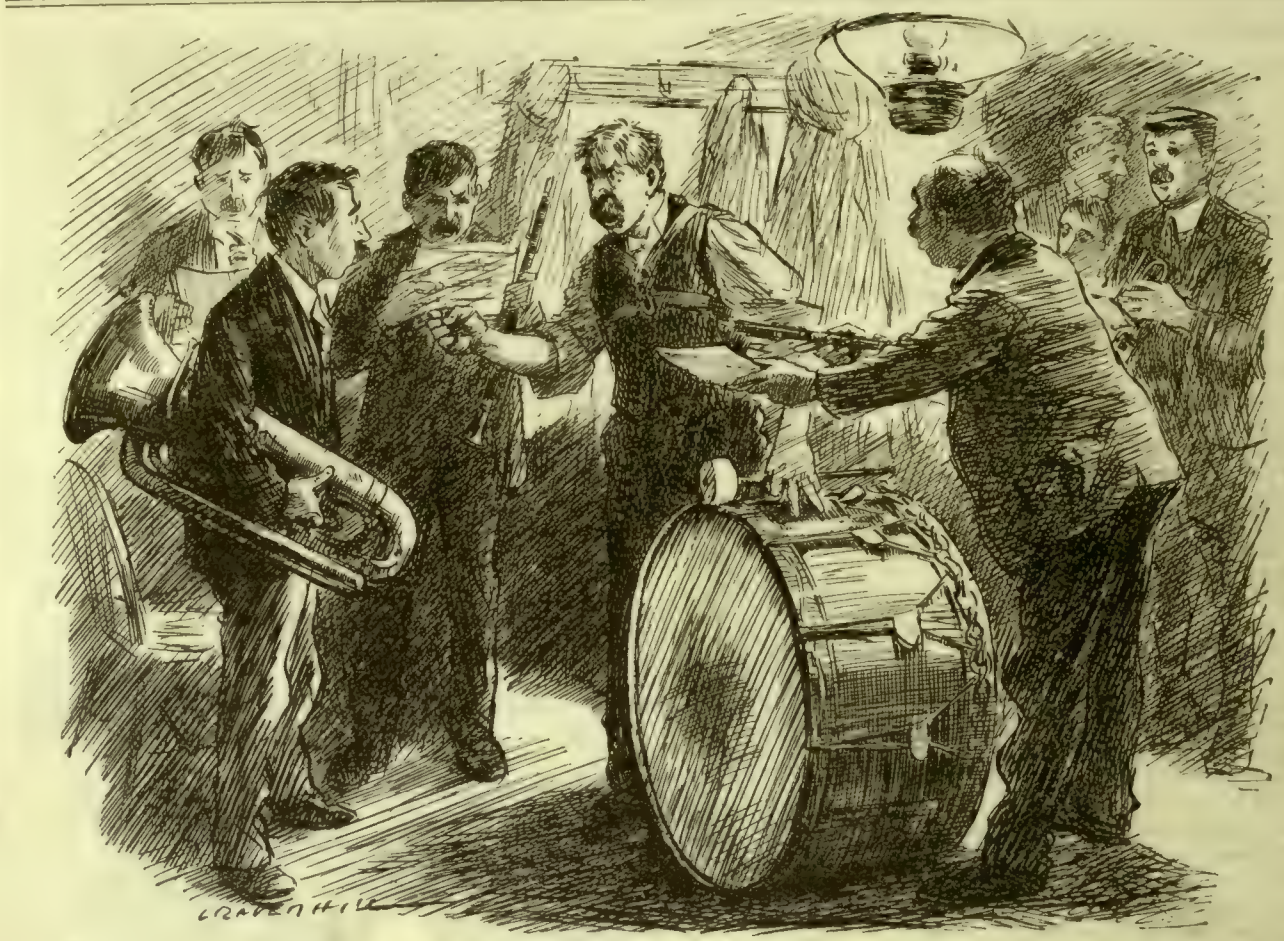


HARD TIMES.

Lady Caller (confidentially to her hostess). "MY DEAR, WHY DOESN'T THE DEAN PAD HIS LEGS?"
Wife of the Dean (pathetically). "BUT, MY DEAR, HE DOES!"

"Turnips are very much damaged by being eaten by hares, and they travel such a distance that they are difficult to deal with."—*The Scotsman.*

To see the whole field in full cry after a turnip is one of the most inspiring sights of Scotland.



"THE RIGHT TO WORK."

The Village Drum. "I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU DO SAY, THE TUNE AIN'T FINISHED. I'VE ONLY HIT 'UN DREE 'UNDERD AN' FIFTEEN TIMES INSTEAD OF FOWER 'UNDERD, AS IS MY SHARE."

THE COMING CREATION.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am rich beyond the need of further avarice, and from time to time I have liberally fed the Party coffers. I should therefore in the ordinary course of things have a claim to be one of the few selected for the rare honour of a Peerage. But if the Upper Chamber, upon which I have been careful to direct only modified ridicule, is going to be swamped by the creation of five hundred outsiders from the Lord alone knows where, what becomes of my well-earned nobility? Every new Peer will become a laughing-stock, without distinction of persons. Yet I dare not vote in the Commons against the removal of the veto, lest I should get into trouble and not be included even in the five hundred. It is a rotten dilemma, isn't it?

Yours faithfully, VOX CLAMANTIS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—We all know that when people have been going about the country abusing the House of Lords and the Hereditary System we Liberal Peers have been regarded, for the purposes of this attack, as non-existent. But it seems to me that the time has come for us to protest against this assumption. We may be a small and virtuous body, but we do exist. And, while I love my Party well enough, I love my Order a great deal more. Now, if there is any idea of its being made a laughing-stock or having its constitutional powers reduced to the level of a school debating-society by the creation of five hundred new anti-veto Peers, then I give fair warning that I for one shall be found voting on the other side, the side to which our Liberal creations (and with much less reason) have got into the habit of drifting. I should like you to ask my respected leader, Lord CREWE, what he thinks about it. He wouldn't tell you what he really thinks, but you might just ask him.

Yours mutinously ORDER! ORDER!

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Placing my country's interest before my own, I should not hesitate, if asked, to become one of the five hundred. But these new peerages ought to be hereditary. You see, the custom among both parties of buying titles tends to make a new peerage ridiculous; but a brave man is prepared to put up with that, because he thinks that by the time his son inherits his nobility its origin will have been forgotten. But if he is only made a Peer for life, he has no such hope to buoy him up between his creation and the grave.

Still, as I said, one must think of one's country first, and for England's sake I propose to take what I can get.

Yours, in the spirit of sacrifice,
PRO PATRIÂ.

"It is doubtless the case that, if Tariff Reform had been submitted to the people as the single issue, it would have swept the field. But the Government, well knowing the deep unpopularity of Free Trade, were careful to confuse the issue. They complicated it with the Budget."—*Daily Mail.*

Yet there are dear old gentlemen of the Early Edwardian era, with memories stretching back to November, 1909, who can still recall the legend, current at that time, that the Lords "referred the Budget to the people"! Yes, the BUDGET, dear *Daily Mail.*



RIVAL CHANTECLERS.

ALL (*together*). "*MY* SUNRISE, I THINK!"

[In M. ROSTAND'S *Chantecler* the cock is under the impression that he regulates the rising of the sun.]

THE NEW PANGLOSS.

I SEE by the papers, with deep concern, that my friend X has been run over by a motor-bus and killed, at the age of only thirty-eight. I wish I could find someone who helped to pick him up, just to see if he said anything about his end: because——

But I will tell you about him. His foible was to believe that everything that happened was for the best—for himself. Not for mankind; he had none of the great *Dr. Pangloss's* satisfaction that everything that was was right for everybody, that this is the best of all possible worlds—none at all; but he was persuaded that his own fortunes were being vigilantly and tirelessly watched by tutelary powers—that he was, in short, a darling of the gods.

And in this creed he had grown very ingenious. I remember once hurrying with him to catch a train, which, he said, he must not lose at any cost. Well, after seriously injuring ourselves—or at least myself—by running with a heavy bag, we lost it.

"Never mind," he said calmly, "I was evidently intended not to catch it."

"Then why on earth did you drag me along at that infernal pace?" I asked.

"Oh, well," he said, "one has to try; one does not know what fate's game is."

"What do you think it is?" I inquired coldly.

"I expect the train will meet with an accident; if so, we are well out of it."

I took the trouble to find out, when we did at last reach the London station, if that train had come safely in.

"To the minute," said the porter.

"There," I said to my friend, "what do you make of that?"

"Oh," he said, "I daresay someone with an infectious disease had been sitting in our compartment and we should have caught it."

What are you to do with a man who talks like that?

Your ordinary fatalist who thinks that, everything being ordained and fixed, no effort of his own can matter, is bad enough; but the fatalist who is also an optimist and secure in the knowledge of his own prosperity is worse; and yet it was rather fine too. The hardest rebuffs (as I should call them) left him smiling.

One day he lost a lot of money in an investment.

"That 's very serious," I said.

"Not so bad as it might have been," he replied. "It was done to teach me not to speculate. I am not naturally speculative; I was going against my genius when I did it. Now I have lost £500. But if I hadn't I might have lost £5,000 later on."

I looked at him in amazement. A kind of inverted Christianity was at work had he only known it. But he prided himself on his paganism.

Well, now he is dead and can find no extenuating circumstances; but I have no doubt he would have explained the catastrophe perfectly, had it been anything short of fatal.

"I was very run down," he would probably have said, "and needed rest. I could not have got it naturally, being far too busy; so this accident was sent to keep me in bed for a couple of months and pull me clean round."

But it seems that even the protective stars can now and then have *trop de zèle*.



THE HOUSE OF COMMON-SENSE.

(BRITISH CONSTITUTIONAL ASSOCIATION.)

Lord Rosebery. "MY DEAR JOHN, WHAT A PERFECTLY AWFUL MESS YOU ARE IN! WHAT A PITY YOU CAN'T BE IN HERE WITH US!"

Lord Cromer. "YES. SO SELECT; SPLENDID VIEWS ALL ROUND, AND NO MUD!"

[Lord Rosebery, Lord Cromer, and many other distinguished speakers are attending a dinner to-night (the 15th) in honour of Mr. Harold Cox, President of the British Constitutional Association, and ex-M.P. for Preston.]

Where to Keep Crhowds.

"The crhowd were kept on tender hooks."—*Sunday Chronicle.*

Our imaginative country correspondent informs us that he observed the following sign on a village inn the other day:—

"BEAR SOLD HERE,
BUT NOT OUR BRUIN."

Taking Time by the Forelock.

"Young Men present a presentable appearance in middle age by using the —— Hair Fertilizer."—Advt. in *The Pioneer.*

It 's too long to wait.

THE HEREDITARY INSTINCT.

He (about twenty-one). Would you like the window up?

She (rather less). I beg your —— Oh, yes, please. I mean, no, thank you. I like it open.

He. So do I.

[*A pause, during which they both look out of opposite windows, stealing furtive sidelong glances at one another till their eyes at last inevitably meet.*

She. Is that *The Globe* you have? No, the one you're sitting on. Might I have a look at it?

He. The Globe? Er, no; it's *The Pink* —er, I tried to get a *Globe*, but they were all sold out. I'm so sorry.

She. It doesn't matter a bit, thanks. Isn't that a sort of sporting paper?

He. Ah, yes—sort of. But it's—are you fond of games?

She. Oh, yes, I love them. Don't you? I expect you're very good at them, aren't you?

He. 'M, well, I don't know. I try to be, you know.

She. You can't do more than that, can you? I mean—shouldn't you like to be Mr. FRY?

He. CHARLES BURGESS? Oh, well—d'you mind if I come and sit over there? It's so awkward talking right across the carriage. Thanks awfully. I'd rather be MACLEOD? I like a man who hits.

She. K. G.?

He. I say! Fancy your knowing his initials! I saw him play that innings against Kent.

She. No, did you? So did I. Wasn't it glorious? Where were you sitting?

He. I was in the B. B. tent. Ripping.

She. I was in a motor.

He. Oh, the other side of the ground. What luck! I mean, I wish——

She. Why don't you like Mr. FRY?

He. Oh, I don't say I don't like him——

She. He was at Oxford, wasn't he? Do you know him?

He. No. I'm a Cambridge man.

She. I thought you must be.

He. What? Cambridge?

She. Well, no. A Varsity man. Don't you think you can always tell? I'm Cambridge too. And Eton. I like light blue much the best.

He. I expect that's—that's because it suits you so well. I think fair hair and—er—blue eyes——

She. Don't you think Oxford men are rather prigs?

He. Yes, I daresay they are, rather.

She. If you'd been at Oxford you'd have been sitting over in that corner still.

He. Yes, and we shouldn't have had this jolly talk. I hate that sort of thing, don't you? It's so—so——

She. So English?

He. Yes. I wanted to talk to you long before I did.

She. So did—— Did you? Then why didn't you?

He. Oh, I suppose because you looked so—I didn't think you'd—perhaps it was because I am English. At least partly. My mother was Welsh.

She. Why, so is mine. Isn't that funny? Look there to goodness now, whateffer! Perhaps we're cousins. Wouldn't that be fun? She didn't happen to be a George?

He. No, a Williams. Hullo, here's Colchester. You're not getting out here, are you?

She. No. Are you?

He. Er—No. Bother! Here's someone—go next door, you old idiot! This isn't a smoking carriage, Sir . . . Thank goodness!

She. That's all right. I was afraid—— *You* may smoke, you know, if you want to. I suppose you do smoke, don't you?

He. Oh, yes, I've smoked for—for years. But I won't now, thanks most awfully. Did you say your mother's name was George?

She. Yes; why?

He. Not any relation of LLOYD GEORGE?

She. No, I'm afraid not. Isn't he splendid?

He. Splendid? LLOYD GEORGE! But you don't—you're not—why, he's a regular Socialist.

She. So am I.

He. You?

She. Yes, really I am. I always feel so dreadfully sorry for all the poor people who haven't enough to eat. And he's going to do away with all that sort of thing—poverty and wretchedness and hunger and drink and dirt and—er—the House of Lords, and make the world a happy place for everybody.

He. By the Budget?

She. Yes—by the Budget.

He. But even if we—if the Lords do pass the Budget this time—I suppose we'll have to—I don't quite see how that's going to make people not hungry and wretched.

She. Oh, don't you? It's all so beautifully simple. Everyone who's got money will pay for everyone who hasn't. And after that——

He. The Deluge!

She. No, the Millennium. And it's only the horrid old Peers who are stopping it. Oh, I'm thankful I'm not one. Aren't you?

He. Well, I—the fact is, I—supposing I was one! I might be, for all you know. They're not *all* old, and some of them are quite decent chaps.

She. You! But of course you're not.

He. Why not? They're just like other people to look at.

She. Oh, yes, to *look* at, I suppose. But not to talk to. If they were they couldn't do the things they do.

He. The things LLOYD GEORGE says they do.

She. Yes. Oh, do agree with me. You were so nice till we began about the Lords. You do want everyone to be happy, don't you? I'm sure you do.

He. Yes, of course.

She. Then that settles it. If you were a lord—but of course you're not.

He. I say, just look at the time. I'd no idea it was so late. Bother!

She. Half-past seven. Then we must be quite near Ipswich. That's where I get out. I'm going to a dance there to-night.



Balfour. "WELL, MY DEAR ASQUITH, AT LAST WE KNOW OUR FATE! THE ORKNEYS AND SHETLANDS HAVE SPOKEN!!"

Asquith. "YES, MY BOY! WHAT THE ORKNEYS AND SHETLANDS SAY TO-DAY THE REST OF THE COUNTRY ALWAYS SAYS—*ABOUT THREE WEEKS BEFORE!!*"



Master (shaking his fist at hard-riding parson). "CONFOUND YOU! I WISH I WAS YOUR BISHOP."

He. By George, yes, we 're nearly due. I get out there, too. Oh, I say—I wish I was going to the dance. Are you fond of dancing?

She. Yes, I love it. Don't you?

He. Well, er, the fact is, I can't dance. But I 'm going to learn—now.

She. It 's quite easy. I 'm sure you would dance beautifully if you tried. I 'm coming up to Cambridge for the May week.

He. No! Are you really? Oh, how ripping! At least—it 's a beastly long way off. Couldn't we——

She. Here we are at Ipswich. Well, good-bye, Mr. ——

He. Dick, my name is. What 's yours?

She. I'll tell you that when we meet again.

He. Oh, but I say——

She. There 's a subscription dance at the Kensington Town Hall on the twenty-first of next month. If you can dance by then ——

He. Oh, I say, thanks awfully. Can't I see after your luggage?

She. My brother is coming to meet me. There he is. Good-bye, Mr. Dick. Good-bye. No, don't bother about me.

He. Good-bye, good-bye . . . . I wonder . . . . I hope she won't mind when she finds out who I am. I don't believe—— Here, porter, when 's the next train back to Colchester?

She. I wonder. . . . He never said he wasn't. . . . I rather wish he was.

The Art of Sub-Editing.

"BRIERLEY WOOD.

SUNDAY SCHOOL, BRIERLEY WOOD, —On Saturday the annual tea and prize distribution took place in connection with the school. Mr. R. Riley presided over a good attendance, and Mr. H. S. Haigh distributed the prizes The concert consisted of solos, glees, recitations, etc., by the scholars. A pleasant time was spent.

PRIZE DISTRIBUTION.—The annual tea and prize distribution in connection with the Brierley Wood Sunday School was held on Saturday last. The chair was taken by Mr. Richard Riley, and Mr. H. S. Haigh distributed the prizes. An enjoyable evening was spent, the concert consisting of solos, glees, recitations, etc., by the scholars.

PRIZE DISTRIBUTION.—On Saturday the annual tea and prize distribution in connection with the Brierley Wood Wesleyan Sunday School took place, a good number attending. Mr. R. Riley presided and the prizes were distributed by Mr. H. S. Haigh. A capital programme of solos, recitations, etc., was gone through by the scholars, Miss E. Kaye being the accompanist."—*Huddersfield Chronicle.*

And now our readers know all about that.

ON THE ROAD.

[*The Tramp*, a paper for all those interested in the road, is shortly to be issued. We suggest a few features.]

SPORTING COLUMN.—How to deal with Bulldogs (special). Notes on Gins, Traps and Spring Guns. Short Story—"How We Burnt the Hayrick."

TRAVEL BUREAU, conducted by "Weary Willie." Exhaustive lists of Hedges Vacant and Wanted. Workhouses recommended. Black-list of principal Prisons and Labour Exchanges.

POLITICAL.—Technical articles on Free Food, the Right to Shirk, and the Open Door.

THE HOUSEWIFE.—Cookery column. Directions for making Poached Eggs, Boned Turkey, &c. Chickens and all about them.

LEGAL ADVICE.—Special articles of absorbing interest on the various felonies. Sleeping-out, Lock-picking, and Deportation problems dealt with by experts. Brilliant series on "The Police Force," by "One Who Knows."

COMPETITIONS.—Marathon Race for Tired Tims. Ticket-of-leave-number Guessing Competition. Watch-dog Trials. Finger-print Contests.

"UBIQUITY JOHN."

MR. JOHN BURNS, it has just been stated by an Essex vicar, last summer spent some days pea-picking in that county, in pea-picker's clothes, in order to inquire into the conditions of that industry. As is well known, he recently spent a week-end helping with the Paris floods. Other narratives of his excursions into the life of the workers during the past week now reach us from sources which we have no reason to consider other than what they are.

MONDAY.

The Central News informs us that Mr. JOHN BURNS, wishing to test for himself the earning capacity of the ordinary taxi-driver, spent Saturday on the box of one of these vehicles, beginning at nine in the morning and continuing until one a.m. the next day. In an interview with a C. N. representative he stated that he had in that time twenty-eight fares, and took, according to the meter, 48*s.* 4*d.* In tips he received 6*s.* 9*d.* Mr. BURNS says that these figures, he fears, are not typical, being above the ordinary takings owing to the fact that he spent only half-an-hour over his dinner and a quarter-of-an-hour over his tea, as against the two hours for dinner and four hours for tea of the ordinary chauffeur.

TUESDAY.

Not the least interesting figure among the many forlorn objects who spend the daylight hours in examining the dust heaps of Wanstead Flats, picking over the refuse of London, deposited there by the dust-carts, to see what can be retrieved of value, was the sturdy thick-set figure of Mr. JOHN BURNS, who, try as he might to disguise himself in rags, was patently "Ubiquity John" to the practised eye. On realising that the game was up, Mr. BURNS readily granted our representative an interview, and admitted that he had come, not for what he could find, but to observe for himself the conditions under which dust-heap picking was carried on.

WEDNESDAY.

Acting upon information which recently reached him as to the social amenities of Saffron Hill, Mr. JOHN BURNS has just spent a day of investigation disguised as an Italian organ-grinder. With this instrument, his beard carefully blackened and wearing a heavy sombrero, Mr. BURNS perambulated many of the streets of London, both poor and rich. As the result of twelve hours' work he is in a position to corroborate the oft-told tale that the needy are more generous than the affluent; for whereas in the wealthier districts, although playing, "Let's All Go Down the Strand," "Charley Brown," and "Boiled Beef and Carrots," with the expression of a maestro, he was warned off, or at most received a surreptitious penny from cook or housemaid, in the mean streets (so called) he reaped a copper harvest. Mr. BURNS is of opinion that the Italian organ-grinder has quite as good a time in London as he ought to have, and no redress is necessary.

THURSDAY.

Chancing, writes a correspondent, to have a plague of rats in my warehouse, I recently engaged a ratcatcher to assist in ridding me of these pests, and, descending last night to the cellar to see what success he was having, I found him accompanied by an assistant, a middle-aged, grizzled man, whose zeal and ability appeared to be commensurate. What particularly struck me was the attitude of deference which he seemed to inspire in the ratcatcher. Judge of my surprise when I discovered later that he was no other than Mr. JOHN BURNS, who was inquiring for himself into the ratcatching profession in order to be satisfied that it was carried on with humanity and skill.

FRIDAY.

Being wishful to learn at first hand if the reports as to the extraordinary eloquence of the Billingsgate fish-wives and other assistants in the fish-market are true, Mr. JOHN BURNS has just completed a day's work as a porter at that place, and the results, he tells a Press Association interviewer, have transcended the wildest flights of rumour. "I considered," he said, "that I had myself a fairly useful vocabulary for London street difficulties; but I now know that I know nothing. There are ladies here who could make even DEMOSTHENES look foolish."

SATURDAY.

Actuated by a very natural desire to do all that is humanly possible for the great band of readers in the British Museum Reading Room, Mr. BURNS spent Saturday in that institution, says a correspondent. He arrived at ten, disguised carefully as an habitual reader. That is to say, he carried, in direct defiance of the rules, his lunch in a newspaper, and had an exceedingly bad cold. He immediately surrounded himself with books, many of which other readers were seriously needing, and having erected a huge rampart around him, he drew forth *The Morning Leader* and subsequently fell asleep, awaking only to sneeze. In this way, varied by lunch, he remained until closing time, so successfully escaping recognition that he had at last to take a reporter into his confidence. He is satisfied, he says, that the Reading Room is kept sufficiently warm, and that, at present at any rate, no legislative reform is called for. He thinks, however, that the Rowton Houses have a distinct case for infringement of copyright if they care to take it up.

THE SILENCING CHAIR.

IT is stated that the new FIRST SEA LORD has had removed from his room in Whitehall all the chairs excepting his own desk chair, his purpose being the discouragement of bores.

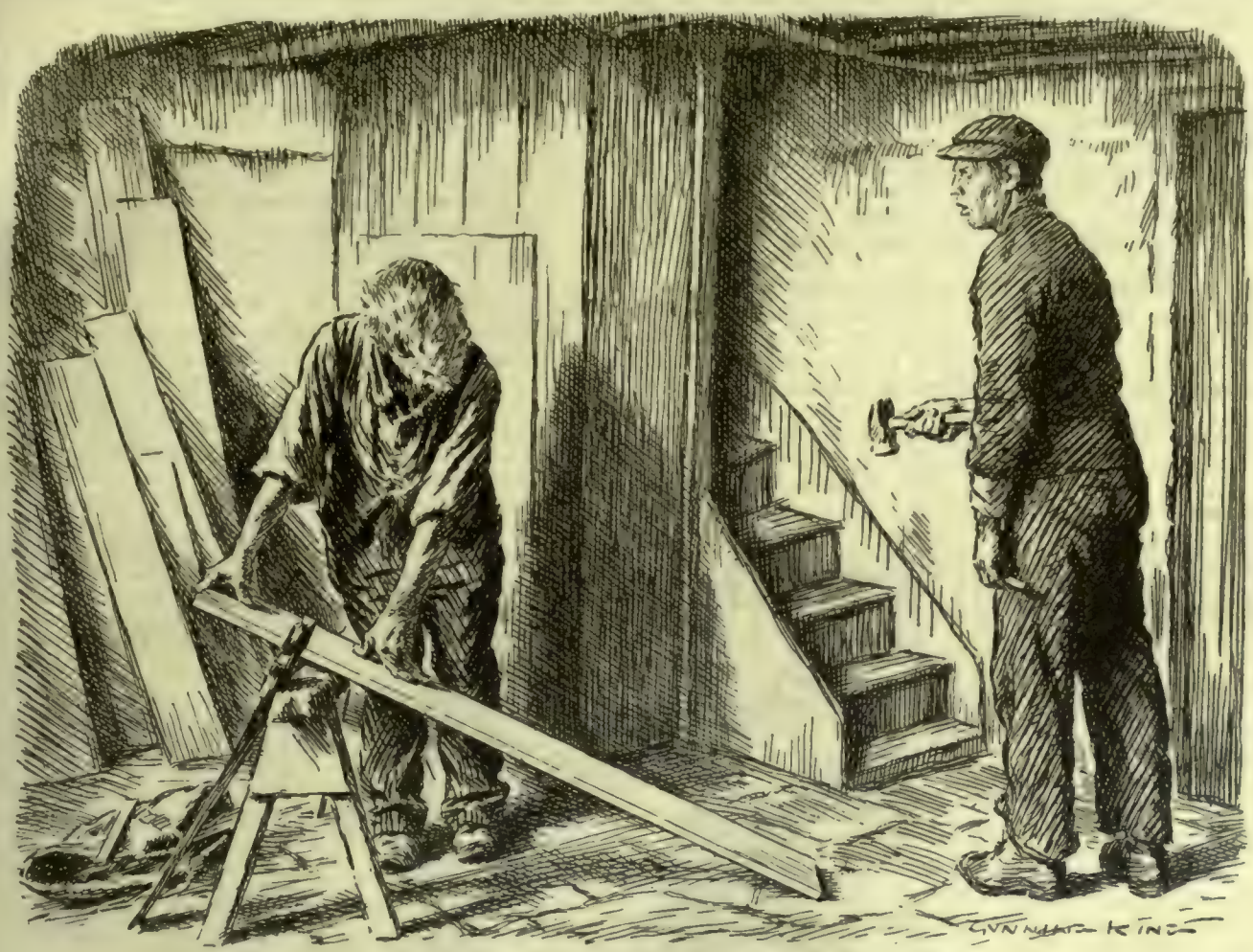
This seems to us rather hard lines on those callers who are not bores. A better way perhaps would have been to fill the room with chairs, scores of them. Nothing takes the heart out of a bore more easily than having to climb over stacks of chairs before he can get at his victim. When a welcome visitor appeared at the door, the climbing would readily be done, of course, by the Admiral.

An Editor, whose experience has been consulted on the matter, writes as follows:—

"Your idea is sound, but a neat little thing which we have in our own office would be better still. It is a cosy chair, of the kind that a bore would be sure to make for. Immediately above it is a handsome piece of plaster ornamentation in the ceiling, which nobody would suspect to be the exit of a cistern. When the bore becomes troublesome, the manipulation of a small lever under the desk sets the shower-bath to work. If the bore persists, another lever will close the arms of the chair across the occupant's body and lower a hood over his head, and by the pressure of a small pedal the door can be opened automatically and the chair and contents shot out and down a few of the stairs until it stops. The chair is strongly made for its arduous work, and its cover is waterproof. Any water that may miss the bore and fall on the floor runs away through a grating underneath.

This really useful scheme of furniture is supplied by the Last Word Office-Furnishing Company. We used to have one of their chloroform sprays which, while effectually silencing the bore, did not remove him; and this meant a lot of heavy work for the hall-porter. We also tried a trap-door arrangement which let the bores through the floor; but the disadvantage of this is that one so easily forgets to release them when leaving for the night. As a matter of history there are two down there now who were unfortunately overlooked.

No, the Silencing Chair is the best thing we have come across yet, and we recommend it to Sir ARTHUR WILSON as preferable to his ingenious plan."



"The mind of the country elector is an unknown quantity."—*Daily Telegraph.*

Labourer. "MAISTER JARGE, BE YOU A-GOIN' TO TAKE THEM STAIRS AWAY?" *Maister Jarge.* "NOA, WILLUM."
Labourer (after weighing the matter carefully). "THEN BE YOU A-GOIN' TO LAVE 'EM OOP?" *Maister Jarge.* "AY."

HALOLOGY.

DR. TALMAGE DOREN, lecturing at Norway, Connecticut, last week (as quoted in *The Daily Telegraph* of Feb. 8), stated that every human being is equipped with an aura or halo radiating from his body for two or three feet and usually drab in colour. Sadness, however, may cause a purple halo, jealousy a green, and anger a red appearance. The auræ, he says, are so powerful that two persons with ill-matched ones cannot sit beside each other comfortably in a railway carriage or associate in married life.

This being the case, *Mr. Punch*, ever anxious to benefit humanity and smooth things over, has started a Halo Registry and Exchange. We are enabled to quote already the first few applications on his books:—

TWO CABINET MINISTERS, finding their Sanguine Emanations a little the worse for wear, are anxious to exchange these for a Couple of Halos sufficiently Fiery to overpower the Heather-mixture Radiations of their Colleagues.

CANDIDATE, rejected by his constituency in the recent Election, has a Second-hand BUFF AURA for Sale and would like to try a BLUE one for next time. Must reach beyond the platform. What offers?

The Militant Hunger-strikers' Union invite Tenders for the repair of various White, Purple and Green Halos which have been somewhat damaged in encounters with the authorities. Wanted for approaching Martyrdom Season.

ACTRESS, abandoning Musical Comedy for Farmyardodrama, has a Pink Haloette of irreproachable Cut and Design, for which she has no further use. Would like a Pheasant-coloured Envelope of tint to match that of *The Times* Dramatic Critic.

SALOMÉ DANCER, about to Star the Provinces, is looking for an Elastic Nebula of approved Transparency and Tenuity, yet Warm enough to make up for Exiguousness of Costume. Should be vermilion shot with green and yellow.

BRIDGE ENTHUSIAST, hitherto unlucky at cards, is anxious to hear of a Reversible Halo (Black and Red) to suit her Hands and Partners. Would also pay commission on Takings at Monte Carlo.

HALO-READING from the Face and Figure, while you wait, by Professor Aureole Borealis, B.H.A. (British Halological Association). Never known to fail in giving Accurate Delineations.

Painless Re-adjustment of Incompatible Auras is neatly and expeditiously effected by Trained Halo-setter. Invaluable for ill-assorted Husbands and Wives.—Apply Aural Bureau, *Review of Reviews* Office.

HOSTESS, with many years' success and experience, will give Advice as to Sorting the Auras of Prospective Guests. Her Dinner-parties and At Homes go off with a Bang. Address by telephone, "Halo! are you there!" ZIGZAG.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I HAVE followed STANLEY PORTAL HYATT across the wild places of the earth, on perilous expeditions through the hinterland of Portuguese East Africa, in guerilla warfare with the Filippinos, at carrier-work with a Rhodesian transport-rider, and have found him possessed of high gifts of observation and a most effective manner of telling a story simply and vividly. From his *Marcus Hay*, *The Little Brown Brother*, and *The Marriage of Hilary Carden* I derived great profit. But he is a writer who has little profit—for me, at any rate—when he is in his own country or among his own people unless they are at the other end of the world. In more than one of his previous books I had suspected, from such glimpses as they offered of English society, that he was much more at home in exotic surroundings. And his new novel, *Black Sheep* (LAURIE), which is confined to certain phases of purely English life, endorses these suspicions. I should not cavil at the almost uniform dulness and sordid provincialism of its characters if only they lived in an atmosphere of reality. But from the first we are asked to accept an improbable hypothesis—that the relations of *Jimmy Grierson* (I don't know why the author should have chosen to give his "black sheep" the well-known name of a distinguished officer commanding a division at Aldershot) would, on his return after ten years' knocking about the world, have wanted to treat him like an adolescent whose morals require careful supervision on the part of his family. There is only one character in the book that makes any appeal to one's sympathies, and she, like *The Woman with the Dead Soul*, under the tragic necessity of finding means to save a dear life, has become an outcast. Here Mr. HYATT shows a touch of humanity which recalls his treatment of the woman at Beira in his *Marcus Hay*. But his virtuous types are commonplace. The fact is that it takes more skill to give freshness and vitality to familiar things than to reproduce conditions which have a freshness and a vitality of their own. Let me therefore implore Mr. HYATT to pack up again and go far afield for his themes, in search of the colour and movement of new worlds. Frankly he is not yet so complete a master of literary style that he can afford to choose his material just anywhere.

I've read throughout from front to back
E. DEWING'S book (MACMILLAN),
And what I think it seems to lack
Is just one high-class villain.

The daily round of those who live
In *Other People's Houses*
Is scarcely less contemplative
And placid than a cow's is.

Its people have a cultured touch,
A few of them are striking,
But on the whole they talk too much
To suit my humble liking.

Some of them marry, some do not,
But neither consummation
Achieves itself without a lot
Of verbal explanation.

In fact—and here I speak as one
No stranger to reviewing—
I never knew so little done
With such a deal of Dewing.

There are two things about *A Will in a Well* (STANLEY PAUL) that have rather perplexed me. First, I should like to ask E. EVERETT GREEN whether a bride really would wear white satin and a veil when being married privately in a London flat. The second point is this: when *Val Acrington* and the boy *Bosh*, having tracked the villains to the Savoy, seat themselves beside them "at the small table set for four," and presently thereafter are bidden to share a box at the Gaiety, I cannot help feeling that they found the patrons of that hotel in a mood more gregarious than tallies with my own experience. Still, these are small points, and it would be ungenerous to fix upon two incidents in a story that supplies them with so lavish a hand. A peer, a persecuted heroine, two disputed successions, a rascally lawyer, and a hypnotic abduction, all compressed into three hundred pages of large print, is at least liberal measure. Added to which, the resulting tale is itself an excellent one, and remarkably well told. It is far too intricate for reproduction here—you must read for yourself how the lovely *Mary* came near to be deprived of her heritage, how the gallant *Lord Cotswold* wooed and won her, and how by the aid of *Val* and *Bosh* (and perhaps we should couple with them the head-waiter at the Savoy) villainy was confounded and beauty victorious. It is all capital fun, though I think the title might be improved upon; it makes it just a little difficult to be properly astonished at the end.



AN ADVERTISER, TO BE REALLY SUCCESSFUL, SHOULD ALWAYS DEPICT HIS CLIENTS AS MOVING IN THE HIGHEST CIRCLES.

The Truth About Solomon.

"Nethersole was Solomon reincarcerated. When two mothers both laid claim to Quong Yuen, and a father, three sisters and eight cousins failed to settle the dispute, Miss Nethersole whispered in Judge Murasky's ear that the elder woman was the real mother because the other bulldosed too much."—*Vancouver World.*

Those were SOLOMON'S very words, you remember.

Mr. R. H. PARR, opening a Unionist Club at Bristol, is reported by *The Bristol Times and Mirror* to have said:

"Weekly meetings would be held at that club, and no pains would be taken to keep interest alive in that district (hear, hear)."

But this is quite the wrong spirit.

"The stoppage of the circulation forces people to return home on foot."—*Birmingham Post.*

Nothing like exercise when you feel queer.

CHARIVARIA.

MANY schools are now raising funds with the object of presenting Captain SCOTT with sleighs and dogs for his South Pole Expedition. The sleighs and dogs, it is announced, will be named after the schools. In view of the fact that some explorers look upon their dogs as emergency rations, it is to be hoped that the little chap who may be named "Eton" will not be superstitious.

***

It seems somewhat curious that, scarcely had it been intimated that the KING objected strongly to the importunities of staring throngs at Brighton, when it was announced that His Majesty's grandsons, Prince ALBERT and Prince HENRY of Wales, are to go to Broadstairs. It is, we suppose, with a view to hardening them against what they may have to put up with later on.

***

A Royal Warrant has been issued for the safeguarding of Baronets' titles. We should have thought that the case of the Peers was more urgent.

***

Lord ROSEBERY, at the dinner in honour of Mr. HAROLD COX, proposed that a new party should be organised from the Silent Vote. As the Irishman said, "The Silent Voter must make his Voice heard."

***

The Life of John Redmond, M.P., is announced. This is what Mr. ASQUITH will be asking for shortly.

***

The proprietors of *Books of To-day* are offering a prize for the best essay on "Should Genius Wash?" In connection with this vexed question we understand that a high authority at Carmelite House is now of the opinion that journalists, at any rate, should have nothing to do with Soap.

***

Since the last session the interior of the House of Commons has been thoroughly cleansed and generally beautified and brightened. The knowledge of this made the fate of the rejected Candidates harder than ever to bear.

***

The fact that a soldier has met with injuries while walking in his sleep has caused a general feeling of uneasiness in the War Office.

***

Sir DAVID GILL declares that Halley's Comet is incapable of exercising any political influence. Still there are other heavenly bodies on the side of the Government. There is always Mr. BELLOC.

***

One hears so often that British Enterprise is dead that it is pleasant to be able to adduce evidence to the contrary. We understand that as a sequel to the report that MULAI HAFID, the Sultan of Morocco, in a fit of anger tore up the agreement with France when presented to him the other day, a British firm has drawn the attention of the French Government to their indestructible rag-books.

***

We are glad to hear that RAISULI is once more recovering from his death. This is an ailment to which the distinguished brigand is peculiarly liable, but his iron constitution enables him to survive what would prove fatal to the average man.

***

We are happy to be able to contradict the rumour that when, in the recent election for a Primate of Australia, the Archbishop of SYDNEY and the Archbishop of BRISBANE tied, the prelates decided the matter by tossing.

***

What is wrong with the law of Supply and Demand? In spite of the recent surfeit of wet, the Water Board is talking of raising the rate.

***

The Association of Shorthand Writers and Typists discussed last week the question of what typists should eat for lunch. Curiously enough no one suggested type and onions.

***

Said a policeman of a prisoner at Kingston last week:—"He is a clever mechanic who has invented a fog-signalling apparatus and also a special van brake, but neither of them seemed to catch on." We are not mechanical ourselves, but we should say that a brake which would not catch on was almost doomed to failure from its birth.

***

"It often occurs," says Monsieur RODIN in *La Revue*, "that the uglier a being is in Nature, the more beautiful he is in Art." It is astonishing, however, how many artists, in spite of admirable material, are producing the most regrettable portraits.

***

The *Entente* continues to make enormous strides, and it seems that it may go too far. For example, in the souvenir of the National Loan Exhibition Sir THOMAS LAWRENCE is described as belonging to the French School.

***

A dear old lady, on hearing that rubber shares were now in great demand, said that she supposed they were more durable than the usual sort.

Motto for a speculator who wishes to treble his capital:—

RUBBER ET AES TRIPLEX.



Golfer. "I CAN'T GET THE THING OUT, AND I'VE *HIT* HARD ENOUGH!"
Superior Caddie. "AH, SIR! IT'S NOT STRENGTH WOT'S REQUIRED, IT'S INTELLEC'."

A FABLE OF THE CRISIS.

"There was a young lady of Riga."
Old Limerick.

[Efforts have been made by some of the Liberal Press to put a gloss upon the luncheon given last week to Mr. JOHN REDMOND and other Nationalists by the CHANCELLOR at his official residence. *The Daily Chronicle* expresses a doubt as to whether "he saw the Irish leaders on that occasion at all," while *The Westminster Gazette* speaks of Mr. REDMOND as having "waited on" the author of the Budget.]

THERE is a legend, freely sung
Where Limerick harpers sit at mess,
About a Lady, sadly young,
And Riga was her home address.

Great nerve she had and knew the game
Of handling large and savage brutes;
Even the Tiger, turning tame,
Would wait on her and lick her boots.

(These cats, you say, affect the East,
And Riga sounds too cold by far?
I know; but this peculiar beast
Was not as other tigers are.)

One day, when lunching off the grill,
She tossed him many a tasty snack,
And not a hitch occurred until
She started riding on his back.

In what direction went the twain;
Whether the brute obeyed her whim,
Or, feeling shaky, she was fain
To leave the choice of route to him;—

Whether he galloped lithe and gay,
Or trickled at a funeral trot,
I should not hesitate to say
Were I aware, but I am not.

One thing is certain: human sight
Failed at the rest, but this is known—
That, when the Tiger, late at night,
Came padding back, he came alone;

Alone, that is, to outward view,
But purring softly all the while,
His tummy big enough for two,
And on his face a fat, fat smile.

O. S.

The Journalistic Touch.

"When Big Ben boomed out the hour of two this afternoon, the House of Commons resembled nothing so much as a swarm of Gargantuan bees."—*Bristol Times.*

Surely the writer is in error. We can think of several things which the House resembled much more closely.

"The large grey hat of Mr. John Ward was ornamenting the cross-benches, and many prominent politicians found accommodation there."
Evening News.

Impromptu lyric:—

There was an M.P. with a hat
Which was grey, and a large one at that;
Two Rads and a Tory
And SAMUEL STOREY,
They all found a seat in this hat.

HINTS TO PARLIAMENTARY FRESHMEN.

[This guide is intended for the sole and exclusive use of those gentlemen who, much to their own amusement and surprise, find themselves now for the first time Members of the House of Commons. The public at large is forbidden to read it, as the matter contained is of a particularly private and confidential nature. . . . Printed and Published by Authority. Whose authority? Ah!]

I.—GENERAL INFORMATION.

THE nearest underground station to Westminster is Westminster.

You should see that your letters are addressed to "House of Commons, Opposite Underground Station," and not to "Near Pimlico."

The large building opposite the Houses of Parliament is St. Thomas's Hospital. The large building opposite St. Thomas's Hospital is the Houses of Parliament.

The seat you secure on the first day will be yours for the Session. There are no early doors and it is not permissible to have your place in the queue or your seat in the House reserved for you by a messenger boy, unless he be a duly elected Member of Parliament.

Of the six hundred and seventy recent elections your own has been by far the most important and the most to be talked about. Do not be led to think otherwise by the conceited remarks of other Members.

If you have been committing burglaries on the strength of the M.P.'s privilege of freedom from arrest for forty days before and after the meeting of Parliament, you will be disappointed to learn that that privilege does not extend to indictable offences.

It is a tradition of the House that all Members know each other without an introduction. Of course, everybody else will know *you*, but you must also appear to know everybody else.

Thus, if you cannot avoid conversation with a mere Labour man, salve your pride by regarding yourself as a philanthropist taking a kindly interest in the well-being of the lower classes.

Possibly your chief object in putting up for one of the best clubs in London was that you might be thrown into the society of Mr. VICTOR GRAYSON. We regret to have to announce that that gentleman has decided to sever his connection with the House. It is said that in coming to this decision he was largely influenced by the expressed opinion of his electorate.

II.—PARTICULAR INFORMATION.

(1) *For Members of the Majority.*

However much you dislike the food provided for you by the Kitchen Committee, your chief expects you to refrain from making any complaint. Remember that you have pledged yourself to oppose any attempt at Tariff Reform.

You are further expected to enter the House by the Free Tradesmen's entrance only.

Mr. ASQUITH solicits the favour of your vote on all divisions, but finds himself unable to fetch you to record your vote in a motor.

Remember that at critical moments of high policy Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL has a great deal of complicated thinking to do. He must consider the interests of the Government as opposed to those of the Opposition; the interests of himself and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE as opposed to those of the Government; the interests of himself as opposed to those of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. Any remarks you may desire to make to him upon the structural merits or demerits of the House, its upholstery or heating apparatus, should be postponed.

In 1772 a Bill was rejected, thrown over the Table by the SPEAKER, and kicked out of the House by the Members, because it had been returned from the Lords with an amendment to a money clause. Be sure always to have a pair of football boots and an old suit ready to don at a moment's notice.

Temperance advocates among you will be glad to learn that there is no Off-licence and no Bottle and Jug Department attaching to the Bar of the House of Commons.

In demolishing the House of Lords, please be careful not to hurt the charwomen and other members of the staff, whom necessity, and not the inherent viciousness of aristocratic birth, brings upon the premises.

(2) *For Nationalists only.*

In making yourself comfortable in the quarters specially reserved for you at Westminster, do not forget that your main object in life is to cut yourself off from the place for ever.

"The Bishop of Bristol was the sole occupant of the Episcopal Bench. He, having said prayers, stayed for the event of the day. The other Lords just looked in, swore, and went out again."—*Irish Times.*

We think the Prelate should have made some protest.



"WHEN CONSTABULARY DUTY'S TO BE DONE."

Mr. Lloyd George (*to the new* Home Secretary). "I SUPPOSE YOU'RE GOING TO SETTLE DOWN NOW?"

Mr. Winston Churchill. "YES; BUT I SHAN'T FORGET YOU. IF YOU FIND YOURSELF IN TROUBLE I'LL SEE IF I CAN'T GET YOU A REPRIEVE, FOR THE SAKE OF OLD TIMES!"



THE METCHNIKOFF MOVEMENT.

Grand-Uncle (to Nephew who has dutifully come to enquire after his health). "DELIGHTED TO SEE YOU, MY BOY. NEVER FELT BETTER IN MY LIFE. YOU 'VE JUST COME AT THE RIGHT MOMENT. WE 'RE HAVING A SOUR MILKERS' AT HOME."

THE LIMIT.

[Another General Election within three months is anticipated in some quarters.]

NEVER a whine escaped me, not a whimper
Through all those weeks of weariness and fuss,
When every morning found the lyre grow limper,
As LLOYD said this and CHURCHILL laboured thus.
Who heeded songs meanwhile? What oats had Pegasus?

Here were the papers stripped of half their glory,
The subjects which delight the Muse and me;
What do we care for Liberal or for Tory
So we preserve a Press that's fancy free,
Ranging the whole wide world (through REUTER'S agency)?

The sun was blotted out with facts and figures,
And through the darkness, desolate, opaque,
Perspiring rhetoricians toiled like niggers
As though some solid issue were at stake.
Poor innocents! And yet I neither moved nor spake.

And now, as when the last straw comes and smashes
The overburdened dromedary's spine,
They hint at more elections. Dust and ashes!
Am I to take this tyranny supine?
Is there no end to politics, no anodyne?

Must I again be numbered with the readers
Of awful economic rigmaroles?
Admire the spectacle of party leaders
For ever climbing up their slippery polls?
And hear the "Last Results" sound forth like funeral tolls?

If it be so, then, Ministers, take warning!
Ere I submit to that impendent pall,
Out I shall go (accomplices suborning)
And wreck the panes in Downing Street, and squall,
"No votes for anyone! No votes! No votes at all!"

EVOE.

Gloomy Outlook in U.S.A.

There are times when one despairs of the American's sense of humour—not his own humour, of course, but other people's. Here is *The Outlook*, of New York, whose "Contributory Editor" is no less a man than the great TEDDY himself, reprinting (without acknowledgment) a large slab of *Mr. Punch's* recent burlesque of Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT'S Election Manifesto, under the impression that it has got hold of the original. If all British humour is to be taken like this, *au grand sérieux*, we can understand the cause of some of those misapprehensions which are popularly encouraged over there in regard to this admirable commodity. Fortunately *The New York Sun*, less because it loves *Punch* than because it has its own private quarrel with *The Outlook*, has exposed the latter organ of culture as having lifted, in ignorance of the nature of its swag, "the delightful imitation of Hewlettian precocity published by the London *Punch*." So we 'll leave it at that.

The Murder in Cromwell Road.

Ethel (writing to friend).—"Poor Mabel, you know, is pretty rotten, getting over the 'flu.' I thought she might be dull, so I sent her my jig-saw, '*The Victory* off Portsmouth.' I just popped in a handful from 'The Finding of Moses,' to make it more interesting."

MATTERS OF GRAVE IMPORTANCE.

[We greatly regret to announce that the mind of our Special Correspondent Behind the Scenes has become unhinged by the stress of recent events, and that he is evidently obsessed with the idea (among others) that *Punch* is a daily paper. At any rate, he has been sending us veracious reports each day from Downing Street of an extremely topical nature; reports which, when collected at the end of the week into volume form, necessarily lose much of their apparent veracity. Still, even so they seem to us to be at least as readable as the best efforts of rival correspondents.—ED. *Punch*.]

Monday.—The situation has now become very tense.

The question of Budget or Veto first is still exercising the minds of Ministers to the exclusion of all other matters. At this moment, therefore, it may not be out of place to recall the words of Mr. ASQUITH at the Albert Hall, at the end of last year. Mr. ASQUITH said:—

"We shall not hold safeguards, neither shall we assume safeguards, until we have received the experience which Parliament shows to be necessary in the office of a single lifetime."

Remembering these words, and the further pledge of the PRIME MINISTER to retropose reimspectively all the taxes without a single comma as from this time forward, we have no hesitation in saying that the policy of the Government may be summed up in two words:—

BUDGETOE FIRST.

Tuesday.—Mr. ASQUITH had a busy day yesterday. His time-table was as follows:—

11.30 Meeting of the Cabinet.
12.30 Audience of the KING.
3.30 Meeting of the Cabinet.
5.0 Second audience of HIS MAJESTY.
6.0 Meeting of the Cabinet.
7.0 Receives Mr. REDMOND.
8.0 Meeting of the Cabinet.
9.0 Receives Mr. BARNES.
10.0 Meeting of the Cabinet.
11.0 Receives Mr. BELLOC.
12.0 Final meeting of the Cabinet.

One of the first to arrive at 10, Downing Street, was Mr. J. A. PEASE, the new Chancellor of the Duchy. He reports that the Duchy is looking extremely well after the recent rain, and says that he quite expects to like the life.

It is now generally agreed that the situation has lightened considerably, and attention is called pretty generally to the words of Mr. ASQUITH before the dissolution of the last Parliament. It may be as well to set them down here:

"We shall not assume experience neither shall the will of the elected safeguards prevail until we have shown Parliament the single office which a lifetime holds to be necessary."

This is now taken to mean

VEEBIDGE FIRST.

Wednesday.—As we announced yesterday the policy of "VEDGEBO FIRST, THEN TEEBIV" is rapidly gaining ground, and it is felt that unless Mr. ASQUITH is prepared to sacrifice his own inclinations to this end his hand may be forced. His own view of the situation was different, as will be remembered if we recall his famous declaration at the Albert Hall:—

"We shall not hold lifetimes, neither shall we experience lifetimes, until we have elected Parliaments within the limits of a single safeguard which necessity shows to be assumed."

Yesterday's diary was as follows:—

12.0 Mr. ASQUITH receives Mr. PÉLISSIER.
1.30 Mr. W. O'BRIEN dissolves Parliament.
2.30 Mr. REDMOND receives Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR.
4.0 Mr. GARVIN dissolves Parliament.
5.30 Mr. BYLES receives Mr. BELLOC.
6.0 Mr. HAROLD COX dissolves Parliament.

(N.B.—*Cabinet Councils every half-hour. Refreshments provided.*)

TIDGEBOV FIRST.

Thursday.—The situation has suddenly taken a startling turn. A brief synopsis of yesterday's happenings will best show the course which events are taking; but in view of the exceptional nature of the crisis it is well to restate first Mr. ASQUITH's pledge as given by him at the Albert Hall towards the end of 1909:—

"We shall not assume lifeguards, neither shall we hold lifeguards, until we have received those limits within the experience of a single safetime which Parliament shows to be elected."

(*Cabinet Councils every three minutes. Season tickets must be shown on demand.*)

10.0 Mr. REDMOND reaches Downing Street.
10.5 Mr. ASQUITH produces guarantees.
10.6 Mr. ASQUITH produces safeguards.
10.7 Mr. REDMOND leaves Downing Street.
11.0 Mr. REDMOND calls on Mr. O'CONNOR.
11.1 Mr. REDMOND shows safeguards to Mr. O'CONNOR.
11.2. Mr. REDMOND shows guarantees to Mr. O'CONNOR.
12.0 Mr. O'CONNOR calls on Mr. BARNES.
12.1 Mr. O'CONNOR shows guarantees to Mr. BARNES.
12.2 Mr. O'CONNOR shows safeguards to Mr. BARNES.
1.0 Mr. BYLES calls on Mr. BELLOC.
1.1 Mr. BARNES arrives.
1.2 Mr. BARNES shows guarantees to Mr. BYLES.
1.3 Mr. BARNES shows safeguards to Mr. BELLOC.
2.0 Messrs. REDMOND, O'CONNOR, BARNES, BYLES, BELLOC, and PÉLISSIER call on Mr. ASQUITH.
3.0 *Vedgebo First.*

Friday.—The situation is now at its tensest. All depends on Mr. CLAUDE HAY. Mr. HALDANE'S pledge not to remain single within the lifetime of an elected Parliament is generally thought to have little bearing on the situation. Mr. HAROLD COX called on Mr. PÉLISSIER at an early hour yesterday. Mr. PÉLISSIER subsequently left for Paris. The Seine is reported to have risen again. The CHANCELLOR OF THE DUCHY declared war on Ireland at 3 P.M. and the Duchy's fleet sailed for Dublin. Mr. W. O'BRIEN called on Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER to enquire after his new trouser-press. Lord ROBERTS called at Downing St. to inspect the Royal Safeguards (The Blues).

BUDGEBO FIRST.

Saturday.—We are in a position to announce that a settlement has at length been arrived at, and that all the rumours of the past week may be dismissed as wholly unauthorised. By an arrangement come to between Messrs. ASQUITH, BALFOUR, REDMOND, BARNES, O'BRIEN, O'CONNOR, BYLES, BELLOC, HAY, PÉLISSIER, ALEXANDER and COX, the following sequence of events will be observed in Parliament next week:—

1. King's Specch.
2. Address.
3. Budgetoe.
4. Veebidge.
5. Todgebit.
6. Safeguards.
7. Chaos.
8. Vidgebodge.
9. Gobo.
10. Limits.

That this is the most satisfactory way out of the *impasse* will be generally admitted, even by the most violent partisan; it will be admitted also that Mr. ASQUITH has shown great tact in dealing with the situation. And now that the crisis has at last been overcome there will be many who will not fail to recall the memorable words of the PRIME MINISTER at the Albert Hall in the closing days of the old year:—

"We shall not guard safes, neither shall we assume small holdings without limiting side-shows within the experience of a single comma." A. A. M.

From a lecture on the Irish drama:—

"Monarchy is really a painted wooden figure-head, which reached the zenith of its splendour centuries ago, and is now at its last gasp."
Cork Constitution.

What a life!

WHY READ AT ALL?

FOR BUSY MEN.—THE WORLD'S GREATEST AUTHORS TAKEN IN AT A GLANCE.—V.—SIR A. CONAN DOYLE.



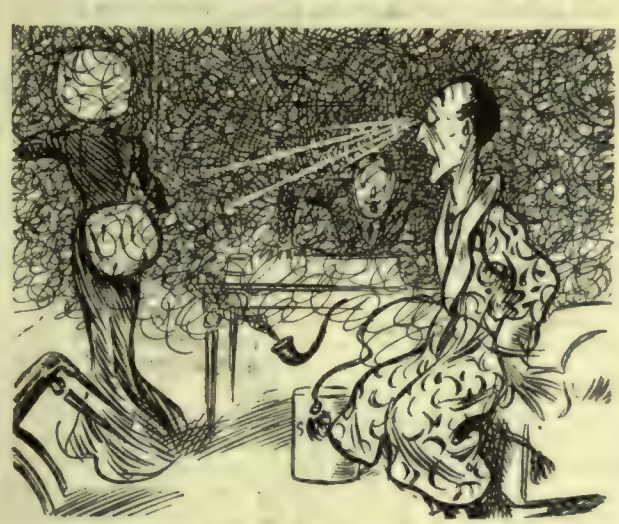
THE OLD ROOM IN BAKER STREET. ARRIVAL OF CLIENT.



LISTENING TO THE PROBLEM OF THE LOST ERMINE MUFF.



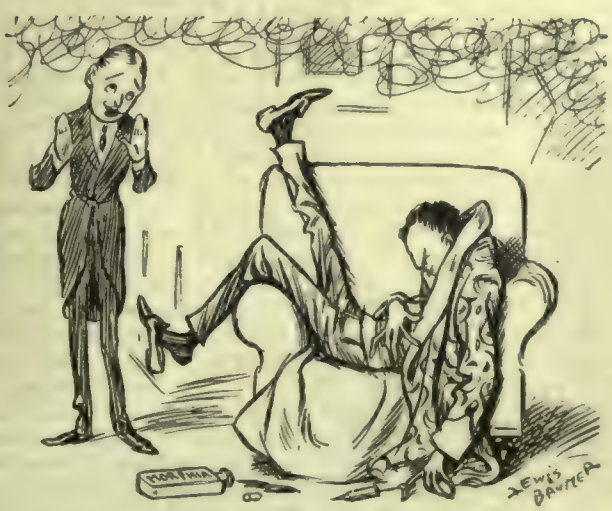
THE INTROSPECTIVE BRAIN AT WORK.



LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS.



POOH! A VERY SIMPLE MATTER.



COLLAPSE!

REMARKABLE MARTIAN OBSERVATIONS.

[Whilst the British Press has been making special reference to Professor LOWELL'S discovery of a new canal in Mars, it is remarkable that this extract from *The Martian Astronomical Times* has not been quoted by a single British paper.]

SUMMARY of Professor Zzchoote's special observations on the curious variations in colour of the One Moon Star.

At an early period in this year, careful observers noticed that the colours of the portion of the star under observation showed a tendency to alter. The strong red which was characteristic of the bulk of the area began to alternate violently with blue. The most plausible explanation of these colour-changes is that they are caused by violent ebullitions of gas. Advocates, however, of the interesting theory that the One Moon Star possesses inhabitants assert that the colourings are produced by human energy. Gradually the blue colouring covered a larger portion of the surface, though towards the north, near the polar cap, the red colouring seemed exceptionally persistent.

For the moment the changes appear to have ceased, and now the visible area of the One Moon Star is almost equally divided between red and blue, though on one side there is a patch of bright green colouring. According to the keenest observers, there has been a tendency on the part of the red gas to amalgamate with the green. It is quite possible, alleges Professor Zzchoote, that such a chemical combination may result in an awful explosion, which may separate entirely the area held by the green from that occupied by the other colours.

Amongst scientists who adopt the theory that the One Moon Star is inhabited opinion is divided as to the meaning of the colour-changes. One section argues that the red area, being situated nearer the polar cap, is the scene of the keenest struggle for existence, and that its inhabitants must therefore be more intelligent. Therefore they conclude that the encroachment of the blue on the red is a sign of a successful inroad by savage barbarians.

On the other hand, other scientists argue that the colder climate and constant rainfall of the northern area must be absolutely inimical to the growth of civilization. Hence any spread of the blue at the expense of the red indicates that the area of civilization is extending in the One Moon Star.

Professor Zzchoote, though declining to commit himself to any definite opinion on these points, declares that he anticipates more remarkable developments on the One Moon Star at an early date. It is impossible that the various floating gases can continue in their present condition. Either a peaceful amalgamation or an explosion must take place.

He notes further that the curious groove on the surface of the One Moon Star, which has only appeared at intervals for the last fifteen years, is once more visible. It will be remembered that the Professor very happily named this groove "The Lonely Furrow."

THE DULNESS OF DOWNING STRRET.

THE extremely prosaic character (duly reported in the Press) of the scene in Downing Street on the arrival of Ministers to attend the recent series of Cabinet meetings, suggests that something might be done to reward the patience of the usual crowd by increasing the interest of these occasions. This could easily be done if Cabinet Ministers would use a little imagination, incidentally furnishing the Press with light material of the following order:—

Looking very fit in his smart running pants, the PRIME MINISTER, who had left Windsor four hours earlier and followed the Marathon route, was seen rounding the corner into Downing Street just as Big Ben was striking three. Great crowds cheered the fine sprint which terminated a splendidly-sustained effort.

At 3.5 the CHANCELLOR, who had come up after spending the week-end in Carnarvon, arrived over No. 10 in his well-known dirigible, "Belle of Blaenau Festiniog," and, descending by parachute to the level of the street, passed through the man-hole, and so gained entrance to the Cabinet chamber.

The next familiar figure to be seen was that of Lord CREWE, who arrived in a wheelbarrow, propelled by another member of the doomed House.

The IRISH SECRETARY followed, amid loud cheers, in a well-equipped jaunting-car, followed by a taxi in which Mr. CHURCHILL figured at the driving-wheel. Interest deepened when it was observed that the chauffeur was seated inside.

"It occurred to me," remarked the ex-PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE to a Kodak-operator, "that on the way here the man and I might very well make a labour exchange."

"Dr. Hinckley, who is well known from his astronomical observations, dwelt on the planet Mars."—*Meriden (Conn.) Record.*

There you are, that settles it. His reminiscences of how he fell into a canal when a small boy will be of extraordinary interest.

"Visitors are sometimes concerned about the spelling of the name of this station. 'Moulmein,' 'Moulmein,' 'Moulmein' and, rarely, 'Moulmein.'"—*Rangoon Gazette.*

Of the four we prefer "Moulmein."

HOME ADVERTISING.

["Mr. D. Stewart Dawson said he too owed his success to advertising. He could tell stories about advertising that would electrify them and induce each one of them to go home and advertise."—*Westminster Gazette*]

REGGIE perused the above, and after a moment's quiet reflection went softly from the room and up-tairs into his father's study. The study was the place where Reggie's father read the paper or gently slept when he was not busy at golf. Just now he was up to his neck in golf, so Reggie turned the key of the door, gathered together a bundle of newspapers and some large sheets of white paper, and set to work. By a piece of great good for une there was red ink in the ink-pot marked "Red," besides a blue pencil and black ink, a dried-up paste-brush, and a small camel's-hair brush which his father kept for painting his throat when the golf had tried it too severely.

Parts of the advertisements he copied from the newspapers; parts were the creation of his own brain. They made a brave show when he had thoroughly pinned them to the backs of the books on the shelves. When Reggie's father, feeling very comfortable, entered his study after dinner, he suddenly stopped humming to himself, took the cigar from his mouth, and said he was—what we venture to hope he never will be. Here are some of the advertisements:—

WANTED A Air-gun like Mark Symmonses. Only 12s. and Sixpence and it would give me a lot of pleasure and plenty of people spend more than that on a days golf and things like that. Apply REGGIE.

MOTHERS! Why alienate the affections of your Children by making them take Nasty Medicines? Try TREAKLYOIL, Cheaper and Better than Cod Liver Oil, Senner Tea, Monyated Qwineen, and the beastly medsin you gave me on Monday for being sick. (Up to a point this was copied from a newspaper.)

DOES YOUR HAIR FALL OUT? All Bald Men Should Read This! Put your Hair on Parade Every Morning, give it our Hair-Drill, and dont let it fall out of the ranks. Read our Testimonials: "Young recruits going strong."—MAJOR, R.A. "Father doesent do your hair drill but it might do his hair good and I should like to watch him doing it I love soldiers.—REGGIE.

WANTED a Comfotabble Home a long way away for a girl aged 10 years. Can look after dolls like annything but cant play criket whatevver she may state to the contry. Reason for leaving she is a nuisance. Apply REGGIE.

All the Ancient Britons required for the pre-historic scene in the London Pageant are to be selected from Hackney.

In order to preserve the colour of the period, they will drive up in Hackney cabs, if sufficient examples of this ancient survival can be mustered.



MATERNAL CARES.

"DOLLY, DO YOU KNOW I AM SOMETIMES ALMOST TEMPTED TO WISH YOU HAD NEVER BEEN BORN?"

THE UNIVERSAL CRITIC.

A CORRESPONDENT of *The Northern Tribune* has been complaining that the reports of weddings are so much alike that they ought not to be printed *in extenso* at all. Perhaps he would prefer criticism. We offer two examples for him to choose from.

I. THE BLAND.

A successful and crowded wedding was held yesterday at St. Julien's Church, when Mr. Gabriel Santander and Miss Esther MacNiven were well married by the Rev. Aloysius Pond. The church had been decorated with skill and judgment, although possibly the note of red was a little too prominent.

The bride, who was supported by a very capable bevy of young ladies, wore a white satin dress, on which no pains had been spared, and the bridegroom charmed everyone by his manly bearing and the excellence of his frock coat. He spoke his lines with perfect enunciation, therein setting an example to the bride, who was not, we regret to say, distinctly audible in every part of the church, and had she been a public speaker would no doubt have been adjured to be more distinct. In a wedding, however, whether rightly or wrongly, it is agreed that these little defects may be overlooked.

The clergyman's sermon was a sterling if somewhat hackneyed effort; but, after all, what is there new to say? Save for two or three rather feeble passages here and there we have nothing but praise for the organist's rendering of the *Lohengrin* "Wedding March," while the quality of the confetti thrown at the happy couple seemed to us of the best.

II. THE EXACTING.

We have been present at many weddings in our time, but never at a more disappointing function than that which we saw yesterday at St. Peter's Church. To begin with, the bride was late, an unpardonable error—so late, indeed, that the bridegroom was only too patently fearful that something serious had happened, although why a man should fret at having his married life abbreviated we cannot understand. Then, when the lady did arrive, she was observed to be in a state of nervousness highly unbecoming to herself and highly unflattering to her future husband. Her veil was awry, and, to add to her misfortunes, her clumsy fool of a father trod on her dress and tore it. The bridesmaids were an ordinary-looking lot, and whoever designed their costumes ought to know better.

The bridegroom did his best to carry off the ceremony with *éclat*, but he was in poor voice and his difficulties with the ring were unceasing. The bride was discovered to have no voice at all; but the easy-going clergyman was evidently satisfied with her whispers, for he pronounced them man and wife amid perfect silence on the part of the audience, and the event was over. We came away convinced that a few more rehearsals would have made a wonderful difference.

Lord ROSEBERY as reported in *The Manchester Guardian*:—

"I sometimes venture to wander in the audacious moment of solitude—and perhaps you will allow me to consider the present as one of those."

By all means.



"MY MOTHER'S A-GOING TO A WHIST-DRIVE TO-NIGHT." "WHY, I THOUGHT ONLY TOFFS WENT TO THEM."
"STUPID! SHE AIN'T A-GOING TO DRIVE, SHE'S A-GOING TO WASH UP."

RUBBER.

ONCE I hated the post with its budget of ills,
And I hated the postman, the bearer of bills;
But now when he comes with his letters for me
I rush, yes, I rush to inspect them with glee.
They 're as good as quinine for my spirits and health,
For they all of them speak of unlimited wealth
Which is waiting for me, like a cub for the cubber,
If I only invest all my money in Rubber.

It is found in all lands where an Englishman may go,
In Bolivia, Brazil, and in Tierra del Fuego;
In the isles of the wily Malay, and in Java,
In the depths of Peru, in the purlieus of Ava.
There 's the *Takitor-Leerit*, the *Bookitan-Catchit*,
The *Bongo*, the *Bingo*, the *Tapit*, the *Skratchit*,
All names full of hope for the toiler and grubber
Who means to be rich by investing in Rubber.

Each morn with my letters I go to my lair,
And peruse every glowing prospectus with care.
They have all got their buildings, their trees and their labour,
And each gives a better report than its neighbour.
"Walk up and walk in and you 'll all be content
With your twenty or thirty or forty per cent.!"—
That 's the sense I collect from the rub-a-dub-dubber
Whose drum sounds the rapturous glories of Rubber.

There 's a proverb I heard as an innocent child
Which warns you of cats *feræ nat.* (when they 're wild).
No matter; I 'll scrape up a thousand or two
And invest them in trees in Brazil or Peru.
To neglect such a chance is the part of a dunce;
I intend to be rich, and I 'll be it at once;
For my trees, as a whale makes you rich with his blubber,
Shall provide me with millions by yielding their Rubber.

What happened to Hobbs.

"After the kick out Spitty, the outside wing man, got the leather and passed in the centre to Hobbs, who kicked the ball over his head, and came down and went into the net to the goalie's surprise."—*Bath Chronicle.*

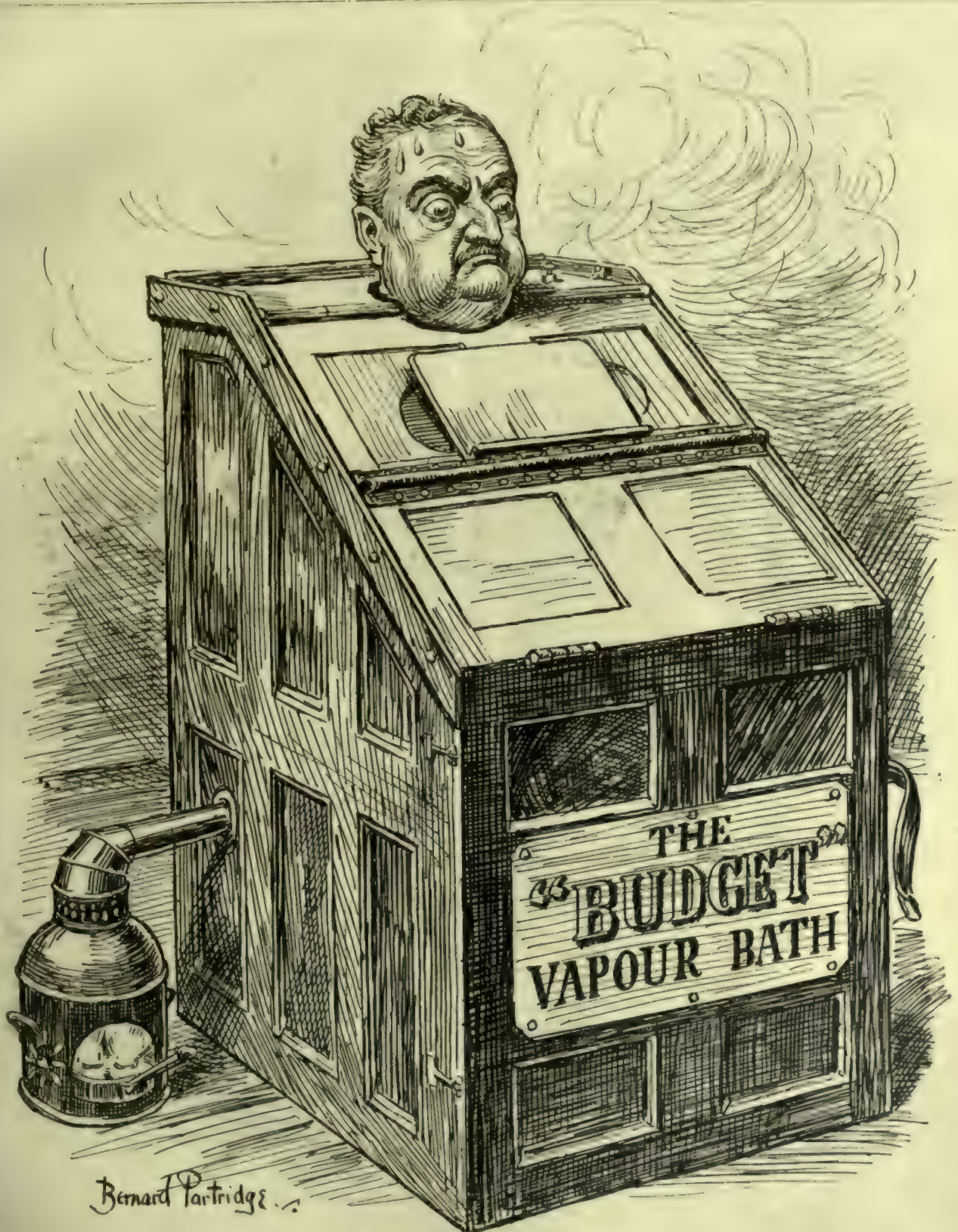
From the London Letter in *The Bath Herald*:—

"All day Saturday and again yesterday visitors pressed into the Spanish Room of the National Gallery to see the chosen pictures from the Salting Bequest. It was a well-dressed crowd when I joined it."

The little more and how much it is!

Mr. Punch Regrets.

IN a recent article in these pages, the name "Tarmac" was given to a substance described as being composed of tar, sand and sawdust. This has caused great and regrettable pain in certain quarters. *Mr. Punch* is sorry that his contributor should have employed the registered name of a distinguished company that produces a road-material among whose ingredients neither sand nor sawdust plays any part at all—not even so much as a walking part.



THE ONLY WAY.

MR. JOHN REDMOND. "THIS IS MIGHTY UNPLEASANT, BUT I'VE GOT TO GET INTO CONDITION FOR THE BIG EVENT SOMEHOW."

[According to the inspired Press, Mr. REDMOND is expected to give way on the Budget in view of the greater importance of the question of the Lords' Veto.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday, Feb. 15.—Was it a blush on ingenuous countenance, or was it merely the tan on the sensitive cheek one brings home at this time of the year after brief sojourn on the sunny Riviera? Difference of opinion remains unsettled. Certainly when PREMIER entered just now from behind SPEAKER'S Chair the rousing cheer from crowded benches of faithful followers that hailed his coming brought flush to his cheek.

A minute later cheer taken up from other side as PRINCE ARTHUR lounged in with that air of studious casualness he preserves for these occasions. Happening to be passing by thought he might as well look in. And here he is, his white locks a never-ceasing surprise to us who remember him as far back as Fourth Party days. Makes no sign of recognition of the gladsome shout of welcome. Cannot fail to recognise in it the loudest that for full four years has greeted his ear on entering House. The camp where his friends gather, a Deserted Village in the last Parliament, now holds a teeming population, glad they are alive and safely seated.

No SPEAKER in the Chair, for, like the Spanish fleet on a memorable occasion, he is not yet in sight. No Mace on the Table. Presently enters BLACK ROD, a vision in courtly garb that awes new Members who have never looked on the like before. At times when House is fully constituted, with SPEAKER enthroned, BLACK ROD advances to table with carefully counted steps, thrice making low obeisance. This afternoon, his goal a Maceless Table, an empty Chair, he with nice discrimination bows only once as he crosses the Bar.

Brings a summons to this "honourable House immediately to attend the House of Peers to hear the King's Commission read." The Clerk of the House, like *Cophetua* with a difference, steps down in wig and gown and leads the way. The PREMIER promptly follows. Finding himself alone, he looks shyly round and, seeing PRINCE ARTHUR, awaits his coming. So they walk out, side by side, in friendly converse, as if the General Election had vanished like a frigid nightmare, or as if all the hard words spoken had been calculated benisons.

After brief interval flock of Members who followed their Leaders to Bar of House of Lords stream back again. They have received instructions to "repair to the place where you are to sit and there proceed to the choice of some proper person to be your Speaker." "Some proper person," forsooth! "Repair to the House where you are to sit," quotha. In the phrase is uncanny echo of the formula occasionally heard in criminal courts of justice, where the prisoner in the dock is ordered to "return to the place whence you came" as a preliminary to being "hanged by the neck till you are dead."

However, DON'T KEIR HARDIE says we 'll change all that by-and-by.

The Resolution "that the Right Hon. JAMES WILLIAM LOWTHER do take the Chair in this House as Speaker" committed to charge of PAPA BURT, who, somewhat late in life, finds himself Father of a family 669 strong. A little embarrassed with sudden situation and unwonted responsibility. A proud position for the pit-boy of sixty years ago to be hailed Father of the House of Commons, its honoured spokesman in proposing the election of the SPEAKER. Embarrassment only temporary. PAPA BURT, content to be himself (than who there is no better chap), delivered speech that had the charm of earnestness, the winsomeness of simplicity.

By flash of dramatic instinct, PRINCE ARTHUR "presented" HARRY CHAPLIN to second the motion. Impossible to conceive a wider difference in individuality, honourable to both, than here came to the front. Strikingly illustrative of the universality of the House and the rigidity of its democratic principle of the equality of man when duly elected M.P.

Murmur greeted one sentence of the ex-Squire of Blankney's speech.

"I am confident," he said, "I shall have the support of every single gentleman who is present in the House to-day" in extolling the SPEAKER-elect.



"SO THEY WALK OUT, SIDE BY SIDE."

Asquith. "Well, my dear Arthur, this is better than climbing up those confounded ladders, anyhow!"

Arthur B. "Yes; but there's no telling how soon we shall be on 'em again, that's the worst of it!"

Why this invidious distinction? Why should married men be ostentatiously excluded from the computation? Perhaps nothing meant. Nevertheless it rather chilled enthusiasm for the moment. Welled forth again when Mr. LOWTHER, *Dick Whittington* of the Parliamentary story, thrice Speaker of the House of Commons, returned to his old familiar place.

Business done—SPEAKER elected.

Wednesday.—Process of swearing-in Members occupied sitting. A dull performance, growing in weariness as the hours passed and resembled each other. At four o'clock it seemed feebly dying out. There were not more than half-a-dozen Members waiting their turn. Suddenly there was quickened movement at the Table where the Clerks sat. One rose, and approaching Sir COURTENAY ILBERT, who stood by the brass-bound box administering the Oath and overlooking Members as they signed the roll of Parliament, made whispered communication.

At this moment there slowly emerged from behind SPEAKER'S Chair a bent figure leaning on the arm of SON AUSTEN, in his left hand a stick, behind him Lord MORPETH, newly appointed Whip of a non-existent Party long ago merged in the ranks of Toryism. Murmured conversation among the few Members present abruptly hushed, when, looking up, they beheld what seemed the wraith of the once foremost, fiercest fighter in the Parliamentary lists.

It was, in truth, DON JOSÉ come to sign his name (or see it signed for him) on the roll of the new Parliament to which he had been triumphantly elected. Painfully pacing the passage between Table and Treasury Bench, he by chance dropped into the seat next to that usually occupied by the Leader of the House. Time was when he was accustomed at critical epochs to rise thence from the side of GLADSTONE and break the serried ranks of Conservative Opposition with irresistible dash. Later, from the same place, he leaped to his feet amid thunderous cheers from Conservative colleagues to prod old political friends with remorseless lance. Always, in whichever position, under whatsoever circumstances, he dominated a crowded House.



"GOG" OF CLACKMANNAN AND "MAGOG" OF THE ORKNEYS.

The brothers (Eugene and Cathcart) Wason.

Now he sat there whispering the words of the Oath recited to him by the Clerk, touching with trembling pen the signature another wrote for him on the roll of Parliament. This done, he slowly passed out, and the curtain fell upon the most pathetic scene witnessed on the Parliamentary stage within the memory of living man.

Business done—Members sworn in.

Thursday.—Every one glad to see the BROTHERS WASON back again. Pleasure furtively increased by observation that during General Election neither has added a cubit to his stature. As their united heights aggregate 14 feet 9 inches, and their weight brings the scale down at 26 stone 5 pounds per brother, such unearned increment would be superfluous. But when a habit is formed one never knows when it may not suddenly assert itself.

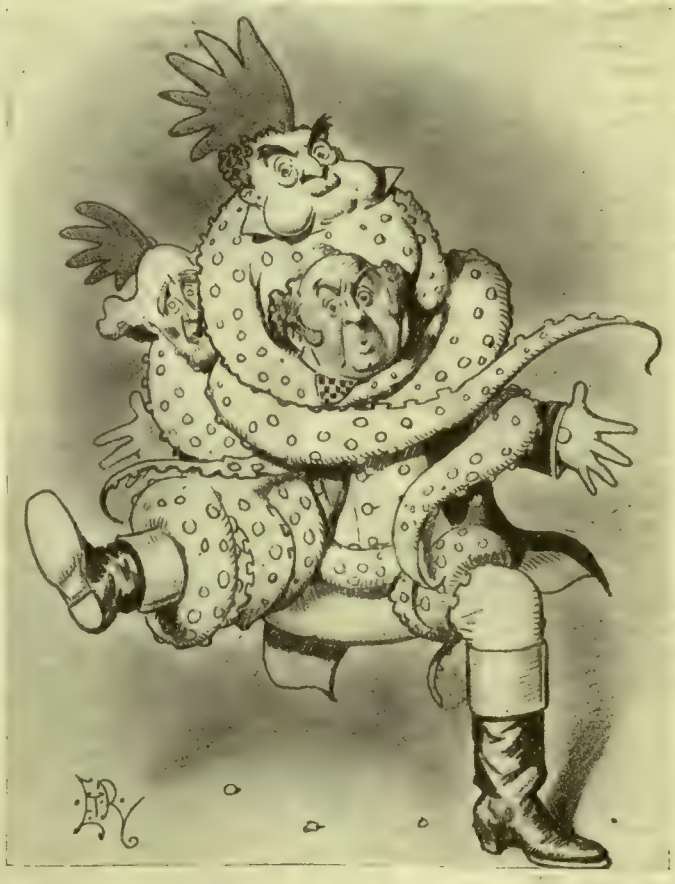
Their good nature, kindness of heart, and popularity on both sides of House are equal to these manly proportions. A little incident, perhaps not known outside House, dwelt upon with pleased reflection by old Members, is characteristic of their consideration for others. When CATHCART was returned for Orkney ten years ago, BROTHER EUGENE was already seated as Liberal Member for Clackmannan. Obvious danger of overdoing things if both sat on same side. House might heel over, like ship whose cargo had shifted to starboard or to larboard. Accordingly CATHCART took his seat on Unionist side, almost exactly balancing EUGENE on t'other.

After a while, having made cautious experiments, they discovered that their fears were illusory, and CATHCART crossed over to join his brother. Takes same position in new Parliament.

SARK had some uneasy moments previous to opening of campaign in Orkney. It was rumoured that EUGENE, triumphantly re-elected at Clackmannan, was going North to help his brother. As SARK said, in such case the little island would forthwith have been proclaimed as a Congested District.

Happily idea was abandoned. Clear that brother CATHCART, whether he posed as Unionist or Liberal, was the man for Orkney, needing no extraneous assistance. Thus it proved, and the Bounding Brothers from Brobdingnag, each returned by his old constituency, are back again.

It is understood that the SPEAKER has ruled that, as



"DON'T WORRY ABOUT *THIS*. GO AND SEE 'THE FOLLIES.'"

With acknowledgments to the talented designer of the famous poster.

[On Thursday night Mr. Asquith attempted to shake off the cares of state by a visit to "The Follies" at the Apollo Theatre.]



Sportsman (from far bank). "HULLO, OLD CHAP! GOING TO WAIT FOR LOW TIDE?"

in the last Parliament, their votes shall count only two on a division.

Business done.—Policeman at Lobby-door tells me "they 're still swearin' like anythink."

FURTHER DEALINGS WITH PETER.

WE have given some account of the gospel of Peterism, in our reference last week to MR. PETER KEARY'S new book, *Success after Failure*, the sub-title of which is *Some Men who have Got Out and Got On*: enough perhaps to indicate what an admirable and satisfying creed PETER'S is. To make money: that is getting on. To fail to make it: that is getting out. You can conceive of his scorn for the non-arrivers, so to speak, only by reading his pages.

PETER cannot get over his adoration of the men who as boys began by doing the wrong thing and then found their true walk in life and succeeded in it. He calls that getting out and getting on. But his book is otherwise so American that one marvels at this insistence on such a commonplace of existence; for no American of twenty-five is doing what he was doing at twenty; and no American of thirty is doing what he was doing at twenty-five. The change from a youthful mistake to a congenial course is not anything to write books about, PETER. That is not necessarily admirable.

Nothing so infuriates PETER as solitaries and lovers of nature. BORROW, for example, enrages him—BORROW, the "useless tramp," who dared to waste his life in roaming about this interesting world studying men and adding language to language. No money in it, says PETER; and then, hypnotised by the fame of *Lavengro*, he drags BORROW into his pages, all unconscious that the reason he wrote *Lavengro* and got on was purely his systematic getting out (in PETER'S phrase) while he was preparing to write it.

THOREAU, too, the recluse of New England, whose ear was so near to nature's heart—PETER cannot do with him; he calls him a tramp too, and yet finding that THOREAU, as well as BORROW, wrote books which are among the best hundred, into his tin Valhalla THOREAU also is kicked forthwith. "In with you," says PETER, "you 're a feckless ass, and you never paid income-tax in your life, but in some extraordinary way you made a reputation, and I can't afford to appear ignorant of you."

But, PETER, it won't do. You can't have it both ways. You don't care a fig for BORROW and THOREAU. Have you ever read either? Anyhow you are not going to presume on their genius to patronise them without a protest. How dare you say they got out? You know they did not, any more than HEINE, or DARWIN, or NEWTON, whom you also beslaver. You know perfectly well they did not get out, they merely developed slowly in a non-Petrine way.

So back to your real heroes—your GAMAGES and CARNEGIES and ROCKEFELLERS—and leave the quiet and the great alone.

After such a bewildering example as THOREAU, one wonders that PETER did not overcome his disgust for ST. FRANCIS of Assisi and drag him in too. Because, although this Italian gentleman gave up all he had and was so anti-social and un-Petrine as to found an order of mendicants, wasted his time and brains in being kind to animals, had no banking account whatever—no rows of shops in Assisi, no villa just outside with a double coach-house; although this was so, yet he made the *Fioretti*, and one feels that, had PETER been told of the popularity of the *Little Flowers*, he might have relented. For a book that has gone into many editions always

brings him to his knees. Then we should have had: "Eccentric Italian who after years of wasted meditation and unprofitable charities writes a book that has consoled thousands." For that is PETER'S way. But no one told him of the *Little Flowers*, and so the Saint escapes.

ORDEAL BY PLETHYSMOGRAPH.

AN emotion-indicator has just been invented by an American, who has given it the pretty name of "plethysmograph." As illustrated in last week's *Sketch*, it consists of a dial connected by tubing with an india-rubber bag which is filled with water and drawn tight after the insertion of the patient's hand. If the heart is stirred, in spite of this damp proceeding, by the recital of any name or otherwise, the involuntary acceleration of the pulse will be shown by the index.

If this ingenious device is generally adopted, we think a lot of trouble will be saved and breaches of promise avoided. Every properly equipped young woman who contemplates getting married will have this apparatus and a jug of water within easy reach in the front parlour when a possible choice is paying a call. It is true the operation somewhat resembles the pouring of a can of water down the sleeve of the Boy Scout who is caught using bad language, but the lady must not flinch, even if the experiment might result in a similar flow of eloquence. She must request her visitor to turn up his shirt-cuff and take a plunge into the lucky bag. (If he is restive or maladroit, she had better conduct him to the pantry or places where there is a sink.) She will then repeat to him all the feminine names she can think of, and at the same time keep an eye on the index. If her own name scores the highest reading, she may accept his attentions as serious. If inconstancy is suspected, it would be as well to take a weekly test, and the figures could be neatly inscribed on a card, as is done by the gas-inspector. This will put an end to the "He-loves-me-he-loves-me-not" state of mind. An identical programme can be carried out by the gentleman, if he can inveigle the girl to play at being wet-bob.

In the law-courts, too, the plethys-etc. bids fair to be invaluable. A secretive witness with his fist in the water-bag will, in the intervals of sneezing, reveal by the gyrations of the indicator when the opposing counsel has dealt him a home-thrust. Any attempt at perjury will, so to speak, let the cat out of the bag, and be recorded on a chart for the inspection of the jury. We are, in fact, going back to the good old Anglo-Saxon ordeal, and shall have to wear our hearts upon, or rather, inside an india-rubber sleeve.

AT THE PLAY.

"TANTALISING TOMMY."

MR. CYRIL MAUDE'S new production at the Playhouse (by PAUL GAVAULT and MICHAEL MORTON) is not a notable addition to the British drama, but it is a very pleasant after-dinner entertainment. I should have enjoyed it still more if Miss MARIE LÖHR had not made an entirely unnecessary appearance in pyjamas at the end of the First Act. This, I have no doubt, will be spoken of as the great feature of the play; even now it may be on posters all over England; but there will be many to regret this appearance of the musical comedy touch in connection with Miss LÖHR. Mind you, I have nothing against



LIFE AT THE COLONIAL OFFICE.

James Cottenham . . Mr. CYRIL MAUDE.
Tommy . . . . . Miss MARIE LÖHR.

pyjamas *quâ* pyjamas, possessing indeed several pretty pairs of my own, and having had for many years the privilege of gazing at a sufficient number of others through shop-windows; what I object to is the cold-blooded manner in which they are introduced to us on this occasion.

The Great Pyjama Scene is reached in this way. *James Cottenham*, an elderly young clerk at the Colonial Office, is spending the week-end at his country cottage with his friend, *Harry Killick*. Late at night a car breaks down outside the cottage; the station is miles away, and there are no other houses near. *James*, greatly to his disgust (he is a shy, old-fashioned person), has to offer hospitality to the owner of the car, *Miss Pepper*, commonly called *Tommy*. He gives up his room to her, and sleeps on a sofa downstairs. Also he lends her a pair of pyjamas. The curtain might have fallen here, but it does not. *Tommy* retires to her room, and some minutes later appears at the door of it in the pale blue silk ones. . . . Tableau, Curtain, Posters, etc., etc.

(Looking at them from another point of view, *do* elderly young clerks in the Colonial Office wear blue silk pyjamas? I think not. Do they wear pyjamas at all? I should doubt it very much. Ten to one anybody who has to spend the day in an old-fashioned Government office spends the night in an old-fashioned nightshirt.)

If you care to remain after the great scene is over, you will find much to amuse you in *Tommy's* wooing of *James* (Mr. CYRIL MAUDE) under the watchful eye of *Killick* (Mr. KENNETH DOUGLAS). Mr. DOUGLAS'S *Killick* is the best performance of the evening. He, more than anybody, enters into the spirit of the farce, and makes no pretence to take it seriously. But, though I did not take it seriously myself, I should like to believe that the lunching scene at the Colonial Office was really possible. You see from the picture how jolly it would be.

M.

A BALLADE OF DIFFICULT CHEERFULNESS.

WE thank the Muse to-day
For finding us a theme,
The burden of our lay
Unruffled self-esteem.
We care not one centime
How badly things may go;
The worse—the more we scream:
Are we downhearted? No!

For Tories, far away
Their future triumphs gleam,
And heartily they say
Things are not what they seem.
Their own defeat they deem
A triumph o'er the foe,
And shout, to work up steam:
Are we downhearted? No!

What of the Rads? do they
Despondently blaspheme?
No, that is not their way,
The trials of their *régime*
Spur on their eager team:
With zeal they simply glow,
And cry with joy supreme:
Are we downhearted? No!

The Muse's sacred stream
(Our verse) may backward flow;
Still of success we 'll dream:
Are *we* downhearted? No!

* Cf. EURIPIDES: ἄνω ποταμῶν ἱερῶν χωροῦσι παγαί—evidently referring to rejected contributions.

"The New Cabs . . . will have powerful motors and will likely be worked on the hexameter system."—*The Colonist.*

Motto for the new Cabs: "We scan alone."

Depreciation.

"DISSOLVED Acetylene Outfit, complete with gauge and polished mahogany box; cost £11,000; condition as NEW; price £7 net."—*The Autocar.*



"I TOLD *MY* OPINIONS FREE AND HOPEN IN THE ''ARF BRICK.' I SEZ, WOTEVER 'APPENS TO THE COUNTRY *NAH*, I SEZ, *PARL'MENT* CAN SETTLE FOR ALL *I* CARES. I'VE WASHED *MY* 'ANDS O' POLITICS!"

HEREDITARY MINSTRELS.

GREAT excitement prevails in Parnassian circles over the forthcoming banquet of the Poetry Recital Society to be held early in April. What lends peculiar interest to the gathering is the fact that the guests will include as many of the descendants of the greater poets as possible.

Already the attendance is assured of descendants of WORDSWORTH and BROWNING, but we understand that the following eminent personages will also grace the gathering by their presence.

Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN, as the spiritual descendant of the illustrious laureate, PYE.

Miss CHRISTABEL PANKHURST, by virtue of her Christian name.

The Proprietor of Scott's Restaurant as representing SCOTT, CRABBE, SPRAT and SHELLEY.

Mr. LEWIS WALLER, as a descendant of the famous lyrist.

Mr. SIDNEY LEE, as writer to the Cygnet of Avon.

Mr. LEWIS SIDNEY, as representing Sir PHILIP of that ilk.

Miss JESSIE POPE on behalf of the Sage of Twickenham.

Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS, the great-great-grand nephew of the author of the *Ode to the Passions*.

Mr. JOHN BURNS has readily signified his intention of attending the banquet and will recite a poem of which the first stanza runs as follows:—

"Rads, wha hae wi' Gladstone bled,
Rads, wham 'Honest John' has led,
Strike the caitiff Tories dead—
Heeh for Battersea!"

Another interesting feature of the feast will be the recitation by the Right Hon. Sir ALEXANDER ACLAND-HOOD of *The Song of the Whip*, a poignant ballad which opens with these memorable lines:—

"Whip! Whip! Whip!
With a weary and aching head,
Till you long to give your Party the slip
And go straight home to bed."

The Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL'S contribution to the post-prandial programme will take the form of a stirring appeal to the conscience of City men, entitled *The Battle with the Baltic*.

The admirers of ELIZA COOK have addressed an urgent appeal to her polar namesake to attend on her behalf, but no answer has yet been received. We understand, however, that Mr. FRANKFORT MOORE will be present, and sing a song entitled *Paradise and the Peary*.

"All literary and artistic Paris were present yesterday evening at the dress rehearsal of M. Rostand's farmyard play *Chantecler*, which has been repeatedly postponed since 1503."—*Egyptian Morning News*.

That 's how legends grow and grow and grow.

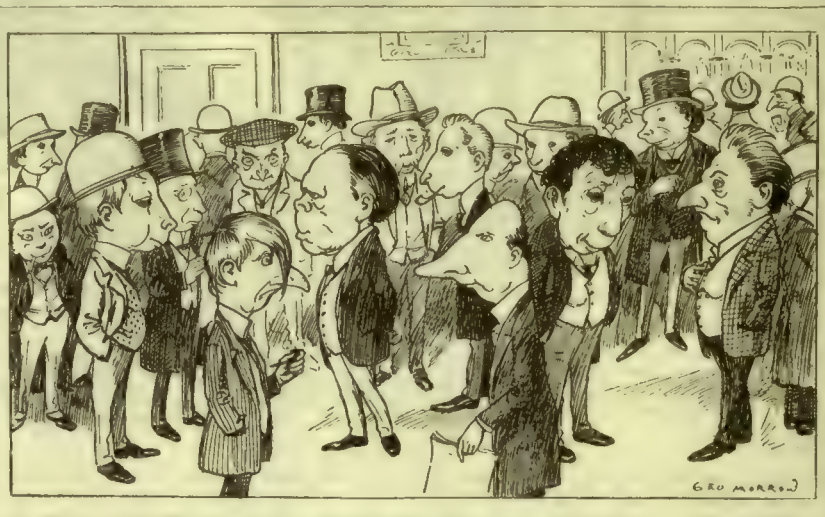
"Lady Castlereagh is married to another politician, Viscount Castlereagh, who is the heir of the Marquis of Londonderry, having been selected for Maidstone last month."
Hearth and Home.

Why object to the hereditary principle when it is apparently settled by the people at the polls?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE have been a great many *ingénues* (mock or real) in modern fiction, and doubtless one or two in actual life; but there was never one inside a book or out of it who came within a four-mile cab-radius of *Margarita*. She had been brought up on a desolate strip of Atlantic beach by shadowy and mysterious parents, and when *Roger Bradley* met her on Broadway her innocence was positively sky-scraping. She did not even know her own surname, but she was marvellously beautiful, and *Roger*, like a sensible fellow, married her immediately and then started educating her. The method adopted by INGRAHAM LOVELL in telling the story of *Margarita's Soul* and by Mr. JOHN LANE in publishing it is rather unusual. The book bears the sub-title of *The Romantic Recollections of a Man of Fifty* (supposed to be the hopeless adorer of the heroine and bosom-friend of the hero); it is profusely illustrated, and the chapters are prefaced by extracts (also illustrated) from *Sir Hugh and the Mermaiden*; much of it is in the form of letters and extracts from diaries; and the writer has a curious way of introducing well-known names, sometimes with letters omitted, as, for instance, General B——H, and sometimes not, as in the cases of WHISTLER, STEVENSON, and DU MAURIER. The last-named, by the way, made a picture of *Margarita* on one occasion, but withdrew it "from the all but printed page" of *Punch* at the request of her husband. This was a pity, because Mr. T. SCOTT WILLIAMS' romantic black-and-white work has not entirely convinced me that this young prima donna (bless your soul, of course she became a prima donna) was quite worthy of the adoration she aroused in *Winfred Jerrolds*. Much the cleverest feature of the story, of which I should guess a good part to be transcribed from actual experience, is to be found in the letters from *Sue Paynter* to the narrator; and for these alone the book is well worth reading.



IF THE FARMYARD PLAY DEVELOPS WE MAY EXPECT A NEW TYPE OF ACTOR TO BE EVOLVED.

PROBABLE SCENE IN A THEATRICAL CLUB OF THE FUTURE.

It was once my lot to accompany a small patriot to a performance of *An Englishman's Home*, from which he returned with the unexpected remark that the funny young man who refused to defend his country was "jolly decent, but the volunteer was a prig." Something like the same unfortunate result seems to have attended my own reading of *The Fool of Faery* (MILLS AND BOON). It is clear that M. URQUHART meant it to show how a knowledge of the unseen world about us, and belief in its mysterious influence could distinguish the Elect, even amid the prosaic life of a suburb. That, I am sure, was the idea; but it pains me to confess that after reading it my sympathies went entirely on the wrong side. Brutally put, the behaviour and conversation of the Elect seemed to me a peculiarly annoying form of psychic snobbery. There were two of them—or three, if you include the village idiot, the "fool" of the title—*Hilary Gibbon*, an Irish lad with gray eyes and a brogue, and *Gillian Clarkson*, who was living at the vicarage during the absence of her husband. *Gillian* had flame-coloured hair and an appreciation for Celtic poetry; she and *Hilary* used to go and talk it together in a wood, and when they missed the last train home the Suburb said some sharp things about them. Quite rightly, too. Eventually *Hilary* is drowned in trying to rescue the idiot, and with the return of *Gillian's* husband the book ends, sadly or not as you like to take it. Personally I did not much mind either way, as its only effect upon me was to rouse a kind of irritated common-sense which made me almost ashamed of my most cherished beliefs—even of the times when *Tinker Bell* has been revived by my applauding palms. It is all very unfortunate.

No, you are quite wrong about *The Prime Minister's Secret*; you're thinking of a different Prime Minister. This one was *Lord Penshurst*. For three years he carried a secret document about with him (instead of sending it to Chancery Lane, like a sensible man), and at last it was stolen by *Captain Melun*. The noble Captain offered to reveal the secret to Germany unless he was given half a million pounds and the Prime Minister's daughter; *Lord Penshurst* was prepared with the half-million, but drew the line distinctly at *Melun* as a son-in-law. How the crisis was averted by *Sir Paul Westerham* is told by W. HOLT WHITE in this exciting story which FISHER UNWIN publishes. The book is full of delightful things like this: "He felt a little cold ring of steel pressed against his right temple." . . . "Instantly two men jumped from their seats and put their backs against the door. As they stood there they drew their knives." . . . "But Melun was first, and the revolver which he had whipped out covered the other man's breast." . . . . "Driven hard up to the hilt, straight through the man's heart, was a knife, which *Westerham* instantly recognised as one of his own." . . . "Lying on the top of a little pile of shavings was a human ear. 'Oh, God,' cried the Premier, 'it's my daughter's.'" (I always love that.) . . . "Then as he stood there with his eyes bent on her hair he heard the sickening thud as Melun's body fell on to the stones below." . . . So it all ends happily—for it was the wrong ear, and the secret had not been revealed to Germany after all. If you like this sort of thing as much as I do you will certainly read Mr. WHITE'S book in one breathless sitting.

"In the pockets of a thirteen-year-old Arbroath boy found crying in the streets of Glasgow were an electric lamp and £30. He left home on Monday to start upon the career of a highwayman."

To have collected £30 in a couple of days—and in Scotland too—was not bad work, and we don't see what he had to complain about.

CHARIVARIA.

THE Government has now raised over £36,000,000 in Treasury bills. This only shows what they could achieve with Bills if only there were no House of Lords to interfere.

* * *

During the gale last week the Union Jack floating from the flag-staff at the Law Courts was blown to tatters. This has greatly encouraged the wind-bags who offer strenuous opposition each year to the celebration of Empire Day.

* * *

No one can deny the pluck of our English Suffragettes, but it is as naught compared with that of the Americans. They are proposing to kiss every member of the legislature without distinction of whiskers until a consent is given to their demands.

* * *

Mr. ROOSEVELT has now completed his Big Game tour, and, on his return to Europe, it is evident, the tables will be turned. The ex-President will then be the hunted lion.

* * *

Inaccuracies in the City's coat-of-arms are to be removed by the Heralds' College. It had always struck us that the turtles looked absurdly like griffins.

* * *

Not the least pleasing feature of Mr. BEECHAM'S production of *Elektra* is the fact that the English artistes who take part in it appear under their own names. There was a time when Miss TUBB, who plays one of the maids, would have figured, according to a ridiculous custom, as Signorina Tubbi.

* * *

An extension of the Stoke Poges churchyard, made famous by GRAY'S "Elegy," was consecrated last week by the Bishop of OXFORD. The offer of a business-like minor poet to extend the poem is being unfavourably considered.

* * *

The Express has been complaining of the difficulty of obtaining water at City tea-shops. Has our contemporary tried asking for milk?

* * *

Meanwhile the tea-shops are pointing out that it is just as difficult for the general public to obtain tea at the offices of the Metropolitan Water Board.

* * *

A lady's journal suggests as an act of self-denial for Lent that its readers should do without a ball-dress. Another form of self-denial would be to do without everything else except a ball-dress; and something very like this is now being done in the sacred cause of charity at the Palace Theatre.

* * *

A Scotch-woman saved a train from destruction last week by waving her red petticoat as a danger signal. This shows one advantage of not being a classical dancer.

* * *

It is not often that the male sex beats the other in the matter of Fashions, but, as regards the *Chantecler* mode, we would point out that men have been wearing billycock hats for years.

* * *

Mr. MCKENNA'S explanation as to *The Invincible's* gun mountings has not satisfied Lord CHARLES BERESFORD. In the opinion of the Member for the Navy Mr. MCKENNA is making mole-hills out of mountings.

* * *

A man was charged last week at Bow Street with breaking a window of the House of Lords. It is scarcely surprising that the public should be getting impatient at the delay in abolishing the Upper Chamber.



HALF-MOURNERS.

Distant Relative of Deceased. "GIE US A BIT BIRL ROON' THE TOON JUST TO SEE THE SICHTS AFORE YE GANG BACK."

In Election Time.

Our fathers used to lie in Four-Posters. We lie in fifty score.

TALKS ABOUT OLD LONDON.

(With apologies to "The Evening News.")

"Ah yes," he said, "I remember 1907. I've always had a good memory.

"I was sitting on a bench in Battersea Park conversing with Mr. Thomas Binjies, a Londoner born and bred.

"That was a great year," he continued. "It was good to be alive then."

"Let me see; then you can recollect seeing the sun?" I said.

"Yes, we had some sun in 1907. Very pretty it was too, shining on the chimney pots and warming the sooty air. We used to get about dry-shod in those days."

"And they tell me that there were hansoms then."

"Oh, yes, that's right. It was before the days of these here taxis. Hansoms everywhere, there were. Bright young fellows on the box and smart spanking horses in the shafts. There are a few left, I'm told, but they're ruins. Nothing to what they used to be."

"And omnibuses were drawn by horses, too?"

"That's right. I've seen them with these eyes."

"How strange it all is!" I said. "Tell me some more."

"Well, there's my father. He ain't what you call an old man, but he remembers the Embankment before they had the trams running along it."

"That was in the days of the penny steamers, wasn't it?"

"Yes, that's so. And some days, when his head is clear, he has a sort of dim recollection of London before *The Daily Mail* was started. But he can't be quite sure whether it was in his time or my grandfather's."

This last glimpse into the dark ages was too overwhelming, and hurriedly excusing myself I bade farewell to this wonderful living link with the past—the man whose father remembered London without *The Daily Mail!*

"OXFORD v. CAMBRIDGE.

ENGLISHMEN'S SPLENDID VICTORY."

Manchester Evening News.

Can this have any reference to the Rhodes Scholars at Oxford?

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"FREE-FOODER."—I have it on the authority of the Monagasque Vice-Consul at Baden-Baden that offal is the habitual food of the so-called working-classes in the Protected Fatherland. At the same time I am assured that it is the very best offal.

"DUBIOUS."—You say you cannot make up your dear mind whether you would sooner be made an hereditary peer without a veto, or a life-peer with one. This is indeed a horny dilemma; but you must bear up. After all, it is just possible that you mayn't be made either.

"RADICAL."—Of course, if you got into Parliament by telling your constituents that the hereditary principle must be done away with, and now find that your leader hopes to go shortly to the country with the cry, "The hereditary character of the House of Lords must be preserved," you are certainly in a very awkward position.

"PROSPECTIVE PEER."—If you have made it quite clear to the PRIME MINISTER that you are prepared to become a Peer, under any conditions, even the most humiliating, you can do nothing further for the present. Unless, perhaps, you might join the Radical cave, and be so nasty to him that he might have to shove you into "another place" to get rid of you.

"CAVEAT EMPTOR."—No, I cannot recommend Asquith Guaranteed Stock. Why not try Rubbers?

"ONE OF THE GREAT MAJORITY."—It is a very difficult case. As you say, if the Nationalists had carried their conscientious approval of Tariff Reform to the point of supporting Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN'S amendment, instead of merely abstaining from voting, there would have been a majority of 50 against the Government. And the same thing may be said, prospectively, about the Budget. Your best course would be to go about the country saying that the People were never consulted on either of these two issues, but simply on the Lords' Veto. Only I don't advise you to start on this tack in the "Great Industrial Centres" of the North.

"PRO-TIBET."—Yes, you are quite right about the DALAI LAMA. He is a biped. With two more legs he could have run away much quicker.

"SPECULATOR."—I cannot account for the boom in Rubber, unless it is to be explained by the wet season causing a run on goloshes.

"PARISIEN."—I, too, have been reading M. RAYMOND RECOULY'S *En Angleterre*, and have remarked that, after long residence in England and much intelligent observation of our manners, he still labours under the impression that an English gentleman habitually dines *en smoking*. My poor friend, it hurts me to destroy one of the most cherished illusions of your countrymen, but we don't dine in a "smoking" (whatever that may be) any more than you ride in the Bois in pyjamas. O. S.

The Perils of the Country.

A correspondent writes to *The Reading Mercury*:—

"SIR, — May I ask (through your Paper) whether something cannot be done to prevent men in the village of Tilehurst from firing off guns in cottage gardens, too near the cottage entrances? I was frightened yesterday morning while in my bedroom by witnessing a man in the next garden firing off a gun perilously near (although in the opposite direction) to the place where I should in a few moments later have been standing in my garden."

A pretty near thing, that.

"East Lothian farmers had a great dinner on Friday last. But it was Hamlet without the Ghost. Mr. Harry Hope, M.P., was absent."
Scottish Farmer.

Probably the Ghost was away at Westminster counting two on a division.

MR. PUNCH'S REPERTORY THEATRE.

No. I.—GLOOM.

A DRAMA OF MODERN LIFE.

Characters.

JOHN WILSON.
JOSIAH MERRIDEW, *Master of the Workhouse.*
THE REV. ARTHUR NASH, *Chaplain to the Workhouse.*
NANCY ARDEN.
GRACE MERRIDEW.

ACT I.

SCENE—*A Churchyard not far from the Workhouse. As the curtain draws up* John Wilson *and* Nancy Arden *are discovered inspecting the gravestones.*

Wilson. Here is another, Nancy. Listen. (*He reads the inscription on a gravestone.*) "Beneath this stone is interred all that was mortal of Abraham Ballinger, Alderman and Justice of the Peace. Venerated and loved by all who knew him, a good husband and a kind father, he died on April 2nd, 1909, in the 75th year of his age. Go thou and do likewise." Now I knew that man—you knew him, too, Nancy—and I have no hesitation in saying that the operative part of the inscription is a lie from beginning to end. He drove his wife into a lunatic asylum by his brutality; his son and his daughter rightly hated him, and he sanded an absolutely incalculable amount of sugar in his grocer's shop. And then he dies, and this mendacious record is carved for the deception of posterity. Pah!

Nancy. Oh, come, John! Poor old Uncle Abraham wasn't so bad as all that.

Wilson. Yes, he was, and much worse, too. But it's all part of the system on which this life of ours is based. I've made up my mind to expose that system. I mean to crush it. I'm going to begin on it directly, and I want to feel that your love and your sympathy are there to sustain me.

Nancy. You can be sure of me, John; but what do you mean to do?

Wilson. Do you see that Workhouse? (*He points off R.*) Well, that is the symbol of the system, the embodiment of all the maddening hypocrisy of existence. I shall introduce myself into it as a tramp, learn its ghastly secrets and publish them to the world. Then the system will come to an end.

Nancy. Take care, John. That's what father used to say many years ago.

Wilson. Your father, Nancy, is one of nature's noblemen, but a sad sufferer.

Nancy. He was a powerful man once, and very cheerful; but that was before he set himself up against mother's system of household management. He didn't struggle long, and you can see for yourself what a wreck he became. If you'll take my advice you'll leave systems alone, John.

Wilson. Never! How could I look you, or, for the matter of that, myself, in the face if I did? And now embrace me, and, for a time, farewell.

[*They embrace. The strains of the "Dead March in Saul" are heard from a distant German band, and the curtain falls.*

ACT II.

The Master's Room in the Workhouse. At the back is a door leading into the Casual Ward. Josiah Merridew *is seated at a table with a large ledger open in front of him. Two attendants bearing a stretcher are passing through from the Casual Ward to a door on the right.*

Merridew (*to the attendants*). Come, come, not so much hurry, please. I haven't made the entry yet. (*They stop.*) Whom have you got there?

First Attendant. Old Abel Skillicorne, Sir.



TOO YOUNG TO DIE.

The Pup. "PLEASE DO NOT CUT ME OFF WITH MY LIFE'S WORK STILL UNDONE."
Mr. Redmond. "WELL, HOW LONG DO YOU WANT FOR IT?"
The Pup. "ABOUT THREE MONTHS."



English Lady (coming to the rescue of her countrywoman who has entered a Paris shop on the strength of the notice, "English spoken here," but can get nothing out of the Attendant). "QUI DONC PARLE ANGLAIS?"

Attendant. "MAIS, MADAME, LES ACHETEUSES ANGLAISES."

Merridew. Oh, so he's gone at last (*enters the name in his ledger*). Let me see, that makes the tenth to-day. Well, well, in the midst of life, you know. You can carry him out. (*They do so as the* Chaplain *enters* R.) Ah, good morning, Mr. Nash. Can we have ten minutes or a quarter of an hour of your time to-day, to-morrow and the next day? I really don't like to trouble you, but we must get these funerals done.

Mr. Nash. Well, if I must, of course I must, though I'm bound to say it's not a job I care for. I can just do it for you to-day at four, between the School Management Committee and Mrs. Hanson's garden-party.

Merridew. That 'll do very nicely. Hallo, who's this?

[*An attendant enters, escorting* Wilson *disguised as a tramp and heavily handcuffed.*

The Attendant. He's as deaf as a post, Sir, and as I couldn't make him hear I thought it best to slip the bracelets on him.

Merridew. Quite right, quite right. No doubt a very dangerous fellow. (*To* Wilson) Now, Sir, you listen to me. You've not come here to amuse yourself. You'll have an hour under the pump first, and then we'll see what we can do with you. Do you hear?

Wilson. No, Sir. I am deaf—a mining accident two years ago.

Merridew. That makes it worse. Take him away.

Enter Grace Merridew.

Grace. Father.

Merridew. Well, dear.

Grace. Don't send that man away. There is something in his face that bespeaks my pity. [*She smiles at* Wilson.

Merridew. Grace, I will not have you smiling here. The atmosphere of this place must be maintained.

Grace. Help me, Mr. Nash. You, who are a Christian clergyman, must feel——

Mr. Nash. Grace, I can do nothing for you. You must obey your father.

Merridew. There—you hear what Mr. Nash says. (*To* Attendant) Take him away at once.

[Wilson *is removed struggling,* Grace *faints.*

Mr. Nash. I think I will fetch some smelling salts.

Merridew. Oh, never mind. She always faints about this time. [*He continues to make entries in his ledger.*

Curtain.

ACT III.

We merely sketch this Act. The scene is laid in the padded room occupied by *Wilson.* He is mercilessly beaten by attendants and dies just as *Grace* enters with an order of release. She dies on seeing what has happened; and finally *Nancy,* entering through the window to rescue *Wilson,* discovers the attendants gazing at the two dead bodies, and also dies.

Merridew, representing the triumphant system, enters the deaths in his ledger and arranges with Mr. Nash for the funerals.

AFTERNOON SLEEP.

["In the afternoon they came unto a land
In which it seemed always afternoon."]

I AM like Napoleon in that I can go to sleep at any moment; I am unlike him (I believe) in that I am always doing so. One makes no apology for doing so on Sunday afternoon—the apology indeed should come from the others, the wakeful parties. . . .

"Uncle?"

"Margery."

"Will you come and play wiv me?"

"I'm rather busy just now," I said with closed eyes. "After tea."

"Why are you raver busy just now? My baby's only raver busy sometimes."

"Well then, you know what it's like; how important it is that one shouldn't be disturbed."

"But you *must* be beturbed when I ask you to come and play wiv me."

"Oh, well . . . what shall we play at?"

"Trains," said Margery eagerly.

When we play trains I have to be a tunnel. I don't know if you have ever been a tunnel? No; well, it's an over-rated profession.

"We won't play trains," I announced firmly, "because it's Sunday."

"Why not because it's Sunday?"

(Oh, you little pagan!)

"Hasn't Mummy told you all about Sunday?"

"Oh, yes, Maud did tell me," said Margery casually. Then she gave an innocent little smile. "Oh, I called Mummy Maud," she said in pretended surprise. "I quite *fought* I was upstairs!"

I hope you follow. The manners and customs of good society must be observed on the ground floor where visitors may happen; upstairs one relaxes a little.

"Do you know," Margery went on with the air of a discoverer, "you mustn't say 'prayers' downstairs. Or 'corsets.'"

"I never do," I affirmed. "Well, anyhow I never will again."

"Why mayn't you?"

"I don't know," I said sleepily.

"Say prehaps."

"Well — *prehaps* it's because your mother tells you not to."

"Well, 'at's a *silly* fing to say," said Margery scornfully.

"It is. I'm thoroughly ashamed of it. I apologise. Good night." And I closed my eyes again. . . .

"I fought you were going to play with me, Mr. Bingle," sighed Margery to herself.

"My name is *not* Bingle," I said, opening one eye.

"Why isn't it Bingle?"

"The story is a very long and sad one. When I wake up I will tell it to you. Good night."

"Tell it to me now."

There was no help for it.

"Once upon a time," I said rapidly, "there was a man called Bingle, Oliver Bingle, and he married a lady called Pringle. And his brother married a lady called Jingle; and his other brother married a Miss Wingle. And his cousin remained single . . . That is all."

"Oh, I see," said Margery doubtfully. "Now will you play with me?"

How can one resist the pleading of a young cheild?

"All right," I said. "We'll pretend I'm a little girl, and you're my mummy, and you've just put me to bed. . . . Good night, mummy dear."

"Oh, but I must cover you up." She fetched a table-cloth, and a pram-cover, and *The Times*, and a handkerchief, and the cat, and a doll's what-I-mustn't-say-downstairs, and a cushion; and she covered me up and tucked me in. "'Ere, 'ere, now go to sleep, my darling," she said, and kissed me lovingly.

"Oh, Margie, you dear," I whispered.

"You called me 'Margie'!" she cried in horror.

"I meant 'Mummy.' Good night."

One, two, three seconds passed rapidly.

"It's morning," said a bright voice in my ear. "Get up."

"I'm very ill," I pleaded; "I want to stay in bed all day."

"But your dear uncle," said Margery, inventing hastily, "came last night after you were in bed, and stayed 'e night. Do you see? And he wants you to sit on his chest in bed and talk to him."

"Where is he? Show me the bounder."

"'Ere he is," said Margery, pointing at me.

"But look here, I can't sit on my own chest and talk to myself. I'll take the two parts if you insist, Sir HERBERT, but I can't play them simultaneously. Not even IRVING——"

"Why can't you play vem simrul-aleously?"

"Well, I can't. Margie, *will* you let me go to sleep?"

"Nope," said Margery, shaking her head.

"You should say, 'No, thank you, revered and highly respected Uncle.'"

"No *hank* you, Mr. Cann."

"I have already informed you that my name is not Bingle; and I have now to add that neither is it Cann."

"Why neiver is it Cann?"

"That isn't grammar. You should say, 'Why can it not either?'"

"Why?"

"I don't know."

"Say prehaps."

"No, I can't even say prehaps."

"Well, say I shall understand when I'm a big girl."

"You'll understand when you're a big girl, Margery," I said solemnly.

"Oh, I see."

"That's right. Now then, what about going to sleep?"

She was silent for a moment, and I thought I was safe. Then

"Uncle, just tell me—why was 'at little boy crying vis morning?"

"Which little boy?"

"Ve one in 'e road."

"Oh, that one. Well, he was crying because his Uncle hadn't had any sleep all night, and when he tried to go to sleep in the afternoon——"

"Say prehaps again."

My first rejected contribution! I sighed and had another shot. "Well, then," I said gallantly, "it must have been because he hadn't got a sweet little girl of three to play with him."

"Yes," said Margery, nodding her head thoughtfully, "'at was it."

A. A. M.

ONE OF THE OLD GUARD.

I WROTE the other week of my poor friend, the New Pangloss, as I called him. And now I hear that another friend has gone to the Land of Shadows.

He was one of those dear men who never pick up a new idea or use a new phrase. Sometimes one wonders whether one admires most those determined conventionalists or the acquisitive modernists who are picking up wrinkles all the time. This friend, now dead, certainly was a magnificent example of his type. I will wager that during the past twenty years of his life he never referred to the French in any other way than as "our lively neighbours." He never entered a hackney-carriage without asking if there was "room for a little one"; he never opened the door for a guest without saying, "age before honesty"; he never remarked upon his last night's repose without saying he had "slept the sleep of the just," or parted with a friend without saying, "be good."

If you asked him how he was, he said, "right as a trivet," although he had no more idea than you or I what a trivet is. He always told children that "stinging-nettles do not sting this month," and that "fingers were made before forks," and it never rained hard but he mentioned that it was good weather for ducks.

In short he never disappointed the ear, and I am inclined to think that a man of whom this can be said is, in the sum of things, more to be desired than your most original and tickling wit. He was a human cuckoo-clock. And now he is dead—run down—and I shall mourn him as another lost landmark, another solid, tangible link with Simplicity and the Past.

WHY READ AT ALL?

FOR BUSY MEN.—THE WORLD'S GREATEST AUTHORS TAKEN IN AT A GLANCE.—VI.—Mr. WILLIAM LE QUEUX.



In the smoke-room at Claridge's.



The Accusation.



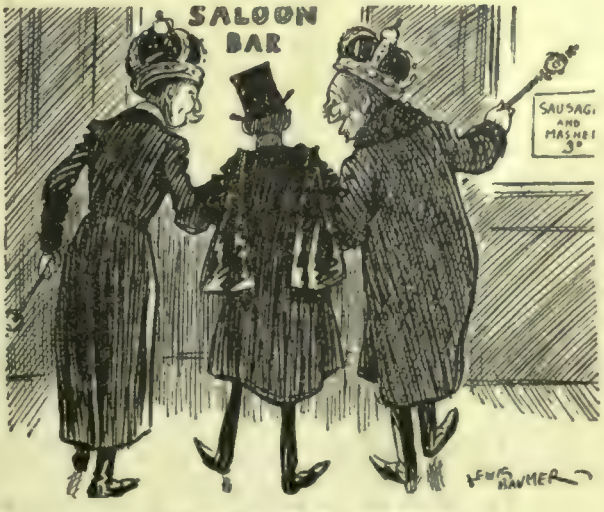
The Peace of Europe in jeopardy—Diplomacy to the rescue.



The Sleuth-hound again.



A Monarch's joy (Throne-room at Claridge's).



The War-cloud dispersed.

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

A Rest Cure.

Rippindorf-auf-Schneegebirge.

Dearest Daphne,—I'm just beginning to buck up a bit, since coming here with Bosh and Wee-Wee. My dear, I was so prostrate and my nerves were in *such* a state after my election exertions that Sir Henry Kiddem said I must go away *at once* and have *perfect* rest. Josiah said he 'd take me away next day; but dear Sir Henry, who's the best doctor that ever felt a pulse and understands people's constitutions *à merveille*, said emphatically, *No*; in my present state I must be *quite* away from those dearest to me. So Josiah didn't come.

All of us election victims here are agreed never to mention votes or polls or beastly politics again as long as we live. Poor dear Norty has got to leave us to take his seat for Houndsditch; but he 's been doing his best while here to forget that there *is* such a place.

Oh, my dearest and best! you don't know all that can be got out of life till you ski! It 's sailing on the sea, and flying in the air, with a *heavenly* something added that doesn't belong to either. I'm having lessons from Count Olaf Hesseljof, the best amateur ski-er that even *Norway* has ever produced, and he says my progress is simply *screaming* and that my grace and activity are—and so on. He 's distinctly inclined to be a darling, pale and fair with curly flaxen hair and an awfully good figure. Norty says he 's an "anæmic ass" and that his ski-ing is "flukey"; but, *entre nous*, Norty never got his ski-legs; they were buried in the snow and he couldn't find them—hence his bitterness. I said to Olaf yesterday that ski-ing teaches one how it feels to be an angel, and he told me I needn't be ski-ing to feel *that*. He talks the *prettiest* English, not exactly broken, only a teeny bit chipped.

There 's a fly in the ointment, however. Josiah keeps on writing to know if I'm stronger and if the "mountain quiet" is doing my nerves good, and if he may come. What *time* have I to answer letters, I'll ask you, with ski-ing and bob-sleighing all day, torchlight skating in the evening, and dancing and pillow-fights nearly all night? I've managed to send him a few words, however, telling him I'm a weeny bit better, but that my nerves won't yet stand the excitement of seeing my dear ones. There 's no doubt this place has a wonderfully curative effect on those suffering from *strain*, as most of us have been. Fluffy Thistledown broke down quite suddenly while she and Thistledown had a big house party of relatives with them, and had to leave him to see to them, and come off to this place in a life-and-death hurry. And now she seems *quite* recovered, and is bob-sleighing with Jack Hurlingham all day.

Talking of bob-sleighs, you should *see* Princess Poppolinsky's (*autrefois* Clytie Vandollarbilt)! It 's all of ebony and silver, with the Poppolinsky cipher and coronet wherever there 's room for it, guided by a big moujik or Tartar or something, with the cipher and coronet again on the front of his fur cap, and Clytie herself in *such* sables, Daphne, that I hardly dare to look at them for fear I should be tempted to slay her. There 's an aloofness and chilliness about her, now she 's a Highness, that I find quite delicious. I said to her the other day: "I suppose you came to the Schneegebirge, my dear, from a fellow-feeling,—because *it also* is cool and a highness!"

I don't see much of Stella Clackmannan. Since her arrival a week ago with her broom and stones, she 's given herself up to practising her curling like mad for the Bonspiel. She doesn't want to lose her rep. as the best woman curler of the day. She 's already got "curling face," which, Norty says, isn't as nice as curling hair.

Oh, my dear, such fun! Bob Aislabie, M.F.H., has actually chucked her beloved hunting for a week and joined us. Of course, Lord Ninian ffollyott has come in her wake, though he doesn't go in for any of the sports and can't stand the cold. He still says they 're engaged, and she says they 're not. Bob 's for ever tobogganing down all the most horribly dangerous slopes she can find, while Lord Ninny, wrapped up to the eyes and shivering, looks on, bleating out: "Tweetie, you cruel girl! You 'll break your neck and my heart! Dearest, do be careful!" And Bob shouts back: "Shut up, Ninny, and clear out, you blitherin' little idiot!"

C'est un couple comme il n'y en a point.

I gave such a perfectly lovely Snow Picnic last week. Everyone said it was *immensely* well done and quite *quite*. We all dressed up as Eskimos and pretended to be an Arctic Expedition. I borrowed a lot of dogs, and *tried* to get some *penguins*, but Bosh says they 're not necessary at the *North* Pole, and we set off with sledges and everything *en règle*. Oh, it was the *squ'akiest* affair! Olaf looked most awfully business-like; the Arctic get-up suited him right down to the snow. We pretended to make all sorts of discoveries, and Norty said he should send our *data* to Copenhagen! We had lunch in the snow; the cham was splendidly *frappé*, of course. "But the worst of it is," said Bob Aislabie, "all the *grub* 's *frappé* too!"

After lunch we 'd a glorious snow-balling rag, and just as we were thinking of going back we missed that absurd Wee-Wee. We had to explore in earnest *then*, and we 'd all got into quite a nervy state before she was found ever so much higher up the mountain, stuck fast, and unable to go up or come down. It was local colour again. She wished to imagine how it would be to be lost on the mountains, that she might write about it; and she got her wish, and something over; while as for *local colour*, my dear, her poor little nose was *blue* with cold and terror! Bosh was angry with her. He said she 'd end by going to look for first-hand impressions at the bottom of a crevasse, and *then* they wouldn't be any use to her!

Adieu, *chérie*. Come and learn to ski.

Ever thine, Blanche.

The Latest Fashionable Cure.

"High above the heads of all in the narrow gallery unbroken lines of pe resses ran along the dark oak sides of the House beneath the great stained glass windows."—*Evening News.*

Exercise, that 's the best thing for the figure.

"The spot at which the accident occurred runs parallel with the sea."—*The Scotsman.*

See above. The most energetic spot we have heard of lately.

Tales of the Old Gaiety.

"The Church and the stage have but little in common, but St. George's late choirmaster, Meyer Lutz, composed many vivacious airs for the old Gaiety, where for a con-iderable period he conducted the orchestra. It was there, also, that the first Archbishop of Westminster, Cardinal Wiseman, was enthroned."

Pall Mall Gazette.

Hardly the place, we should have said.

"As a result of a recent conference in London a gigantic international map of the earth is planned on a scale of a million kilomètres to the centimètre."—*Continental Daily Mail.*

This works out at about one and a half million miles to the inch. It scarcely seems worth while.

"The above article will appear every Friday in the 'Suffolk Chronicle and Mercury,'" is an announcement made by that paper. In a year or so the superstition that Friday is an unlucky day should be firmly established.

From a bookseller's catalogue:—

"Cod Liver Oil.—A Comparative Study of the Nose upon the Nutrition of Enormal and Tuberculous Pigs."

We always though there was something sinister in cod liver oil.

From a placard:

"*The Sphere* has no Peer."

Cheer up, Mr. Shorter; there 's hope yet.



Hostess. "PROFESSOR, WHAT IS MRS. RAYMOND'S NUMBER IN HANOVER STREET?"
Professor. "LET ME SEE—ER—I FORGET FOR THE MOMENT, BUT HER DOOR-SCRAPER'S IN G SHARP!"

MALADIE DE SIÈCLE.

O Sons of the new generation
  Athirst for inordinate thrills;
O daughters, whose love of sensation
  Is shown in your frocks and your frills—
Come, faithfully answer my queries
  If you would completely assuage
The passionate craving that wearies
  Both sinner and sage.

Has IBSEN no power to excite you?
  Can't MAETERLINCK make you applaud?
Do dancers no longer delight you,
  Who wriggle about *à la* MAUD?
Are you tired of the profile of AINLEY?
  The tender falsetto of TREE?
Do you envy each bonnet insanely
  That harbours a bee?

Is the METCHNIKOFF treatment a failure?
  Do you weep when you miss your short putts?
Have you ceased with enjoyment to hail your
  Diurnal allowance of nuts?
Are you bored by the leaders of SPENDER?
  Or cloyed by the pathos of CAINE?
Do you find that "The Follies" engender
  A feeling of *gênc?*

Are you sick of Sicilian grimaces?
  Unattracted by Chantecler hats?
Are you weary of Marathon races
  And careless in choosing your spats?
Are you jaded with aeroplaning
  And sated with social reform?
Apathetic alike when it 's raining
  And when it is warm?

Do you shy at the strains that are sober?
  Does WAGNER no longer inflame?
Do you find that the music of AUBER
  And ELGAR is equally tame?
Do you read without blushing or winking
  The novels of ELINOR GLYN?
Do you constantly hanker, when rinking,
  For draughts of sloe gin?

If I am correct in divining
  The tortures you daily endure,
Don't waste any time in repining,
  But try this infallible cure:
With the sharpest of musical *plectra*
  Go pluck at your soul till it 's raw;
In a word, go and witness *Elektra*—
  Give up the jig-saw.

According to *The Daily Dispatch*, the author of *Don Juan* had a daughter called "Ada Sole, who became Countess of Lovelace." There is, of course, authority for this in *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*:—

"Ada! sole daughter of my house and heart."



REVENGE.

Shareholder in Rubber Company (who has had a narrow shave). "GO ON! WEAR YOUR D——D TYRES OUT!"

THE VETO.

BY MR. ROBERT BART KENNEDY-BLATCHFORD.

A PALE-FACED throng sit in the Parliament House. They are in conclave. They are obsessed by a burden. A heavy burden. They strive to throw off the fetters that nullify their legislation. Their legislation.

What fetters them? In two words I answer, The Veto. It presses on them, and, through them, on the People. To the People the Veto is the question of the hour. The all-important question.

Men who think, men who toil, men who toil not, ay, even the little children of the slums, on each the Veto presses like an incubus. It presses sore.

Away with it! And with it the Lords. The Lords must go. The country is too full of Lords. They crowd out the down-trodden and the hungry. Because of the Lords the bitter struggle for the scanty crusts of life grows ever more severe, ever more fierce.

The crusts are few. The Lords are many. Therefore must they go. Why? Because it is decreed. It is decreed by the People.

Where must the Lords go? It does not matter. There are so many places. The choice is infinite.

The objective of the Lords may be left to the future. The future can take care of itself. The Lords can take care of themselves. They always do.

Who are the Lords?

They are born in the purple. With silver spoons.

Silver spoons in their mouths!

They are a race apart.

They are the back-numbers in the Marathon of Life.

What is Life? What is a Marathon? It does not matter. The Lords must go.

If there were no Veto there would be no Lords. It is essential to abolish the Lords. Therefore it is first essential to abolish the Veto. The one thing is a corollary of the other.

The Lords must go. They must be ended . . . [*So must this.* ED.

THE TURN OF THE WHEEL.

[It is stated that the bicycle is to become fashionable again.]

TIME WAS (I do adore that phrase)
When, keen as mustard, I bestrode
The metalled horse of modern days
And took the king's high road.

A very bird, adown the slope
With lifted feet I'd lightly drop,
Or toil till I was heliotrope
To reach some mountain-top.

Yet, over and above the speed
I liked the splendour and the fuss
About my old velocipede,
My tin Bucephalus

The reverence of the hind to win,
To pause, a Person of account,
While ostlers hurried from the inn
To hold my prancing mount;

To flabbergast the village hens;
Against the hedge-row (neatly spiked)
To urge pedestrians by tens—
These were the parts I liked.

Now it is otherwise; a wail,
A whirl of dust that makes you blink—
The road-hog passes in a gale
And leaves behind his stink.

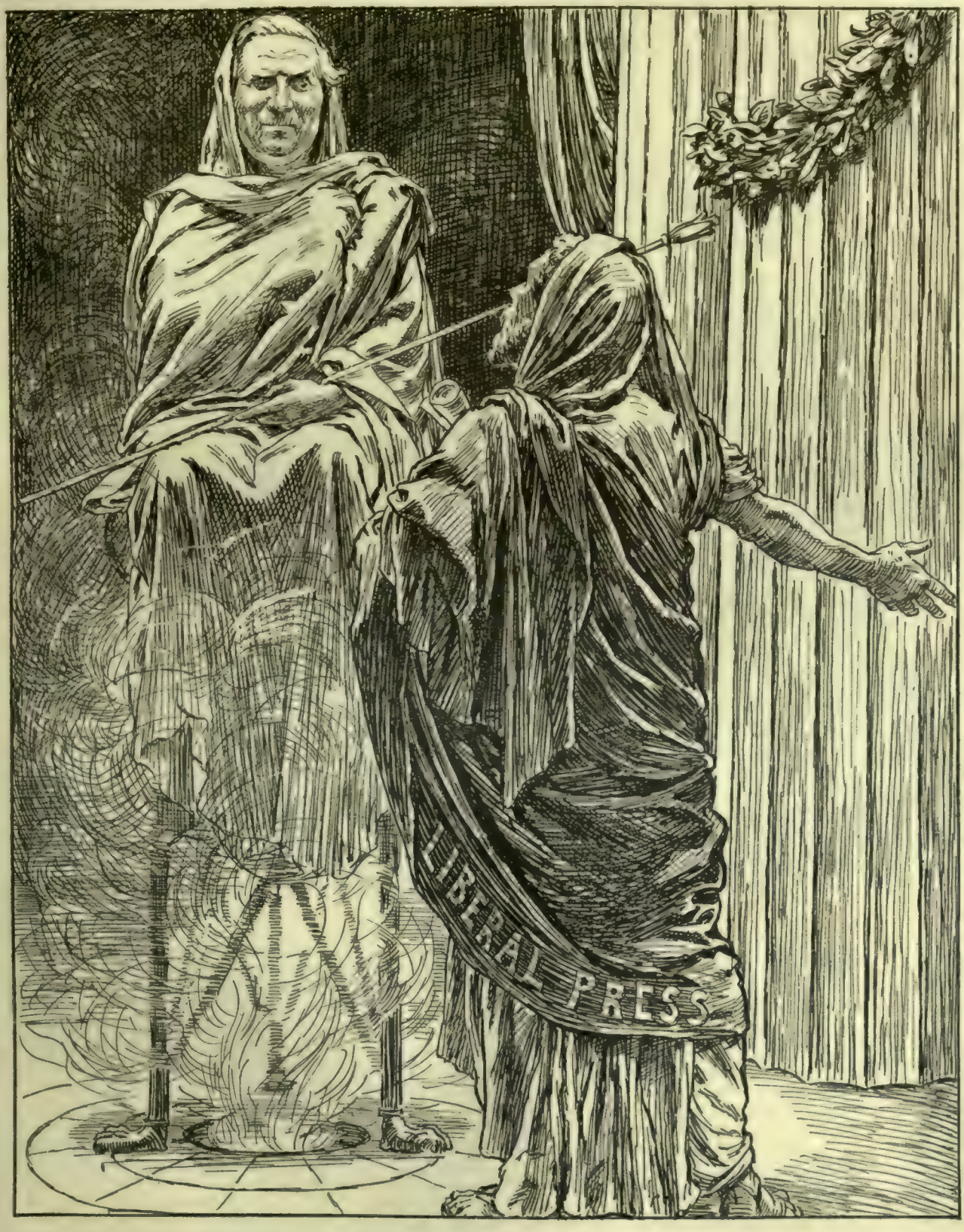
He is the undisputed lord
Of whatsoe'er may roll or run;
By him the farmer's carts are bored,
By him the hens fordone.

Not TURPIN in his palmy prime,
Hero of ale-house host and wench,
Achieved a kingship so sublime
(Also he lacked the stench).

Therefore, I say, I do not yearn
To mount the pump-inflated hack,
To grip the wobbling bars and turn
Blue in the face or black.

I that of old was "upper crust,"
To whom the yokel used to cringe
In days when he imbibed his dust
Without that petrol tinge;

Am I to hear his loud guffaw,
To feel, when shaving past his spine,
The transference of the ancient awe
From me to motor-swine? EVOE.



THE ALBERT HALL ORACLE.

Priest. "THEY 'RE COMPLAINING THAT YOUR UTTERANCES ARE AMBIGUOUS."
The Oracle. "WELL, THAT 'S ONE OF MY 'SAFEGUARDS'!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



MORE "DELICACIES" OF DEBATE.

In response to a polite request from Mr. Austen Chamberlain "to prove any single statement he made on the Fiscal Question during the Election," Mr. Lloyd George showed that Mr. Chamberlain had omitted very vital words from a quotation, and proceeded to lay about him pretty freely. He incidentally introduced some fresh items from the appetising Protectionist menu of the German working-classes. To the famous "horse-flesh" and "black-bread" he added donkeys and dogs!

House of Commons, Monday, Feb. 21.—House thronged in anticipation of what is spoken of as the PREMIER'S momentous announcement on course of business. Four o'clock fixed for commencing work. Every bench on floor, side galleries, and over clock occupied. As at Epsom a dog sometimes casually crosses course, with field in sight, so a few laggard Members seized on the opportunity to be sworn in. This interlude, unlike the Derby diversion, delayed debate on Address, which was further postponed by debate on Standing Order which forbids Peers to meddle with Parliamentary election.

House in quaint moment of magnanimity resolved to annul the Standing Order. Been debated for years; whenever division taken, majority mustered against it. Now it goes without even a division.

SARK sees in it the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin. Just as in the good old time gentlemen condemned to death, halting on their journey to Tyburn, had pressed on their acceptance the flowing bowl, so noble lords destined to decapitation in respect of legislative powers have this century-old ban removed. JOCKEY OF NORFOLK may at next General Election indulge in his passion for correspondence with "my dear PROFUMO," none daring to make him afraid.

Momentous occasion aforesaid turned out to be surprisingly dull. Possibly this natural result of overstrained expectation. Certainly PRINCE ARTHUR, who led the attack, was decidedly prosy. Nor did light of battle flash from the PREMIER'S eye. Contrary to habit he brought down mass of MS., from which at times he closely read. Overloaded with detail, Members had difficulty in grasping his plan of procedure. When fully mast red, it had chilling effect upon numerically large section of Ministerial force who want Veto first. Enthusiasm that found vent in mighty cheers when PREMIER rose gradually died away.

On the whole a dispirited opening of what promises to be epoch-making fight.

Business done.—Address moved and seconded.

Tuesday. — House had advantage of assisting at realisation of something approaching debate in Irish Parliament when it shall be re-established on College Green. Full flavour restrained by foreign surroundings. Encircled by cold-blooded Saxons, scene and action lacked the inspiriting atmosphere breathed in Dublin. But they served.

WILLIAM O'BRIEN, with his bodyguard of ten bould bhoys, has come to Westminster with avowed intention of wiping the floor of the House of Commons with the limp body of JOHN REDMOND. In PARNELL'S time and later, Irish Nationalists were united in opposition to Government of the day whatever its political colour might be. Now, by comparison with his feelings towards the Redmondites, WILLIAM O'BRIEN almost worships the CHIEF SECRETARY to the LORD LIEUTENANT. The foes of Ireland, he laments, are those of her own household, sons nourished at her bosom. O'BRIEN, after long interval returning to political life, has devoted himself to the task of driving forth the traitors. Brooding over their iniquities, he chants in the ear of Ireland a variant on LOVELACE'S deathless couplet addressed "To Lucasta on going to the Wars":

"I could not love thee, Dear, so much,
Loathed I not REDMOND more."

Opportunity came to-day in debate on Address. He seized it by the hair, as they say at Boulogne. Lost no time in preamble or parley. Went straight for REDMOND, and (in English Parliamentary sense, of course) got his head in Chancery and punched it with resounding blows. Ferocity of attack rather increased by studious quietude of manner, laboured polish of phrase. From time to time the volcanic emotion that underlay the surface manifested itself in fierce outburst that raised the voice almost to a shriek. Instantly he recovered himself, and succeeding sentences were whispered in a voice so humbly low that it was sometimes difficult to catch all the syllables.

As he went forward the countrymen he denounced sat restless on the two back benches. Only a narrow strip of neutral territory divided them from the accuser. Had the incident happened on College Green, this bench would not long have served as barrier. As things were, the restraint of place and circumstance was borne with heroic self-control. Once or twice, at some exceptionally vicious assault from the grey-bearded spectacled man on his legs almost within hand-grip, murmured exclamations formed a sort of chorus. For the most part O'BRIEN ignored this commentary. Once he turned round and the mellifluous voice in which he addressed the House suddenly changed to fierce hissing whisper as he enquired,—

"Is there anybody behind me who says different?"

Later, on renewed provocation, he turned again to face the music, with the incomplete declaration, "If there is any articulate observation——"



A VOLCANO IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.

"Ferocity of attack rather increased by studious quietude of manner." (Mr. Wm. O'Brien.)

What in such case would follow was left to the imagination. Whatever the threat veiled it succeeded for a time in quelling the growing disturbance on the back benches.

Business done.—Debate on Address continued.

Thursday. — "But that's another STOREY," said the MEMBER FOR SARK, unconsciously quoting familiar phrase reiterated by KIPLING in his early and better days. He was listening to the new Member for Sunderland, who, like bread thrown upon the waters, has returned after many days.

Remember him twenty-nine years ago, when he first appeared on Parliamentary stage, proudly writing himself down in the pages of the placid *Dod* "A Radical and Home Ruler." He was, in truth, raucous in his Radicalism. The great Liberal upheaval that had just placed GLADSTONE in power was in his opinion nullified by Whiggism prevalent in the Cabinet. He wanted to do away with most things, especially the House of Lords and Royal Palaces.

One day in the spring of the session of 1892 ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS, then in his prime, raised debate in Committee of Supply on expenditure upon the latter. With that largeness of mind, that almost reckless generosity that marks the action of gentlemen dealing with other persons' property, ALPHEUS suggested that Buckingham Palace or Kensington Palace, he really didn't seem to care which, should be set aside for the purposes of a British Gallery of Art. SAM STOREY, stepping in, caused to creep the flesh of hon. and right hon. gentlemen in the quarter of the House where to-night he stands applauded.

"The PRINCE OF WALES and the rest of the Royal Family," he said—and Members at first thought he was going to propose a toast—"are well able to pay for the maintenance of their residences. It is shabby of them not only to occupy their palaces rent free, but to sponge upon the public to keep them in repair."

Twenty-nine years later, SAMUEL, once more called, comes back, as he plaintively says, "too old and too disillusioned ever again to be the strong Party man I once was." So he seats himself among the Elect behind Front Opposition Bench, and, amid continuous cheers from country gentlemen to whose fathers and uncles he was anathema, delivers a strong Protectionist speech.

A strange tendency this on part of extreme Radicals to blossom—or is it to fade?—into ultra-Toryism. Save with stupendous exception of Mr. G., in early manhood the rising hope of stern unbending Toryism, one does not recall a notable parallel case in the other camp. (*Mem.*—Write a treatise on this subject, with photographs, showing eminent Radicals at various stages of their journey to North Pole of Toryism.)

Business done.—Debate on SON AUSTEN'S amendment to Address in favour of Tariff Reform. KETTLE wittily described it as an effort to nail not his colours but his captain to the mast. PRINCE ARTHUR, as usual, fenced with admirable skill. On Division amendment negatived by 285 votes to 254.



EMBARRAS DE RICHESSE.

Youth (lighting gorgeous belted cigar, just received from his prospective father-in-law, Mr. Ikestyne). "HOPE HOUNDS WON'T FIND AND GO AWAY FROM HERE, BECAUSE I'LL HAVE TO STAY BEHIND AND FINISH THIS. IKE WOULD NEVER FORGIVE ME IF I DIDN'T DO IT JUSTICE."

MODEL ADDRESS FOR AN L.C.C. CANDIDATE.

[Recollect that the mere word "election" fills the voter with nausea, and, in composing your election address, tread lightly.]

LADIES, GENTLEMEN AND WHAT-NOTS,—Here we all are again, faced by another of these tiresome elections. Here am I being polite to you, and promising you all the good things that you can possibly want in this world or the next, on one small condition. Yes, you have guessed right the very first time. It is your vote I want.

I offer myself as your candidate for three reasons. In the first place I want to see for myself what the inside of the L.C. Council Chamber is like. In the second place I want a free pass over all the L.C.C. tramways. In the third place . . . . but I have forgotten the third reason. It was, I think, something beginning with an "S," but whether it was Socialism, Steamboats, or 'Stounding 'Stravagance, I cannot say.

I ask you for that which you cannot possibly want for yourself, your vote. It has been suggested to me that in asking I should give you some inkling of my policy. In the first place I stand here for the sacred principle of building *Dreadnoughts ad libitum*, and making the foreigner pay. One man, one *Dreadnought*; one foreigner, one bill for one-and-a-half million sterling, with five per cent. discount for cash. That is my motto. In the second place I am happy to be able to say that I have made the following statement upon affidavit:—"I, Richard Roe, make oath and say as follows:—To the best of my knowledge and belief I want Tariff Reform. The black bread and dear loaf arguments can be reduced to an absurdity by eating biscuits. I make biscuits.—(*Advt.*)." But I am told that the L.C.C. concerns itself with neither Tariff Reform nor *Dreadnoughts*. More shame, say I, to the L.C.C. However, as my Agent is looking over my shoulder as I write, I pass on.

He tells me, this Agent, to "come to you on Belgian Tram Rails." I fail to understand him, but I obey. What we want is Belgian Tram Rails and more Belgian Tram Rails. What we want them for I cannot think, but I am told that you *do* want them, and what you want I want to want. Gentlemen, we will have these rails, even if I have to go on my knees to Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER himself for them. But I beg your pardon; I am now told that you do *not* want Belgian Tram Rails. Though I should like to see you make up your minds once for all at the start as to what you do want, I confess that I think that your second thoughts are the more sensible. What could you do with a Tram Rail if you had one? It would only fill up your drawing-room, and no one would really think it looked pretty, even though Belgian. I proclaim myself, therefore, an I.A.B.T.R., an Independent Anti-Belgian Tram Railer, and await the favour of your further orders.

I am told that the only other matters of first importance are Education and Sewers. For the present I confine myself to the statement, evolved upon my own authority and upon the inspiration of the moment, that in 1809 the average of our education and sewers

was one per cent.; to-day it is cent. per one. For the rest I will do myself the honour of calling upon you personally and chatting about these things when I have found out something about them. May I take this opportunity of warning that what, on my part, would be an act of courtesy in personally visiting you will, on the part of my opponent, be gross intimidation? When therefore he calls and tells you that he wants a Belgian Tram Rail, say to him, "We have given you education. We have given you a sewer. Now you want a tram rail. I conceive" (*ironically*) "that a man of your extensive claims can have no use for my poor little vote. I shall thus have much pleasure in giving it to your opponent" (*me*).

I should like to have concluded this address by telling you to which party, Moderate or Progressive, I belong. Unfortunately my Agent has this moment left the room. A rough-looking gentleman, one of our workers, at present engaged in licking envelopes, tells me that he suspects from the colour of our posters that I am a Moderate. But I do not trust or ask you to trust this man, suspecting as I do that under cover of his employment he is making a free meal off gum for which I have paid, and wilfully engendering in himself a thirst which it will be my inevitable privilege to assuage.

Thus, when my opponent with great pomp and to-do proclaims that he is a member of this or that party, I shall preserve a discreet silence. But, gentlemen, I can do better than he. I can and do, in the blessed absence of my Agent, say that I will attach myself to whichever party you prefer. Could anything be fairer than that? Can you, in the face of that manly offer, go and elect my opponent who entertains biassed and partisan opinions on these matters, which he is determined to thrust down your throats if he can? No. Don't be bullied, gentlemen. Choose your own municipal politics, tell me what they are as briefly as you can, and I will represent them for you, whether I understand them or no.

On one thing only have I an opinion which cannot be altered or improved. I am strongly and unswervingly in favour of myself. I hope you will all be. If you are, poll early and poll often.

Your humble servant, RICHARD ROE.

The Decline of the Press.

From a poster of the day after the discussion on the Tariff Reform Amendment

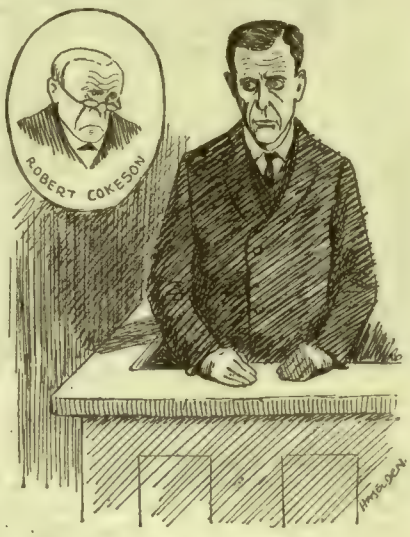
DAILY MAIL
LARGEST CIRCULATION.
31

AT THE PLAY.

"JUSTICE."

IF any alien accuses our nation of having ceased to take its pleasures sadly, let him go, on three consecutive nights, and assist at *Elektra*, *Jekyll-Hyde*, and *Justice*, and he will be bound to withdraw that cruel charge. I try to think how Mr. FROHMAN (which, being interpreted, is Mr. Merryman) was ever persuaded to start his Repertory scheme with so gloomy a play as that of Mr. GALSWORTHY. "This will test my public," he must have said. "If they can stand this, they can stand anything. Let *Justice* be played, though the gallery-gods should fall on us." *Fiat*, in fact, *Justitia; ruat cœlum.*

One shrinks, of course, from ribaldry on so awesome a theme. Yet I confess



HIS BRIGHT SMILE HAUNTS ME STILL.

William Falder (Mr. DENNIS EADIE) informs Counsel that he could remember nothing of the period of his temporary aberration except that he "thought of Cokeson's face."

Inset—*Cokeson's* face (Mr. EDMUND GWENN).

to a certain resentment at being treated like a child that has no imagination and needs an easy object-lesson to be put before his eyes. Mr. GALSWORTHY will argue that, if he sent a letter to *The Times* urging that crime on the part of a neurotic should be treated as a disease, and that solitary confinement is brutalising, no one would pay any attention to him. But let him illustrate his views on the stage with a concrete instance, and we shall be staggered. Well, I grant that the stage is the place for exposing moral abuses and social scandals which might otherwise escape our notice. It gives us a new perspective: we learn to see ourselves. But it is different with those conditions in our public life, well-known and admitted, which have already engaged the earnest attention of specialists not less wise or sincere than the playwright himself. The nicely-balanced arguments which have determined their choice of the least of many evils are unsuited to a form of art whose first business is not with abstract Truth but with the emotions of an audience. Mr. GALSWORTHY knows all this, and so he flings the plain pitiful facts at us, as if they were the sole and unanswerable argument.

It seems that such a question as the law's hopeless lack of elasticity in dealing with individual cases requires a more adaptable medium for its presentation. ROBERT BROWNING (though he would not have hesitated to argue on both sides in any medium) recognised this in his treatment of the case of *Caponsacchi*, a case not so very unlike that of Mr. GALSWORTHY'S *William Falder*, for the Court of Judgment in each instance declined to accept the plea that the prisoner had been tempted by the need of saving a helpless woman from the brutality of her husband.

All the same, Mr. GALSWORTHY has come near to justifying himself of his *Justice*, because he has done his best to avoid special pleading, except, of course, where it was to be expected—in the speech of the Counsel for the defence. And even here he admits that there might well be abuses of the clemency of the law. It would never do for a man to be able to excuse himself for having committed murder on the ground that he was not feeling quite well at the time—was, in fact, a bit below himself. But a kind of special pleading was shown in his particular selection of the circumstances which provoked the crime and made a contributory appeal to our pity.

And I noticed, too, that the worst case of inhumanity, not here the fault of the law's machinery, but of men's hearts, was almost ignored. *Falder*, coming out of prison, gets a chance in a new situation. It was the cruelty of his fellow-clerks, when they discovered his history, that ruined his chance of redemption. Much, and to much purpose, might have been said of the need for that charity which covers up the past, but it would not have suited the author's book, and so he let pass the very theme on which he could have done most service. But this is not to suspect his sincerity, which was manifest.

The play was admirably put on; and the performance throughout showed the fine restraint of which the author set so excellent an example. The trial was perhaps a little protracted, and the scene in the cell hardly conveyed the actual horrors of solitary confinement. This was in part because we had seen and heard a good deal about them already from the outside; in part



Student of Politics. "AND WHAT BE REELY THIS YERE COALITION THEY DO BE TARKING ABOUT?"

Oldest Living Local Authority. "WELL, IT'S LIKE THIS. SOME PARTIES SAYS THIS, AN' SOME SAYS THAT AN' T'OTHER. BUT WHAT I SAYS, THERE'S NO KNOWINS NOR NO TELLINS, AN'—MARK MY WORDS! I BAIN'T FUR WRONG."

because it was hard to persuade oneself that the prisoner could not easily have walked out over the footlights if he had only thought of it.

The play held the house, though I confess to having been a little tired of too much *Cokeson*. And this was strange, for he was the comic relief. Anyhow, I sympathised with the prisoner, who declared that he could recall nothing of the period of his temporary aberration except the fact that "he thought of *Cokeson's* face." This was put forward as a point in his favour, since it argued that he could not have been responsible for his actions at the time.

A word about the costumes; though the play perhaps hardly lent itself to quite the smartest sartorial effects. Still, *Mr. Walter Howe's* silk hat was a good model, and *Mr. James How's* frock-coat in the last Act hung well on him; but the attachment of his eye-glass should have been an invisible cord. Silk has an air of affectation. *Cokeson's* office coat (these should always be loosely cut) was serviceable, and the judge's scarlet and ermine (each in just the right *nuance*) made a happy contrast with the sombre hues of counsel's robes. The detective's lounge suit was not in perfect style, but well enough adapted to his station. On the other hand, a Norfolk jacket for a prison chaplain is in bad taste. O. S.

"THE TENTH MAN."

More politics—this time at the Globe. *George Winter*, financier and scoundrel, is the Liberal Member for Middlepool. The Liberal Government has been in power for six years, and is now going to appeal to the country on (Help!) the question of Conscription. The contest is expected to be very close, so that every seat is of importance. Apart from that, his own seat is naturally of some importance to *Winter*, guileless speculators being more ready to trust their money to one who can sign himself M.P.

Now *Mrs. Winter* is about to divorce her husband, and a divorced man is no sort of candidate for Nonconformist Middlepool. At all costs she must be prevented from bringing the action before the election. *Winter* accordingly threatens to counter-petition. His wife has indiscreetly visited Venice and other places contemporaneously with that rising Under-Secretary, *Mr. Robert Colby;* and, though *Winter* knows their relations are innocent, he points out that the mere fact of being "cited" in the case will ruin *Colby's* chances of Cabinet rank. To save her lover *Mrs. Winter* withdraws, assuring the leading Liberal lights of Middlepool that she is on the best of terms with her husband.

But *Winter* has forgotten the "tenth man." Nine men, we are told, can be bribed or flattered, but the tenth is honest. *James Ford* is the tenth, and he has discovered the truth about one of *Winter's* companies. Nothing can move him. At the moment of the Liberal victory at Middlepool he announces his intention of going to Scotland Yard. The financier tries all his blandishments in vain . . . and then poisons himself. The first by-election! (Another is imminent, because *Mr. Colby* has been promised the War Secretaryship).

There is really more finance than politics in the play, but I have dwelt chiefly on the political *motif*—partly because I have no head for finance, and should get it all wrong if I tried to describe it, partly because politics on the stage always make themselves felt so enormously. In this case they give an undue appearance of theatricality to the play. Mr. SOMERSET MAUGHAM does not seem to have taken any trouble to make them real, and *The Tenth Man* suffers in consequence. Yet it is an interesting play, well handled, and containing one or two excellent characters. Mr. BOURCHIER as *George Winter* was magnificent; he had a part which suited him perfectly. Mr. EDMUND MAURICE as a noble director was also very good, and Mr. HOLMES-GORE nearly made me believe he was the Prime Minister. But I am afraid I had no confidence at all in Mr. GODFREY TEARLE as the rising hope of Liberalism. M.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. DESMOND COKE has assured me (on the title-page) that his last book, *Beauty for Ashes* (CHAPMAN AND HALL), is a comedy of caste, and I should like to believe him; but, in all the "comedies" I know, the hero and heroine, whenever the author has encouraged us to like them, are left to get married at the fall of the curtain; and, if a novelist is superior to the playwright's conventional endings, he should also, I think, dispense with the playwright's terminology. *Humphrey Scott-Mahon*, who prided himself on being an individualist, left Burcot Priory, where he was in the position of steward to his father's impoverished estate, and after some vicissitudes, admirably reported, succeeded in making a boy's club in the East End "go." Incidentally he became engaged to a fellow-worker, but realised that he wasn't genuinely in love with her at about the same time that she discovered her heart to have been all along in the possession of a former admirer. (And this on page 300 out of 330!) So *Humphrey* returned to "the county" and a possible marriage with a very shallow *poseuse* (if there are *poseuses*), having heard the West—or, at any rate, the aristocracy—a-calling. Now if *Humphrey* had been a bit more of a prig, or if *Rosa* had been more obviously middle-class (it didn't come out very plainly until after they were engaged), or if the lady at home had been even faintly attractive, I should have felt happier, but as it was I had, I suppose, to laugh "sardonically," and that is so difficult to do outside a *feuilleton*. As usual, the author has dissected his characters' brains beautifully and has delightful flashes of humour, but in romance I am an iron sentimentalist, and, unless there is a suitable princess in the background, shall justify *King Cophetua* every time.

It is a refreshing change from the reek of motor omnibuses and problem novels to the early eighteenth-century repose of *Cousin Hugh* (METHUEN), by "THEO DOUGLAS." Not that there is any lack of incident in MRS. H. D. EVERETT'S pleasantly-written story. It is a tale of treason and mystery, of the surreptitious barter of French prisoners for counterfeit coin and real old lace and brandy, of sleep-walking and sudden death, of ghost-impersonation and amateur burglary, all deftly woven together to form the background of a pretty old-world love story, which ends as all love stories should. Mrs. EVERETT has a happy knack of making her places and people real. I know just what *Hugh* looked like, and kind *Dr. Fleetwood* and his rascally half-brother, and selfish old *Lady Marrable*, and sweet *Alice North*, and I know just how the river flowed past the Red Deeps, and if only I knew where red-roofed Loxhall and its twin-town Loxleigh were I could take you across the hog-backed bridge between them straight up Whispering Street till we came to the House of Blind Fortunes. But as I don't know where in the South country the twin towns are, and as it all happened two hundred years ago, I can only tell you that it makes a pretty picture in my mind, and that because I like it I can almost believe that I am still young and unsophisticated.

Of them that write "mystery" novels, some, determined to work a good mystery off their chests, use the novel as a mere medium; others, bent on writing a good novel, invent a mystery solely as an excuse for so doing. Judged by the far-fetched nature of his plot and the title of his book, *Why Did He Do It?* (METHUEN), Mr. BERNARD CAPES is of the latter class. "*He*" is *Professor Urchin*, head of the archæological department of a London Co-operative Stores. "*It*" is an act of treachery by which the practical joke of his bobbish young friend, *Mandrake*, is allowed to be taken for an attempted theft and discussed in a police court as such. The problem is set in the three first and solved in the three last chapters, and those six seemed to me the only dull ones in the book. I found so much more pleasure in the behaviour of the minor characters than in the progress of the main theme that, when they became obsessed with the duty of being mysterious and paused to ask each other and themselves from time to time "*Why did he do it?*" I felt more irritated than intrigued. Even the ultimate solution, though it involved the Philosopher's Stone and the Tree of Knowledge itself, left me comparatively cold. However, without the mystery we should not have had the novel, and I would have put up with a much worse plot rather than be deprived of so entertaining a story. Had one found the style of its telling less attractive and unusual, one might have been more excited about getting to the end of it.



THE "TORTOISE" COSTUME FOR BASHFUL DINERS.

"OH, MR. SMITH, DO YOU BELIEVE IN PLATONIC LOVE? I'M DYING TO KNOW YOUR OPINION."

In *Wrack* (from DUCKWORTH; MAURICE DRAKE)—

Note, by the way, the subtle art
Of Drake and Duck—there's no mistake
About the ships and shipping part;
Stokeholds and engine-rooms and such
Are open books to MAURICE D.,
And I am bound to say his touch
Has made them quite appeal to me.

Afloat, his writing gets a grip;
You feel the spray across your cheek;
But when the hero leaves his ship
The salt's unsavoured, so to speak;
The strenuous life aside he flings;
He finds a faithless girl to woo,
He writes, he's made M.P.—all things
Which almost anyone could do.



HE WAS A YOUNG EARNEST MUSICIAN AND FOUND IT HARD ENOUGH TO MAKE ENDS MEET. THEN HE LEARNT A FEW TRICKS FOR THE MUSIC-HALL STAGE, AND THIS DEVELOPMENT OF HIS ART BROUGHT HIM AFFLUENCE.

CHARIVARIA.

THE Welsh are now demanding that Home Rule shall not have precedence of Welsh Disestablishment. We do not think that they have any real cause for alarm.

***

The Divorce Commission is puzzled how to raise funds to make Divorce cheaper. It seems to us that there are simple means at hand to ensure an enormous revenue. Why not forbid the publication in the newspapers of reports of Divorce cases, and let the Divorce Court issue its own journal? In the present state of the public literary taste such a venture would be an assured success.

***

The Council of the University of Cambridge proposes to grant the degree of B.A. for £1. Oxford University, we take it, will now consider whether it cannot supply as good an article at 19/11¾.

***

The Parisian Press is annoyed with the English and American Press for having published exaggerated accounts of the flood. Fortunately, however, there has not as yet been any considerable expression of annoyance with the English and American donations to the Relief Fund which flowed in as a result of such exaggeration.

***

With reference to the *Dreadnought* hoax, Mr. MCKENNA refused to answer Captain FABER's enquiry as to whether the officers bought white kid gloves for the occasion. The question of colour may be in doubt, but the officers were unquestionably kidded.

***

There is, we hear, much heart-burning among living bards over the forthcoming dinner to the descendants of famous poets. The former complain that they are much more in need of a good dinner than the latter, many of whom are engaged in remunerative professions.

***

It has leaked out that the next pantomime at the Lyceum is to be *Cinderella*, and the manager trusts that no rival will appropriate the idea.

***

Mr. BERNARD SHAW has been complaining that the progress of his *Misalliance* was continually interrupted by the laughter of the audience. This is his typical egoism. He is not interested in the case of those who through the same heartless behaviour were exposed to the horrors of insomnia.

***

The Rev. F. DORMER PIERCE, Vicar of Southend, has announced his intention of giving a wedding present to each couple married at his church. This idea of a consolation prize for matrimony does credit to Mr. PIERCE'S kindly heart.

***

The fashion of wearing veils which give one the appearance of having a dirty mark on the face is making headway among those who, curiously enough, belong to the very sex which is trying to convince us that its intellectual qualifications entitle it to a vote.

***

The problem of Monarchs out of business becomes more grave every day, and there is talk of a forthcoming Congress between the ex-SULTAN, the ex-SHAH, and the ex-LAMA to discuss the situation with a view to combined action of some sort. It is thought that the institution of a Royal Labour Exchange would be as useful as anything.

MILK FOR BABES.

To the Parliamentary Correspondent of "The Daily Chronicle."

[Commenting on the suggestion of Lord HUGH CECIL that in order to check the present criminal waste of the nation's money a resolution might at least be passed legalising the collection of income-tax, the Parliamentary Correspondent of *The Daily Chronicle* makes the following observation:—"If the Conservative party had its way the House of Commons would soon be shorn of all its noblest attributes. The old sentiment of pride in the House of Commons seems to have perished in Tory bosoms."]

STERN moralist, the guide of those in sore doubt!
Luminous sign-post on the tricky way!
But for whose counsels, liberally poured out,
Our feet infallibly would walk astray—
Surely in your above remarks, dear Sir,
Surely, for once, you err.

Those "noble attributes," that make the glory
Of the great Commons—there are still a few
Which even he, the tough and hardened Tory,
Treats with as much respect as even you;
Of which if Parliament were shorn (or sheared)
His bosom would be queered.

One such there is, conspicuous for its beauty,
Which, with your kind permission, I will name:
It is the high, imperious sense of duty
Which calls on Governments to play the game;
Especially to see at any cost
That Budgets don't get lost.

You'll tell me how the Peers (those bloated nincompoops) are to blame for England's empty chest;
Theirs the unique offence if dues on income
Remain in people's pockets by request;
And May still finds us gathering, in arrear,
The nuts of yesteryear.

I know that parrot-wheeze: it sounds familiar;
At first it seemed a fairly poignant cry,
But, growing sillier by degrees and sillier
As, week by wasted week, the time goes by,
To-day its credit, always rather small,
Is less than none at all.

Twelve months, by customary computation,
Make up a year. One on the polls was spent,
After some six required for explanation
Of what the Budget actually meant;
But where the rest have gone, or hope to go—
That 's what I want to know.

My brother-journalist, I shall be happy
To wait your answer; meanwhile let me hint—
Since "noble attributes" are on the *tapis*—
How I adore simplicity in print;
How well I like your trust, profound, immense,
In others' innocence.

But oh, beware! The nation 's not so guileless;
This England, whom you take to be a fool,
Prefers to have her teaching in a style less
Adapted to an unweaned infants' school;
She 's getting quite a big girl now, and knows
Far more than you suppose. O. S.

"If retreat is impossible for the Ministry, it now obviously is hardly less easy for the Nationalist leader."—*The Scotsman.*

Hardly; in fact we cannot imagine anything less easy to perform than an impossibility.

BIRD CULTS.

["Maeterlinck's poetic idea of *The Blue Bird for Happiness* has been taken up by a number of clever and well-known women in the worlds of Literature, Music and Art, who have banded themselves together into a Dining Club with one object, the Pursuit of Happiness.

The rites and ceremonies practised by the 'Blue Birds' at their meetings are kept a profound secret.

The membership is strictly limited in number, and no man is permitted to join this feminine freemasonry."

Circular Letter from Haymarket Theatre.]

Mr. Punch is very happy to be able to announce that the Blue Birds are not to be alone. Already plans are afoot for rapidly forming a band of the best gushers among the women in London society, to be known as the Pink Geese, who will devote their too considerable leisure to the promotion of Sloppiness. This they will seek and foster in whatever sphere they may find it, whether music, literature, the drama, or the social circle. The name of the president of the Pink Geese is at present, like all their rites and ceremonies, a profound secret, but doubtless it will be revealed in time.

News comes also of the Green Owls, a society of learned ladies who are banded together in a league for the acquirement of culture, or, in other words, Fra Lippo Lippiness. Where they meet no one outside the charmed circle knows, but you may tell them by their jargon.

Another coterie of a most exclusive and esoteric type is that of the Purple Pipits, formed into a luncheon club with the sole aim of cultivating abject Pipiness. Each member is bound by the rules of the society to bring her own pipkin to lunch, at which pipless oranges form a regular feature. The members are divided into two grades, known as the Pipians and the Quipians, following the terminology of CAYLEY, and a variety of quaint ceremonies are practised at their meetings.

Latest advices from Mayfair describe the foundation by a number of brainy and well-bred girls of a charming Association called the White Wagtails, who will concentrate their brilliant talents on the diffusion of unutterable Waggishness. Animated by a beautiful altruism they will not seek to consume their own gaiety, but are resolved to communicate it as widely as possible to all classes of the public.

As a protest against the levity of the White Wagtails, several leading Society women have formed a Club to be known as the Magenta Magpies. The prime object of this confraternity is the pursuit of Magpiety, and their rites are of a deeply devotional character. The name of the Grand Mistress of the Magenta Magpies has not yet been revealed, but it is rumoured that she and her troupe will shortly appear on the boards of a West-End Theatre in order to collect funds for the education of destitute twins in the mysteries of the two-step.

In view of the incalculable value of deportment in modern life, great satisfaction is felt at the public-spirited action of the ladies who have organised a Dining Club under the inspiring title of the Fiery Flamingoes. It is their purpose to cultivate a eupeptic condition by making it a rule to eat standing on one leg. This beautiful idea has met with the cordial support of the authoress of *The Scarlet Pimpernel*, who has kindly consented to act as Patroness of the society.

Lastly, we may note the formation of the Incorporated Society of Iridescent Ibises. This is a body expressly devoted to the interests of young girls, and according to the prospectus will make a point of encouraging Flappiness in every form.

"The birthrate shows a steady decline, that for last year being 13.6 per head."—*Manchester Evening Chronicle.*

What must the family have been in the good old days?



SUPPLANTED.

Liberal Party. "ISN'T HE A BEAUTY!"
Budget. "BOO-HOO! THAT'S WHAT SHE SAID OF ME—*ONCE!*"



VENUS IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

Fair Française. "IS IT PERMITTED TO MAKE THE TOUR OF YOUR BEAUTIFUL VESSEL?"
Midshipman (after getting his breath back). "RA-THER!"

THE MANLY MONTH.

O MARCH, when the hurricanes hurtle,
And hares are incurably mad,
And resuming the bayleaf or myrtle
The bardlet is almost as bad,
My spirit is thrumming
(I knew it was coming),
I am prompted to toot like a turtle,
To warble, egad!

For the spring is arriving in flashes,
The torrents are heard from afar,
And the soil has come out into rashes
In beds where the crocuses are;
All Nature rejoices
With murmurous voices
And suburbs resound with the crashes
Of nasal catarrh.

But I chiefly delight in the splendour,
O March, of your breezy caress
When some creature of feminine gender,
With hat all awry, and a tress
Coming down o'er her forehead,
Remarks, "This is horrid—"
(Of course I don't like to offend her
And so I say, "Yes.")

But I know that these charmers who revel
In snubbing our sex if they can—
So soon as the storm winds dishevel
Their skirts and the orderly plan
Of their flounces and "you knows,"
They cease to be Junos
And sink to a far lower level
Than lubberly man.

They may beat us in brains and in muscles
On morns that are smiling and fair,
But not when old Æolus hustles
The tempests around in his lair;
I take it serenely,
But Dora the queenly
Is fighting with furious tussles
Her frills and her hair.

So, whatever betide in the garden,
O month of the War God, be grim;
Your blows unrelentingly harden
And prove to my lady whose whim
Inspires her to flout me,
She's scarcely without me
A leg to stand up on—(her pardon,
I should say, "a limb"). EVOE.

"So the zealous woman put the tracts in a box near the refreshment bar, and added a card with the words, 'Please take one.' A waggish sailor transferred the card to a dish of jam tarts. The moment the sailors rushed into the bar for dinner they saw the card 'Please take one,' and speedily cleared the plate of tarts! The incident shows how adroit one must be in this work."—*The Young Woman.*

Yes, one never loses anything by being one of the first to rush into the bar for dinner.

"Gymnastics, Dancing, Games, Swimming, Anatomy, Hygiene. Students introduced to posts."—*Manchester Guardian.*

But it must be very dull dancing with a post.

Tragedies in Brief.

From *The Statesman* birth column:

"JORDAN—To Mr. and Mrs. Jordan, Jharsugada, on the 20th, yet another (BOY)."

THE COMING OF THE CROCUS.

"It 's a bootiful day again, Sir," said my gardener, James, looking in at the study window.

"Bootiful, James, bootiful," I said, as I went on with my work.

"You might almost say as Spring was here at last, like."

"Cross your fingers quickly, James, and touch wood. Look here, I 'll be out in a minute and give you some orders, but I 'm very busy just now."

"Thought you 'd like to know there 's eleven crocuses in the front garden."

"Then send them away—we 've got nothing for them."

"Crocuses," shouted James.

I jumped up eagerly, and climbed through the window.

"My dear man," I said, shaking him warmly by the hand, "this is indeed a day. Crocuses! And in the front gar—— on the South lawn! Let us go and gaze at them."

There they were—eleven of them. Six golden ones, four white, and a little mauve chap.

"This is a triumph for you, James. It 's wonderful. Has anything like this ever happened to you before?"

"There 'll be some more up to-morrow, I won't say as not."

"Those really are growing, are they? You haven't been pushing them in from the top? They were actually born on the estate?"

"There 'll be a fine one in the back bed soon," said James proudly.

"In the back—my dear James! In the spare bed on the North-east terrace, I suppose you mean. And what have we in the Dutch Ornamental Garden?"

"If I has to look after ornamental gardens and South aspics and all, I ought to have my salary raised," said James, still harping on his one grievance.

"By all means raise some celery," I said coldly. "Take a spade and raise some for lunch. I shall be only too delighted."

"This here isn't the season for celery, as you know well. This here 's the season for crocuses, as anyone can see if they use their eyes."

"James, you 're right. Forgive me. It is no day for quarrelling."

It was no day for working either. The sun shone upon the close-cropped green of the deer park, the sky was blue above the rose garden, in the tapioca grove a thrush was singing. I walked up and down my estate and drank in the good fresh air.

"James!" I called to my head gardener.

"What is it now?" he grumbled.

"Are there no daffodils, to take the winds of March with beauty?"

"There 's these eleven croc——"

"But there should be daffodils, too. Is not this March?"

"It may be March, but 'tisn't the time for daffodils—not on three shillings a week."

"Do you only get three shillings a week? I thought it was three shillings an hour."

"Likely an hour!"

"Ah well, I knew it was three shillings. Do you know, James, in the Scilly Islands there are fields and fields and fields of nodding daffodils out now."

"Lor'!" said James.

"Did you say 'lor'' or 'liar'?" I asked suspiciously.

"To think of that now," said James cautiously.

He wandered off to the tapioca grove, leant against it in thought for a moment, and came back to me.

"What 's wrong with this little bit of garden—this here park," he began, "is the soil. It 's no soil for daffodils. Now what daffodils like is clay."

"Then for heaven 's sake get them some clay. Spare no expense. Get them anything they fancy."

"It 's too alloovial—that 's what 's the matter. Too alloovial. Now crocuses like a bit of alloovial. That 's where you have it."

The matter with James is that he hasn't enough work to do. The rest of the staff is so busily employed that it is hardly ever visible. William, for instance, is occupied entirely with what I might call the poultry; it is his duty, in fact, to see that there are always enough ants' eggs for the goldfish. All these prize Leghorns you hear about are the merest novices compared with William's *protégées*. Then John looks after the staggery; Henry works the coloured fountain; and Peter paints the peacocks' tails. This keeps them all busy, but James is for ever hanging about.

"Almost seems as if they were yooman," he said, as we stood and listened to the rooks.

"Oh, are you there, James? It 's a beautiful day. Who said that first? I believe you did."

"Them there rooks always make a place seem so home-like. Rooks and crocuses, I say; and you don't want anything more."

"Yes; well, if the rooks want to build in the raspberry canes this year, let them, James. Don't be inhospitable."

"Course, some do like to see primroses, I don't say. But——"

"Primroses—I knew there was something. Where are they?"

"It 's too early for them," said James hastily. "You won't get primroses now before April."

"Don't say 'now,' as if it were my fault. Why didn't you plant them earlier? I don't believe you know any of the tricks of your profession, James. You never seem to graft anything or prune anything, and I 'm sure you don't know how to cut a slip. James, why don't you prune more? Prune now—I should like to watch you. Where 's your pruning-hook? You can't possibly do it with a rake."

James spends most of his day with a rake—sometimes leaning on it, sometimes working with it. The beds are always beautifully kept. Only the most hardy annual would dare to poke its head up and spoil the smooth appearance of the soil. For those who like circles and rectangles of unrelieved brown, James is undoubtedly the man.

As I stood in the sun I had a brilliant idea.

"James," I said, "we 'll mark the croquet lawn this afternoon."

"You can't play croquet to-day, it 's not warm enough."

"I don't pay you to argue, but to obey. At the same time I should like to point out that I never said I was going to play croquet. I said that we, meaning you, would mark the lawn."

"What 's the good of that?"

"Why, to encourage the wonderful day, of course. Where is your gratitude, man? Don't you want to do something to help? How can we let a day like this go past without some word of welcome? Out with the marker and the mower, and let us hail the passing of winter."

James looked at me in disgust.

"Gratitude!" he said indignantly to heaven. "And there 's my eleven crocuses in the front all a-singing together like anything on three bob a week!"

A. A. M.

"This may not seem much when we have a Budget of £162,000,000, but many a pickle makes a muckle."—*Daily Telegraph.*

This solves the domestic problem—what to do with your spare gherkins.

"There was an awful whirl of waters, a rushing and a roaring, a vacuum in the raging sea—and then, nothing!"—*Daily Mirror Serial.*

The shock of coming across nothing, just after meeting a vacuum, would be intense.

From a poster—

EXPERIMENTAL MARRIAGES.
THIRD TEST MATCH.

After the third you would know more or less whether it suited you.

"'We shall get to know,' Mr. Lloyd George argued persuasively and the Prime Minister nodded his head behind) 'whether the Lords approve our plan.'"—*Yorkshire Post.*

Mr. ASQUITH seems to be an all-round man.



Country Mouse. "You see, we've started an Egg Dépôt, and we're doing the thing thoroughly."
Town Mouse. "Oh, *that*'s it, is it? I thought it might have been something to do with the Chantecler craze."
Country Mouse. "Oh, no! we haven't heard of that yet."

MR. PUNCH'S REPERTORY THEATRE.

No. II.—MAJOR MANIFOLD'S MARRIAGE.

Major Augustus Manifold, *late of the Indian Army.*
Captain Henry Wigram, *31st Hussars.*
John Bonamy, M.D.
The Right Hon. Thomas Vandeleur, M.P., *Secretary of State for the Home Department.*
Mrs. Manifold, *Major Manifold's Wife.*
Althea Manifold, *Major Manifold's Sister.*

[*The stage-directions and descriptions are taken, in a reduced form, from the printed book of the play.*]

Act I.

A December night in the County of Bucks, some thirty-five miles from London. It is an agricultural district dominated by the village of Arden Constable, which in its turn is dominated by Arden Court, Major Manifold's *residence, a red brick building in the Georgian style, situated in a park of a hundred acres, and approached by an avenue of elms now swaying and creaking in the December storm. It is 11 o'clock, and the ladies have just retired, ostensibly to bed, from the drawing-room, while the men have filtered into the* Major's *smoking-room. This room is brilliantly lit with electric light. On its walls are arranged the ferocious heads of buffaloes, hippopotami, moose, tigers and giraffes, formerly alive in various African or Asiatic solitudes, but now consigned by* Major Manifold's *rifle and the art of the taxidermist to an indefinite period of dead and glassy contemplation.* Major Manifold *is standing by a table of spirit decanters and siphons of soda-water. He is a man of forty-two, with a grizzled moustache, a bald head, an aquiline nose and a chin denoting a weak sort of obstinacy.* Captain Wigram *is sitting in an arm-chair. He may be thirty years old, and has the unintellectual air of trifling decision ordinarily associated with a mounted military career, a pink complexion, a heavy fair moustache and thin blond hair irreproachably parted.* Mr. Vandeleur *has loose lips and dark whiskers, and is about fifty-three. He is standing in an aggressive attitude in front of the fire as though he were crushing a member of the Labour Party by quoting statistics from a Blue Book.* Dr. Bonamy, *a distinguished specialist in nerve troubles, is clean-shaved and abrupt. He appears to be perpetually on the watch for symptoms, and is in good athletic condition in spite of his sixty years. He is in another armchair.*

Manifold. Whisky-and-soda for you, Wigram. Here you are (*he hands it to him*). What's your mixture, Vandeleur?

Vandeleur. Just the least touch of whisky in hot water.

Manifold (*heartily*). Oh, come. That won't do here. No temperance men here, you know. Must give you two fingers of whisky at least. (*He gives him the steaming mixture.*) Bonamy, what do you say?

Bonamy. Soda neat, please.

Manifold. That's easily done. You doctors have to keep your hands steady, I suppose. It's a curious thing, though. I never stinted myself in liquor and my hand's always as steady as a rock. Good constitution, I suppose.

Bonamy (*significantly*). Ah!

[Wigram *looks earnestly at* Bonamy, *who, unseen by* Manifold, *taps his shirt front in the region over the heart.*

Wigram (*aside to Bonamy*). Bad case?

[Bonamy *shakes his head.*

Manifold. There now, you're all provided, and we can have a good talk before we turn in.

[*He makes for an armchair and prepares to sit down in it. As he does so he gives a sharp exclamation of pain.*

Bonamy. What's the matter?

Manifold. Nothing, nothing. A mere touch of rheumatism in the shoulder-blade. My old wound, you know. I shall have to get you to overhaul me, Bonamy. We're none of us so young as we were. That's the sort of thing you begin to find out when you come to my age.

Vandeleur. Pooh, pooh. What's all this talk about age? You're a mere boy, Manifold, a mere boy. Personally, I think we ought to pass an Act forbidding a man to marry before he's forty. A man under that age hasn't lived.

Bonamy. Why not forbid it altogether at any age? You'd save any amount of unhappiness.

Wigram. Hear, hear. It's a mug's game—saving your presence, of course, Manifold—I mean it's no manner of use to a fellow who's got all his life in front of him. There's a chap I know in the Bays, a youngster of twenty-five, got married a year ago, and now he's the father of twins. Well, there he is, you know. How's he going to get any hunting or shooting or anything? He's done, I tell you.

Manifold. Nonsense, Wigram. I can't listen to that sort of cynical talk. A man isn't a man until he's married. I thought I knew a lot, and I was always laying down the law, just like Wigram, but I give you my word of honour I was a mere fool.

Wigram. Freedom for me.

Manifold. Now that's just where you're wrong. It isn't until a man's married that he knows what freedom really is. Take my own case——

[*At this moment the door of the smoking-room opens, and* Mrs. Manifold *and* Althea Manifold *come in. An air of gentlemanly surprise and pained discomfort settles upon the male occupants of the room, who all get up from their chairs.* Mrs. Manifold *is dressed in a pink frock, cut low. She has a good deal of fair fluffy hair, is thirty years young, and frequently pouts at her husband.* Althea *is dark-haired, dark-eyed and stormy-looking. She is twenty-six, and is* Major Manifold's *sister by the second marriage of their father,* Lord Justice Manifold, *now deceased.*

Manifold (*after a few moments of blankness*). Why, my dear, I thought you'd gone to bed. What brings you here?

Mrs. Manifold. Oh, sit down all of you, do. We're not going to stay. We thought we'd give you a pleasant little surprise, didn't we, Althea? Oh, do sit down. It's perfectly awful to see you all standing up like statues. (*They sit down with an appearance of great reluctance and under protest.*) The fact is, Augustus, I've come for you (*she pirouettes across the room and seats herself lightly on* Major Manifold's *knee*). There now. Here I stay until you agree to come. You're not well, you know, and the worst thing you can do is to sit up. Captain Wigram (*she looks archly at him*), you must help me in this.

Wigram. Haw, delighted, 'pon my honour. Do anything I can. (*Aside to himself*) Shall have to take care, by Jove, or poor old Manifold will go off the hooks, and then she'll make me marry her. (*Aloud to* Althea) Anything I can do for you, Miss Manifold?

[*Eventually* Manifold *is captured and carried off by the two ladies. The other men remain and for half an hour more continue to discuss marriage with greater freedom and less responsibility. In Act II. this discussion is taken up again, and in Act III.,* Manifold *being now a very sick man in a red dressing gown and carpet slippers, it is still continued, to the increasing discomfort of* Captain Wigram, *who has become more and more heavily involved with both ladies. Nothing, however, happens, and thus the play ends.*

MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE.

THE Parliamentary Correspondent of *The Daily News*, writing of a recent debate, said, "The cheer that greeted the Liberal leader was long rather than loud. The cheering of the Commons is the most varied and expressive music in the world. It is never the same and it always means things. The cheer to-day meant personal loyalty, blended with certain inevitable misgivings, now happily removed."

This is fine analytical work. But I think the writer must have allowed his attention to wander as the debate went on. For he seems to have thrown away several other opportunities that occurred of remarking and interpreting the feeling of the House. To any one gifted with the true Parliamentary frame of mind it was an eventful evening. Mr. ASQUITH had not proceeded very far in his speech before a smile lit up the faces of his followers. It was long rather than loud. Now the smile of the Commons is the most varied and expressive grin in the world. It always means things. The smile that I speak of meant—if you will believe me—intense personal affection wedded to sundry overwhelming sinkings of the heart, subsequently obliterated. But this was not all. As the evening wore on a close observer might have arrived at the conclusion that one of the Irish Members was asleep. His siesta was loud rather than long. But the slumber of the Commons is the most varied and wonderful repose in the world. It means things. On this occasion—you must take it from me—it can only have meant a deep personal devotion, marred by repeated crushing disappointments, eventually assimilated.

While I am in the mood for explaining things there is another matter that I should like to draw attention to. These trifles are so apt to be overlooked. I refer to the behaviour of one of the Labour Members, who, finding that no mention was to be made of the Budget, grunted. The grunt was long rather than loud. Indeed, it was almost inaudible. But I cannot too earnestly emphasise the great truth that the grunt of the Commons is the most varied and expressive utterance in the world. It means things. This one meant—curiously enough—a passionate, almost insensate enthusiasm, tempered by a barren sense of disillusionment, which might have done much to counteract its influence had it not been wafted away by the reconciliation of palpable discrepancies. At least, that is how I read it.

Of course it must be admitted that it is only the old Parliamentary hand that understands these things. Those of us who are without his peculiar instinct are bound to miss a lot. For example, a startling incident occurred towards the close of the debate, when a Member on the Opposition benches was heard to sneeze. It was loud rather than long. But, though you may find it rather hard to believe me, the sneeze of the Commons is the most varied and expressive spasm in the world. It means things. Can it have meant in this case that the hon. Member was sitting in a draught?



A CHILD OF EARTH.

Grannie (after seeing an aeroplane for the first time). "AH, WELL, THIS FLYING IN THE AIR IS VERY WONDERFUL, BUT I LIKE OLD ENGLAND BEST, AFTER ALL."

"At the end. Grasso leaps on the back of his adversary and brings down the curtain."
Daily Mail.

Why don't they leave all that to the stage hands?

We were surprised to read the following advertisement in the *Buenos Aires Standard*:—

"An English Government requires holiday engagement for six weeks."

Really, it has quite as much as it can take on in England.



WHAT IF THE JIG-SAW EPIDEMIC SPREADS?

INFLUENZA.

I must candidly own that occasions I've known
When I rather enjoyed having "flu";
I recall pleasant days when they urged me to laze
And I'd nothing whatever to do
But to watch the flames leap, half awake, half asleep,
Or to smile when my Abra came up
With some nice chicken broth on a dainty white cloth,
On which she would woo me to sup.

But if Abra, poor dear, should herself become queer,
And retire to her bed for a spell,
While the housemaid and cook have both taken their hook
And there 's no one to answer the bell,
If you find that you are boots-valet-cook-char-
Nurse-doctor-and-patient in one,
While your agonised head simply hankers for bed,
Then "flu" is the poorest of fun.

If you struggle from town with a tongue that 's as brown
And as dry as a bit of old leather,
While your once rosy cheek is as green as a leek
And your knees are both knocking together,
It will make you rejoice when you hear a weak voice
From the bedclothes say, "Soul of my soul!
You are ill?—Well, you can't go to bed—no, you shan't,
Till you 've brought up a scuttle of coal."

Then the dogs come and bark for a walk in the Park,
And their eyes are all hopefully bright:
"Take us out for a run! We want cats! We want fun!
We are bored and we spoil for a fight!"
But their tails will drop low when you sadly say, "No!"
And you feel you 're a selfish old brute
When their confident trust is all turned to disgust
And their joyous ovations fall mute.

What a chill, like a breath from the cold lips of Death,
Seems to strike through your vitals at eight
When you painfully fare down the cold kitchen stair
To tackle the cold kitchen grate.
There are dampers about which you push in and out,
But your pains end in nothing but smoke,
And you creep back to bed rather more than half dead,
Convinced that the "flu" is no joke.

"A candid critic," says *The Daily News*, "comes forward in *The British Medical Journal* with strong views on the London matriculation English." This critic is then quoted as follows:—

"The student is driven to go to the crammer to be taught the snippets of information which are the stock-in-trade of he who aspires to win the so called competitions."

We can mention one snippet of information which this writer might well have been taught.

Mrs. Atherton on the Englishman, as quoted in

1. *The Daily Telegraph:*

"He is far and away the most interesting type of the genus homo."

2. *The Daily Mail:*

"He is far and away the most interesting type of the genius of home."

We prefer the more expensive penny version.



KEEPING IT UP.

Mr. Arthur Balfour (*joining in*). "IT GOES AGAINST THE GRAIN—(*puff!*)—BUT I CAN'T AFFORD TO LET IT DROP—(*puff!*)—JUST YET."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, Feb. 28.—Since the days

When Malachi wore the collar of gold
He won from the proud invader,

Irish Members never been so surprised in their lives. Sitting full of dramatic turns culminating in one in which they figured. Some years ago an eminent French writer was accustomed to contribute to a Paris newspaper a weekly *causerie* that came to be known as his *Lundis*. PREMIER also has his Mondays, not quite so pleasant as SAINT-BEUVE'S. One last week, when declaration of Ministerial policy was followed by mutiny. Another to-day, when it falls to his lot to announce that the tail has successfully wagged the dog; that stubbornly cherished plan of "Budget first" has consequently been abandoned; and that, as soon as urgent need of money for starving Departments is supplied, question of Veto will be pursued to end, howsoever bitter.

Even this surrender did not revive enthusiasm that bubbled over Ministerial Benches before PREMIER, in mood of *Benedick*, admitted that, when he said he would rather die than forego guarantees, he did not think he would live to renounce them.

PRINCE ARTHUR, recovered from apathy of last Monday, made most of opportunity. Chaffed PREMIER in brightest style. Presented entertaining picture of forlorn Cabinet, at issue upon question of House of Lords, striving to reach compromise that would avoid absolute break-up. But were they not men and brethren? Was it for a magnanimous Opposition to take advantage of their dilemma and turn them out on a commonplace motion to take time necessary for voting Supply? Perish the thought!

House chuckled genially at this presentation of the patriot rising above Party considerations.

"PRINCE ARTHUR 's a child in these matters," said the MEMBER FOR SARK. "But not so infantile as to take a step which, however tempting, would bring upon him responsibility of getting country out of financial mess into which it has been plunged by reference of Budget to the country."

Then came along REDMOND AINÉ, more magisterial in manner than ever, with slight suggestion in pose and arrangement of necktie of recent study of personal appearance of WARWICK THE KINGMAKER. Like PRINCE ARTHUR, situation forces upon him peculiar conditions. Whilst PRINCE ARTHUR whacks the Government within an inch of their life, carefully observing limit marked by necessity of avoiding immediate Dissolution, REDMOND AINÉ, preserving attitude of austere independence varied by blustering threats, is bound to exert his utmost power to keep Ministry on its legs till it has come to grips with House of Lords on Veto question.

With TIM HEALY sitting watchful on bench below, he dare not openly display complete complacence towards Government. So he finishes up with threat that unless categorical pledge is forthcoming that, if promised Veto Resolution be rejected by Lords, PREMIER will go to CROWN asking for guarantees, and failing them will resign, he will lead his men into Lobby against Ministerial Resolution now before the House.

LLOYD GEORGE gave pledge demanded. Irish Members thereupon retired from House to consider fresh situation. Clock marked a quarter to eight. For three-quarters of an hour they deliberated, finally coming to conclusion that they would show themselves as merciful as they were strong. They would spare the Government yet a while, refraining from executing their leader's threat of voting against motion to give up all time to the 24th March to Ministerial business. Hurrying back to announce this agreement, possibly to receive meed of humble gratitude from a Government saved as it were on the steps of the scaffold, they discovered that a strange thing had happened. Whilst they, jealously locked-in in a Committee-room upstairs, were discussing fate of the Government, lo! it had been settled. PREMIER'S motion had been carried without a division. Irish Members came back to find House in Committee prosaically discussing Resolution authorising Government to borrow money.

Business done.—Another crisis fizzled out. Four weeks' truce proclaimed.

Tuesday.—At single bound Captain COOPER leapt into position of prime favourite in second Parliament of King EDWARD THE SEVENTH. Yesterday unknown, his name is spoken to-night at many dinner-tables in tone of admiration mellowing into personal affection. Whether achievement result of accident or design, who shall say? It does not matter, since triumph was complete.

Happened in that unexpected manner not unfamiliar in evolution of notable events in the Commons. BANBURY much to the fore lamenting financial chaos consequent on Lords' rejection of Budget. Cannot conceal from himself or the House that "situation is entirely, directly, due to four-and-a-half years of Radical Government." Pondering this paradox, House got into Committee on Supplementary Estimates.



PAKS VOBISCUM; OR, THE LINCOLN HANDICAP.

"We weel not zend ze Büdg-ett to ze Haus of Lörrdz to be zrown out on-ly a-gen!!"
(Mr. J. T. T. Lincoln—born at Paks in Hungary.)



Plymouth Ho!!
"When I first put this uniform on."
(Mr. C. E. Mallet, the new Financial Secretary to the War Office.)

At this stage Cooper emerged from obscurity. Interposing, he claimed indulgence for delivery of his maiden speech. Incidentally he mentioned the pleasing personal fact that he is the youngest Irish Member in the House.

Then there was a pause, Cooper visibly growing more aged. Committee sat silent awaiting the oration. *A propos* of nothing, Cooper, drawing himself together, asked somebody "What steps are being taken to render the men who got the land which is being acquired efficient cultivators?"

Another pause, quite long enough for anyone who really knew to answer this riddle. The gallant Captain stood looking round at the Committee. The Committee sat looking at the Captain. Being another half-minute older, he resolved to make clean breast of business. Fact was, he explained, he had prepared a most elaborate speech on work of Congested Districts Board.

"I filled it," he said, "with quotations from Irish papers and from the Chief Secretary's speeches. But I was told the vote would not be taken to-day, so I left the speech on my dressing-room table."

Amid murmur of generous sympathy, warmer by reason of under-current of satisfaction at escape, gallant and youthful Captain, manfully controlling his emotion, resumed his seat.

"If," said the Speaker when, progress being reported, he heard of the incident, "that method of dealing with a speech were more common, we should have shorter sessions and more work to show for them."

St. Augustine did a really nice thing. Retiring to the Library and, with that delicate touch that indicates fine nature, selecting a sheet of black-edged paper, he wrote a note to Cooper saying how much he would appreciate opportunity of reading the speech if it were found intact on the dressing-table on the Captain's return to his room.

Episode had such effect on course of events that by a quarter to eight the whole of business set down was accomplished and House adjourned in time for dinner and the conversation alluded to.

Business done.—Quite a lot.

Thursday.—Dudley Ward, making first appearance as Treasurer of the Household, stood at Bar, bearer of a message from the King. Looked very well in his uniform, carrying in right hand the wand of ancient office. Called upon by the Speaker, he with due obeisance advanced to Table, with clear voice pronounced His Majesty's satisfaction at the Address in reply to the Speech from the Throne.

This sufficiently commonplace. Crisis arrives when, message delivered, Mercury withdraws. Etiquette forbids the turning of the back on the Speaker. In present strained relations of two Houses, any breach would be exceptionally resented. Must retire backwards.

Interest of House in this performance always breathless. Members on both sides look on as if fate of Empire depended on successful accomplishment of manœuvre. A few paces showed that Dudley Ward was all right. As he reached first appointed halting-place and bowed low to Chair, ringing cheer burst forth, renewed as he unfalteringly made his way backward as far as the Bar.

Here ordeal is usually completed. Messenger turns about and walks forth face foremost. Not so Dudley Ward. Encouraged by the cheers, he continued his backward march, shouldering his way through the appalled crowd standing at the Bar, backing into the swinging glass doors, and so amid ringing cheers evanished.

Business done.—Transvaal War Loan Bill passed through Committee.



Champion Backwards-Walker of the World.
(Hon. Dudley Ward, Treasurer of the Household.)

MORE JUSTICE.

(*From "The Kensington Herald."*)

We regret to state that the residence of Mr. John Galsworthy, the famous dramatist, in Addison Road, was broken into by burglars on Thursday evening while the whole household were at the Duke of York's Theatre. The thieves were returning for one more load of valuables when Mr. Galsworthy drove up in a cab just in time to intercept them. What then happened we are enabled to relate in the words of the chief of the burglars, who called at our office eager to acquaint us with so remarkable an experience.

"'Pardon me,' Mr. Galsworthy says to me, 'but do you know what you're doing?'

"'Perfectly,' says I, thinking it best to brazen it out; 'we're burgling your house.'

"'But that's a very anti-social thing to do,' says he.

"'It's our livelihood,' says I. 'You write books and plays and we rob.'

"'Come in,' he says, 'and talk it over.'

"'Right O,' I says, tipping my mates



Furious M.F.H. "DID YOU TREAD ON THAT HOUND, SIR?" *Urban Sportsman.* "ME? WHY, I HAVEN'T BEEN OFF MY HORSE ALL DAY."

the wink to lie low; and we sits down comfortable by the fire.

"'You 're back early,' says I.

"'Yes,' says he; 'I had a headache and had to come away. I don't regret it now that I have the opportunity of studying you at first hand;' and he puts up his eyeglass and looks at me all over.

"'Well,' I says, 'what about it?'

"'What about what?' he asks.

"'This burglary,' I says; 'how does it strike you?'

"'Oh, that,' says he. 'I am considering it. Of course I look upon you merely as a victim of society; I can't blame you personally. Besides, you no doubt hate being poor, and you know my pity for anyone who is not rich. What I was thinking about was my property. Do you intend to return it? I don't wish to influence you: I doubt if I have the right; but I should like to know what you propose to do?'

"'Well,' said I, 'I always used to hear that finding 's keeping.'

"'True,' he said. 'A saying drawn from our old barbarism. But how did you come to select this house?'

"'Well,' I says, 'I happened to have nothing to do this afternoon, so I dropped into a matinée of your play, and I says to myself, "This is the man for me. Even if he catches me he won't put me into jug." And that 's the long and short of it. Here we are.'

"This made him sit up; and he said nothing for ever so long.

"Well, time was getting on, and at any moment the others might come in without any of his nice ideas, and so I got up.

"'I'm very sorry,' I said, 'but I must say good night. I've a lot of hard work to do before I get to bed. Have you anything more to say to me?'

"'No,' he said, 'I'm still thinking.' And with that I left him, and I've never seen him since."

THE LESSER CELANDINE.

(ONCE MORE.)

THERE is a flower, the lesser celandine,
That may appeal to poets by its looks,
Its innocence, simplicity; in fine,
By all the qualities we like in books;

That may, as WORDSWORTH gazes on its face,
Inspire his mind to fancies sweet and rare,
And cause the child to check his happy race
And pick a posy for his nurse's hair.

But, after all, there 's something else besides
A flower's appearance: there 's its root as well;
And this the lesser celandine provides
In such profusion as I wince to tell.

Once let it get possession of the soil,
And surely is your garden wildernessed;
Not all your hirelings' grim and costly toil
Can ever overtake and kill the pest.

Mine 's full of it. Whichever way I send
My fearful glance it rests upon this blight.
Expensive beds are choked with it; no end
Of care and thought obliterated quite.

The lesser celandine a joy, forsooth!
Not if I know it! This is what I say,
'Tis only by ignoring half the truth
That WORDSWORTH won the place he holds to-day.

"Fane was bowled at 92, and one run later Woolley caught Hobbs. Bird stayed until 188, when he was run out by Leveson-Gower. Hobbs knocked off the remaining runs."—*Cork Evening Echo.*

He was then stumped by RHODES, and the great match was over.

AT THE PLAY.

"Misalliance."

"Talk, talk, talk," says the revolting young lady in Mr. Shaw's play, after silently assisting at a protracted symposium on just any subject that occurred to anybody; "talk, talk, talk, *and nothing ever happens.*" I was with her there, very heartily, for she reflected, with great accuracy, my own indignation; but these favourable sentiments were modified when she seized the occasion of a general dispersal of the



Love-Making (Shavian Style).

Hypatia Tarleton (Miss Miriam Lewes) *to Joseph Percival* (Mr. Charles Bryant). "Handsome man, chase me in the heather!"

company to talk at an appalling length on her own account. Nobody, of course, can ever be angry with Mr. Shaw, because he is such a dear, ingenuous child, opening large eyes on the world with an innocence apparently unqualified by experience of things as they actually are. But the trouble is that, like a spoiled child, he has got into the habit of taking himself too seriously. He sees himself as an Institution, and, therefore, like all established things, a fit subject for ridicule and burlesque. I don't so much mind his making merry with the Bible, for instance, because that kind of bad taste defeats itself; but I do object to his treatment of himself as an equally recognised Institution.

I never found out what the title of his new play, *Misalliance*, referred to. I think it must have been the unholy wedlock which Mr. Shaw had arranged between mere dialogue and the stage. Still, I got a good deal of fun out of the farcical third Act, though here Mr. Shaw committed an unforgivable error in introducing a situation which closely recalled a recent tragedy in actual life.

The author owed much to the universal excellence of the performance, in which nearly everybody said the most improbable things with a great air of probability. Mr. Lowne was particularly happy in his easy transmission of the sort of paradoxical humour which has long enjoyed the hallowed sanction of antiquity; and Miss Florence Haydon was admirable, as ever, with her corrective pathos.

The Triple Bill.

I confess that I prefer Mr. Barrie in his moods of fanciful sentiment. The whimsical habit of thought which is the great charm of his lighter manner seems to produce a sense of insecurity when he deals with terrible things. Neither the head nor the heart of me could accept the tragic element in *Old Friends*. The reformed drunkard was sound enough, but his young daughter, the confirmed dipsomaniac, was (apart from all question of physiological science) unbelievable, and so was the mother, with her vindictive cruelty to the father who, as the supposed cause of their child's hereditary taint, has to submit to a bitter tirade on the subject before the child's very face. Nor could the old maxim, here repeated, to the effect that men often imagine they have conquered their vices when it is really their vices that have grown tired of them and left them, have ever conceivably been applied to the vice of alcoholism. A more trivial fault was the insistence with which the author, by aid of irony and other suggestions, foreshadowed the retribution of the gods. It made the play (for all its brevity) drag a little in the scene between the father (Mr. Sydney Valentine) and the rather stagey parson (Mr. Hubert Harben). There were moments of effectiveness (for which no small credit was due to the dim light); but the pity and terror of it all were never purifying, because one's intellect remained unconvinced. I don't really think it was worth while to have done it.

On the other hand, *The Twelve-Pound Look*, a half-farcical comedy by the same Mr. Barrie, was wholly delightful, and showed the author in his happiest vein of genial cynicism. Also it gave Miss Lena Ashwell her first decent chance in the Repertory series, and she used it in the quiet way which suits her manner and her voice so much the best, if she would only believe it. Mr. Gwenn was a superb *Sir 'Arry*, gorgeous in his contented Philistinism, though, perhaps excusably, he a little overplayed the part. The only reflection that I venture to pass upon this charming sketch is that, while hinting that the second wife may one day seek the same relief as the first, Mr. Barrie has not thought of providing her with a similar motive. The two women have nothing in common except the fact that they have married the same man. The one had no fear of him, but simply could not tolerate the tedious banalities of life with a too-successful man. The other shows no sign of this form of annoyance, but is merely cowed by her husband's overbearing egoism. If she ever goes type-writing on her own, it will be with a different motive for escape, and I think the motive should have been the same. But I don't much mind how her face is going to get "the twelve-pound-look," the hunger for stenography-with-freedom, because the first wife, in the course of explaining how she got her own twelve-pound-look, afforded me just as much mirth as I was capable of accommodating.

Sandwiched between the two Barries was George Meredith's "unfinished



Love-Making (Meredithian Style).

Astræa . . . Miss Fay Davis.
Arden . . . . Mr. Charles Maude.

comedy," *The Sentimentalists*. The formal yew-hedged garden and the Early-Victorian costumes were in keeping with the deliciously pedantic flavour of the dialogue. (I except from my approval the costume of *Professor Spiral*, which was more suited to a mature Corinthian buck than a connoisseur in rhetoric.) As in Mr. Shaw's play, it was "talk" and nothing "happened": but such talk; such quality of phrase; a wit so fine; a gallantry so lyric! In the first scene, where the humour was less elusive, there was some very pretty jesting and exchange of preciosities over the Professor's homily on the charms of the young widow *Astræa*. Here, too, Miss Jerrold, as the over-married *Lyra*, made a most piquant figure, and Mr. Dennis Eadie, as *Uncle Homeware*, interpreted his part with a nice appreciation of its humour. The dialogue of the second scene was not so seizable, partly because its form—blank verse, and of great distinction—did not make for clearness; in part because the senti-

ment moved on a higher plane, in an atmosphere more rarefied; in part, too, because Miss FAY DAVIS (welcome back to the stage) rather hurried her words. It must be added regretfully that with all her charm she was not quite in the picture. Mr. CHARLES MAUDE, as her lover *Arden*, brought to the delivery of his lines a very noble quality of voice and expression.

Altogether, I have to thank Mr. FROHMAN for a most sporting evening. If the feelings of some of us were harrowed by *Old Friends*, and our intellects a little strained by *The Sentimentalists*, at least *The Twelve-Pound Look* left a final smile on our happy faces; and I for one have pleasure in putting "Received with Many Thanks" to the last two items of The Triple Bill.

O. S.

SEASONABLE STARVATION.

(*With acknowledgments to the Feminine Press.*)

AT this season, of course, we are all studiously careful to keep "the larder lean, and clean From fat of veals and sheep," as dear old HERRICK — how sweetly *lavendery* the name is — so quaintly puts it. Asceticism has invaded even the smartest of the smart restaurants, and to such a length is principle carried in the fashionable world that I know of one *grande dame* who will not even allow her Pekingese anything but vegetarian biscuits between Shrovetide and Easter.

Fasting, then, is *de rigueur*, and now that the matutinal rasher would lie heavy on the consciences of her guests the up-to-date hostess is naturally looking out for little *plats* sufficiently mortifying to the flesh, yet containing enough nourishment to prevent actual collapse. For such I have copied out a few tasteful recipes, and which will be well within the means of the most thrifty.

COTELETTE CHANTECLER.—Take a pint of shrimps. Trim off their whiskers and slap till tender. Break a dozen golden eggs, G.W.R. brand, into a saucepan, and add a piece of butter the size of a cocoa-nut. Whisk with a whisker. Dump in a pound of flour. Stir all together. Slice with a sharp niblick, fry a nice brown, and score heavily. Sufficient for one ascetic.

POULET LLOYD GEORGE.—Bone a chicken from the nearest hen-roost. Stew till tender in dry champagne, taking care to skim off the increment every time it appears. Set aside the liquor—the flesh, of course, must not be eaten. Add two quarts of calipee and twelve large mashed potatoes. Now have ready some nice forcemeat. Bake in a fast oven, and stuff well. (For two persons take double quantities of each ingredient.)



THE EDUCATIONAL EQUIPMENT OF OUR GIRLS.

Schoolmistress. "WELL, ELIZA, WHAT DID YOUR MOTHER SAY YOU WERE TO DO WHEN YOU LEFT SCHOOL?"

Eliza. "PLEASE, MISTRESS, MUVVER SAYS I KIN STAY AT 'OME FOR A FEW WEEKS AN' MOIND THE BIBY FER PRACTICE AN' THEN I'LL BE FIT TO GO INTO A *COUNTESS'S* FAMILY."

DUKE HUMPHREY'S DUMPLINGS.—(A very favourite fast dish with children.) Take three pounds of the stodgy part of a cod. Make some light pastry, remembering that dripping is taboo. Put in the cod and any vegetables and nuts left over from yesterday's dinner. Add mace, maize, mint, cayenne, cinnamon, cochineal, mustard and angelica to taste. Plug well. Roll round and round and round, and bake till it blunts a sharp fork. This quantity will do for one small child.

Those who experience any feeling of faintness after this *maigre* diet should try an oyster *mousse*, or sip a pint of clear turtle between breakfast and lunch.

At the Hotel Fitz, by the way, a special nine-course Lenten dinner for rigid self-disciplinarians is now served in the Pompadour Hall at a guinea a head. An interesting novelty is the introduction of *paon de luxe à la Financière* in place of the ordinary *relève*. As the peacock is now, ecclesiastically considered, not fowl, but fish, even those possessing the most super-sensitive consciences may partake of it without scruple.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE easiest way to criticise anything is to condemn it because it is not something else. It would not be difficult, for instance, to point out by how much *The Ball and the Cross* (WELLS GARDNER, DARTON) fails to be this, that and the other which its author, G. K. CHESTERTON, never intended it to be. For myself, I should have enjoyed reading it more had it been pure romance, devoid of symbolism; but Mr. CHESTERTON would not have enjoyed writing it so much, and it is his book. I don't think he can ever have enjoyed himself so much as on this occasion; towards the end, in fact, he has quite carried himself away. For three-quarters of the book I followed him with breathless eagerness—for the last quarter I had to confess that I was lost; but I was comforted by the feeling that probably he was lost too. *The Ball and the Cross*, a splendid mixture of Mr. CHESTERTON'S two enthusiasms, fighting and religion, tells of the duel between an Atheist and a Roman Catholic, and of their wanderings in search of a quiet spot in which to finish their battle. Their adventures are delightful, until they find themselves in an asylum, when, as I have said, Mr. CHESTERTON appears to lose his grasp of the story. At one moment, indeed, I had an uneasy suspicion that he was working off on me some of his well-known scorn of the prison system and the indeterminate sentence. I hope he wasn't.

To talk about the invasion of London as a dreadful possibility of the future is absurd. We are always being invaded, and we do not mind in the least. Every day a determined young conqueror or two arrives at Euston or Charing Cross lusting for a career, bent upon subduing. Prepared to overcome every obstacle, they are all, as was *David Logan*, confronted by one least dreamt of but most insuperable. London offers no obstacle for them to overcome. There is no resistance; the Londoner is polite and apathetic. I do not remember seeing this point made before in fiction. The attitude of the about-to-be-conquered, when it is mentioned, usually oscillates between violent opposition and abject admiration; when not mentioned, I suspect it of being one of complete indifference, for heroes who condescend to business careers are generally inhuman, nearly always dull, hardly ever romantic. *David Logan* has none of these faults. He has no unfair start in his race for greatness, his progress never fails to provide amusement, and he has three very probable but quite unprosaic encounters with the Sex. You will dislike him personally, for he is stolid and mean. That was why he got on, and one does not like people who get on, at any rate like that. But, if you have any affection for London, you will like his history. Nothing much ever happens in either, but there is about both a pervading air of movement and adventure. It is a pity that either the author, MARK ALLERTON, or the publishers, Messrs. METHUEN, could not have hit on a title less inane than *Such and Such Things* for so pleasant a book.

Personally, were I on a secret mission to Peking, and surrounded by rivals anxious to steal my plans, I think that, if a strange lady fainted attractively on my verandah, I should at once take steps to change my hotel. Almost certainly, I should not permit myself to sit in the dark in company with this same lady and an unlocked despatch-box. If *Peter Kerr* had followed these simple rules he would have succeeded better over the affair of the Chinese Railway Concessions. But, on the other hand, *The Human Cobweb* (MACMILLAN) might never have been written; and I should have been genuinely sorry about that. The *Cobweb* that Mr. PUTNAM WEALE has spun is by no means the slender affair that its title suggests; on the contrary, it is a novel almost, as regards size, in the antique manner, and full throughout of the most interesting and entertaining matter. Frankly speaking, I found the English chapters sometimes a little tedious, but they are few, and once Mr. PUTNAM WEALE lands his hero in China, amid the cosmopolitan crowd of diplomatists and concession-hunters which he himself obviously knows at first hand, then the thing fairly sparkles. Indeed, I think I have never read a story of which the local colour was more vividly presented; so good is this that the reader emerges as from an actual "week-end in picturesque Peking" for six shillings. It should certainly stimulate the tourist traffic to so fascinating a spot. The DALAI LAMA has clearly been favoured with an advance copy.



THE ROMANCE OF WAR.

Sceptical Youth. "BUT YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY THERE ARE *LIONS* IN THE CRIMEA?"

Old Warrior. "MY BOY, I BE A-TALKING O' FIFTY YEAR AND MORE AGO!"

"GERMAN GENTLEMAN desires HOME in best English (Christian) family in London, N.W."—*Morning Post.*

There are so many good families in the North-West that one cannot lightly fix upon the best. There 's that family in Maida Vale, of course . . . or that large one in Finchley Road . . . or—— Well, it 's a difficult question.

"£12, Organ, knee swells & stops."—*Manchester Evening Chronicle.*

That 's the worst of these cheap organs with their stiff pedals.

NEW MOTTO FOR THE "WESTMINSTER GAZETTE." — *Aestuat infelix angusto limite Mondi.*

CHARIVARIA.

The Spectator has been advocating the formation of a Centre Party. But surely the Liberal Party is this. Is it not between the Devil and the Deep Sea?

***

The Lords are now, it is evident, preparing in earnest for the great fight. *The Gazette* announces the appointment of Lord ROSEBERY to the Hon. Colonelcy of the 7th Battalion of the Royal Scots Regiment.

***

The Daily Mail has discovered at Llangollen a parrot which makes such political remarks as "What about the Budget?" and "LLOYD GEORGE for ever!" with ease. We see no reason why such birds should not in time take the place of hecklers at election meetings.

***

Mr. HARCOURT, in moving the second reading of the Ancient Monuments Protection Bill, stated that it was introduced for the purpose of enabling the Government to accept the offer of a bequest which he had no hesitation in describing as the finest historical monument in the country. The Brown Dog of Battersea, now gone perhaps for ever, is said to have expressed no doubt as to the present accuracy of this description.

***

It is satisfactory that two lady members were returned to the L.C.C. Had only one been successful it would have been necessary to supply her with an official chaperone.

***

A contemporary publishes a paragraph entitled "Brewing Statistics." To judge by the way in which they are turned out at election time we had always imagined that this was how they were made.

***

Germany has now decided to take part in the race for the South Pole. Locally, we understand, it is hoped that she will not be successful, for Germany's treatment of the Poles in the past has left much to be desired.

***

The United States Geodetic Survey has discovered that the earth is slightly larger than it has hitherto been supposed to be, and we are prouder than ever of being an inhabitant of this dear old planet.

***

Mr. W. H. LEVER has presented the £91,000 which he was awarded as damages in the soap libel actions to Liverpool University. Curiously enough the announcement of this benefaction does not appear in the pages of a certain contemporary under the heading:—

DAILY MAIL CHARITIES.

***

Arrangements are to be made to include in the Census returns persons who are travelling in trains or in ships, but no provision is made for aeroplaners, and many reticent maiden ladies are already taking lessons in the aerial art.

***

Meanwhile Mr. HALDANE'S announcement that there is to be a Census of Horses has caused a flutter in equine circles, and many silly mares are protesting stoutly that nothing will induce them to declare their age. They do not realise how stupid it is to show their teeth.

The proposal has been made that in future our *Dreadnoughts*, instead of being named, shall be numbered. The idea impresses us as being a good one. If our next leviathan were to appear as *Dreadnought No. 2006*, think how it would strike fear into the hearts of our enemies.

***

The marriage is announced of the son of the U.S. SECRETARY OF STATE—Master PHILANDER C. KNOX, who is still at school. While there are no statistics available on the subject, we believe it to be a fact that there are comparatively few married schoolboys in our old-fashioned country.

***

By-the-by, after an unsatisfactory interview with Papa at Washington, Master KNOX informed a representative of the Press that he was returning with his wife to Providence. That, we believe, is the usual resort of runaway couples.



"WHAT ABAHT THIS 'ERE 'ALLEY'S COMET?"
"'E AIN'T COME YET, BUT I'M READY FOR 'IM. I'VE GOT A BIT O' SMOKED GLASS 'ANDY."

HIS FIRST VOTE.

WE are told by *The Daily Telegraph* that Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL recorded the first vote of his life at the recent L. C. C. election. Entering the polling station with Mr. SCOTT DUCKERS, one of the Progressive candidates, the HOME SECRETARY obtained his ballot paper.

It was a beautiful sight, this young man in the hey-day of life exercising for the first time his privilege and duty as a citizen. He walked briskly to a vacant compartment at the polling-desk, and with a swift glance about him to ensure the secrecy of the ballot, he put his pencil to the paper, his hand trembling a little with excitement. There was a proud, if shy, look on his face as he stepped to the ballot-box and pushed the paper safely home.

"There!" he exclaimed. "My first vote! How it thrills!"

"I am so much obliged for your support," murmured the Progressive candidate.

"Don't mention it. I could not have given my first vote to a better man," replied the HOME SECRETARY. "I notice a bad defect in the ballot-paper issued to me, however. There is really hardly room to put one's name in those little squares."

We regret to add that Mr. SCOTT DUCKERS was not one of the successful candidates, in spite of the distinguished support he received.

THE NEW CHRONOLOGY.

Important New Departure by "The Daily Jebb."

The method of computing time by reference to the age of some prominent politician recently outlined in *The Daily Mail* in its comments on Lord Halsbury's return to the Bench is, we are interested to learn, about to receive an important extension. *The Daily Mail*, it may be explained, merely confined itself to the relative method, noting the fact that Lord Halsbury became Solicitor-General while Mr. Isaacs was still at school, and that he was a "silk" of seven years' standing when Mr. F. E. Smith, K.C., was born.

The system of chronology, however, which will in future be adopted by *The Daily Jebb* (late *The Morning Post*) has been drawn up by Mr. Fabian Ware on a positive basis, and will be known as the Jebbian Calendar. Mr. Richard Jebb having been born in the year 1874, which is taken as the starting-point of the new era, 1910 now becomes 37 *anno Jebbii*. The names of the months will remain as heretofore, with the exception of February, which, by Mr. Jebb's gracious consent, will in future be known as Jebbuary. At the request of the Astronomer-Royal the planet Jupiter has been rechristened Jebbiter, a name at once far more euphonious and infinitely more in accordance with the imperial destiny of our solar system. Mr. Jebb, it will not easily be forgotten, was educated at Marlborough and New College, Oxford. By a unanimous resolution of the governing bodies of these two institutions, it has been decided that they shall henceforth be known as Jebborough and Jebb College respectively. (Dr. Spooner, the Warden of New College, we may note parenthetically, has by a deed poll now assumed the style and title of Philojebb Fabian Spooner.)

Funds are being collected by Marlburians past and present for the erection of a colossal obelisk on the summit of the school mound inscribed with the titles of Mr. Jebb's various monumental works on Imperial topics.

The Governing Body of Jebborough, we understand, have issued an important circular stating that henceforth the following rules will be enforced:—

(1) No book prizes will be awarded other than the works of Mr. Jebb.

(2) Pupils bearing the Christian name of Richard will, on and after the 1st of April, 37 A.J., be granted a rebate of 50 per cent. of all school fees.

(3) Pupils bearing the Christian name of Cecil, Hugh, or Robert will be subject to a supertax of 100 per cent. on all school fees, and under no circumstances whatever will be eligible as prefects or members of the School XI. or XV.

(4) All pupils, on arrival, must bring with them a knife, fork and spoon of Fabian ware, and marked with the initials R. J.

(5) No assistant-master will be appointed after the date already referred to whose views on Imperial Defence, Tariff Reform, and the leadership of the Unionist Party have not been pronounced sound by the Editor and Proprietor of *The Daily Jebb*.

(6) The College cry will in future be as follows:—"Rah! Rah! Yip-i-addy! Tzing-boom-Jebby-Jebby-Jebb!" Boys who use any other cry will be gated and condemned to wear a label with the words "Unionist Free-Trader" upon it.

NATURE NOTES.

(*A little in the manner of too many journalists.*)

It is good news that the Zoo has at last acquired a specimen of the Cactus-stomached Spandril. The absence of this animal has for too long been a blot on the otherwise admirable administration. A denizen of Rangoon, it is occasionally met with and killed by hunters, but the natives preserve it on account of its utility as a destroyer of the deadly Blue Grease Snake, which it lies upon and extinguishes. There has been no Cactus-stomached Spandril in the Regent's Park reserve since 1863.

* * * *

The reference in the papers recently to talking parakeets would suggest that for these birds to be accomplished in the way of speech is a rarity. On the contrary, I have known scores. The only thing needful is to begin early with their training—before the bird is fledged, in fact. Its vocabulary then comes with its feathers. I had one in 1901 which I taught by reading to it every morning a page of *Webster's Unabridged Dictionary*. Thus accustomed to the use of words, it soon put them together, not always perhaps with perfect discretion or even propriety, but vastly to the amusement of my friends.

* * * *

Apropos of birds that talk, I remember that in the year 1905 I was on board a steamer bound from Melbourne to Honolulu, when we were followed for about 250 miles by a shark which sang several selections from Tosti's operas. I recognised the mellow tones of Melba, and Caruso's bell-like tenor; but having assured myself by marconigram that both artists were alive and in America at the time, I came to the conclusion that the shark had swallowed a gramophone.

* * * *

Talking of swallowing, it is wonderful what can be done by practice. I once kept a tame ostrich, a charming bird, gentle, kind to children, and altogether a most delightful companion. At first I fed it, according to the usual custom, with broken bottles, coke, and rusty nails. But after a while it lost its appetite and began to pine away, until some one suggested my trying the disused blades of a safety razor. Immediately it began to pick up, and in a fortnight was in the pink of condition.

* * * *

Is, a correspondent asks me, a bird in the hand worth two in the bush? The question opens up a wide prospect. The late Lord Dundreary, a nobleman with whom I was on terms of some intimacy, held that if the bird in the hand was a wobbling redbreast, as he put it, and the birds in the bush a brace of plump partridges all ready for the oven, then the proverbialist was a prevaricator. But in my opinion the old saying refers to the advantage that comes from actually possessing something of even small value above the possibility of acquiring greater wealth. In other words, certainty *versus* potentiality. This being so, the proverb is sound.

LAUDER ON THE LINKS.

(*Allegro.*)

I love my brassie,
My bonnie bulger brassie,
  It's the finest club that ever yet was seen.
Over ev'ry bunker sailing
With energy unfailing
  It lands my Dunlop deftly on the green.

I love my brassie
When the lie is not too grassy,
  Or obstructed by the bushes of the whin,
And escaping altogether
From the pitfall of the heather,
  I find my ball is lying by the pin.

(*Pensieroso.*)

I loathe my brassie,
For I'm not a Braid or Massy—
  My handicap's a very bad eighteen—
And I whack the purple heather
For hours and hours together
  Without ever getting nearer to the green.

Yes, I *loathe* my brassie—
My cleek-shots are not classy,
  My putting would demoralize a dean;
But for foozling and for fluffing,
For slicing, topping, duffing
  My brassie play's the best I've ever seen.

"The boat was carried on the shoulders of willing hands."—*Guernsey Weekly Press.*

You see what a difficult life the journalist's is; it is hardly safe to make the simplest remark nowadays.



"IN GOOD LLOYD GEORGE'S GOLDEN DAYS."

Blithe Citizen. "NO INCOME-TAX AND A RUBBER BOOM—WHAT 'S THE MATTER WITH OLD ENGLAND?"



"YOU SEE, MUM, I AIN'T 'AD NO VOTE SINCE MY 'USBAND DIED."

AT PUTNEY.

WHEN eight strong fellows are out to row,
With a slip of a lad to guide them,
I warrant they 'll make the light ship go,
Though the coach on the launch may chide them,
With his "Six, get on to it! Five, you 're late!
Don't hurry the slides, and use your weight!
You 're bucketing, Bow; and, as to Four,
The sight of his shoulders makes me sore!"

But Stroke has steadied his fiery men,
And the lift on the boat gets stronger;
And the Coxswain suddenly shouts for "Ten!
Reach out to it, longer, longer!"
While the wind and the tide raced hand in hand
The swing of the crew and the pace were grand;
But now that the two meet face to face
It 's buffet and slam and a tortoise-pace

For Hammersmith Bridge has rattled past,
And, oh, but the storm is humming.
The turbulent white steeds gallop fast;
They 're tossing their crests and coming.
It 's a downright rackety, gusty day,
And the backs of the crew are drenched in spray;
But it 's "Swing, boys, swing till you 're deaf and blind,
And you 'll beat and baffle the raging wind."

They have slipped through Barnes; they are round the bend;
And the chests of the eight are tightening.
"Now spend your strength, if you 've strength to spend,
And away with your hands like lightning!
Well rowed!"—and the coach is forced to cheer—
"Now stick to it, all, for the post is near!"
And, lo, they stop at the coxswain's call,
With its message of comfort, "Easy all!"

So here 's to the sturdy undismayed
Eight men who are bound together
By the faith of the slide and the flashing blade
And the swing and the level feather;
To the deeds they do and the toil they bear;
To the dauntless mind and the will to dare;
And the joyous spirit that makes them one
Till the last fierce stroke of the race is done. R. C. L.

Modesty.

The following "press opinion" is quoted in *The Church Times* in advertisement of a book recently published by the Rev. H. H. T. CLEIFE:

"Mr. Cleife's own contributions to the daily portions are not the least interesting."

The publisher should have said this over to himself two or three times before quoting it.

THE POET AND THE BOY.

"Oh, how shall I travel to Arcadie,
The land that the poets sing,
Where the fairies dwell in a flowery dell
And dance in a fairy ring?

"Shall I make my trip in a golden train
With ivory tickets and rainbow steam,
And an engine flying with might and main
That doesn't know how to scream?
And shall I recline on a silken seat,
With plenty to look at and lots to eat?
Oh, Uncle, Uncle, is that the way?"

"Nay, child, nay.
I've told you once, and I tell you again,
You won't get there if you go by train."

"But how shall I travel to Arcadie,
The land where the fairies are?
Should I find the way if I went one day
In a wonderful motor-car?
In a silver car with a crimson hood
And wheels of velvet and sandalwood,
With a horn that murmurs melodious airs,
And a big green bonnet like Auntie wears?
Shall I dash in a flash through the purple dusk
To that halcyon land of bliss,
With odorous petrol of myrrh and musk
And roses and ambergris,
And lamps like a tiger's eyes, that blink
And gleam with a basilisk glow:
Would that be a likelier plan, d' you think?"

"Oh, do what you like, but go!
But I don't mind saying, you won't get far
To Arcadie in a motor-car."

"But Uncle, Uncle, I wa-ant to know;
Shall I soar in a big balloon
Like a beautiful shimmering bubble, and——"

"Oh!
Why don't you try the Moon,
Or the shores where the mermaids dip?
You'd find out a way to them just as soon.
Young man, you can take my tip:
This quest of yours is a hopeless case,
For there's no such place—there's no such place."

"But, Uncle——" "Be quiet, I want to write!"

"But you told us about it yourself last night!"

"I didn't. I'm busy. So don't talk trash."

"But you did!"—"I didn't!"—"You *di-id!*"—"Oh, dash!
Come hither, you shrimp, to your uncle's knee
And I'll give you a lesson on Arcadie.

There's an exquisite vale in the Isle of Dreams,
A land where it's always cool,
A lazy land, with meandering streams,
And lilies on every pool,
And the meadows are sunny the whole year round,
And quiet the whole day long,
Except for the dove's low croon and the sound
Of a pipe and a tuneful song;
And that is the song that the shepherds sing
Of lambs and lovers and lasting Spring.

And the winds are fragrant with wafted spice,
And the heavens are always blue,
And it's just a poetical paradise,
Which isn't the place for *you!*

A poet's paradise, mark you that!
And, whatever a place might be,
If it harboured a little inquisitive brat,
It wouldn't be Arcadie!

And, now you're satisfied, go to bed!
If you don't stop crying, I'll smack your head."

Dum-Dum.

A GLANCE INTO THE FUTURE.

1911. Another General Election. No change in the composition of parties, save that Sir George Doughty is returned for Pudsey. Country pronounces itself decidedly against the Budget and Tariff Reform, Free Trade, and the Lords, Little Englandism and a Big Navy. Mr. Asquith takes a firm stand—Budget first. But on receiving a resolution from the Radical Members for Clackmannan, explains that this really means Veto first. The Chancellor borrows £100,000,000 at four per cent. Mr. Byles created a peer to terrorise the Lords.

1912. No great change occurs at the annual General Election. Pudsey returns Mr. Bernard Shaw. Mr. Asquith puts his foot down firmly, and says, "Veto first." Torchlight procession from the National Liberal Club to Downing Street. The Chancellor borrows £80,000,000 at six per cent., as no majority can be found for the four-year Budget. To the consternation of the Peers Mr. Cadbury is created Lord Bournville.

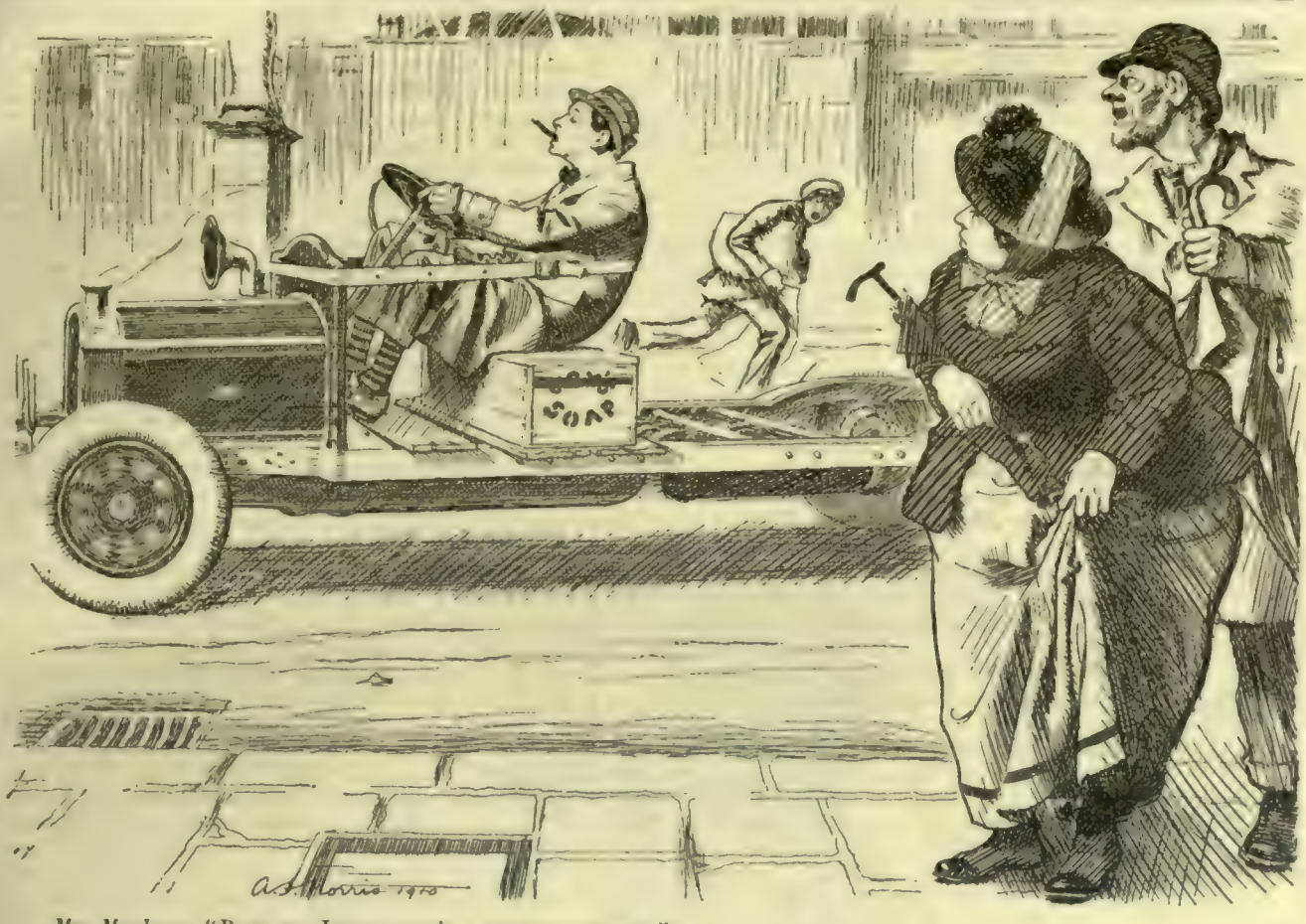
1913. Interest in the General Election concentrated on Pudsey—the index constituency. Pudsey returns Mr. Harold Cox. Mr. Asquith says that the time for talking is over—the time for action has arrived. Banquet at the National Liberal Club to celebrate this epoch in our history. Chancellor borrows £40,000,000 at eight per cent., and strikes a deadly blow at the House of Lords by omitting the salaries of its door-keepers from the estimates.

1914. Great interest in the General Election as the Premier announces that it is to be fought on the Veto question, and that he will not take office unless this is settled once for all. Pudsey returns the Rev. R. J. Campbell. Mr. Asquith retains office, and declares emphatically that the six-years' Budget must come first. On cross-examination by Mr. Redmond, he explains that this means "first after the Veto." Congratulatory address presented to the Premier by Mr. Silas K. Hocking on behalf of the National Liberal Club. Mr. Lloyd George reduces the Lord Chancellor's salary by half, and this blow at the Peers proving ineffective borrows £20,000,000 at fifteen per cent.

1915. At the Albert Hall meeting before the General Election Mr. Asquith declares with emphasis that he will not hold office for one moment if subject to the humiliations of former years. Pudsey returns Sir Henry Norman. This is regarded as a sign that the country demands the Budget first. The Premier announces to the House that their first duty will be to put the finances of the country in order and that the Budget shall have priority over everything except the Veto. Bonfires blaze outside the National Liberal Club. Mr. Lloyd George borrows £5,000 at eighty per cent. for urgent national purposes—the payment of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's salary.

1916. Extraordinary migration of people assessed for Income Tax. Hundreds of people crushed to death at Charing Cross and Victoria, sinking of six overcrowded Channel steamers, and downfall of eighty packed aeroplanes.

Address presented to Mr. Asquith by the National Liberal Club, congratulating him on his patriotic self-denial in not clinging to office when he had not a majority



Mrs. Meadowes. "BLESS US, JOSIAH, *THAT'S* A PECULIAR TURN-OUT."

Mr. Meadowes. "SIGN O' THE TIMES, MY DEAR. THAT'S A SWELL, BUT 'E 'AD TO START SELLIN' 'IS PROPERTY. 'E'LL SOON 'AVE TO PART WITH THE REST OF 'IS OAR."

ANOTHER STRANGE CALLING.

"AND what are you?" I asked. "A professional beggar?"

"You do me an injustice, Sir," replied the seedy individual. "I'm a Picker-off of Letters from Shop Windows."

"Do explain," I said.

"Why, you must 'ave noticed, Sir, outside many shop windows, hinscriptions stuck on the glass, announcing the name of the perprietor, and what 'e sells, and sech-like things. Well, them inscriptions is made up of a number of letters—white enamelled letters mostly—and every now and then some of them letters, from the effec' of the weather and what-not, comes unstuck, and falls off and gets lost."

"I follow," I said.

"And they 'as to be replaced, of course, for not only does they look untidy when there's any missin', but sometimes they looks ridikerlus. For example:—

'TO LET
SALOON'

Well, it ain't TO LET. It should be 'TOILET SALOON,' an' the owner's fair driven mad by people coming in 'oo want to take 'is shop. An' I've known a man to be nearly ruined by a hentire word coming off. It was the second word of 'REFUSE IMITATIONS,' and 'is stock stood labelled as 'REFUSE.' An' a lot of trouble was caused to an 'osier by the announcement:—

'COMPULSORY ALE'

A crowd of hundesirables collected an' insisted on being served, an' the perlice 'ad to be called in. . . . So the missin' letters 'as to be supplied, o' course. And that's where I comes in."

"How?"

"Why, I just goes an' picks the letter what 's wanted off another shop window, and sells it to the other feller at a ridikerlus easy price."

"Phew! Dangerous work, isn't it?"

"Well, heverything 'as its risks, Sir, but it 's soon done with a knife. Mind you, it 's cruel 'ard work, sometimes; you may 'ave to walk 'alf over London afore you finds the letter you wants, for there 's many different patterns of 'em."

"And have you ever been caught 'removing'?"

"Yuss. Once. A week come next Toosday. It was a Berlin wool shop—kep' by two widders. They believes me all right, bless their innocent 'earts, when I says as 'ow the letter 'ad fallen off, and I was trying to fix it on again, an' arsts me in to tea, an' gives me somefink for my Honesty, and some wool to darn my socks wiv. But you can't drink wool, Sir. But never mind; again I says it—Bless their innocent 'earts. They was Ladies. I wish there was more like 'em; but it 's a unbelievin' age, Sir. There 's a sight too many of the other sort. Why, yes'day I takes a missin' letter into a shop kep' by a furriner, an' offers it to the feller for a 'alfpenny; an' what do you think 'appens? Why, the bloke 'as the blessid impidence to accuse me of 'avin' picked it off 'is own window!"

"Well, and hadn't you?"

"Yuss, Sir. Ah, it 's a dog's life, an' not what it was."

"Well, it 's a wonderful world," I said, as my hand went to my pocket.

"You 're the first gentleman I 've met to-day, Sir."

I suppose, strictly, I ought not to have done it—but we men of letters must stand by one another.

A LOST PLAY OF SHAKSPEARE;

Or, The New Preliminary Puff.

She was a fairy with three gifts to bestow on whomsoever she would, and the first person that she would was an Author.

He had just been reviewed under the heading of "The Pertinacious Plagiarist," and his heart was heavy withal, for the reviewer had put an unerring finger upon his great weakness. He could *not* be original. No sooner did he think of a really strong plot than he found some other man had already used the idea long ago.

"Be of good heart," she told him. "I have a wondrous gift with which to help you. Henceforth, when you write a story, all remembrance of similar works shall fade from the minds of men."

"But," he objected, "what about the printed copies of such works? Do you not know that we live in an age of cheap reprints?"

"That," she replied, "you can safely leave to us. You write the story and we do the rest."

Whereupon he thanked her and embarked on the creation of three guineas'-worth of healthy fiction.

Shortly afterwards, the Fairy called upon a Journalist. He had just returned from the first night of a children's play, and knew exactly how to entertain fairies. In due course she mentioned her three gifts and the munificent donation to the Author, which had been the first of them.

"My dear girl," he said in horror, "do you realise what you have done? This Author is doubtless an estimable person, but his work will hardly compensate us for the loss of the World's Best Books."

"Surely he does not split his infinitives?" she asked anxiously.

"Perhaps not; but that is not everything."

"Oh, well, don't worry," she said soothingly. "You shall have my second gift, and shall remember what the rest of the world forgets."

In the calmer light of the morning the Journalist dismissed the interview as a dream, and thought no more of the matter until a review, in which he likened the last Surrey drama to *King Lear*, was returned with a polite request that he would abstain from erudite and unintelligible references. "Even I myself," wrote his editor, "am at a loss to comprehend the allusion to *Lear*."

Then he realised what had happened. The wretched Author had hit upon the same plot, and a work hitherto deemed immortal was forgotten by all the world save one man. And he, by the way, had never actually read it.

An endeavour to remedy the mischief not only seemed a public duty but offered excellent copy, and within two hours his article, "Disappearance of *King Lear*," giving the full details of the fairy's ill-judged charity, was on its way to the offices of the paper with one of the largest circulations.

The effect of the article was instantaneous, for everyone was beguiled into reading it by its taking title. It sounded so like a Balkan detective story: people thought of it as the latest (if there is a latest) Le Queux. The booksellers throve mightily on the Shakspearean boom which it produced, and, though no one could find any evidence of the existence of *King Lear*, everybody profited by reading some of the other plays.

But with the boom came indignation. Correspondence poured into the offices of the paper, a mass meeting in Trafalgar Square was mooted, and violence to the Author was being freely hinted at—nay, more than hinted at—when a particularly sane editorial relieved the situation.

It pointed out the perils of violence, since it was by no means certain that even a fairy's powers would be equal to undoing the evil, unless she found the Author intact on her return. "Rather," it concluded, "let our esteemed contributor endeavour to get in touch with his and the Author's lady friend," and it offered the use of its Missing Relatives Column for the purpose.

Through this means the Fairy and the Journalist were brought together once more, and he put the facts before her.

"I don't see that I can do anything," she said.

"Can't you take your gift away?"

"That would be very hard on the Author."

"It will be much harder," he told her grimly, "if my patriotic countrymen rise up and lynch him. They've already broken his windows and let in a draught. Only Actor-Managers are allowed to tamper with the text of Shakspeare."

He thought for a while and then continued:—

"Can't you blot out all recollection of these unfortunate happenings from the mind of the Author and everybody else?"

"Including you?"

"Yes, including me," he said, rising to a sublime height of self-sacrifice. "Don't you see the injustice of your gift? It is robbing the world to benefit the Author . . . Now, if you can give him a little real originality as your third gift . . ."

"I can," she interrupted, and in a moment the thing was done.

Look out for the Great New Serial, by A. N. Author. Something really fresh in fiction.

AT THE PLAY.

"The Madras House."

It will be a great relief to put the story of Mr. Granville Barker's "comedy in four Acts" down on paper. The play began at the Duke of York's at 8 o'clock last Wednesday, and I seem still to hear them talking; when I have sorted my mind out I shall feel better.

Henry and *Catherine Huxtable* lived at Denmark Hill with their six daughters. *Henry* was in the drapery business, having part control of "Roberts and Huxtable" in a suburb, and "The Madras House" in the West End. *Philip Madras*, another partner and the son of *Constantine Madras* the founder of the business, drops in on the *Huxtables* one Sunday morning with his friend and colleague, *Major Thomas*. In the course of conversation it appears that an American has made an offer for "The Madras House." This is accepted. It also appears that a girl in the suburban shop has "got into trouble." A *Mr. Brigstock* is accused, but it turns out that the guilty man is *Constantine*, who is on a temporary visit to England; he had left his wife for the East a long time ago, in order to embrace Mahommedanism and all that Mahommedanism allows a man to embrace. Meanwhile *Mrs. Philip* had been flirting with *Major Thomas*, and our *Mr. Windlesham* was introducing into the fashionable world a new hat made of an inverted fish-basket encircled by a pair of garters. . . .

Yes, that is the story, and why Mr. Barker ever bothered about it I do not know. Nor do I know why he called it *The Madras House*. He might just as well have called it *The Fourth Miss Huxtable*, or *Fishbaskets*, or *The Indiscretion of Major Thomas*, or anything else you like. But what it should have been called was *Barker on Women—A Debate in Four Acts, the last one being much too long;* then we should have known where we were. I was particularly unfortunate in not knowing where I was, because I missed the first few moments of the play; and for two and a-half Acts I reproached myself bitterly. All the missing clues to the plot I placed as having occurred in those first moments—a very hot three minutes. Not until the Third Act did I discover that there was no plot.

Though *The Madras House* is not a play, it might eventually become three good plays; I would suggest to Messrs. Frohman and Barker that this be done for the next Triple Bill. First Play—An expansion of Act One, "A Comedy of the Suburbs"; Second Play—Act Two and a little of Act Four, "A Tragedy of the Living-in System"; Third Play—Part of Act Three, "A Conversation about Women." With what eagerness

I would go to any one of these three! Yet because Mr. BARKER is full of real ideas and because his people (as played by the excellent Repertory Company) are real people, it was impossible not to enjoy *The Madras House*; impossible not to feel that it was something very much better than the stage carpentries which so often pass as real plays. The pity is that Mr. BARKER was not strong enough to control his ideas; he has let them carry him very far from the promise of *The Voysey Inheritance*.

Of the players it would be enough to say that all were excellent; but I think I must pick out Miss MARY JERROLD and Messrs. E. W. GARDEN, DENNIS EADIE and CHARLES MAUDE as the best. And even that leaves me with a dozen others whom I should like to mention by name. Most of them only appear in one Act each; well, they will have greater opportunities when my suggestion for the new Triple Bill is adopted. M.

THE PEEL TOWER.

Old ruin, slumbering where the pines
Mass at the entrance to the glen,
I trace in your grey moss-grown lines
Old tales of far-off times and men!

Could you but speak, how you 'd enlarge
On blades sent home, on blows withstood,
Fierce charge and roaring counter-charge
I love such gentle deeds of blood.

So, when I 've lingered where you lend
The shadow of your rampart high
On afternoons when hill-tops blend
Their blue with sister blue of sky,

It seems to me the stunted firs
That in the middle distance stand
Are little Pictish moorlanders,
A painted, cautious, skin-clad band,

That creep and crouch in slow retreat,
And watch, with flint-tipped dart on string,
The Legion's skirmishers that beat
Methodically through the ling;

While by the river's broken banks
Again the sun 's aglint upon
The Eagles, and the ordered ranks,
Behind their tall centurion.

They fade; and now each ragged spruce
Becomes a dhuinewassal stern
Who goes to strike a blow for BRUCE
And break a spear at Bannockburn.

Again, I see a picket pause;
I know the Stuart lilt he croons
The while he gazes o'er the shaws
For "Butcher" CUMBERLAND'S dragoons.

You tough old stones—you 're well imbued
With many a desperate doing, dared
By painted Pict, by clansman rude,
By covenanting Georgian laird!



"DOES MR. SMITH LIVE HERE?" "NO, SIR."
"DOES HE LIVE IN THIS STREET?" "YES, SIR."
"DO YOU KNOW HIS NUMBER?" "NO, SIR; BUT YOU 'LL SEE IT ON HIS DOOR."

You 've seen the ruffian side of things,
Fights grimly settled man to man,
Red cattle-raids and moss-troopings,
The robber, and the cateran.

And yet perhaps most crude, you 'll find,
Of all you 've watched go down the Pass,
Are those to-day who leave behind
Their sandwich papers on your grass.

An Explanation.

The Vicar of SOUTHEND writes to *Mr. Punch* to point out that the paragraph in last week's number which referred to his (the Vicar's) alleged offer to newly married couples was based on a misunderstanding. The Vicar did not definitely promise an indefinite wedding present to those whom he united, but promised generally one particular present—to wit, a missionary box. Although this offer was only made to the newly-wed *Mr. Punch* has no doubt that the Vicar of SOUTHEND would be glad to send equally good missionary boxes to any single ladies and gentlemen who would undertake to fill and return them.



AN APPETISER

Traveller. "BUT, WAITER, I ONLY ORDERED TWO EGGS. YOU HAVE BROUGHT THREE."
Waiter. "I KNOW, SAH, BUT I THOUGHT POSSIBLY ONE MIGHT FAIL."

FRIGID AND CALCULATED LETTERS.

THE main work and worry of a bachelor's life in London is to get his Sundays fixed up. The golden rule is: "Get the Greens to take you out, if possible. Failing them, do the best you can for yourself."

First Series (written on Monday).

DEAR MRS. GREEN,—I find I have still that most interesting book, *Parabola of the Palæolithic Age*, which your husband so kindly lent me. I intend to return it on Sunday next, as I have nothing to do on that day. I will bring it round some time in the morning.

Second Series (written on Wednesday).

I.

DEAR MRS. GREEN,—I must confess I think it is a pity to consign so valuable a book to the rough usage of the mere post; but, as you insist, here it is. Any damage that it may suffer will not, I hope, be put down to me nor prevent your lending me another book to help me pass away my unoccupied Sunday.

II.

DEAR JAMES,—Are you lunching anywhere on Sunday next? If so, I will lunch with you.

III.

DEAR MRS. PERKS,—I know you are interested in charity, and I want your advice. Suppose I looked in about tea-time on Sunday?

IV.

DEAR MRS. JENKS,—My laundry having adopted a dull grey tint which, if uncommon, does not suit my old-fashioned tastes, I am wondering if you would undertake the responsibility of recommending me another laundry? Rather than put you to the trouble of writing me a letter, I will just drop in for a minute or two about six or half-past on Sunday.

Third Series (written on Friday).

I.

DEAR MRS. PERKS,—Let me accept with pleasure. It is most kind of you to ask me to make a day of it. I am not High Church, and by no means insist on playing games on Sunday. I make a principle of neither working nor playing on Sunday.

II.

DEAR MRS. JENKS,—I am most annoyed at having to cancel our engagement for Sunday. The truth is that I have a sudden access of work that will keep me hard at it all Sunday. So full are my chambers of briefs that there is barely room for me, and the ever-increasing queue of solicitors waiting outside for consultations threatens at every moment to create a breach of the peace. Moreover, on second thoughts I begin to like the grey tint of my linen, if only for its originality.

P.S.—I am not certain how one spells "cue," but feel that I have made two very good attempts, one of which must be right.

III.

DEAR JAMES, OLD MAN,—Of course I meant it as an invitation. You didn't think I was cadging, did you? Unfortunately, however, it is all off owing to an importunate aunt in the country. But I insist on your coming and taking a little food with me at the club one of these days.

Fourth Series (written on Saturday Morning).

I.

DEAR MRS. PERKS,—This is more than annoying, but after all I cannot manage Sunday. In fact, I am on the sick list, having a touch of appendicitis. May I ask you not only to forgive me, but to invite me on another Sunday, when I am able to sit up and take a little nourishment?

II.

DEAR MRS. GREEN,—Thanks very much indeed. A day's golf will be very pleasant. Please don't apologize for the short notice, as by an odd chance I happen to be free all Sunday. I don't mind how late I get back.



A NEW LEASE OF LIFE.

Dr. Rosebery. "YOU 'RE IN A BAD WAY, MY FRIEND. WE MUST LET A LITTLE OF YOUR BLUE BLOOD: THAT 'LL MAKE ANOTHER MAN OF YOU."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, March 7.—Man and boy, I have for forty years lived at centre of Parliamentary affairs. Have sometimes been painfully struck by influence of Party politics upon personal character. Swayed by them, men of punctilious honour in all relations of private life will sometimes say the thing that is not, will deliberately misrepresent the actions of hon. and right hon. gentlemen opposite, will be guilty of other perversions of fact and truth from which they would recoil if situation were created outside Westminster.

This makes the more noble attitude assumed to-night by House of Lords in connection with Budget. Situation was described by LORD CHANCELLOR in course of debate.

"We are," he said, "in a very lamentable financial condition, and the country has to suffer for it. How was it created? It was created wholly and solely by the unprecedented and, as I think, constitutionally unjustifiable interference of this House by throwing out the Budget last year."

Adjectives and adverbs apart, that is plain statement of historical fact. The Budget being hung up (as if it were a leg of mutton), the Exchequer is empty. Daily necessities of Departments have to be met by borrowing, at a cost to taxpayer, CROMER estimates, equal to £1,200 a day. Under charge of wantonly creating this unparalleled situation noble lords have for weeks and months been objects of vituperation by reckless Radicals in the Press and on the platform.

What do they do? Do they boast of their achievement? Do they glory in their so-called sin? No, Sir. They turn upon the Government and the majority in Commons, and with withering indignation denounce their conduct in not immediately setting aside all other business (including question of Lords' Veto) in order to bring in again the banned Budget.

To-night LANSDOWNE, in unaccustomed tones of passionate entreaty, pleaded for the restitution of the lost one. Faced by mischievously smiling countenances on Treasury Bench, conscious of ominous wrestling with his wig by LORD CHANCELLOR on Woolsack, he cried aloud for

the touch of a vanished hand,
The sound of a voice that is still.

"The finest conception of high comedy I have seen for years," said SARK. "Played with consummate skill, too. Or, if you prefer farce to comedy, it suggests the Wicked Uncle drawn back to the scene of the tragedy in the wood, forestalling the robins by covering the stark bodies with tender leaves.'

Not always able to follow SARK in his commentary. A simple-minded person myself, I see in to-night's proceedings, led by LANSDOWNE, played up to by REVELSTOKE, FABER, and CROMER, with ST. ALDWYN trying to make the best of both cases and committing himself to neither, an episode that elevates tone of public life, making us more emphatic and devout in our thanks to Providence that we still have a House of Lords.

Business done.—In Commons HALDANE introduces Army Estimates. Gives glowing account of forward march of Territorial Army. Incidentally draws parallel between himself and the late NEHEMIAH. Admits that he has advantage over the prophet, inasmuch as during the life of the latter *The Daily Mail* was not.

Tuesday.—Slight explosion to-night from volcano below Gangway on Opposition side, where TIM HEALY and WILLIAM O'BRIEN, forgetful of old times, sit together in sweet amity, flanked by their bodyguard ten strong, every one sworn sooner or later to have JOHN REDMOND'S blood. Bodyguard a little hoarse this afternoon. Yesterday MAURICE HEALY, duly elected for North-East Cork, arrived, completing full muster of Eleven of All Ireland (with extra man as usual), captained by O'BRIEN. Arranged that as soon as he, escorted by chiefs, commenced triumphal march to Table the nine left seated should raise tremendous



HIGH TRAGEDY.

Mr. William O'Brien as Mrs. Siddons.



"THE WICKED UNCLE (LANSDOWNE) FORESTALLS THE ROBINS."

cheer. Unfortunately in excitement of moment GILHOOLY started too soon. The rest hurried up, but never succeeded in achieving fulness of chorus. Seemed to be all shouting for different men. Effect rather comical than impressive. Nevertheless Redmondites knew what it portended, and trembled in their shoes.

To-day fresh panic seized them when, questions on paper disposed of, O'BRIEN interposed with one of which he said he had given PREMIER private notice. Hush of expectancy fell over House. What was to the fore now? About WILLIAM O'BRIEN'S appearance, his voice and manner there is a touch of the tragic that invests even the commonplace with awe. Tradition records how Mrs. SIDDONS, having at a repast been served by mistake with unsolicited refreshment, turned upon the servant and remarked, "I said beer, boy." According to testimony of those present, effect of voice, of gesture and flash of eye, whilst flattening out the erring servant, created unforgettable impression upon the guests. O'BRIEN'S ejaculation of the ordinary phrase, "Mr. SPEAKER," sends thrill through nerves of least sensitive.

"When I look at him and hear his voice," said SARK, "I recall leading character in the *Pirate of the Porous Deep*, a moving drama cherished in childhood. Only, somehow, whilst in appearance living up to suggestion of the character, O'BRIEN subtly manages to convey impression that he is a reformed Pirate. No more sansculloteism for him. Fully garbed, gravely spectacled, grey-bearded, deep-voiced, he in these later days essays to personify the wrongs and woes of Ireland, chiefly contributed to by JOHN REDMOND. That hapless Irishman has concentrated upon him all the suspicion and hatred that a quarter of a century ago simmered round the rugged figure of BUCKSHOT FORSTER."

Question this afternoon seemed at first sight unconnected with his countrymen on back bench. Ostensibly related to operation of Irish Land Act of last year. Came out all right in end. O'BRIEN with SPEAKER'S tacit permission conducted somewhat prolonged debate with PREMIER on working of Act; ASQUITH remaining steadfast in refusal to give day for discussing it, the seething SHEEHAN flashed torchlight on real object of episode.

"Is this decision," he sternly asked, "the result of an interview with Mr. JOHN REDMOND?"

Ha! that was it. Whilst PREMIER sat with folded arms in guilty silence, the Eleven of All Ireland, temporarily overcoming hoarseness, stridently cheered.

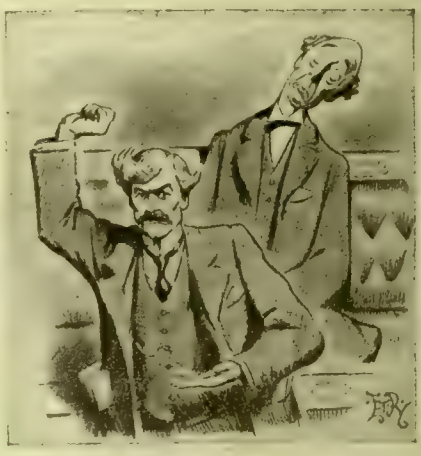
Business done.—Got into Committee on Army Estimates.

Thursday.—Undeterred by threatening Resolutions, undismayed by prospect of enforced self-reform, House of Lords continues to assert its domination of the Commons. Has heard something of alleged disposition of NAPOLEON B. HALDANE to avoid appearance of condensation in remarks on current topics. On Monday GEORGE WYNDHAM delicately alluded to the matter when he congratulated him on having occupied only two hours in exposition of army Estimates.



A TIP FOR RUFUS ISAACS!

With a very little "make-up," and one or two readily obtainable accessories, the new Solicitor-General could make himself an almost exact replica of his distinguished predecessor, Sir Samuel Evans, and how could he possibly do better?



WASTED LAVA.

Mr. Ramsay Macdona'd in full eruption, tearing passion to tatters with his accustomed transpontine vehemence, was blissfully unconscious of the effect of his oratory on Mr. Joseph King, of North Somerset.

Certainly N. BONAPARTE HALDANE in his public addresses is wont to exceed length of bulletins of his famed prototype. But that is no more an affair of the House of Lords than is the Budget. Yet by carefully planned, nicely timed manœuvre it managed to bring to untimely close brief speech just opening.

It was in reply to question about pension drawn by disabled gunner. Had just completed introductory sketch of progress of gunnery since the Siege of Sebastopol, was proceeding to enlarge on the status of the gunner then and now, when enter BLACK ROD with message from the Lords "desiring attendance of this hon. House" at the business of a Royal Commission. In the middle of a sentence, nay halfway through a syllable, N. B. H. stopped and sat back on Treasury Bench speechless, what time the SPEAKER, escorted by SERGEANT-AT-ARMS bearing Mace shoulder high, proceeded to obey the summons.

As far as immediate effect was concerned, it must be admitted the strategy was successful. But it is not the sort of thing to soothe growing feeling of irritation between the two Houses.

Business done.—Brisk breeze blows from Opposition benches on discovering that Government ask for Supply covering period of only six weeks. Denounced as shabby manœuvre deliberately designed to leave penniless possible successors to Ministerial office.

The Survival of the Fittest in South Africa.

"A very interesting hockey match was played off on the National Rink on Saturday evening, between the Spinsters and Flappers. . . . The younger girls maintained a marked superiority over their opponents, and won by some four girls to one."—*Times of Natal.*



M.F.H. "HI! YOU SIR, 'WARE SEEDS! CAN'T YOU SEE THAT'S A SOWN FIELD?"
Sporting Tailor. "I'M ONLY RIDING UP THE SEAM."

THE FRUITS OF FRANKNESS.

[The sad result of attaching too much importance to the statemen in a weekly paper that personal beauty is frequently the biggest fraud on earth.]

TIME was when, unoppressed by care,
I went my humble way
Unfalteringly debonair,
Incorrigibly gay.
The neighbours called me Sunny Jim
By way of playful pseudonym.

Mere beauty I accounted nil,
Or worse than nil, a sham.
'Tis gilt, I said, upon a pill,
A powder's veil of jam;
And ever I rejoiced to see
The plainness of Penelope.

Not hers the charm of vagrant curl,
Fair form and fairer face.
I never met another girl
So *very* commonplace.
'Twas this that won my love; but oh,
Why ever did I let her know?

Her coldness made me yearn to don
An overcoat of furs;
The ring I'd bought was left upon
My hands (instead of hers).
Now "Memory is the only thing. . . ."
And mine 's a perfect beast to sting.

L'Entente Cordiale.

"I hear from Paris that there is much excitement at the prospect of his Majesty's visit to 'Chantecler,' and the officials at the Opéra have been overwhelmed with demands for seats for that particular night."—*Bournemouth Daily Echo.*

Note the crowd at the Gaiety the next time M. FALLIÈRES goes to Covent Garden.

"*The Cologne Gazette* demanded the resignation of Lieutenant-General von Podbielski, on the ground of his flabbiness in the face of the rising prices of food."—*Ceylon Observer.*

You are implored not to stop at the word "face." That would give you quite a wrong impression of PODBIELSKI.

The Literary Touch.

"We should think that the players needed repose, that they blessed Mr. Arthur Jones when his double whistle pronounced 'adsum.'"
The Observer.

"'Ad enough," is what the whistle says for most people.

Financial Notes.

(*By our City Editor.*)

"MADAME ALBANI the Peerless Queen of Song. To-night's programme . . . 'Ye Banks and Brass.'"—*Advt. in "Western Evening Herald."*

"*Veto*" *Bill*:—Mr. WILLIAM REDMOND.

Irish Politics.

"Two candidates were proposed—Sir E. Fitzgerald and Councillor O'Flynn, and each received seven votes. Sir Edward Fitzgerald gave his casting vote in his own favour, and declared himself elected while the Lord Mayor gave his casting vote for Councillor O'Flynn, and declared that gentleman elected. An attempt was then made to go on with the business of the Public Health Committee, but owing to the confusion and disorder which prevailed the proceedings came to an abrupt end."

It was up to Councillor O'FLYNN to straighten things out. He should have given his casting vote for Sir EDWARD, and declared the LORD MAYOR elected.

The best thing from the Bench this week:

"Mr. Justice Eve: 'It is the misfortune of being musical. You might go on playing the same tune over and over again to some people and they would not know the difference.'"

Of course there wouldn't be any difference; that 's the joke.

"A six-weeks-old child found abandoned in Southwark has been named John Milton," says *The Evening Standard.* But "Paradise" would have been a better name, since it was first lost and then regained.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

"Well, are we going to do a charade?" said Gerald suddenly, in the drawing-room after dinner.

"Guess again," I suggested.

"Come on, it's great fun. You'll come, won't you, Miss Sanders? And you, Mary? Four—that will be enough; we can do anything with four."

"Yes, we *could* play Bridge," I said wistfully.

"Nonsense. Come on."

And so we found ourselves in the hall.

"I don't know if we play it the same way as everybody else," said Gerald. "You take any well-known person or place you like, say Nero——"

"But I don't like Nero—he was a bad man."

"And then you do each letter in turn. For N you act somebody beginning with N, like Nelson; for E, say Elizabeth; R, Raleigh, and so on. All in dumb show."

"I don't quite see how," said Miss Sanders, "but I shall soon."

"It's very easy," said Mary. "Now then, who'll think of a name?"

"Nebuchadnezzar," I suggested.

"That would take all night."

"And we can't spell it. We want a short, easy one."

"Jehu," I tried again.

"Why Jehu?"

"I don't know; it just came to me," I said modestly.

"All right—Jehu. Now then, what shall we do for J?"

"John," said Mary. "Signing Magna Charta. Or Joan of Arc. I'll be Joan."

"I'll be the Arc. I mean, what about Jason, and Gerald can be the Golden Fleece?"

"Jack and Jill," suggested Gerald.

"That's too easy," I said. "And too wet. No, I've got a brilliant idea—Jamshyd."

There was an anxious silence.

"Which of the many incidents in his crowded and notorious life shall we represent?" asked Mary at last.

"There is only one—

> 'They say the lion and the lizard keep
> The courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep.'

I thought that if I were a lion perhaps Mary wouldn't mind being a lizard with me, and then Gerald could glory and drink deep for all he was worth. Miss Sanders would be the attendant who hands him the foaming bowl."

"That's splendid. How do you glory, by the way? I've almost forgotten. It's such a long time since I did it."

"Oh, you just—*glory*," explained Mary. "*Oo-oo-oo-ooh!*—like that."

"We ought to do it in two scenes, really. You two go in and glory first, and then the curtain falls to denote the passing of a few hundred years, during which the audience are requested to remain in their seats. Then Mary and I come in and keep the courts."

It was a great performance. I was the best lion outside Regent's Park, pretty well, but Mary was a little too much on one note as the lizard. Of course, if you knew she was being a lizard, then I can quite see that she was a good lizard, but anyone not in the secret might have admired her equally as a Channel swimmer. Of Gerald's glorying it is impossible to speak too highly.

"E," said Gerald, in the hall again, as he put down the loving-cup. "No, I've drunk it all, old friend. What shall we do for E?"

"There are all the Edwards. Let's do Edward VII."

"Isn't that contempt of court, or something?"

"Endymion," I said. "He was kissed by Selene. I thought we might do that scene. . . . Any competition for Selene? . . . No rush at all."

"Endymion," said Miss Sanders so freezingly that I felt quite cold, "was a very beautiful youth."

"Let's be Etukishook," I said, with a shiver, "or Little Eva, or——"

"Etukishook—good idea. I'll be Cook."

"Like Gerald to take the fat part," said Mary. "Will you be the last dog, or the North Pole?" she asked Miss Sanders.

Miss Sanders, who is rather tall, decided to be the North Pole. At the last moment I threw up the part of the faithful Etuk for that of the dying hound. They are much alike, but I act better on four legs.

"H," said Gerald, when we had discovered the Pole. "There's Hercules."

"And there's Hobbs," said Mary. "He's really been more in the public eye lately."

"Hamlet. 'Tis not alone me inky cerloak, good mawther.' I saw an inky cloak somewhere."

"Hero and Leander," said Miss Sanders.

"They'd think it was Holbein and the keeper of the Calais lighthouse," I objected. "Some people are so dull. What about Hengler? Then Mary and I could be animals again. We can keep on coming in as different ones."

Hengler was a great success. Gerald played the name part with a whip and an eyeglass—obviously Hengler to the life. I was in turn an elephant, a land crab, and a white ant. Mary was a lizard again (she fancies herself at this apparently), a humming bird, and Mrs. Hengler. Miss Sanders thought it was rather silly, but didn't mind being a flamingo. She was a perfect flamingo.

"Una," we all said, as soon as we were outside again. "That's the only one."

"Except Ulysses and Uncle Tom's Cabin," we added.

"We could do Ulysses all night," said Gerald. "He was simply made for this game. Let's do something harder. Una's the boy. I'll be St. George."

Well, there we were. Mary, of course, with her weakness for reptiles, was the Dragon, I was the Lion, and Miss Sanders was Una. It was a spirited scene, not at all marred by the fact that we were all rather vague as to the plot. The great point to bring out, it seemed to me, was the docility of the Lion. I was very docile.

"Now we'd better do Jehu himself," said Gerald, "or they'll never guess."

"They're bound to guess if we do," said Mary. "Can't we make it awfully difficult?"

"Jehu drove furiously," I said. "I'll be Jessop, Mary is Strudwick, Gerald is Lees, and Miss Sanders is in the deep. Then I'll drive like anything. That might give them a hint, which is all they want."

* * * *

"Splendid," said Mrs. Gerald, when we had brushed our hair and come in again.

"Did you all guess?"

"Oh, rather. Kent, of course."

We looked at each other blankly.

"The first," went on Mrs. Gerald, innocently, "was Miss Kellerman, the swimmer."

"I told you so," I murmured to Mary.

"The next was Etukishook."

"I'm glad you guessed that," said Mary. "That was me."

"The third was Noah; and the fourth Thomas à Becket."

"How — how did you guess the fourth?" I asked.

"You, chiefly. The penitent king, after Becket had been murdered. You looked so penitent; it was a delightful bit of acting."

(Penitent, indeed! Can't they recognise docility when they see it?)

"And the last of all," said Mrs. Gerald, "was of course obvious. You were Hutchings."

Do you know, I think it was that that hurt me most. My numerous lions and Mary's lizards may be misunderstood; well, let them go. But that a grown-up person should be unable to distinguish between Jessop and Hutchings at the wicket——

"Yes," we all said sadly, "it was Kent."

A. A. M.

"Lady wishes to sell her daughter's clothing."
The Lady.

But this is not the act of a real lady.



Little Girl. "Mother, that 's such a nasty little boy; whenever he passes me he makes a face."
Mother. "Very rude of him. I hope you don't do it back."
Little Girl. "Oh dear, no! I simply turn up my nose and treat him with despisery."

THE FIRST FLIGHT.

While there 's one on his feet with a tale to repeat, and another is sampling a drink,
The eager First Flight have a girth to draw tight and a chain to let out by a link;
While the boisterous laugh in that circle of chaff the opening music has drowned,
You will hear the First Flight as they whisper, "That 's right!" to the note of a favourite hound.

When a holloa makes sure that his flight is secure and dispels every doubt of a run,
When the crowd gallops straight to the obvious gate with the latch that is never undone,
You will see the First Flight cram a topper on tight, catch a willing old nag by the head,
And, clapping on sail at the blackthorn or rail, take the line of the robber in red.

They thunder away over stubble and clay, over roots or the level o' lea,
The gallant First Flight that are soon out of sight while the slow ones are sadly at sea.
The crash of a rail in the deep of the vale is to them but a matter of mirth,
And the avalanche fall of a hoof-rattled wall but the merriest music on earth.

There are gaps, there are gates, for the coward who waits; there are roads for the fellow who fears;
Not to left nor to right go the gallant First Flight, save to veer with the chase as it veers.
No field has a fence so dark-looming and dense, or a rail so unyielding and stout
But if once the First Flight have got in it all right you may trust them to find a way out.

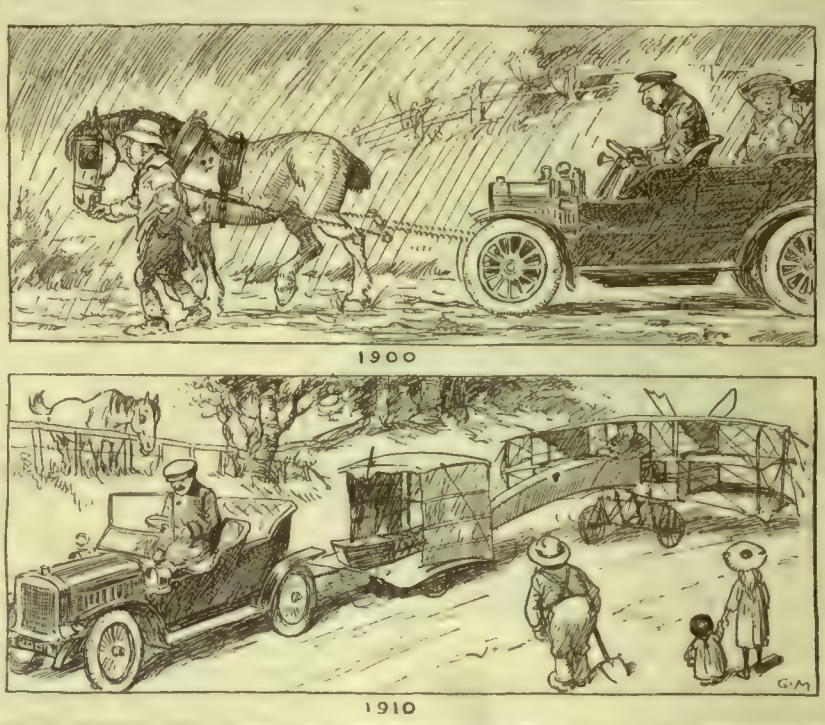
Now the men who ride first may be frequently cursed as they press on the faltering pack,
But we 're all of us loth to pull up for an oath when it comes from a field or two back,
And the Master may blame and the jealous declaim, but the weakest must go to the wall,
And it 's plain the First Flight have the premier right if the hounds may be hustled at all!

Come, drink with me, then, to the big-hearted men who have pluck to sit down and go straight!
Whether farmer or squire, may they keep out of wire and be spared a lift home on a gate!
Fill your glasses to-night to the gallant First Flight! Let us wish them the luck of the line,
And to-morrow's recall to the best game of all and the wind that is better than wine!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

It is a hard thing to lose one's cherished romances, but harder still to have one's favourite bugbears destroyed; and this latter blow I have very narrowly escaped in the case of William of Orange. I never liked the fellow, I don't know why, but four-fifths of Marjorie Bowen's *I Will Maintain* (Methuen) had made me a red-hot convert to the House of Nassau, and I was on the point of breaking my pen and handing it respectfully to James the Second when the terrible deaths of John and Cornelius de Witt (whom the Stadtholder could easily have saved) opportunely damped my enthusiasm. The authoress of *The Viper of Milan* has accomplished a great deal in this book, and possibly attempted a little too much. She has written, entirely without love interest, an historical romance that is absolutely thrilling (wait till you come to the part where they open the dykes), and the contrast of the splendid pride of the young prince with republican idealism on one side, and the swaggering insolence of the French and English Courts on the other, is very finely maintained (to use the hero's word); but to glorify both William and the Grand Pensionary (as she undoubtedly does), and to ask us to divide our sympathies equally between them, is to demand almost too much of the emotions. The canvas is very big (as large as one of Dumas') and includes two battle-scenes, besides the figures of Louis the Sixteenth, Sir William Temple, Monmouth, Arlington and Buckingham; and if one or two infinitives got split during the raking broadsides of Solebay, and a rather unnecessary use was made of the present tense when the flooding of Holland was discovered, I was much too excited to care. But was that mutilation of the brothers *de Witt* at the end necessary to the scheme, I wonder? However, it saved me a broken pen, as I say, so perhaps I oughtn't to complain.



1900

1910

That maight be raight, and all be vair
In makin' love and wagin' war,
Be trew enough, but have a care
Unless it 's grief you 'm huntin' vor;
Leastways that 's how it happened out
Wi' Varmer *Philip Ouldsbroom*, one
Whom Eden Phillpotts tells about
In the last tale he' ve took and done.

It 's Dartmoor, be it understood,
Zo there 's no call for me to go
And zay *The Thief of Virtue* 's good,
For all his Dartmoor tales be zo.
It 's packed with gert good sense and wit,
Like those he 've written back along;
Jan Murray be a-zellin' it,
And I should zay it 's goin' strong.

The loss of an election is always due to the bribery practised by the other side. Similarly, when our distinguished amateurs take to the stage, they fail only because of the jealousy of the Profession and the chicanery of agents. This I take to be the suggestion of Horace W. C. Newte in *Calico Jack* (Mills and Boon). "*Calico Jack*," *Miss Cellini*, *Lilly* and others are mere "pros.," panto and legitimate. Their merits are few and accidental, their faults overwhelming and innate. *Gisburne* and *Susie* are gentlefolk (the latter "surrounded by an intoxicating atmosphere of amorousness") driven on to the boards by force of circumstance. Their virtues are glaring, their only failing an excess of loyalty and unselfishness. Together these all experience the vicissitudes of theatrical life and demonstrate to the reader in minutest detail how the artiste has his being, his board and his lodging. Indeed, the tale of *Gisburne's* engagement to *Lilly* and marriage to *Susie* (had the law been more accommodating he would clearly have preferred to marry them both) is only an excuse for the publication of the author's studies in Bohemian circles. I only wish that they could have been expressed in a style less disconnected and made in a spirit more sympathetic. I confess to a sneaking affection for real actors, good fellows on the whole, who take the rough with the smooth and do much to add to the cheeriness of things: I own to an intense dislike for the gifted amateur, usually a tiresome creature who has all the fun and none of the hardship and does everything to exhaust the pocket and patience of the all-important play-goer. Mr. Newte, however, thinks differently.

"As we expected, the release of the deportees is considered to be a 'sop in the pan' by a certain section of opinion in Bengal."—*Indian Daily Telegraph.*

It should never be forgotten that a sop in the pan is worth two in the bush, besides being a more fleabite in the ocean.

"Oh! how vividly I remembered my conversation with the bridegroom who was a mere lad of five years. I queried him 'My dear, why do you marry so soon?' At this he looked piquet at me, and retorted in a shrill tone, 'Why what the devil do you mean by such a nonsensical query? I must marry? I must have a wife.'"—*Lahore Tribune.*

It was rather soon, but we don't wonder he looked piquet, rather than let the lady look old maid.

NATURE FOR NATURE'S SAKE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am aware that you have kept pace with your contemporaries in giving to the world an occasional column of "Nature Notes," but are you sure that they have been written in the right spirit? Do you look upon the subject from the correct point of view? Are you *really* kind to dumb creatures, or have you not rather, on the contrary, still some pitiful, sneaking regard for human convenience in this connection?

In the event of your conscience smiting you at all in the matter, Perilla and I would be glad to offer ourselves as the humble instruments by whose means a nobler gospel could be promulgated from time to time in your pages. I am a nature lover, Perilla is a nature maniac, and our friends consider us both in this respect perfect naturals. We start, therefore, mentally well equipped for the crusade, and my immediate object in writing this letter is to satisfy you that we have also the necessary experience.

I may say, then, that I have always been devoted to animals. So has Perilla. Perhaps I like them best in the right place, and Perilla in the wrong, but the distinction is trifling, and, at any rate, the result is animals everywhere—which is just what the curate said when he fell over the mastiff on to the hedghog merely because the porcupine brushed against his leg in the garden. Our garden is not large, and Perilla always fretted lest we were keeping the young emu short of exercise; but to me it seemed to sprint over the flowerbeds with frequency and zest, whilst the way in which it habitually ran at and chased the small boy who brought the gardener's dinner was enough in itself to acquit us of any such charge of inconsiderateness.

And talking of emus reminds me of Reckitts, our blue-tit, who is so tame he will bathe in the slop-basin at breakfast and shake himself over the omelette afterwards; but Perilla did not of course succeed in training him to this all at once. "If you only keep quite still for long enough," she had said on the first morning she opened his cage, "you can get any wild thing to come to you." Presumably a short December day did not afford the requisite scope, for I remember it was not Perilla's immobility, marked though that was, but a butterfly net and an acrobatic feat of my own which ultimately retrieved him from the cornice before we went to bed.

Retrieving is one of the keenest of the pleasures one derives from animals. If Perilla yearns in summer to show the tortoise to a friend, the five minutes which I get in the nasturtium tangle under the monkey-puzzle makes spillikins seem comparatively tame; whilst, in the event of disappointment there, the corner where you squeeze between the laurels in your clean flannels is certain to produce a result of some kind. I never grudge the time spent in this pursuit, for, as Perilla says, the only real thrill you get from a tortoise is in finding him, and, as she has invariably gone back into the house before this happens, I get the thrill all to myself, and can furthermore take the first step to another by losing him again at once.

We have several dogs, but none, I can assert, whose dispositions have been spoiled by repression. Even the mastiff, under a promise which I made to Perilla when she first purchased him at the Dogs' Home because he was suffering from rickets, is never confined to the yard, but has the run of the drive—or at least, if he is in high spirits, he and the more timorous of our visitors have the run of it between them. Our terriers impress everybody with their implicit trust in mankind, and the manner in which they will fearlessly leap into the laps of afternoon callers who are balancing their tea and cake, is a standing testimonial to the humanity of our methods. Perilla never spares trouble with her pets, and by unremitting care we have kept our dachshund to a phenomenal old age, in which—though in the daytime she is deaf to command and blind to the proximity of fragile articles—she can still enjoy her nights in the servants' bedroom, to which her raucous snuffle and stertorous sleep have necessitated her relegation.

In insects I must admit one failure. We secured a number of cockroaches with our lease, but they did not answer: they never learnt to come to me, and Perilla never learnt to go to them. They are almost the only animals we have ever had which did not worship the ground Perilla trod upon, but this may have been partly because she never trod on the ground at all if she thought there was one within sight.

I hope I have said enough to convince you of our fitness to expound the humane in terms of the relative unimportance of the merely human; and I subscribe myself,

Yours to command,

LUCAN LOVETT.



"IT SAYS 'ERE THAT THERE'LL BE ANOTHER GENERAL ELECTION AFORE THREE MONTHS IS OUT."

"WOT! DON'T YOUNG LORD 'ENRY GIVE SATISFACTION THEN?"

THE BEAR-GARDEN THAT I LOVE.

THE house is full of Teddy bears;
They creep upon me unawares;
They catch my feet upon the mat
And make me think I've squashed the cat;
I sit upon them during meals
And shiver at their long-drawn squeals;
I find them in my bed at night,
But luckily they never bite.

The house is full of woolly rabbits;
One never masters *all* their habits;
They seem to have their little holes
In sofa-backs and china bowls;
I find them in the queerest places
With woolly smiles upon their faces,
But they are quiet as a mouse
And gentle-mannered in the house.

The house is full of golliwogs
In rather loud and baggy togs.
They follow me with button eyes
Unbuttoned in a mild surprise.
Their hair is black and very sleek;
They always seem about to speak,
But change their minds when I come by
And fix me with that button eye.

The house is full of funny things,
And every week some new one brings;
I 'm never certain in the least
When I may meet some savage beast.
But though I growl a lot about them,
I couldn't bear to do without them;
For all these bits of rag and fur
Are tried and trusted friends to Her.

MR. PUNCH'S REPERTORY THEATRE.

No. III.—THE BLUE-PETER PAN-BIRD.

[*We understand that this play was written by the well-known Scoto-Belgian dramatist, J. Maurice Barrieldink.*]

Characters.

PANTYL, *a Boy.*
MYLPET, *a Girl.*
GRANDPAPA.
GRANDMAMMA.
TYLNA *an Aberdeen Terrier.*
NANO, *an Ostend Bull-dog.*

SCENE—*The chief room in a cottage in the Belgian Lowlands.* Grandpapa *and* Grandmamma *are seated in easy-chairs, with plaids of the best Brussels tartan over their knees.* Grandpapa *has just finished a solo on his Antwerp bag-pipes. As the curtain rises* Grandmamma *is discovered weeping.*

Grandpapa. That was good, wasn't it?

Grandmamma. Ay, that it was. I always said you were the best p'ayer on the pipes in all the country round.

Grandpapa. But if you thought it so good it is surely strange that you should weep.

Grandmamma. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

Grandpapa. How wonderful that you should say that! For it seems to me that I have heard the words before.

Grandmamma. In a dream it may be you heard them, but as for me I have not used them before.

Grandpapa. Perhaps in a dream I heard them; but our life, is it not a dream?

Grandmamma. Our little life is rounded with a sleep.

Grandpapa. That, too, I have somewhere heard before.

Grandmamma (*to herself*). The auld yin 's bletherin' the day. (*Aloud*) It is time our life were ended.

Grandpapa. I am not sure; I dinna ken. There may be happy days left for us. Wha can tell?

[*The door opens, admitting* Pantyl *and* Mylpet. *They kiss* Grandpapa *and* Grandmamma.

Pantyl / *Mylpet* (*together*). Good morning, Grandpapa; good morning, Grandmamma.

Grandpapa / *Grandmamma* (*together*). Good morning, dears.

Pantyl. Grandparents, we have made up our minds.

Grandpapa / *Grandmamma* (*together*). The children have made up their minds.

Mylpet. We have decided to travel.

Grandpapa / *Grandmamma* (*together*). They have decided to travel.

Pantyl. We shall visit the Hall of Dreams in the Good City.

Grandpapa. That is the place from which Grandmamma obtains her beautiful sayings.

Mylpet. Yes, indeed, we shall find them all there.

Grandmamma. And will you not take with you Grandpapa's bagpipes to cheer you on the way?

Pantyl. No; for what will Grandpapa do when he has an attack of rheumatism? But we will take the dogs to guard us. [*He whistles. The two dogs enter fighting.*

Grandpapa. They must not bite my legs.

Grandmamma. Nor must they bite mine.

[*The dogs stop fighting and assume an attitude of attentive guardianship.*

Grandpapa. They are faithful creatures. And now, children, good-bye.

The Children. Good-bye, grandparents; we shall not be long.

[*They kiss their grandparents and exeunt with the dogs.*

The Grandparents. And now we shall have some peace.

Curtain. [*They go to sleep.*

ACT II.

SCENE—*The Hall of Dreams in the Good City. A sense of vastness is imparted by rows of pink colonnades extending far into the distance. Dim shapes flit from pillar to pillar. The two children enter apprehensively, followed by the two dogs.*

A Voice. Dogs and smoking are not permitted here.

Pantyl. But we are not smoking.

A Voice. But you have dogs.

Mylpet. They have come with us to look for their dreams.

[*At this point* Tylna *finds a rabbit and* Nano *a large mutton-bone. Each retires to a corner and growls over his treasure.*

Pantyl. There, you see they are quite good.

A Voice. Well, let them remain. But what has brought you here?

Mylpet. Grandpapa has rheumatism.

Pantyl. Yes, Grandpapa has rheumatism.

A Voice. There is no rheumatism.

Another Voice. No, there is no rheumatism.

More Voices. No, there is no rheumatism.

Pantyl. Can we tell Grandpapa that?

A Voice. Yes, you can tell Grandpapa that.

Mylpet. Oh, Grandpapa will be so glad.

Pantyl. And he will never have to play the pipes again.

Mylpet. And that will make Grandmamma glad, too. We will go home now.

A Voice. Yes, you can go home now. [*They go.*

Curtain.

The remaining Acts develop the story to the point where Grandpapa *and* Grandmamma *begin to live happily ever afterwards on being informed that there is no rheumatism.*

PEACE FOR THE WICKED.

CIMIEZ, thou charming foster-child of Nice
(Taller than mother but without her bulk)—
Where luckless gamblers can repose in peace
And sulk;

Where they may bask beneath a peach-hung wall
(Provided by the latest thing in "Palaces"),
Lamenting that the subtlest "systems" all
Have fallacies,

Striving in orange-gardens to forget
The croupier's rasping accents (so metallic,
So droningly monotonous, and yet
So Gallic),

The Trente-et-Quarante and its fearful cost,
The "Little Horses" and the wobbly ball,
And how one staked a thousand francs and lost
Them all;

Thine, easeful Cimiez, is the grandest *coup:*
To soothe the fevered gamester, when he sickens,
And stop him hurling *all* his *louis* to
The dickens!

"The canon, who had served under six archbishops, expressed the opinion that one of the recipes for old age was to avoid alcohol. 'Nothing,' he added, 'is more calculated to shorten life than intoxicating drink.'"

Six archbishops! Dear, dear! And the canon, by avoiding their evil habit, has outlived them all!



A SITTER; OR, BIG GAME TO THE LAST.

Mr. Roosevelt. "STEADY, KERMIT! WE MUST HAVE ONE OF THESE."



OUR THRICE-PRECIOUS STEEDS.

Livery-Stable Keeper (to Yeoman). "NOW, DO BE CAREFUL OF THAT YOUNG 'ORSE, AN' DON'T OVER-RIDE HIM, 'COS 'E 'S WANTED FOR THE FIELD GUNS THIS AFTERNOON, AND THE HAMBILANCE WAGGONS TO-NIGHT."

HINTS TO HOUSE-HUNTERS.

By an obvious Amateur.

AT this season of the year many people are looking out for new homes to move into at the approaching quarter-day. It is hoped that to those who are unable to afford the advice of a qualified surveyor the following hints may be of some use:—

1. Avoid a house which advertises "Ancient Lights." They may be picturesque, but they are sure to lead to litigation in the long run.

2. Never think of taking a house with "Dilapidations." Tell the landlord that you propose to bring your own and ask him to remove his.

3. Make a careful note of the thickness of the walls, more especially if the house is one of a row. Where your prospective neighbours are in the habit of giving parties, an extra thick, or "*Party Wall*," as it is called, is essential.

4. Beware of "Picturesque Rough-cast Villas." Remember what SHAKSPEARE says about jerry-built villas, "rough-cast them how we may."

5. If you are a lover of dogs and purpose taking your pets with you to your new home, make a point of ascertaining whether the walls have ever had "distemper."

6. Never take a "beautiful Elizabethan half-timbered house" without first ascertaining what the other half is.

7. Do not be allured by the house which is advertised to be "within a stone's-throw of the station." Most railway companies have now a by-law against this pastime, and charge 40*s.* per shot.

Tragedy in the Fish World.

From a catalogue:

"Old Line Engraving, 'The Rape of the Sardines.'"

"MOSCOW.—HOTEL BERLIN.—English home up-to-date. Swiss proprietor."
Advt. in "Evening Standard."

Just the place in which to practise Esperanto.

Chastened Youth.

The Globe is responsible for the following statement:—"It is further proposed, in conjunction with the Board of Agriculture, to encourage the breeding of horses suitable for Army purposes, and to buy the foals at three years old instead of four. These are steps in the right direction, and are to be commended." We understand that the War Office has decided also not to purchase calves for the food supply of the Army at a younger age than four years, nor lambs younger than three years. It is also in contemplation that no boys shall be taken into the Government Service at a lower age than thirty-five.

"Any Member may at any time determine his Membership by notice in writing to that effect, sent to the Secretary not later than the thirty-first day of December in any year."

This is "By-Law 14" of the Society of Chemical Industry. By-Law 15 certainly ought to announce the granting of a day's grace in leap years.

THE DAILY ROUND.

[Being extracts from *Mr. Punch's* new daily edition, published simultaneously in London, Manchester, Peebles, Windermere, and Ealing; price one halfpenny; date as postmark.]

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

(By our Special Correspondent underneath the Mace.)

THE political situation is increasing every day. Although it is now certain that the Budget, as such, is dead, it is possible that the Veto, as which, may survive. If this is so we shall see some very interesting developments shortly. The crucial date will be May 13, when Supply gives out. Thereafter the programme is expected to be as follows:—

May 14. No money for the Civil Service. Indignation meeting at Post Office. Rising of the Parcel Bangers. Massing of the Postcard Readers.

May 16. Somerset House in arms. The Inland Revenue Irregulars mobilise. Forced march to Gaiety Restaurant.

May 17. Mr. ASQUITH refused safeguards, guarantees, injunctions, rules *nisi*, and *statu quo's*. Resignation of the Government. Mr. BALFOUR sent for.

May 18. Mr. BALFOUR refuses to take office; Mr. REDMOND sent for. Mr. REDMOND refuses to take office. Mr. HAROLD COX sent for. Mr. GARVIN sent for. Lord NORTHCLIFFE sent for. Mr. C. A. PEARSON sent for. Mr. L. J. MAXSE sent for. Mr. MAXSE refuses to take office.

May 19. Deadlocks.

May 20. The Grand Army of Civil Servants muster in Trafalgar Square. After interval for usual siesta they march upon Downing Street. Mr. HALDANE captured by a detachment of Telegraph Boy Scouts and held for ransom.

May 21. Mr. ASQUITH receives parcel containing Mr. HALDANE'S ear. Unfortunately there is twopence to pay upon it. Mr. ASQUITH is greatly shocked and consents to assume office again.

May 23. Dissolution of Parliament.

Should events shape themselves after this fashion our readers will know what to expect. As far as can be seen there are only two ways out of the threatened deadlock. One is that the House of Lords should hastily pass a Home Rule Bill, and the other is that the Government should introduce a large and comprehensive scheme of Tariff Reform.

WHERE TO GO FOR THE EASTER HOLIDAYS.

Such a variety of places immediately suggest themselves to the eager tourist in need of rest that it may safely be said that the choice becomes harder every year. Owing to the enterprise of our great railway companies many places formerly out of reach of the week-ender are now within easy distance. Penzance on the Cornish Riviera, Weymouth or (as it is generally called) the English Naples, the Northern Nice (Blackpool), the British Vienna (Sheffield), and the Palestine of the West (Maida Vale) may all be reached by the holiday-maker in a minimum of time.

A glance at our advertisement columns will reveal to the reader the opportunities for a pleasant stay at these and other delightful spots which are now placed at his disposal. We might, for instance, call attention to the promise of comfort contained in this:

"SOUTHEND.—Board res. lib. tab. bth. pno. cnry. sth. asp. inc. tms. Th. to Tu. crt. extr. mgnfc. vws.—Mrs. Hggns. Wvcrst."

Without wishing to influence our readers' minds unfairly, we feel it our duty nevertheless to point out that, should a holiday at the delightful resort of Southend be meditated, Mrs. Higgins (or Huggins) of Wavecrest appears to offer a boundless hospitality.

Take this again:

"HERNE BAY.—Hmc. frm. hmc. suprf. ckg. no frgnrs. kp. t. th. rght. mnd. th. stp. aftr. y. wth th. meatsaw hs. anbdy. hr. sn. Kly."

How delightful to be made so welcome, even after the comparatively short journey in the luxurious carriages of the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway! (*see* p. 7).

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE.

To-day for the 395th time representative crews of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge will meet in friendly rivalry on the historic course from Putney to Mortlake. The race has not always been rowed upon this course—indeed upon one occasion it was from Mortlake to Putney, but the spirit of good sportsmanship has always been the same. Our "special correspondent under the thwarts" sums up the chances of the respective crews in another column (another nine columns, to be exact), and all we need say here upon that point is that two more evenly-matched eights have not been seen upon the Thames since the last occasion. We append statistics of the race for the last few years, together with some interesting facts about some of the crews.

Previous Results.

Year.	Course.	Result.
* 1909	P. to M.	Oxford won.
† 1908	P.M.	Cambridge won.
‖ 1907	M.P.	Cambridge won.
§ 1906	L.C.C.	Cambridge won.
** 1905	R.S.V.P.	Oxford won.
†† 1904	P.T.O.	Cambridge won, I think.
☛ 1903	P.P.C.	I've forgotten.

* Rowed in a typhoon.
† Rowed in a simoom.
‖ Bow lost his oar.
§ Bow lost his head.
** Stroke wanted his hair cut.
†† Last race on the old P.T.O. course.
☛ Both boats sunk.

Some Interesting Facts.

One of the most notable Oxford crews was that of 1732, all the members of which ultimately sat on the Bench; with the exception of the cox, who fell overboard during the race, never recovered the entire use of his faculties, and eventually became a Bishop.

A curious coincidence occurred in the historic race of 1806. "Seven" in the Oxford boat was twenty-one years old (3×7), had seven letters in his Christian name (Herbert), and eventually married a Miss Isabel Wordsworth, said to have been a relation of the WORDSWORTH who wrote that famous poem, "We are Seven." What makes it more remarkable is that this athlete only obtained his seat in the boat at the very last moment.

LATEST FROM THE LOBBY.

THERE are rumours of a new "Fourth Party" in the House of Commons, consisting of Messrs. ASQUITH, A. J. BALFOUR, REDMOND, BARNES, W. O BRIEN, BELLOC, BYLES, and Lord HUGH CECIL. The officers have been chosen as follows:—

Chairman and Hon. Col. of the Safeguards—Mr. ASQUITH.
First Whip—Mr. REDMOND.
Master of the Trufflehounds (without portfolio)—Lord HUGH CECIL.
Groom to the Camel Corps.—Mr. BYLES.
Deputy Inspector of the Ice Tank—Mr. O'BRIEN.
Pergola Surveyor and Warden of the Sponge—Mr. BELLOC.
Keeper of the Cutlets—Mr. BARNES.
Cover Point—Mr. BALFOUR.

Though they do not propose to take any action at present which may embarrass their leaders, they will at the same time keep a sharp eye upon the situation.

THE WEATHER.

Forecast for to-day.

1. England, N.—Same as 3.
2. England, E.—Same as 4.
3. England, W.—Same as 2.
4. England, S. (including Hampstead).—Hot to cold. Some rain, some snow, some sleet, some fine. Wind, calm, sun, fog—*à la carte* or *table d'hôte*.

Barometer.—Lowest on grass, 27. Highest on roof, 87.

Our special correspondent at Brighton telegraphs at enormous expense, "Weather lovely." Other reports from the chief seaside places are, "Lovely," "Lovely," "Beautiful," "Lovely," "Grand," "Lovely," and "Beautiful."

We are unfortunately compelled to hold over our usual map of Europe, owing to a shortage of arrows with which to indicate the track of the customary depression. A. A. M.



Scene.—*Schoolmaster's Study.*

Master. "Why were you late for early school, Wright?" *Wright.* "Please, Sir, I must have overwashed m.self!"

THE MODERATION OF MANCHESTER.

[Mr. J. H. Patten, the Chicago wheat-king, who is suspected of designs on cotton, has just been mobbed on the Exchange at Manchester. The same city recently prohibited the performance of Miss Maud Allan within its boundaries, and is held up to ridicule on posters as having tabooed La Milo.]

Town of the mules that work by steam,
To which our ways are so abhorrent,
Tell me the blushing thoughts you dream
There by the Irwell's silvery torrent:
Why do you flout the pagan fair
Whereon our halls of music batten,
Why did you spurn the millionaire
And place your feet upon a Patten?

Is it perchance (as I divine)
That filled with equal rage you view it,
When mortals overstep the line,
And when they merely underdo it?
Is it your aim to steer between
The twofold vice, and practise what 'll
Exactly fit the golden mean
So much admired by Aristotle?

Thus when the living statue stooped
(Compare the ads.) to aid our culture,
You not unnaturally swooped
Down on the notion like a vulture:
Art you adored in any guise;
With none at all it seemed improper,
And so you veiled averted eyes
From marble hoax and classic hopper.

Not otherwise you deem the man
Who, fearless of the frown of Nemesis,
Collars and pinches all he can,
Meet to be hooted off the premises:
You mobbed the Transatlantic bull
Who hoped, maybe, to corner cotton,
Showing your intellectual pull
O'er Liverpool (where life is rotten)!

This is the purely moral side:
But all things have commercial issues,
The best of creeds may be applied
To raw materials and tissues:
And types that make the market mad
No doubt inspire the selfsame loathing
In spots that spin, as those whose fad
Is chucking up all kinds of clothing.

Evoe.

Little Girl (to Father, who has done his one performance, that of saying the alphabet backwards). "Now say it sideways."

Cause and Effect.

"All this needs hourly care, for neglect may cause the infant, not only an illness, but its life."—*Mother and Home.*

Yet even to be kept alive by neglect is preferable to being killed by kindness.

From *The Mystery of the Green Heart:*

"Now appeared upon the scene . . . that courtly old gentleman, Dr. Philippe Morenceau, of the University of Paris.

"'You are Dr. Philippe Morenceau, of the University of Paris . . .?'

"The doctor bowed gravely—his English was almost without accent."

Later on he shook his head in French and gave the whole thing away.

Describing paper mills in Newfoundland, the prospectus of a new company states:

"The mills are claimed to be the newest, largest and most scientifically equipped in Europe or the Continent of America."

Newfoundland appears to be fond of travel.

AS IN THE BEGINNING.

In the very far beginning, when our fathers lived in caves,
And the glacier rolled and shuddered where to-day you roll the lawn,
Then the forests and the rivers, and the mountains and the waves
Were the haunts of troll and kelpie, gnome, pishogue and leprechaun;
Long ago—oh, long ago,
Little feet went to and fro
In the hushed and solemn moonrise, or the silence of the dawn,
Weren't they just the prowling otter or the fox-cub or the fawn?

If the panting hunters plodded on the hairy mammoth's trail,
Till the flint-tipped lances laid him in the twilight stiff and stark,
If the yelling tribesmen lingered at the stranding of the whale
Till the sledges were benighted in the demon-haunted dark,
Each untutored scalp would rise
At mysterious woodland cries,
And they'd glance across their shoulders, with a shudder and a "Hark!"
Though 'twas probably the screech-owl or some startled roebuck's bark!

If the neolithic lover in a neolithic June
Met at nightfall, 'neath the hawthorn bough, a neolithic maid,
Then, despite the ministrations of a full and friendly moon,
As it caught the clumps of blossom in a net of light and shade,
They would hear with knocking knees,
Come a kind of grunting wheeze,
For they'd think some spook had spied them, and their cheeks would match their jade,
But they never saw the badger rooting truffles in the glade!

Go you out along the chalk downs, and you'll see our fathers yet
(Cairn upon the thymy hill-top, tumulus of tribal kings!)
Yes, and in the sun-warmed quarry find perhaps an amulet,
Such as kept them from the kobold, or the beat of goblin wings;
Then your sympathy shall stray
To our sires of feebler clay,
With their little local godlings and their foolish fairy rings,
Though you know—for science says so—that there never were such things!

For yourself—you've sometimes hurried when the mayfly cease to rise,
With your rod inside its cover and your cast around your hat,
When the beetles boom like bullets, and the bats are hawking flies,
And the night is in the meadows, and the mists are on the flat,
Past some darkling belt of pine,
While you've felt all up your spine
Run a sort of icy shiver, and your heart's gone pit-a-pat—
Yet 'twas only just the night-jar, just the plopping water-rat!

Our Fashionable Artists.

"PAINTER and Paperhanger (Good) wanted; must be society man; wages 9d. per hour."—*Daily Chronicle.*

CONTEMPT.

DEAR SIR JAMES, Forgive me making a guess at it, but, during the fifty-seven seconds over which our acquaintance, I might almost say our intimacy, extended, I had not the opportunity of enquiring what actual name your god-parents had originally deemed most suited to your peculiar merits. If I have made a bad shot and you do not like the "James," I feel that you cannot but be flattered by the "Sir."

It was, you will remember, at the Booking Office of the Charing Cross Underground Station at about 7.15 P.M. on March 18 that we ran or rather walked up against each other. Over that booking office there are the words "IN" and "OUT," and I confess freely that I, with some six other intending passengers had entered by the "OUT" side and showed every sign of going out by the "IN" side. You alone were entering by the "IN" side and passing out by the "OUT" side. You alone were gloriously and monumentally right.

You were, I think, putting yourself to unnecessary exertion in trying to compel me to pass out by what was at any rate the unfashionable, though technically correct, way. Confess, in your cooler and less florid moments, that, whether the credit be due to the elasticity of the barrier or to the adaptability of my—shall I say diaphragm?—I performed a notable feat in forcing my mere 10 st. 5 lbs. past your 13 stone odd.

Now let me explain my motives. Firstly, on general grounds, I am a member of a large but not incorporated society pledged to resent actively all deeds of public interference committed by fussy middle-aged gentlemen who, we feel sure, have no other qualification for managing other people's business save that they have grossly mismanaged their own. Secondly, I am by profession a barrister, and have been informed and verily believe that I must get into the habit of not being bounced by anybody, whether I am in the right or in the wrong. Thirdly, lastly and most importantly, I believe and hope that you were a judge.

Even in my very short and insignificant career I have suffered sufficient snubs and rebuffs from the Bench to make me long for the opportunity of meeting a judge in an open field and no favour. Had I been in a position to see less of your back and more of your face, I could have spoken with more certainty as to your judgeship, but there was ample evidence of it in your manner of commanding me and never doubting but that I should obey you unquestioning. My Lord, I could then and there have addressed to you a learned argument directed to the point that in Underground Railway Stations you had no jurisdiction, that you were *functus officio*, that you were almost that thing which you are so fond of calling other people, a man of straw. I could have whispered, "*Ultra vires!*" in your ear in such jocular tone as would have made your blood boil over. I think I did better than that merely by flouting silently but deliberately your order and making you wish—you!—that you had the judicial powers and authority of a mere railway inspector. Though you spoilt my shirt-front and did not improve my left lung, though I appeared to the bystanders to be something of an ass, I feel that as between judge and counsel, counsel is avenged.

In my young breast I cherish much satisfaction and two distinct hopes—one, that you appreciated then and will never forget that if I was squashed physically, you were squashed morally; the other, that at the decisive moment you saw as little to recognise of me as I did of you, and that that little is the part that will be hidden by my wig when I next have the honour and misfortune to appear before you in the High Court, or in whatever Court (if any) you control.

I subscribe myself, if your lordship pleases,

Yours, till our next merry meeting,

JUNIOR NATU MINIMUS.



Coster (to Old Lady somewhat overwrought by a course of the Sibilians). "'ERE Y'ARE, LADY. BERLED ORANGE!"

CHARIVARIA.

WE hear that all the Musical Comedy Actresses who married sons of Peers under the impression that they were future legislators, are about to combine with a view to taking steps to protect their vested interests.

***

By-the-by, it is rumoured that there is trouble between Lord ROSEBERY and his elder son. It is said that his lordship put forward his scheme for the abolition of hereditary peers without consulting his heir-apparent.

***

"Moderate Impudence" was the title given by *The Daily Chronicle* to its account of the decision of the victors in the L.C.C. election in the matter of the Aldermen. We are glad to see our contemporary showing at last a little restraint in its epithets.

***

The recent boycott of our prisons by the Suffragettes has had its effect. The HOME SECRETARY now announces that he has made arrangements for additional comforts for them.

***

There is some excitement in Calcutta because the Lieutenant-Governor of BENGAL has ordered the confiscation of a quantity of waist-cloths having on their borders a seditious Bengali poem. The order was made under the powers given by the new Press Act, and the natives are declaring angrily that this was never intended to be a Clothes Press Act.

***

The Reichstag has passed a resolution in favour of a Bill making the IMPERIAL CHANCELLOR responsible for all political acts and omissions of the KAISER. The question now arises: Will one Chancellor be sufficient for the job?

***

"Most flattering, I am sure," President TAFT is reported to have remarked on reading in a Khartoum cable that Mr. ROOSEVELT'S figure is now slightly more burly.

***

Mr. THOMAS BEECHAM, and Mr. JOSEPH BEECHAM, his father, have, we are told, been hinting at other great surprises in store for opera-goers. Not so long ago, it may be remembered, we prophesied that it might be possible, with the aid of Mr. BEECHAM, to obtain for a shilling a box worth a guinea.

***

Dr. WALDO, the City Coroner, in his annual report, points out that at the City Mortuary there has now been established something similar to the old Paris Morgue. Those persons who were in the habit of going abroad for their amusements will kindly make a note of this.

***

"All the worst-conditioned horses," says *The Daily Mail* in an article on the disused horse scandal, "are taken from the various British ports to Belgium, where the conditions they have to face are much harder than those in Holland. The animals sent to Holland are of a slightly better class, and are mainly sold for butchers' meat. The Belgian consignments for the most part find their way to the sausage factories." But, seriously, we would ask, Do horses care tuppence about their future after death?

***

A barge containing 300 barrels of beer sank on the 12th inst. in the Medway. Many plucky attempts at rescue by local topers are reported to have taken place during the week.

***

Judge LUMLEY SMITH, in sentencing a billiard instructor at the Old Bailey, let him off hard labour on the ground that the effect on the prisoner's hands might make it difficult for him to follow his calling after his release. Pickpockets, to whom lightness of fingers is an essential, are now complaining bitterly that they never meet with consideration like this.



TACTICS.

The gentle reader is asked to understand that one morning Harold, having been over-corrected, ran away from home in order to teach his parents a lesson; but, with the approach of night, he changed his mind and slunk back, reckoning on a fine fatted-calf welcome. To his disgust his absence has not been noticed, and after some thought he draws attention to his desperate and disciplinary measure by remarking, "I SEE YOU'VE STILL GOT THE SAME OLD CAT."

SELF-PHOTOGRAPHY.

"With a new portrait of Mr. Shaw, photographed by himself."—*From a Publisher's Advertisement.*

THE famous playwright entered the famous photographer's room, and, standing before a mirror, began to chat with him.

"I am beginning to think it is time for me to have another portrait taken," he said.

"I certainly think so," said the photographer. "Some of the public would like it, and the rest ought to like it; and you know as well as I do that it pays to give the public what it wants and what it ought to want."

"There is nothing in the world that accomplishes that end so successfully as SHAW. Whether on the platform or on the stage, or on the printed page, give them SHAW; and when they're tired of listening to SHAW and reading SHAW, let them look at SHAW."

"But I do not like to think they weary of listening to and reading me," said the famous author-dramatist.

"Anyhow, it won't do any harm to get out a new portrait for them to look at. And, by Mephistopheles! it is a face worth looking at,"—and the famous photographer gazed admiringly at his *vis-à-vis*, turning his head and moving his position to catch different aspects of his features. "My boy" (it should be explained that the photographer was on the best of terms with the playwright), "it is a face in ten million. Let *me* photograph it! A splendid idea—a great man photographed by a great man! Won't that fetch the Shavians!"

The dramatist smiled at the notion, then briskly assented, helping with the camera.

"Now, I wonder whether it would be best, for once, to assume a natural pose," mused the eminent photographer.

"No; on the whole, I think an unnatural one suits me, and will please the Shavians better," was the opinion of the other.

The camera was ready. The distinguished playwright was again before the mirror practising varieties of facial expression. "Please look as unpleasant as possible," was the injunction of the photographer; and when an expression suitably weird was found, the popular author hurried to the chair before the strange light in his eye died away.

The ball was pressed, the pneumatic shutter did its work, and the great author-dramatist shook hands with himself—I mean with the photographer—congratulating him on the achievement of another scoop.

Benefit of Clergy.

"An appeal by one Dean against a sentence of five years' penal servitude for house-breaking was allowed to the extent that the sentence was reduced to three years' penal servitude."
The Times.

The Liverpool Courier reports Lord ROSEBERY as follows:

"What an aspic had this Cleopatra been nourishing in his bosom!"

It sounds a very cold amusement.

The following advertisement was recently inserted in *The Pioneer:*—

"NEW FOREST—Cottage residence . . . fishing, boating, and New Forest Hounds."

"Dear SIR," wrote a native enquirer, "kindly inform me where the New Forest is, and also if it would be necessary to take over the New Forest hounds, as I have an aversion to dogs."



TERRA INFIRMA.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, March 14.—Nothing less like a lonely furrow could be conceived than appearance of House to-night when ROSEBERY, quitting his seat on Cross Bench, advanced to the Table. The red leather benches, ordinarily a wilderness with here and there a rose in person of a stray peer, thronged to fullest capacity. Bright eyes rained influence from side galleries whence Peeresses looked down. The Commons fought for places in congested districts allotted to them in corners of Gallery over the Bar. Steps of Throne flooded with Privy Councillors. The brilliant scene presented striking testimony to a commanding personality. Only ROSEBERY could have created it. Since the MARKISS passed away he is sole possessor of magic wand whose waving draws together eager multitude to House of Lords.

His theme was reformation of what is distantly alluded to as the Second Chamber. Whilst majority of Commons are eager and resolved to depose the Lords from position of supremacy, ROSEBERY would have them put their House in order with their own hands.

To that end proposes abolition of heredity. A bold suggestion to make in its very stronghold. Noble lords of Victorian era shake their heads in grave dissent. What is to become of the country if they, their sons and heirs, no longer assist at moulding its destinies? HALSBURY has great esteem for ROSEBERY, more especially when he engages in active opposition to policy of former Cabinet colleagues. But blue blood (in this respect only), like murder, will out.



THE SACRIFICIAL KNIFE.

Lord Rosebery. "Well, it's plain that we're pretty unpopular in some quarters, so there's no help for it—some of YOU chaps have got to go!"

Alluding to recommendations of Select Committee appointed two years ago, ROSEBERY described them as unanimous and spontaneous in favour of abolition of hereditary right to sit in Parliament.

"Not unanimous," growled HALSBURY, from front bench before which the apostle of hara-kiri stood. ROSEBERY hastened to make reparation.

"My noble and learned friend," he said, "a valued member of the Committee, opposed all our proceedings without any exception whatever."

HALSBURY glowed with just pride at this tribute to his high character. Bad enough for inheritors of the position of the Saxon Witenagemot, "descendants of the men who wrung the Charter from JOHN on the plains of Runnymede," to be threatened with disestablishment. Too much to have it stated that he, Baron HALSBURY, Viscount TIVERTON, Constable of Launceston Castle, had been accessory to anything favouring such Revolution. ROSEBERY's prompt disclaimer, his adroit adulation, smoothed over what threatened to develop into angry incident. Thenceforward HALSBURY suffered in silence outburst of heresy that threatened to undermine foundations of ancient Constitution.

Most significant feature of situation was the chilling reception of magnificent speech. During earlier portions, devoted to scornful treatment of Ministerial plans in respect to Veto, cheers were frequent from overflowing Opposition benches. When it came to recommendation of specific Resolutions, enthusiasm subsided. After speaking for two hours, the orator concluded amid faint tribute of applause, which subtly conveyed acknowledgment of intellectual pleasure received as distinct from approval of the cause pleaded.



NO "HARA-KIRI" FOR HIM!

Lord Halsbury. "Why, if you tried for a century you couldn't produce a more perfectly impartial political tribunal than myself! Sayonara!"

Business done.—Lord ROSEBERY proposes Resolutions for reform of House of Lords on basis of abolition of Hereditary Right to sit and vote.

House of Commons, Tuesday.—ANEURIN WILLIAMS is still new to Westminster, coming hither for first time at General Election. That event fruitful in WILLIAMSES. Six bear the honoured name. But there is only one ANEURIN, and the SPEAKER, who knows most things, is not certain how to pronounce the word or what it means when uttered. When, as happened to-day, he has to call upon the Member for Plymouth, he judiciously hedges, naming him "Mr. A. WILLIAMS."

A great occasion for ANEURIN. Has balloted for place with scores of others. Chances at least twenty to one against his turning up in group of most favoured three. Anyhow will see the business through. Finds a seat on furthest Cross Bench. Favourable position for viewing the scene. Whilst others flank it, he commands it. Almost immedia ely faces the SPEAKER. Can look down the parted hosts—Liberals to left of him, Unionists to right of him—with absolute impartiality. Wouldn't be at all a bad thing, now all corner seats are appropriat d, to mark this one as his own.

(Forgets, or never knew, that being beyond the Bar it is technically out of the House. No Member seated there may catch the SPEAKER's eye, nor, rising thence, may address him.)



CROMWELL LOOKS UP RIBBLESDALE.

The Shade of Oliver. "Look here, old man, if I haven't haunted Gisburn up to now, it 's just about time I began! So look out for squalls!!"

("He did not propose saying anything about Oliver Cromwell, although Oliver Cromwell slept for two nights in his house"—(*Laughter*)—"and he was proud of the fact"—(*More laughter.*) . . . "It was just as well to remember what was written of him by a great historian, namely, that he could govern neither with nor without Parliaments"—(*Laughter*).

Lord Ribblesdale in the House of Lords.)

Ballot opened. Clerk at Table thrusts hand in lucky bag containing numeration of Members taking part in it. Calls out the figure from first paper abstracted. The SPEAKER holds in hand a list of Members balloting, each numbered. At second dip into lucky bag, out comes number corresponding with that attached to name of Member for Plymouth. It was then the SPEAKER called upon "Mr. A. WILLIAMS."

With a start ANEURIN jumped up; hastily produced from breast pocket a scrap of paper.

"I beg leave to give notice——" he said in the profoundest bass voice that ever rumbled through the reformed Parliament.

Instantly half-a-dozen brawny arms thrust him forth from Cross Bench. Would enquire later into meaning of this outrage. Meanwhile must get along with business. Standing outside the Cross Bench a good stride in rear of the Bar, he began in basso more profondo than before,

"I beg leave to give——"

Straightway found himself bodily bundled across the Bar. Voices explained to dazed ear that he was out of bounds and out of Order. Anyhow he was safe now. Steadying himself with left hand on back of Front Cross Bench, he, in voice that began to show signs of breaking down, began again. "I beg leave to——"

Once more there was a rush. A Member seated on Front Bench below Gangway in proximity to Cross Bench hastily surrendered his place, and before ANEURIN knew where he was he found himself standing by it. His third attempt to address the Chair had been made from space outside the thin red line beyond which Members addressing the SPEAKER may not stray.

Really safe at last; no mistake about it this time. Mopping his brow, casting hurried glance behind as one who did not know what a moment might bring forth, ANEURIN spread out the crumpled paper on which his notice was written and began for fourth time his recitation.

Lo! a strange thing happened. Next to interest in watching the gymnastic process by which the new Member was brought into ordered line, lookers-on were struck by remarkable profundity of voice in which fragmentary sentence was declaimed. Now it heard quite another voice, a faltering falsetto, a piping treble, remark: "I beg leave to give notice that upon this day fortnight I will move a Resolution in favour of a more perfect representation of electors in this House and other public bodies."

Business done.—MCKENNA, after able fight, defeats by rattling majority the Little Navyites and carries Vote for wages of officers and men.

Thursday.—Memory of SINGLE-SPEECH HAMILTON still cherished in modern House where such eccentricity of moderation is unknown. But what was SINGLE-SPEECH HAMILTON compared with NINE-BILLED MCLAREN?

The noble Baronet has beaten the record. Sudden eruption the more striking since it comes from unexpected quarter. A busy man of affairs, constitutionally modest, the MEMBER FOR BOSWORTH FIELD rarely thrusts himself upon attention of House. Confines himself to speaking on subjects of which he is master. On such occasions is equally lucid, considerably briefer, than was his illustrious uncle, JOHN BRIGHT. All of a sudden, without other notice than is imposed by Standing Orders, he descends upon amazed House with both



WOMEN'S MAGNA CARTER (-PATERSON).
(Sir C. B. McLaren.)

arms literally full of Bills, for which he asks first reading.

A glance down the list suggests that they are designed as component parts of a woman's Magna Charta. When they are added to the Statute Book, Woman, single or married, will be delivered from that galling, worse than Eastern, condition of inequality under which, as we all know, she labours. She will find herself elevated to the legal and social status of a man and a brother.

PREMIER feels his position a little embarrassing. Has declared several times that, pending settlement of Veto question with the Lords, he cannot promise to introduce legislation on any subject. And here is a Private Member bringing in at single sitting no fewer than nine Bills of far-reaching consequence.

Business done.—Lords decide to go into Committee on ROSEBERY'S Resolutions. HALSBURY, in delightful speech overflowing with unconscious humour, remarked, "I am concerned at present to show that in voting for the noble Earl's propositi ns I am not committing myself to any one of them."

INDIVIDUALISM.

["Modern conditions have created a keen Socialistic movement. We are all agreed that riches are not so fairly distributed as we should like, but all present are agreed that the kind of distribution some people propose is not one on which any society can exist."—Mr. HAROLD COX.]

O reader, I approach with stealth
The trite but touchy topic "wealth."

I, pulling up my poet's socks,
Proclaim the praise of Mister Cox.

I dot my *p*'s and cross my *q*'s,
And advocate Childe HAROLD'S views.

I thump my tub and shake my fist
And cry, "I am no Socialist."

You ask me, Sir, to tell you why?
"I don't," you say. "You do," say I.

You need not sneer: you need not scoff,
You simply cannot put me off.

Don't yawn or look the other way.
Be kindly good enough to say:—

"With Socialism there would be
More wealth for you: more wealth for me.

"The present state of things is such
That neither of us have as much

As we should like." I tell you flat
I have no fault to find with that.

I'm open, I admit, to more,
For wealth 's a thing which I adore.

It 's when you press for more for US
That I presume to make a fuss.

The object which I have in view
Is more for me but less for you.

At last you take some interest,
And even venture to suggest

A doubt "if you could do with less."
That only shows your selfishness.



Irish Groom (to Sportsman who has been mounted by his master). "YOU 'LL HAVE TO SHTICK TIGHT TO THAT MARE, YER HONOUR, OR SHE MIGHT BE LAVIN' YE."

"If an umbrella is rolled in this same fashion until it is old enough to look rusty it will look as if newly bought."—*The People's Friend.*

This is one of a number of "Helpful Hints." It sounds as though it would take too much time.

"STAYS AT THE HOTEL CURZON"

announces an advertisement in large print. Of course it 's not peculiar in this respect. There are some in Bond Street.

"The epidemics of serious illness which from time to time have been known to attack communities accustomed to eat this bread have invariably been due to contamination of the rye grain with a poisonous fungus which is prone to infect rye.

There need be no doubt, then, as to the nutritive value of rye-bread."—*The Daily Telegraph.*

Likely as not there will be some low-down people even now who aren't convinced.

"The vessel left Barry with board lifeboat and flange ventilator, carried hundred miles off Scil y, on Friday, she experienced a heavy sea, which smashed the star-Wilkie, who took the part of the sailor's wife."—*Cornish Echo.*

Any part in a storm, even the Widow Twankay.

MUSICAL NOTES.

THE immense success of *Elektra* and the triumphant vindication of the principles it embodies has encouraged the composer and librettist to take another momentous step in the emancipation of the lyric drama from the fetters of an effete formalism. We understand that Hugo von Hofmannsthal has already completed his new version of *Othello*, and that STRAUSS has sketched out his score, which the great modern Greek critic, *Ρόβερτος Μακαιρίδης*, pronounces to be the most magnificent piece of *απούφος* that the world has ever known.

How just this criticism is will be readily admitted when it is stated that in the new version *Othello* is not a man at all. *He is a colossal gorilla. Desdemona* is a superb chimpanzee, and *Iago* is a supple and sinuous orang-utan. Again, in Hugo von Hofmannsthal's improved rendering of SHAKSPEARE'S crude and unconvincing narrative the play ends in a tremendous fight between *Othello* and *Iago*, in which the latter is torn literally limb from limb and the bits are scattered not only over the stage but throughout the auditorium. The episode of the suffocation of *Desdemona* is quite superbly repulsive. Indeed, in the happy phrase of Dr. Schweinfleisch, of Munich, "anything more magnificently beastly it is impossible to imagine."

The text of the libretto marks a most astonishing advance upon anything that even Hugo von Hofmannsthal has yet perpetrated. With a view to getting down to the absolute bedrock of elemental passion, he has eliminated all intelligible phrases or words, and confined himself exclusively to phonetic transliterations of the bellowings, howlings, trumpetings, snortings, squealings of wild animals as recorded by him at various zoological gardens and menageries.

By the kind permission of Mr. Zamrock, the eminent music publisher, we are enabled to present our readers with two lines which, in the opinion of STRAUSS, are the most beautiful and inspiring that he has ever heard:—

Gach! Udeluchuna! Jabelubeli,
Amawacker, lauten, sthlafunas, slelethcarriu!

They form the climax of the touching scene in which, after dilaniating *Iago*, *Othello* execrates SHAKSPEARE for blackening his (*Othello's*) character as well as his complexion.

As at present arranged, the parts will be played by human beings, made up to resemble the splendid simians whom they will be privileged to simulate. But it is the earnest and confident hope of both composer and librettist that in a very short time it will be possible to have the opera *entirely performed by animals*. In this hope they are strongly encouraged by Professor GARNER, who is at present conducting some interesting experiments with a view to teaching baboons how to play the double-bass.

The volume of sound which Professor GARNER'S pupils already produce is quite remarkable, owing to the prodigious strength of their arms, and is likely to satisfy even STRAUSS'S exorbitant demands for intensity and sonority of tone. Human performers on wind instruments have always been unsatisfactory owing to their lack of lung power. Experiments are accordingly being conducted by Mr. FRANK T. BULLEN, who for some time past has been engaged in instructing a school of right-whales how to blow tubas, double-bassoons, saxophones, sarrusophones, dinosaurophones, and other instruments of tympanoplectic enormity.

We are informed by the Secretary of the Anti-Beethoven Society that the membership has enormously increased during the past month. At the last meeting a vote of censure was unanimously passed against Mr. HENRY J. WOOD for the "monstrous obscurantism" displayed by him in framing the programme of the last Symphony Concert, which was entirely devoted to the compositions of "the Bonn impostor"—that being the title by which BEETHOVEN is habitually referred to by members of the Society.

Mr. BAMBERGER, the famous pianist, is shortly about to publish his reminiscences. As he has more than once been round the world, and on three separate occasions has been captured by cannibals, his book ought to contain much appetising reading.



ONE OF THE THINGS WHICH THE SPRING WEATHER WILL REMOVE FROM OUR ACHING VISION.

"PURPLE, GREEN AND WHITE."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I think politics are silly things, and I don't want a vote; but in spite of that, the way I have been forced into touch with the Suffragettes lately has been most painful, and might have ended in tragedy but for the intervention of the public. To start from the beginning, I must tell you that being always hard up and short of credit, I can only afford one toilette at a time, and have to wear that or nothing till next quarter. My spring costume, however, was quite *chic*—one of the new foulards, you know, shot with emerald and amethyst, with a broad knee band and back panel of blue and white violets embroidered on eau-de-nil cashmere-de-soie. You can guess how duckie it looked; but you can hardly picture my misery when, wherever I went, my own sex shrank from me, while the other one glared at me with repugnant curiosity, and the street boys, almost without exception, shouted, "Votes for Women" when I passed, and I realised, too late, that my costume was a subtle manifestation of Suffragette opinions in purple, green and white.

I bore it for three days, then I kept indoors and wrote an account of my impossible position to our leading daily paper. Whether the public most wished to relieve a deserving case or to show their antagonism to the Suffragette movement, I cannot say. What I *do* know is, that I have received fifteen new frocks from unknown sympathisers, and I hope you will let me say, through the medium of your columns, that I don't want any more, as I've no pegs left to hang them on, and to add, in your private ear only, that though purple, green and white may be unpopular colours, I at least owe them, indirectly, a debt of gratitude.

Yours sincerely, "STOCK SIZE."

PULP!

OUR readers are, we trust, alive to the extraordinary change which is to be observed between the paper on which the present issue of *Punch* is printed and that in use hitherto. With the aid of a magnifying glass of quite ordinary power they will see that the new paper contains a fibre totally distinct from that of the old. Sensitive fingers and thumbs will also detect a marked difference in surface texture. In fact, it is a new paper; *Punch*, for the first time in its history, is being printed on a product of the woods instead of a product of rags. Heretofore we have at great expense used a paper manufactured solely from the old clothes of peers. But times are changing; peers are becoming out of date; and we have now fallen into line with other journals and acquired forests of our own.

At first we tried to get an island, and our special commissioners examined and reported upon enough of these things to make an archipelago. But in the end we purchased an immense tract of land in the neighbourhood of Punchestown, in Ireland, and at once set about planting it with trees. Here again was a difficulty: what tree to plant? The spruce, the larch, the Norwegian pine, the Beerbohm, the Christmas tree—all came under the attention of experts. The araucaria, or monkey-puzzler, was considered too, but dismissed as being disrespectful to our readers; the chestnut was discarded as offering too easy an opening to this world's Plowdens. In the end the plane-tree won it, partly because we want to be unambiguous and crystal clear, and not a little because *Punch* is not coloured.

The next thing was to secure the rapid growth of the plantation, and this was done quite easily by rubbing into the roots day and night the world-famous preparation "Grohare," so familiar on our hoardings.

It is, indeed, a romantic story—that of the progress of the tree to the copy of *Punch* in your hand. The felling, the hauling, the sawing, the pulping—all are processes which deserve treatment from eloquent pens, and get it. We have at this moment an army of descriptive writers and photographers hard at work at Punchestown doing their best; and the results will be terrific.

But this is not all. No journal of to-day can leave the matter there. We are not only makers of paper, but ameliorators of the lot of woodmen and pulpers, carters and clerks, the sailors who make the perilous voyage across the Irish Channel bearing our precious commodity, the railway men who have to get it to Bouverie Street, the people who see it pass by—in fact, everyone. This revolution in paper has also made a revolution in our character: we are now philanthropical busybodies. We have built Institutes and Reading-rooms, Lecture Halls and Athenæums (golly, what buildings!), gymnasia and swimming baths. We have a staff of lecturers and instructors, a football ground and a polo ground, a Bridge Club, and several restaurants. There is nothing that we deny our pulpers, for we know that the man who pulps the forest rules the world.

Some of these details may strike the reader as superfluous, but we assure him that experience teaches that this is a subject on which no amount of trumpet-blowing is *de trop;* and we are making arrangements for a much wider publicity of what the peers, not unnaturally, call our "high treeson," by means of supplements to the illustrated papers, animated photographs, and so forth. The world, in short, cannot be too much instructed in the art of paper-making. It has got to listen.



Sadie. "DO TELL US THE JAPANESE FOR 'HOW DO YOU DO,' MR. KAISU."
(Noise like foot being pulled out of swamp.)
Sadie. "ARE YOU SURE?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Camera Adventures in the African Wilds is the title of a thirty-shilling book, published by HEINEMANN, beautifully printed and got up, and illustrated by the most wonderful photographs imaginable. Observe, for instance, the rhinoceros on page 6. He was "snapped at a distance of fifteen feet in the act of charging the author and his companion." When you look at him, his tail and ears well up, you will be thankful that you were somewhere else at the time. "Hippopotamus and a crocodile" is another cheery picture; and so is the flashlight photograph of a lioness, taken when she was facing the camera, and only ten yards away from it. The intrepid author and photographer (if anyone so far from the Pole may be called "intrepid") is A. RADCLYFFE DUGMORE, and many people will prefer Mr. DUGMORE as a sportsman to—well, to others whom it would be inopportune to mention. His main object was not to kill, but to study; I hope I may say that I am glad of that, without being called a pro-rhinoceros. Of course, some animals "sat" to him better than others, and occasionally it was necessary to shoot a bad sitter in order to save the camera (not to mention the photographer); but this was done only in self-defence—never in anger because the subject failed to keep the expression. Mr. DUGMORE's account of his adventures is nearly as exciting as his numerous pictures, and his book is certainly one which should be in the library of every sportsman and nature-lover.



FORGOTTEN SPORT—DASHING THE HABER.

(From an illuminated missal in the Library of the Worshipful Company of Haberdashers.)

I fancy *The Cumner's Son* (MILLS AND BOON) was among other South Sea folk whose acquaintance Sir GILBERT PARKER made when he lived and worked in Australia, not dreaming of the House of Commons, much less of Westminster Abbey. He is fortunate in having at an impressionable age found his lines cast in pleasant places in the rich lands of Canada and Australia. Continent and island share the advantage, since one does not recall any writer who possesses in larger degree the gift of being able to reproduce glowing scenery by a few strokes of the pen. This quality is supplemented by a greater one, the power of creating and describing human character. Sir GILBERT is indeed the BRET HARTE of the South Seas, telling in a few pages moving stories of the rough-and-ready folk who people its islands. It is probable that these vivid sketches were his earliest efforts in literature, were published in Australian papers and magazines, and have now been collected for the edification and pleasure of gentlemen (and ladies) of England who live at home at ease. However that be, it is a charming volume, full of life and light and colour.

Two heads and but a single tale,
Two ready hands that write as one
(For METHUEN): these never fail
C. N. and A. M. WILLIAMSON.

Lord Loveland (who's a peer that needs
Money to help his ancient name)
Discovers—so the title reads—
America, in quest of same.

His plan is just to find a mate—
No matter whom, so long as she
Can enter the connubial state
Equipped with boundless £ *s. d.*

The scheme goes wrong; pride has a fall;
His lordship humbly bites the dust;
But things come right at last, as all
Good novel readers know they must.

"I have simply tried to draw the men and women I have known, with all their perplexities and imperfections," says STELLA M. DÜRING in a preface to *The End of the Rainbow* (CHAPMAN AND HALL); and I think that her book would have gained in attractiveness if she had treated her heroine a little more mercifully. *Lilith Somers*, who furnished most of the "perplexities," began by being expelled from school, although in this incident both she and *Lady Nora Mansfield* (who also uses an alias—*Lady Mansfield*) have my sympathy. I cannot, however, sympathise with *Lilith* when she returned home and made what I must call matrimonial hay of her kind, vulgar family. Her sisters' "young men"—a dissenting minister and a shop-assistant (pomatumed)—worshipped at her shrine, and it seemed strange that she did not guess what they were doing. She lived in an orgie of unsatisfied longings, and her flights in search of religion had such peculiar results that *Mrs. Somers* was quite right to be alarmed by them. The author has drawn a most difficult character with considerable skill, but I can well understand that the many "imperfections" of *Lilith* may be an offence to those who prefer their heroines to be of the first water. Anyhow, I never read a truer preface.

"The *impasse* continues. Mr. Asquith is indisposed to eat the Irish leek."—*Times of Ceylon.*

He would certainly be indisposed if he did eat it. Much better try the Welsh shamrock.

"The School of Tropical Medicine has awarded J. L. Todd, of McGill, Montreal, a meal for valuable contributions to the science of tropical medicine."—*Manitoba Free Press.*

It is not much, but he should choose dinner and make the most of it.

CHARIVARIA.

MR. BUXTON has informed the House that an "Unemployment Insurance Bill" has been prepared. This must not be confused with the Budget. That is the "Bill for Ensuring Unemployment."

* * *

The writing on the wall? "Mr. ASQUITH'S private house, 20, Cavendish Square, which has not been occupied except by a caretaker for some time, is now being redecorated and painted."

* * *

"I should greatly regret," said Lord LANSDOWNE, "any alteration in the name by which the Second Chamber might be known." His lordship is evidently unaware that in Liberal circles that institution is sometimes called "Lansdowne House."

* * *

Messrs. RAPHAEL TUCK, by the way, are advertising in their Zag-Zaw Puzzle Series:—"*The House of Lords*—a Magnificent Picture containing 250 Historic Figures—*cut into upwards of* 1,250 *pieces.*" We can imagine no more acceptable gift for a Liberal politician than this.

* * *

Sir JOHN BIGHAM, the late President of the Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division, has taken the title of Baron MERSEY. This is as it should be—Justice combined with Mersey.

* * *

The choice of the Hon. IVOR GUEST does not strike us as being quite so happy. He has become Baron ST. LEDGERS—a title which might well have been left for a successful merchant or an owner of race-horses.

* * *

The Eltham Golf Club has presented a Japanese mantelpiece to the KING. The KING, it is stated, intends to present it to the QUEEN. It is not known yet to whom the QUEEN will present it.

* * *

Rumour has it that our Admiralty, which was never more alert than now, has at last decided to adopt and even improve on the German policy of secrecy. Statements, it is said, such as the following, will be issued from time to time:—"*H.M.S. Leviathan* was launched yesterday." "*H.M.S. Goliath* successfully took the water on Tuesday." "On Wednesday last *H.M.S. Awful* and *H.M.S. Terrific* were added to the British Navy." "*H.M.S. Tremendous* left the slips on Friday." As no mention will be made of the fact that these vessels are merely dispatch boats, the effect on our rivals will be terrifying.

* * *

The mystery of the famous Flora bust tends to become deeper. Dr. BODE declares that the wax which Dr. PINKUS asserts proves the modernity of the work of art was taken from the outside of the bust, and this may very likely have been worked on by LUCAS. Now the inside of the bust was shown to consist of a Victorian bed-quilt. What, then, is left for poor LEONARDO?

* * *

There is, we hear, a strange misunderstanding in Notting Dale as to the effect of the Police Rest Bill. In consequence of this misunderstanding many criminals whose religious scruples do not forbid it are making arrangements to work in future only on Sundays.

* * *

"I did not know where to look when the Classical Dancer appeared," wrote a modest lady critic in a lady's paper. With commendable enterprise a well-known firm of publishers is said to have promptly sent her an advertisement of their little book of reference, entitled, "Where to Look."

* * *

By-the-by, the ways of some advertisers are strange. One of our publishers, for instance, is announcing, at considerable expense, that "Everyone is reading" a certain novel which he has just issued. Surely, if everyone is reading the book, it is sheer waste of energy and money to attempt to increase the number of readers.

* * *

And a certain City firm is advertising itself as "Artists in Gentlemen's Hat Wear." Now, if "foot wear" is what the foot wears, and "neck wear" is what the neck wears, please what is "hat wear"? It must be the ribbon round the hat.

* * *

And "——'s BLACKLEAD MEANS MORE TIME IN BED," declares an exceedingly subtle advertisement which caught our eye the other day. We can only imagine the meaning of this to be that, if you black your face and hands, you need not wash in the morning.



A GLASS OR TWO.

Voice from the Smoking Room. "WELL, HOW IS IT, MAJOR? STILL RISING?"

The Investigator. "NO, NO. STEADY'S A ROCK, M'BOY!"

A USEFUL FORMULA.

["It claims kinship with *Elizabeth and her German Garden*, *The Golden Age*, *The Lady of the Decoration*, and others which have charmed thousands, but it has an individuality all its own."—*From a recent publisher's prospectus dealing with various forthcoming works.*]

MESSRS. Odder and Thynne will shortly publish a book of fantastic adventure entitled *Thirty Million Miles through Space.* Though betraying a striking resemblance to the romances of the late JULES VERNE, it nevertheless has an intrinsic originality which justifies its existence as an independent work of genius.

Mr. Anthony Faith will shortly publish through the firm of Jones, Younger & Co. a thrilling story entitled *The Captive of Brenda.* As unthinking critics may be led to associate the work with similar effusions from another pen, it is as well to state, that though a strong family resemblance is noticeable, the names of the characters and of the country in which the scene is laid are the exclusive invention of the author, who, we have the best authority for asserting, is a man of such pronounced and aggressive originality that he has never read the works of SCOTT, DICKENS or THACKERAY.

From "Answers to Correspondents" in *The Huntingdonshire Post*:—

"A SUFFERER.—Take a hip-bath as hot as can be borne before the pain comes on."

The pain will come on then, anyhow.

THE MINOR POET ABROAD.

"LAY down," they said, "that tinkling lyre;
Relax awhile your weary nerve;
And take the rest that you desire
And we, your patrons, well deserve;
Go, seek the *Côte d'azur*, and there,
Tonic for wits grown rather weedy,
Imbibe the balmy sort of air
Associated with the *Midi*."

A kindly thought, yet breathed in vain!
There lurks within this seething breast
(Habitual haunt of toil and strain)
Something that will not let me rest;
Others may taste relief from strife
Once they have sheathed the pen or sabre,
For me there is no peace in life
Save such as comes from change of labour.

My mind, I own, is not distraught;
This tideless blue I have to thank
That in my so-called brain is wrought
(Witness these lines) a perfect blank;
But in another sphere I 've earned
Réclame for most amazing vigour,
For where my appetite 's concerned
I labour like a very nigger.

And not alone at private shows
Have privileged spectators seen
What energy my waistcoat throws
Into my host's superb cuisine;
But where all ways in Monte meet,
Amid the flower of Europe's heroes,
Full many a gastronomic feat
Has got me fair renown at CIRO'S.

Not for myself I aim so high
In realms of pure Lucullan art;
For England's sake my best I try,
Changing my heaven, but not my heart;
For this I gladly stretch my frame
In frequent orgies at the *Paris*—
That you may win reflected fame,
My *Punch* ("*The London Charivari*")!

Cap Martin, March 21st. O. S.

MR. PUNCH'S REPERTORY THEATRE.

No. IV.—ASSASSINAZIONE.

[*Freely translated, with the exception of certain sounds of rage, from the original Sicilian.*]

Characters.

GRASSO FURIOSO.
BRAGAGLIA PASSIONATA.
THE SYNDIC.
Priests, Villagers and Policemen.

SCENE—*A ground-floor room in a Sicilian house. The rising of the curtain discloses* Bragaglia *struggling in the arms of* The Syndic.

Bragaglia. Unhand me. This is, indeed, a fine thing. And you claim to be the friend of Grasso. Unhand me, I say. (*She smacks his face violently with both hands at once.*) Hah! That has made your face redder than ever. Help, help! What, no one? Let go, you monster! Grastogolino, grasto, gushi garozzo gruff gurozzo! (*She frees herself.*) At last!

The Syndic. What ails you to-day? Why this sudden modesty? Yesterday you laid your head on my shoulder, and to-day you beat me in the face. But remember, I too have the feelings of a man, and I will not bear to be insulted too much. [*A female villager rushes in.*

The Female Villager. Bragaglia, Bragaglia, he is coming. He is but a short distance away now. He will be here soon. [*She rushes out.*

The Syndic. What does she mean? Who is coming?

Bragaglia. Have you not heard? And you a Syndic too! Grasso is coming, my Grasso, whom I lost ten years ago.

The Syndic. What!! Grasso, who killed Cesare and Umberto?

Bragaglia. Yes. There is only one Grasso.

The Syndic. Thank the saints for that. But ten years of prison and work in the sulphur mines will have tamed him. Pooh! I snap my fingers at Grasso. He is a poor man. I am a rich man. I will win you in spite of Grasso.

Bragaglia. Take care. You little know him if you think he will abandon me.

The Syndic. Let us sit down and reason out the situation before he comes. [*They sit down at a table.*

Bragaglia. Now say what you have to say quickly.

The Syndic. Bragaglia, if I swear to be content henceforth to be no more than a brother to you, will you give me one last kiss?

Bragaglia. Yes, a last one—but make haste about it, for Grasso will be here directly.

[*They kiss. As they do so a human eye comes flying in through the open window and lands on the table, unnoticed by* Bragaglia *and* The Syndic. *The eye is shooting out flames of rage and jealousy.*

The Eye (*aside*). I am the right eye of Grasso. He has sent me in advance, for he is detained by the villagers. But he will be here directly. Let me dissemble. [*It dissembles.*

The Syndic. Bragaglia, that was a most pleasant kiss. May I have just one more?

Bragaglia. Hurry up, then.

[*They kiss again. At this moment there is a loud noise as of several lions and tigers outside the house. The kissers fly apart, and Grasso, with a crowd of villagers in attendance, bursts into the room.*

Grasso. At last, then, I am back with those who know me. You at least are not deceived. I had to kill them.

A Villager. That is true. Any one of us would have acted as you did. But you have suffered terribly.

Another Villager. Yes, you are blind in one eye.

Grasso (*aside*). Where can that eye have got to? (*Aloud*) Ho there, Bragaglia, the polenta!

[*She brings the polenta in a bowl, which she places on the table, covering the eye.*

Bragaglia. Here it is, Grasso. You remember me, then?

Grasso. Yes, yes, I remember you. (*Aside*) Where can that eye have hidden itself?

The Eye (*from under the bowl*). Help! help!

Grasso (*aside, as he turns to the bowl*). Hah, it is there. (*He lifts the bowl and replaces the eye in its socket.*) Gooroo! Iaminaraggio! Diabolissimo! Gizzardo! Stiletto! Ruggiero! Rugg—Rugg—Graggiolento!

A Villager. What is the matter with him?

Grasso. I see all now. Bragaglia, prepare to die. Someone hold The Syndic till I 'm ready for him.

Bragaglia. I am innocent.

The Syndic. It was her fault.

Grasso. You must both die. Gizzardo, ma non troppo!

Bragaglia. Spare me!

[*He rushes at her, seizes her by the hair, severs her head from her body, kicks it round the room, and then cuts her into forty separate pieces.*

Grasso. Now for The Syndic. [*He chops him up.*

The Villagers. Justice is done.

[*The police enter, and* Grasso *kills them all.*



THE PROBLEM PICTURE.

Scene—*Selecting Committee's Room at the Peers' Royal Academy.*

Lord Rosebery. "THAT'S MINE. PRETTY GOOD, EH?"
Lord Lansdowne. "H'M, I CAN'T SAY I QUITE——"
Lord Curzon. "I'M SURE I COULD IMPROVE IT."
Lord Halsbury. "TAKE IT AWAY!"



Fond Mother. "I DIDN'T SEND TONY TO SCHOOL THIS TERM BECAUSE OF THE INFLUENZA, BUT I THINK HE 'LL GO NEXT TERM." *(To small Schoolboy)* "LET ME SEE, CHARLIE, WHAT *IS* NEXT TERM?"

Charlie. "GENERALLY MUMPS."

Grasso. Next, please. [*Two priests enter.*

First Priest. Grasso, you have been overdoing it.

Second Priest. But certainly you were greatly provoked.

Grasso. Ouf! grouf! grrrrr! [*He kills himself.*

Villagers. And now let us celebrate our yearly festival.

[*The Church bells ring without. All troop out.*

Curtain.

THE COUNTER-REJECTION.

BELINDA, when I dumped the other day
My heart before your fashionable boot-tips,
And you replied with an immediate "Nay,"
But then bethought you of the love-god's cute tips,
And asked me kindly to remain
Your brother—the request was vain.

I *have* conferred this boon (whene'er I could)
On those who thought to ease my bosom's blisters
With friendship's balm; but be it understood
I have no vacancy just now for sisters,
No opening at the present date
For prayerful "followers of my fate."

Dot has been that for ages, so has Joyce;
There 's Laura too (though her demand was weaker);
But, goodness! had I failed to use my choice,
Had I bestowed a berth on every seeker
To serve as my Platonic chum,
There would have been a fine old scrum.

Besides, Belinda, though your queenly brows,
Your perfect elegance, might prove a treasure
Regarded from the standpoint of a spouse,
I scarcely think you 'd satisfy the measure
Of friendship's untempestuous throb;
That is a rather brainy job.

You 'd have to laugh at all my lightest jokes,
To pen the warm encouraging epistle;
Bless you, not every face in furs and toques
That dooms me to devour the leek (or thistle)
Is fit to join that little band
Who help, who praise, who understand.

No, when the bard is searching for a wife,
The careless feet of hundreds of enslavers
May pound his soul and prance upon his life;
But when they proffer him a sister's favours
He has a right to pick and choose,
And yours, Belinda, I refuse.

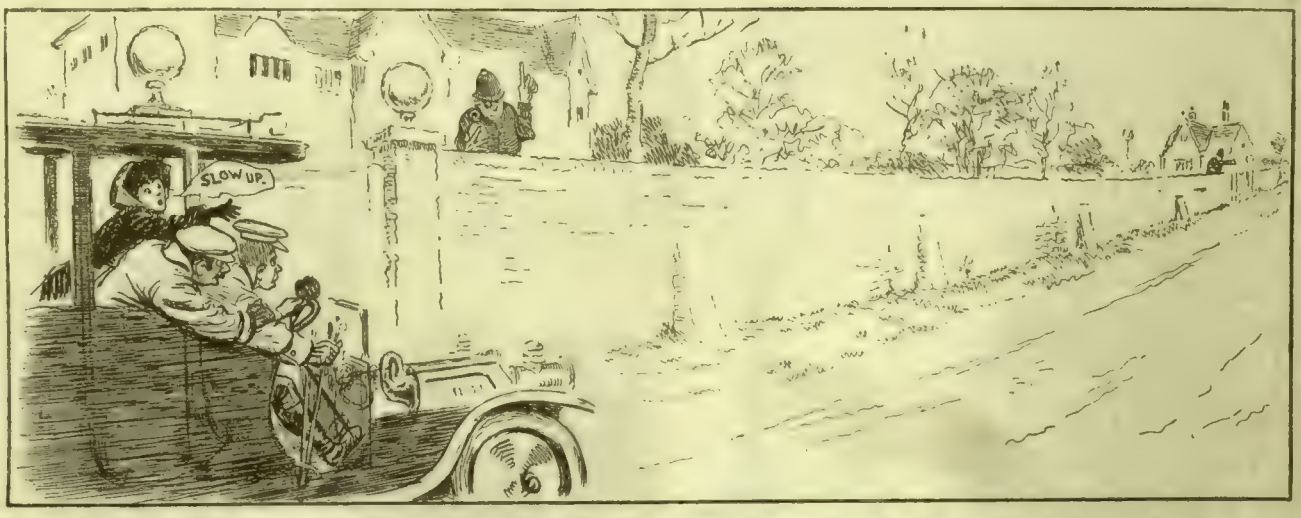
EVOE.

Extracts from a breezy article on Dark Rooms in *Photography*:

"At night, unless we resort to artificial illumination, all rooms are dark . . .

As is well known by most people, the photographer's dark room is not actually dark, but is illuminated by red light only. The best way of getting the right sort of red light for the purpose is by means of a red lamp. . . .

There are many ways of darkening a window . . ."



MR. R., WHOSE CHARMING RESIDENCE ON THE PORTSMOUTH ROAD WAS UTTERLY UNINHABITABLE ON ACCOUNT OF THE MOTOR DUST, HAS

SUPPLEMENTARY CRITICISM.

A RECENT issue of *The Pall Mall Gazette* initiates a new and fruitful method of dramatic criticism. Under the head of "Theatrical Notes" we read the following:—

"The following extracts from the letter of a very experienced and shrewd playgoer giving his impressions of a visit to the Duke of York's Theatre to see *Justice* will perhaps be of interest:—

'If, as I suppose, Galsworthy thinks weak criminals should be treated as patients, I do not agree with him, but it is a horribly difficult question and I think he sets forth his case with admirable moderation. Falder, alas! . . . . could never have been any good. The play left me with a feeling that an alteration in prison discipline was most desirable. The trial scene was finely managed. Eadie was very fine, though I think there was too little difference between the boy before and after imprisonment. Boucicault, Hersee, and Bryant I thought lifelike. . . . . Cokeson appeared to me a blot on the play. He was a weak imitation of a character out of Dickens, and a Dickens' character in twentieth century surroundings must be a caricature. The part was theatrical, and I thought Gwenn played it very theatrically.'

In the same letter the writer gives his impressions of *The Tenth Man*, concerning which he is, I think, in agreement with most critics in declaring his George Winter the best thing Mr. Bourchier has ever done. 'He *was* the man,' he writes, 'and his technique was a delight.'"

We venture to afford some further specimens of this vicarious criticism in which the impressions of the anonymous but influential outsider are quoted to supplement or correct those of the regular representative.

From "The Daily Telegraph."

A famous athlete and ex-'Varsity Blue thus summarises his impressions of the performance of *Othello* by the Sicilians. The freshness and originality of his point of view will better be understood when it is explained that he had never read or seen a representation of SHAKSPEARE'S version:—

"What the show was about or what the actors were driving at, of course I hadn't the foggiest notion whatever. I always thought *Othello* was an Italian, but it seems that he was a black man with a very bad temper and absolutely no knowledge of the Queensberry rules. He had a scrap with a Johnny called *Iago*, a most decent quiet sort of chap, and mauled him shockingly. And finally he had a row with his wife, a quiet sort of woman, strangled her, and then killed himself. Personally I can't understand why people want to see this sort of a play. I only know that it took away my appetite, and I couldn't eat a bit of supper afterwards at the Savoy."

From "The Times."

We offer no excuse for laying before our readers the subjoined vivid appreciation of the latest Levity success from the pen of a distinguished Greek Professor:—

"What ARISTOTLE would have thought of *Our Miss Dibs* is a rather difficult question to answer. But if it be the function of tragedy to purify the soul of the spectator by pity and terror, so, it may be urged, musical comedy ought to elevate the intellect by refinement and wit. And I am certain that HOMER would have appreciated the all-pervasive smile, the *ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα*, of Miss Goethe Schiller in the name part. Compared with the score of *Elektra*, it is true that the instrumentation of *Our Miss Dibs* betrays a certain tenuity of texture. But the melodic charm of the songs is undeniable, and when we come to the lyrics—the joint work of Mr. Harry Prance, Lionel Greenwood, Hadrian Boss, Peter Epstein, and Orlando Meldon—it is not too much to say that they equal, if they do not surpass, the *αἰσχρολογία* of ARISTOPHANES in his most unbridled mood. All things considered, then, this is a very rare and vital entertainment, in which topical allusiveness, temperamental vivacity, and a sumptuous *mise-en-scène* combine to titillate the auditor with superlative success."

From "The Nation."

A distinguished member of the Cabinet has kindly furnished us with the following interesting comments on Mr. SHAW'S *Misalliance*:—

"The true significance of Mr. SHAW'S brilliant satire has so far been entirely misapprehended. In the first place it shows the danger of prolonged political discussion without resort to a more drastic application of the closure than is at present possible. Secondly it is an overwhelming condemnation of the hereditary system as illustrated by a neurotic youth and an anarchic girl. Lastly it is a superb indication of the sanity and wisdom of the Minority Report of the Poor Law Commission and foreshadows the speedy establishment of a model city organised on the eugenic system, and bearing the inspiring name of Webbville."

From "The Morning Post."

The greatest living Imperialist—we had almost said the greatest man since NAPOLEON—has generously placed at our disposal these poignant observations on *Elektra*:—

"No one who has witnessed this magnificent work can have failed to notice the extraordinary political parable which underlies the contest between Elektra and Clytemnestra. Elektra, sustained throughout all the years of servitude and misery by the thought of retaliation, typifies the cause of Tariff Reform, while Clytemnestra, plastered



RID HIMSELF OF THE NUISANCE BY A SIMPLE AND INEXPENSIVE DEVICE.

with cheap jewellery 'made in Egypt,' is a living incarnation of the cruelty, the vulgarity and the corruption inherent in the system of Free Imports . . . The figure of Orestes, I may note, reminded me curiously of Lord Milner, while the exultation of the crowd at the close was strongly reminiscent of the enthusiasm displayed by the Tariff Reformers in the recent East Marylebone election."

PERILLA PROTESTS.

Dear Mr. Punch,—Under the heading "Nature for Nature's Sake," you printed the other day a letter from Lucan, evidently intended to convey the impression that he and a certain Perilla named in it had carried the worship of animals to a point when it became a nuisance. Now, *Mr. Punch*, I am the Perilla concerned, and I know I need only mention that fact to secure from your well-known gallantry the opportunity of putting things in the right light.

So far from animals being any nuisance here, we suffer from the *want* of them. We actually still cut our tennis lawn with a horrid noisy mowing-machine because of Lucan's refusal to buy the dear little baby donkey with which I fell in love in Connemara two years ago, though it would have grazed it beautifully, and could easily have stood in the knife-house whilst we were playing. Moreover, I have had to fill our dovecote with the pigeons, which all our neighbours say damage their gardens so much, because Lucan would not bring home the four young cormorants we found in their nest in Skye. He didn't deny they would be perfectly *sweet* in the garden if we re-built the pigeon-loft and sank the sitz-bath in the tulip bed, but he made excuses about the difficulty of transportation—as if he could possibly have forgotten the parrakeets we brought right across Europe from Vienna (such much nicer little darlings than those at the bird-fancier's round the corner here), or the tarantula we should certainly have got safely home from South Africa if Lucan hadn't suddenly refused in the Red Sea to keep it any longer in the corner of his berth. Of course I know he was feeling ill at the time—I mean Lucan was, not the tarantula; *that* must have been perfectly right and healthy, poor little thing, for it bit a sailor's bare foot only the next morning, and the cruel wretch killed it. Then there was the pelican we saw at Jamrach's, which was a perfect duck and would have been really *useful* too, for the man said he would only eat absolutely fresh fish, so that if you offered him what the fishmonger sent for your dinner, and he ate it, you could be sure it wouldn't have done you any harm. And there was the baby alligator, the *sweetest* little mite, which I had on approval from Cross's one day, until Lucan happened to come home hot and dusty in the evening and got into the big bath with him in the dusk—but, as I said at the time, you *must* put alligators in water, and where else was there?

The fact is, most people get cross with animals if they don't behave better than Christians; like Aunt Caroline, who annoyed the parrot every Sunday for five years by wagging her horrid false front just outside his cage, and then altered her will because he took it in at last.

I had heaps more to say when I sat down, but Dicky is singing so gloriously I can't remember it; and if I don't soon take Lucan's book of artificial flies away from the puppy I'm afraid he'll hook himself. I think if one keeps animals at all one ought to look after them, don't you?

Yours confidently,
Perilla Loveitt.

"RINKING, RINKING, RINKING."

With Stella cool and very smart
At double turns on rollers,
I fain would skate; she's won my heart;
I'm anxious to cajole hers.
But when the maid my signal sees
She "two-steps" by like winking;
I follow, though I'm not at ease
When rinking, rinking, rinking.

My feet feel rather out of hand,
Half measures don't content them,
They leave me even when I stand
Nor can I circumvent them.
Their treachery results in spills;
My dear avoids me, shrinking,
She finds no fun in thuds and thrills
When rinking, rinking, rinking.

When other maids I would induce
To skate with me and chance it,
They spurn me with a cold excuse
As cutting as a lancet.
And so my secret hope grows weak,
As to the ground I'm sinking,
Of rousing Stella's jealous pique
When rinking, rinking, rinking.

"Public Band.—The attendance on February 13 was 733, and on February 20, 766. On both occasions the Hall was emptied in 4 minutes."—*Shanghai Municipal Gazette.*

We have heard bands like that in England.

"Mention should be made of the accompanist and prompter, both of whom were heard to distinct advantage."—*Eastern Daily Press.*

In amateur theatricals the prompter generally is.

REAL REFORM.

[This article was apparently intended for *Halsbury's Hebdomadal Review*. Having mislaid that paper's address and not knowing where the offices of *Wemyss's Weekly* are, we print the article ourselves.]

The news that Lord Rosebery's "reform resolutions" are purely academic, and that in any case his indictment of the hereditary principle didn't mean what you thought it meant, has been received in the country with feelings of relief and thankfulness. Our reputation as a nation of sportsmen would be gone for ever if once our faith in the House of Lords as an impartial revising body were shattered. The urgent business before us now is that reform of the House of Commons to which more than one noble speaker in the Upper House has called attention. Let us see what can be done in this direction.

It is obvious in the first place that any extreme difference of opinion between the two Houses must result, as things go at present, in a deadlock, which is bound to bring about a considerable disturbance in the business of the country unless one or other side gives way. For the House of Lords to give way would be to render its labours null and void, and it is doubtful if their Lordships would consent to give their services to the country if these were to be spurned at the first moment of crisis. For the House of Commons to give way appears at first sight to be the natural solution of the difficulty, and it has worked perfectly well for hundreds of years; but we must move with the times, and the times are ripe for a change. What change, then, is possible?

Plainly it would be better to prevent the deadlock than to set about curing it when it had arisen. That is to say, we must bring the two Houses more into line with each other, so that differences of opinion may be made impossible. The Socialist (and Anarchist) would do this by altering the composition of the House of Lords: that House which saved the Empire only a short time ago by postponing the construction of tram lines along the Embankment until the country was ripe for the extraordinary innovation. He would attack the hereditary principle, and by so doing strike a blow at the Throne itself. That is the Socialist remedy; but the great heart of the country would not tolerate it for a moment, particularly when it sees before it another remedy, delightful in its simplicity.

It is simply this: *Alter the composition of the House of Commons, so as to bring it into line with the House of Lords.*

How shall this reformed and impartial House of Commons be constituted? That, of course, will have to be a matter for careful thought by a Select Committee of the House of Lords; but we may venture to draw up a rough plan.

The House of Commons should consist of 555 members; 250 to be nominated and 300 to be elected, together with 5 life members.

The nominated members should be chosen as follows:—

Selected by the House of Lords	100
Specially nominated by Lord Halsbury (counting four each on a division)	50
Nominated by Lord Rothschild.	30
Nominated by Lord Burton ...	30
Nominated by the Archbishop of Canterbury	20
Nominated by Lords Curzon, Milner, and Cromer (six each)	18
Nominated by Lord Rosebery ...	1
Nominated by Lord Crewe ...	1
	250

These 250 impartial members should sit in the House of Commons for a period of twenty years; that is to say, for two Parliaments. Every ten years 300 members will be elected as follows: One hundred special qualified members, commanding the confidence of the country, will be elected by the House of Commons. These will be chosen from

(*a*) Municipal Reform Aldermen.
(*b*) Defeated Unionist Candidates.
(*c*) The Stock Exchange.
(*d*) The Trade.
(*e*) Brighton.

Two hundred will be elected by the constituencies in the ordinary way; a Redistribution Bill having first been passed by the House of Lords, by which England will be divided into 197 constituencies—Scotland, Ireland and Wales returning one member apiece.

Five Life Members will be chosen by some high and impartial authority (*e.g.*, the Duke of Norfolk). These would be moderate and independent men, belonging to no party. The first five might be:

The Editor of *The Times*.
The Secretary of the Navy League.
The Secretary of the National Service League.
The Secretary of the Property Defence League.
Lord Torphichen (if he 'll be good).

We venture to say that a House of Commons constituted on these lines would receive the approbation of all right-thinking men in the country. It would also act in harmony with the House of Lords—that House which for its impartiality is the pride of every true sportsman in Britain and the admiration of the whole world. Were the House constituted thus, there would be no putting of party before country, indeed no considerations of party at all. Can it be doubted that such a state of things would commend itself to the nation at large? Can it be doubted that such a state of things will only be decently brought about by a true and patriotic reform of the House of Commons?

A. A. M.

BELLS, BELLS, BELLS.

["The bell-ringers of ——— set up a fresh record last Thursday evening, when they rang ten million changes of Treble Bob major (and as many more of T. B. mi.) in 2 hrs. 22¼ mins."—*Any local paper.*]

Peerless—nay, *unapproachable*—Quartette,
You hold the record? Well, that *must* be ripping!
My! and the exercise you fellows get!
The sweat
You set
A-dripping!

For golf, of course, you never cared a pin;
You left (quite rightly) cricket in the lurch, too;
But, oh! what fun to usher evening in
With din;
And in
A church, too!

Yet, tell me, now (accepting from a scamp
Who swings a pagan brassie, due apology),
What moved you first, disdainful of the damp,
To ramp
At camp-
anology?

Was it that your too solid flesh might melt
And you become as nimble as a pup with it?
Still, you must often (though it made your belt
So *svelte*)
Have felt
Fed up with it.

Or lurked some magic in the Treble Bob,
Some anti-tocsin, good against satiety?
Or did you dream that at the belfry's sob
The mob
Might throb
With piety?

Ah, that result were fine, if it were real;
No doubt, it 's added virtue that you wish us.
And yet, oh dear! each time *I* hear your peal
I feel
A deal
More vicious!



The Vicar. "Well, Giles, did you find my lecture dry last night?"

Giles. "Well, Sir, I wouldn't go so fur as to say that, but when you stops in the middle to 'ev a swig, though it was only water, I ses to my missus, ''Ear, 'ear!'"

SINE QUA NON.

I am, dear Madam, in receipt of yours,
And note you ask me for the second prox.;
This I accept upon the following terms:—

I.

You shall dispose me as it seemeth best,
Upstairs, downstairs, inside or out of doors.
Outside, to fish or hunt or feed the chickens:
Inside, to read or bridge or stroke the dogs.
To sleep by night on linen or on straw:
To rise at six, or nine, or not at all:
To shave in boiling, cold or tepid water:
To feast on peaches or to starve on cheese:
To live, in short, just as it suits yourself.
(This, on the whole, an easy term for you.)

II.

Myself, to make myself no sort of nuisance;
To come by trains which footmen cannot meet,
To bring my bag upon my private back
From station up to house and there unpack it:
To make myself of use about the place,
To do the seemlier of the menial tasks,
Then bribe the menial persons heavily,
And make my exit, carrying bag to station.
(This not too lenient a term for me.)

III.

You not to speak to me, unless you want to,
But I to talk or listen as required,
And entertain, if wished, the dull and plain.
(This also not too hard a term for you.)

IV.

Yourself to use and lose my knives and pencils,
But I to pay for articles I smash.

It has not yet appeared where I come in,
But now it shall. For reasons of caprice,
Of greed, or health, economy or sin,
I take my tea with neither milk nor sugar.
The fifth condition:—I to have my tea
Severely neat, and not a question asked,
Nor one suggestion made, however apt. . . .
This last requires, perhaps, some explanation.

Five thousand times I've made that small request,
Five thousand exclamations of surprise
Have greeted it; and, when they were exclaimed,
Five thousand lumps of sugar have occurred,
Five thousand drops of milk have wandered in.
Then, when at last the hand that rocks the pot
Had been induced to carry out instructions,
It has been put to me five thousand times
That I should take my tea in Russian fashion
(Alleged) from tumblers with a slice of lemon.
When I had heard this jest, say, fifty times,
I tried the process, much against my will,
And found the combination simply horrid.
And now the bare suggestion nauseates,
And makes my living insupportable.

I hope you gather that I stipulate
My fifth condition to be paramount.
Which, if agreed, I bind myself to come,
And sign myself, Yours more than faithfully.



Aged Inhabitant (as a motor suddenly goes past). "EH, DEARIE ME, THE PLACE GROWS MORE LIKE LONDON EVERY DAY!"

THE FRENZY IN THE FORCE.

[A case—the second of its kind—is reported from Bristol of a policeman who paints when off duty and has exhibited pictures.]

EVER we knew them firm but kind,
Keen, when a row arose, to whelm it,
But not till lately looked to find
The artist underneath the helmet;
But now the facts are guaranteed,
The coat of blue, the buttons argent
May hide a CONSTABLE, indeed
A veritable SARGENT.

And not the painter's art alone,
I like to feel, is represented
Amongst the lads of eighteen stone
By leathern cinctures circumvented;
Somewhere, I ween, perspiring hard,
Because they will not let him go it,
Behind the tunic silver-starred
I have a brother poet.

He does not prance adown Pall Mall,
No wave-like curl his forehead borders,
He does not wear the vocal shell,
For these would be against his orders;
But far away, on fancy's beat,
His spirit still is fain to follow,
With tramplings of tremendous feet,
The lute-string of Apollo.

Oft, when he takes his note-book out
To write some mystic screed upon it,
That which you dimly deemed no doubt
The cabman's number, was a sonnet;
And whiles, when duty bids him lug
From Downing Street obstreperous maidens,
He modifies the march to jug
With dithyrambic cadence.

And sometimes I may dare to hope,
While slumber holds our earthly senses,
But up the Orient skyline's slope
The usual business recommences,
That, heedless of convention's whims,
The scowls of his inspector scorning,
He stands upon his toes and hymns
(Like *Chantecler*) the morning.

Forgive me if I go too far
By fond imaginings transported,
But, if I ever face the Bar,
If ever to the beaks escorted,
I have to hang the shamefaced head
With types that come disgraceful croppers,
May my melodious charge be read
By Tennysonian coppers.

The Critic.

"The Moody-Manners' company brought to a close its visit on Saturday night with Wallace's 'Maritana,' the rendering of which was decidedly clever. Mr. John Child, as Don Cæsar de Bazan was exceedingly clever, and Mr. Graham Marr as Don Jose, and Mr. William Anderson as King of Spain were also very clever. The title role was excellently taken by Madame Beatrice La Palme, and Miss M Gaythorpe was clever in the role of the Marchioness."

What's the matter with Madame LA PALME that she shouldn't be called clever too?

"The present indifference of game birds to danger, early bees, hedgerows in the house, the cunning habits of the wake-robin plant, and the quarrelsomeness of cock pigeons, are dealt with in 'In the Country.'"—*Daily Express.*

There's simply no pleasing game birds—they don't seem to care about *anything.*

Another Contortionist.

"Either manner, or the possession of what Meredith described in Sir Willoughby Patterne as a 'leg,' seemed to shut out from Mr. McKenna's eye any mental view of the party behind him."—*The Nation.*

Mr. MCKENNA must do this again.



"THE BLAST OF WAR."

King Henry (Mr. Asquith). "ONCE MORE UNTO THE BREACH, DEAR FRIENDS, ONCE MORE!" . . .
Fluellen (Mr. Lloyd George). "UP TO THE BREACH, YOU DOGS! AVAUNT, YOU CULLIONS!"

King Henry the Fifth, Act III.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.



THE PENGUIN THAT FELL ON ITS MARCH!

(A tragic picture suggested by the simile of Mr. Lloyd George.

House of Commons, Monday, March 21.—In Lords to-night discussing Rosebery's Resolution for reform of House, Ridley in fine sentence declared, "It is necessary that we should march with the times and have a fresh current of air."

In the Commons this hygienic desire was lavishly realised. Current of air, in fact, amounted to brisk breeze. Began to blow on motion for second reading of Consolidated Fund Bill. Steel-Maitland began it with indictment of Government for financial chaos following on rejection of Budget by Lords.

Special feature of lively debate was its wealth of literary allusion. Steel-Maitland likened action of Government in matter of additional spirit duty to the incident of Jacob wrestling with the Angel. Lloyd George, he said, had wrestled with the distillers, refusing to let their spirit go until they had stumped up the added three-and-nine.

Fluellen Lloyd George went to Shackleton's book for his parallel. The almost-discoverer of South Pole tells how, when penguins carry their young, if one falls on the march, all the rest tumble over it, and in their anxiety to set it on its legs, tear the little one to pieces.

"That is what is happening now," said Fluellen, ever apt at parallels (you remember Macedon and Monmouth). "The poor old Budget has fallen in its march, thrown down by a cruel House of Lords, and all the penguins are pecking at it. There is one," he cried, pointing at Son Austen seated on t'other side of Table. "And I can see another lying in wait," he continued, indicating blameless Cousin Hugh below the Gangway wringing his hands in ill-subdued indignation.

When Cousin Hugh's turn came he found his illustration in "Jackanapes," which tells how a perverse little boy sat in a puddle with deliberate design to soil his trousers.

"It is the same with the Government," said Cousin Hugh, performing his favourite trick, at which Labour Members never cease to wonder, of seizing his left wrist with right hand and turning it completely round. "They are anxious to sit in puddles and make as much dirt as possible, so that they may charge the House of Lords with having spoiled their fine clothes."



THREE PLASTER BUSTS OF THE CARDINAL VIRTUES.

A collection of sculpture which the imagination of Mr. Gibson Bowles refused to conjure up. (Messrs. Alfred Lyttelton, Bonar Law, and George Wyndham.)

Next to this profusion of literary lore was notable the directness of personal attack. FIRST LORD OF ADMIRALTY, following STEEL-MAITLAND, rammed him with declaration that he was "wrong in every fact he asserted."

BONAR LAW likened Government to a beaten fox.

"What is the use," he asked his hon. friend behind, "of trying to discover the principle on which the Government is acting? The Government has no principle. *Argal* it cannot be found or stated. It would be unreasonable to ask a fox to give an explanation of the twistings and turnings to which it had recourse before its strength was exhausted and the hounds were upon it."

FLUELLEN retorted that BONAR LAW was "always positive and always inaccurate."

AS SPEAKER heard all this without interposition, it follows that two interesting additions have been made to catalogue of what are known as Parliamentary words. You may not call hon. Member from whom you differ a goose; but you may without rebuke from the Chair allude to him as a penguin. Similarly, if BONAR LAW called CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER a wolf he would instantly be called to order. He may with impunity speak of him as a fox.

Business done.—Consolidated Funds Bill read a second time.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—Not since the gentle LOCHIEL received his fateful warning ("For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight") has there been such thrilling episode as that which to-night shook the House of Lords. It followed close upon speech by HALSBURY, of itself calculated to unnerve the most reckless Backwoodsman. Instinctively, probably unconsciously, throwing his lithe figure into attitude of Ajax defying the lightning, the ex-LORD CHANCELLOR besought the Peers to ponder ere they committed suicide at the instigation of ROSEBERY.

Then came BATHURST, hitherto an unfamiliar figure in debate, henceforward assured of warmest welcome. He joined in melancholy prognostication of collapse of the Constitution imminent on destruction of "the one place where the right of free speech exists, the one place where we respect the rights of property." Regarding with pained suspicion ROSEBERY seated on Cross Bench holding on with both hands to the back of his head, discovered Socialism at the base of his Resolution. Then came the peerless peroration.

"My Lords," said BATHOS—I mean BATHURST—with tears in his voice, "what will the children of the second and third generation of noble lords now sitting in this Chamber say if their inheritance be lightly given away? Beware, my lords, lest your descendants of the third and fourth generation turn and rend you."

Business done.—Division on ROSEBERY'S third Resolution declaring that possession of a Peerage shall no longer of itself give the right to sit and vote. AJAX HALSBURY, with that other young thing WEMYSS as co-teller, led seventeen



ONE OF THE RISING HOPES OF THE UNIONISTS.

"Steel-Maitland began it."

men into the Not Content Lobby, ROSEBERY bringing up a motley brigade 175 strong.

Wednesday.—Parliament adjourned for Easter recess.

Sinister.

"The directorate [of the new shipping concern] will include Lord Pirrie . . . . and probably Mr. David Jones."—*Shipping Gazette.*

Not Davy of the Locker, we trust.

"Coach wanted for intermediate B.Sc. Address G. G."—*Sheffield Daily Telegraph.*

The Coach and Geegee together ought to pull through.

"Very charming pet bullfinch; comes out of cake; most interesting."—*The Lady.*

Just the thing for the pudding next Christmas.



Little Girl. "THAT BUN YOU SOLD ME YESTERDAY HAD A FLY IN IT, AND MUVVER SAYS YOU OUGHT TO GIVE ME ANOTHER ONE."
Baker. "I CAN'T DO THAT; BUT TELL YOUR MA THAT IF SHE'LL LET ME HAVE THE FLY BACK I'LL GIVE HER A CURRANT FOR IT."

THOUGHTS IN BED.

To a bird outside the window.

SING, bird, if you insist:
Certainly sing if that 's the way you feel.
Myself, I do not find my tepid zeal
Inspired by morning mist.
Despite your merry chant
I have no wish to rise with you and dress.
Apart from inclination, I confess
Quite candidly—I can't.
Talk of my sloth, call me what names you please;
Really you do me wrong.
I have a delicate throat, one sudden sneeze
Would spoil your song.
Still I quite see your view;
If, as you say, the Spring has really come,
You cannot well be dumb,
Although the subject is not—well, quite new.

Proceed: you seem in form.
I really loved that last long-drawn-out trill.
I can appreciate more subtly still—
Oh, much—if I keep warm.
Sing on; it is not waste,
Not scattering pearls before a sleepy swine.
I 'm something of an expert in your line,
I have an ear and taste.
Strange how we differ! You with ardent strain
Welcome the birth of light,
While like the lobster I would sleep again
If so I might.
I see why you 're so brave;
Though early you must rise to catch your worm,
You do not have to squirm
In icy tub, nor need the grisly shave.

I wish I had your luck.
When I go townwards, you in airy flight
Scatter your notes by flood and field. That quite
Explains your present pluck.
My life 's a sordid round,
And yours apparently one long romance.
But why to-day such marked exuberance?
Or have you proper ground
For all that noise? When I pull up the blind,
Will that for which I 've yearned
At last reward my patience? Shall I find
The Sun returned?
I 'll do the desperate thing,
I 'll look——. You little liar! Same old rain
Blurring the window-pane.
Clear out. Still, if it 's Spring, by all means sing.

"The bride as she stood at the altar revealed the proportions of a Jumbo."—*Local Paper.*

Yes, it 's a misprint, of course, but it is what the local paper generally means when it talks of the "proportions of a Juno."

STORIES OF GREAT CRIMES.

I.—Hugh Wotnot's Guilt.

Chapter I.—*I Introduce Myself.*

Reader dear, I will lay before you my soul in all its naked candour. You shall know all my innermost feelings, all my self-doubtings, my self-suspicions, my self-loathings, as upon a day in November last I went into the Bank to cash a cheque.

I am a tall man with light wavy hair. My nose is aquiline (whatever that may be), and my mouth is just about perfect, fitted with a supply of teeth and every modern improvement. On second thoughts, I don't think that I will be a tall man with light wavy hair. I will be a short man, with black straight hair and not too much of that, and a figure inclining to stoutness. I will stick to the original nose and mouth. On third thoughts I will be a plain, ordinary Englishman, just the sort of man who would be going into a bank to cash a cheque.

Chapter II.—*The Dedication.*

This sad story is dedicated to all who have suffered as I have in the matter of cashing innocent cheques in a suspicious manner. The dedication should have come earlier, but the drayman who brought the 1,897 miles of paper on which this periodical is printed got the rolls out of order. The 1,895th mile got in before the 1,894th; hence the confusion.

Chapter III.—*Finance.*

The milkman, the coalman, my servant, the breadman, the cigarette-man and the man at the desk to whom I confide daily and with shame what I have eaten for lunch, and who then demands off me one-and-sixpence for hush-money—all these agreed that I wanted more cash. "Fourpence," they remarked, "is not enough to keep you in milk, coal, service, bread, cigarettes and hush for a day." How right they were! It was the work of the moment to sit down and write a cheque.

Chapter IV.—*Black Suspicion.*

The position was this:—I was Hugh Wotnot, and the Bank had £75 of my money. I wanted five pounds of it back, so I had written on a suitably-coloured piece of paper, "Pay Self, if you please, five pounds. (Signed) H. Wotnot." Immediately upon entering the Bank I was a suspected person. Moreover, I was only too glad that they did not call upon me to defend myself then and there, for I could not have asserted my innocence with any emphasis. To confess the truth, I had no very great belief in it. Do you ever believe that you are entirely innocent of everything when you go into the bank to cash a cheque?

I came to the conclusion, after some thought, that I must be guilty of fraudulently, maliciously and goodness-knows-what-else-ly impersonating Hugh Wotnot. The defence that, "Dash it all, I am Hugh Wotnot," did not, it seemed to me, deserve consideration. No wonder all the nice rich men on the other side of the railings looked at me askance!



Student. "I want some information about the Bronzes. I suppose I had better write to the Keeper?"

Attendant. Yes, Miss; or you might see him verbally!"

Chapter V.—*The Plea.*

I selected the man with the least railing and askancity about him. To him I addressed my plea. "I want to cash this cheque, please. I swear to you that I am not naughtily impersonating Hugh Wotnot. I beg you to believe that I am Hugh Wotnot. I am trying hard to believe so myself. . . . If you are going to make a fuss, please, please have me arrested as quietly as you possibly can."

I may add that I said all that with my eyes. My tongue was too parched to be of any real use.

Chapter VI.—*The Depths.*

"Will you kindly endorse it, Sir?" he said with mock politeness. A trap! He intended to compare the signatures! I took up the pen, and, when he was not looking, I deliberately copied my signature from the other side. Oh, yes, I am a criminal all right now. I have forged my own signature, and forged it very badly, too.

Chapter VII.—*The Escape.*

This is how I escaped. After examining the signature for, I should say, two hours and forty-five minutes, he thrust five golden sovereigns at me. I could have told from the way he did so, if I had not already known, that I had done something wicked. Burning though I was to bolt before the police came, I yet stayed and counted the money slowly. I even stood and brushed my hat deliberately on my sleeve before I sauntered to the door. The police had not yet come. The porter was off his guard. I looked him in the face and, feigning an expression of I-am-only-going-now-because-nobody-seems-to-want-me-but-I-shall-be-coming-back-in-a-minute, I passed out into the open. I wonder when they will come and arrest me?

II.—The Crime of Lady Linnet.

The question was, whom had Lady Linnet murdered? It could not have been Hugh Wotnot, because he was the hero of our last story and this is the beginning of our new one. Lord Linnet was suspected, but not the keenest cross-examination could shake him in his sworn statement that he had not been murdered. Who then was it? That is a question which must ever remain unanswered. Frankly, we do not know.

A SURPRISE DISTRIBUTION.

We were talking of the most surprising thing we had ever known or seen: such things as come into the observation or experience of ordinary stay-at-home people, not lion hunters or polar explorers or special correspondents.

"Well," said I, "one of the most surprising things I ever saw I saw last evening. It was in a third-class carriage, into which came a soldier. He was a tall handsome fellow, with some stripes, and from his conversation with another soldier at the door, until the train started, I gathered that he was a bit of a dog among the ladies too. Well, no sooner had the train started than he produced from somewhere or other about his person a spectacle case, took out a pair of spectacles, rubbed them with his handkerchief, put them on, and began to read the evening paper.

"I have always said that a British

working man with a single eye-glass would be one of the most extraordinary possible sights that could be imagined; but an English soldier in spectacles runs that very close."

"My surprise," said Eastlake, "was like this. It was all the more surprising because I was surprised by myself. I must tell you that I have an unfortunate habit—I try to fight against it—of appearing to be more interested in a subject about which someone is talking to me than perhaps I really am. I did not know this formerly. I know it now. If, for instance, I met the Dean of Arches at a dinner-party he would probably—if I did not take due precautions—go away under the impression that my hobby, apart from my profession, was ecclesiastical law. Similarly an owner of racehorses would suppose that in my spare moments my thoughts ran entirely on the Turf. This weakness is strongly emphasised, I'm afraid, by the fact that, being a journalist, I have been trained to make the best strategic use of my information.

"Well, when I was staying once in Wiltshire I had a most agreeable conversation about birds in a house where I had been invited to luncheon. My host was full of information, and I threw such light as I could on the subject by telling him about birds I had noticed in my own county of Cheshire. You understand that I know very little about birds, except that robins are pugnacious and kill one another, and that cuckoos generally prefer hedge-sparrows' nests, and such commonplaces as that. A day or two later, this host I am telling you about asked me to luncheon again—quite a pressing invitation. When I arrived, he said, 'I am delighted that you could come. This is Mr. ——[introducing me to a well-known ornithologist], who particularly wished to meet you. I told him about our conversation the other day. He is most anxious to compare his notes with yours on certain points of detail. In fact he has long been trying to meet with an observer of the Cheshire birds——' It was terrible. I can see now the penetrating, ornithological glances of that man through his spectacles. And he had come half across the county to meet me."

"But, my dear Eastlake," I said sympathetically, "this might happen to you again any day."

"Too true!" he said. "But, as I have told you, I take precautions. It has almost become a habit with me to say 'I am intensely interested in this subject, but I really know nothing about it.'"

"My pet surprise," said Latimer, "occurred about two years ago, and nothing has happened since to beat it. We had been asked to dinner at a neighbouring country house occupied by very swagger people. We got a lift there in a friend's motor, but arranged to be fetched at half-past ten in the village fly—one of the finest extant specimens of a vehicle which will soon be in existence only in museums. Everybody for miles around knew it and its octogenarian horse; but there was nothing else available.

"Very well: the dinner passed off as such things do: I was between a Countess and a Lady: my wife was hedged about by peers. Then came an hour or more of hard talk in the drawing-room, all very strange to me. And then, to my profound relief, I heard the sound of wheels as the venerable fly arrived, and a footman with powdered hair flung open the door and announced, 'Mr. Latimer's car!' Car! The unexpectedness—the grotesque unsuitability—of that word—its impact on my brain—has still to be beaten."



ENTHUSIASM.

Anxious Messenger. "SAY, FIREMAN, THERE'S ANOTHER FIRE BROKEN OUT UP THE STREET."
New Recruit. "ALL RIGHT, OLD CHAP; KEEP HER GOING TILL WE'VE FINISHED THIS ONE."

Fruit!

"The First Fruit of the Year—Some Novel Ways of Preparing Rhubarb," says *The Daily Mail*. The great thing, we take it, is to remember to remove the pips after peeling. (P.S.—We hope we have not misled people by saying "we take it." We don't.)

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

To err in the direction of reprinting in book form miscellaneous articles that have first seen the light in a magazine is human. Occasions when the procedure is justified are rare. One presents itself in *To-day and To-morrow* (JOHN MURRAY), a volume in which Lord ESHER preserves flotsam and jetsam rescued from the Dead Sea of monthly magazines that long ago ran their course. An expert on military topics, a member of the Imperial Defence Committee, over which the PREMIER presides, his *dicta* on military concerns will receive respectful consideration in the quarters most nearly concerned. The general reader will be attracted by the chapters on Queen VICTORIA'S Journals, in the editing of which Lord ESHER shared; by the essays on GORDON, PARNELL'S downfall, Lord ROSEBERY and Mr. PITT. In the first the writer is a little constrained by the awesomeness of touch with royalty. In the others, giving full play to his pen, he is entertaining and instructive. The article on GORDON, long time a personal friend, is one of the most attractive tributes to the memory of that heroic man I remember having read. Very ingenious is the parallel established between PITT and Lord ROSEBERY in review of the latter's monologue on the great Commoner. On page 193 there will be found an artlessly veiled reference indicative of peculiar personal circumstances in Lord ROSEBERY'S first and only Administration, which from its birth doomed it to a troubled life and an early death.



FORGOTTEN SPORT: SNAPPING THE DRAGON.

Mr. C. E. MONTAGUE, having his laugh at journalism in general, chips the race of reviewers upon their accustomed use of "the good, round, eulogistic sentence, readily detachable for each book's publisher to quote in his advertisements." Merely personal reasons, therefore, prevent me from calling *A Hind Let Loose* a brilliant novel, a most readable book, one of the destined successes of this publishing season. Without prejudice, I may say that it concerns itself with the newspaper enterprise of a big provincial town, and introduces *Mr. Pinn*, of *The Stalwart* (Liberal), and *Mr. Brumby*, of *The Warder* (Tory), the one priggish, the other pompous, both revelling in a vicarious reputation for literary ability. The shocking truth is that the stirring leaders of both are written by deputy: the humour of it, that their deputy is the same wild Irishman. Of the discovery of this fact, the righteously indignant dismissal of the double deputy, the shamefaced but inevitable re-instalment of him in both editorial sancta, it is less to be said that they are well told than that they happen in the most natural and laughable way in the world. True, there is little love interest, but that only shows that one can be merry and bright and even interesting without being in love. In other circumstances I would have said with all solemnity that the reader would not put the book down until he had finished the last page. Instead, I point with meticulous care to a fault of affectation on page 154, but add that this one fault is too trivial to be worth the finding. I hope Messrs. METHUEN will find that last sentence detachable and eulogistic enough to quote, if a book of such merit stands at all in need of advertisement.

Unreserved praise could be given to *Quaker Robins* (STANLEY PAUL) if Mr. WILFRID RANDELL had laid less stress upon the love-story, and had allowed *Ethelberta* (the cat) and *Quintus Horatius Flaccus* (the dog) to remain dumb. One feels that the book has been puffed out with some unnecessary and inferior padding; for Mr. RANDELL'S real business is with engines, and when he is writing of them his descriptive powers are undeniably fascinating. *Quaker Robins*, although he looks on the cover like a Yankee "boss" on a holiday, was an engine-driver by trade, and when he was separated from his engine he seemed to me to be incomplete. Full marks in domestic virtue can without hesitation be awarded to him, but, pattern husband as he was, I am bound to say that I liked him best when he was at work. There are incidents in this book which are not only to be recommended to engine-lovers, but also to anyone who likes stirring narrative; and for my own part I can add that since reading it I have regarded engines as if they were human beings, and all railway-men with an increased sympathy and interest.

I hope that Mr. T. A. COOK will pardon me for saying that his book, *International Sport* (CONSTABLE), is a hotch-potch, when I add that I found it a delightful one. Mr. COOK disarms me when he says in a preface, "This modest volume has no pretensions to be a very serious contribution to the history of sport or travel;" but as regards sport, at any rate, I venture to say that he has no cause to be so apologetic. For its variety of information—given in a manner far from pedantic—*International Sport* is both useful to read and valuable as a book of reference. Not only do we get the history of the Olympic Games and the names of those who won wreaths of olive in 1906, but also we are given a list of "all the winners" in the Games of 1908. In these days, when one hears so much groaning over our athletic decadence, it is a pleasure to meet an author who has a whole-hearted enthusiasm for amateur sport, and some very pertinent remarks to make about it.

"WANTED, a Gardener. Any windmill pump experience appreciated. Able to drive. Abstainer and Christian. State reference. 700 feet high."—*The Lady.*

What an exceptional man a gardener has to be nowadays.

CHARIVARIA.

OWING to the fact that Good Friday and Quarter Day synchronised this year, a large number of clergymen, with a sense of the appropriate, preached moving sermons.

***

The Rev. J. MORGAN GIBBON, a prominent Welsh Nonconformist minister, has told an interviewer that he has no doubt as to the identity of the anonymous author of *The Perfidious Welshman*. Said he: "He is a Welshman sure enough. Of course the whole of his charges is a tissue of lies." The "of course" seems to us a wee bit unfortunate.

***

In an article on the "Immutability of Egypt" Mr. H. HAMILTON FYFE mentions that in a museum he was assisted by a smart, English-speaking native attendant, who, having answered enquiries, sat down, took his boot off, and proceeded to chiropody. Here is immutability indeed. There is still corn in Egypt.

***

"At Cairo," states a carelessly-edited contemporary, "Mr. ROOSEVELT was met at the station by a large crowd of the better class of Egyptians in European dress with tarbrushes." While Mr. ROOSEVELT's pro-British views have undoubtedly caused a certain amount of irritation among the natives, this suggestion that an attempt was made to tar and feather the EX-PRESIDENT is not strictly true.

***

"Bidding farewell to Lord SELBORNE, the Bechuana chief KHAMA said that he and his people were in tears at the departure of his Excellency." A worthy representative of the Yellow Press is said to have given to this item of news the sensational heading:—

FLOODS IN BECHUANALAND.

***

German discipline is a very fearful and wonderful thing. A soldier who attempted to commit suicide the other day was charged with stealing the bullet with which he shot himself; and a marine who dropped a treasury chest into the sea has been accused of theft, although he only attempted to fl at a loan.

***

Following on an impassioned harangue at the Independent Labour Conference by an Indian friend of his named PAL, Mr. KEIR HARDIE has been advocating the establishment of a similar party for India. The wisdom of the new move seems doubtful, for it will probably mean that funds will be diverted from England to the East. KEIR would seem to have forgotten the invaluable advice, "Never introduce your Donors to a Pal."

***

M. JOSEPH CHAILLEY's book on British India, just published by Messrs. MACMILLAN, makes it quite clear, by the way, why our Labour Members have so much sympathy for the Hindus. In India, our author tells us, "at first sight everybody seems to be taking part in some common toil; as a matter of fact, several persons are looking on at the labour of one. Out of five people who seem to be working, one is doing nothing, one is resting, one is looking on, and another is helping the previous three." Here, without doubt, we have our British Workman's long-lost brother.

***

Interviewed by a representative of *The Express* on the subject of Mr. SINCLAIR'S article, the Editress of *The Herald of Health* mentioned the case of a swarthy foreigner who lived for fifteen days on water only, with the result that at the end of that time his skin was much fairer. Was it, we would respectfully ask, water only, or was there not perhaps a mixture of soap with it?

***

It is said that the new prison for habitual convicts at Parkhurst Forest, Isle of Wight, will comprise a billiard-room and a fine recreation ground. At this rate the time of our Criminal Court of Appeal will soon be taken up by appeals against acquittals.

***

Wholesale reforms in the law relating to Coroners' Inquests are proposed by the Departmental Committee which has been inquiring into the question, and many persons have decided to postpone their suicides until the improvements are introduced.

***

Some coroners, it transpires, are paid by fees £1 6*s.* 8*d.* for each inquest. This arrangement, it is proposed, should be abolished. The temptation to kind-hearted friends of the coroner to help him when he is not doing well should undoubtedly be removed.

***

Hearing that the Royal Zoological Society is now showing a number of Sugar Birds at Regent's Park, an enterprising German firm is said to have offered the Society a number of Marzipan animals on sale or return.

***

A contemporary publishes an article drawing attention to the many uses to which a handkerchief may be put. It omits to mention, however, that for small boys, when playing Pirates, one of their handkerchiefs will generally form an admirable black flag.

***

Mr. LEADER'S picture, *Surrey Hills*, has been stolen for the second time from the Wellington Art Gallery, New Zealand. So far no clue has been found to the thief, who, if there be anything in the saying, "*Ars est celare artem*," would appear to be a more successful artist than Mr. LEADER.

***

Under the auspices of the Agricultural Organisation Society a special poultry and egg train is to run, later in the month, from Paddington through South Wales. It will be accompanied by a staff of expert lecturers. A proposal that these learned men, with a view to rivetting attention, shall wear *Chantecler* costumes, is said to be under consideration.

***

The Liberal members of the Society for the Prevention of Premature Burial are delighted to hear that an attempt is to be made towards the end of the month to resuscitate the Budget.



THE DANGERS OF THE STREETS.

Little Girl. "LOOK, AUNTIE, THERE'S A POOR MAN WITH A WOODEN LEG. CAN'T I GIVE HIM A PENNY?"

Aunt. "CERTAINLY NOT, DEAR. I HAVE NO DOUBT HE'S AN IMPOSTOR."

A QUIET HOUR.

"HUNDRED up?" suggested Frank, linking his arm in mine.

"No, thanks, old chap," I said. "I'm going to have an hour's quiet reading."

Frank disengaged himself, gazed at me sadly, and went his way.

There are authors who resemble certain winding roads or dangerous hills—if you try them at too great a speed you come a cropper. For the safe negotiation of their works I am in the habit of retiring to my hermitage. It is a delusion in the household that nobody dares interrupt me there. In an easy-chair I settled myself comfortably and read for five splendid minutes; then it occurred to me that a cigar would be particularly pleasant. My case was in the pocket of an overcoat downstairs. I fetched it and resettled.

"George, dear," enquired a clear voice (the cigar had a half-inch of beautiful white ash), "have you seen Dorothy's doll's deck-chair?" I turned to confront the usually delightful person who peered at me from the half-opened door.

"I have not seen Dorothy's doll's deck-chair," I replied formidably. "Nor have I perceived the pen-wiper of the lamp-lighter's nephew. Really."

"But you mended it only this morning."

"I never touched his pen-wiper in all my life."

"Oh. . . . Are you reading?"

"No; I am papering the room, darling. The room needs papering. Do you like the paper? The husband of the gardener's wife has not any paper in his room, poor chap—not even *The Daily*——"

"The curate's just called. Shall I send him up?"

"Leave me!" I exclaimed—but the door had already closed.

Particularly fine was the ensuing paragraph of the volume, and greatly proud was I, as I sank into the deep cushions, of having grasped its main idea. A serene glow of satisfaction took possession of me. What grand fellows these old philosophers were! What anchor-chains of thought they forged from their white-hot conceptions! Listen to this:—

"Got a stamp, old boy?"

It was the lady who is popularly known as Auntie Nell. Marking my place, I set the book aside.

"Helen," I said, "I will not deny it; I have a stamp. Do you want one?"

"No. I came in for the fern-pot." We regarded each other steadily.

"Shall I lick it?" I enquired meekly. "*And* affix it for you?"

"Yes, p'ease."

"Would you like me to run to the post, Helen?"

"No thanks. Pay you to-morrow."

"Numerous considerations," observed my author, when I had regained the sense of the argument and become calm, "pointing towards deep, unfathomable regions, present themselves here." The consideration which presented itself to me, after a few minutes had passed, was that one of my fingers was sticky. You can't read decently with sticky fingers. I rose, sought the bath-room, and washed my hands. Returning, I made to replenish the fire, and discovered that there was no coal. Ringing the bell, I waited until fuel had been fetched.

"Nature does not make all great men," pursued the luminous unturned page, "in the selfsame mould. ADDISON says——"

"Daddy!" (This must have been ADDISON'S earlier manner.) "Daddy! *You* don't know what *I've* got." Dorothy climbed on my knees and sat on the book.

"Go away," I said austerely.

"Open your mouf and shut your eyes," commanded Dorothy. . . . It was a sugar-almond, and I nearly swallowed the thing.

"Let me look at it." (I opened my mouth.) "O-oh! The pink's almost gone. Now suck hard and you come to the nut. Is it nice? Put your cigar away, or you can't suck proper."

"Dorothy," I said, "I want to read."

"Why?"

"Because—h'm—because it improves my mind."

"Don't you ever want to play wiv me?"

"I played with you this morning."

"But that was *h*ours and *h*ours ago. Can you feel the nut yet?"

"No. Call Mummy. Where's Miss Smith? She ought to put you to bed."

"She's teaching Unky Frank to p'ay brilliards." (Ah, Frank!) "Just *one* game." I smiled, sighed, succumbed.

"What shall it be?"

"Bli'man's-buff. You be bli'man first."

"In all times and places," my author murmured between the shut pages, "the Hero has been worshipped." Am I not a Hero? Dorothy worships me; and Dorothy's mamma once said——

"George, have you seen Dor—— Oh, you darlings!" Being bli'man, I couldn't dodge the kiss.

"Good night, daddy, fankyou. Is the nut froo?" And, as the nut *was* through, and I seemed by now to have mislaid the thread of my author's argument, I went off to relieve Miss Smith.

"The Recorder ultimately adjourned the case to enable the Crown to have the law involved by senior counsel."—*Dublin Evening Herald.*

How often this happens.

TOO MANY DAYS AGO.

(With apologies to the author of "A Few Days Ago" in "The Sphere.")

IF any of my readers—if I have readers—should feel surprise at the remarkable antiquity of some of the paragraphs in this column I hasten to assure him that it is no fault of mine. I hold myself guiltless of a system which makes it necessary for a writer to pen on the 16th, say, of the month, the article which his readers will not see until the 25th. That is one of the penalties of demanding pictures along with text.

One of the most interesting episodes in connection with Queen ANNE'S funeral, which I could not help witnessing, as my taxi was held up for an hour by the procession (at great expense to me), was the unhorsing of one of the officers. Why it should be so humiliating to be thrown from the saddle I leave to psychologists to decide. Enough for me that I felt, and knew that every one else was feeling, a mortification and grief equal to the rider's own: surely a remarkable example of sympathy.

To return to the question of taxis, surely some day a taxi-cab builder will arise with enough brains to devise some system of communication with the driver less clumsy than opening the door and less awkward than speaking, like *Pyramus* and *Thisbe* through a hole in the wall. My own habit—and, as my readers know, I now live entirely in these vehicles—is to arrange with the driver (before I get in) a code of taps on the glass; and then all is well. One tap = turn to the right; two taps = turn to the left; three taps = stop; and so on.

When are we to be provided with a lift at the National Gallery? It is a scandal that in this treasure-house of art the visitor should be expected to put one foot before the other to climb the steps. Art that is worth seeing is worth seeing in comfort.

The cricket season is, thank heaven! upon us again, and the boring pursuit of the football will cease for a while. None too soon. But how pleasant it would be if someone in authority could assure us that at Lord's it would be possible to get something to eat at lunch-time on the big match days, and that the tea interval was to be abolished for ever. Has Mr. FRY chosen his new county yet, I wonder? W. W. W.

"MATRIMONY. A young gentleman wishes to meet a young lady."—*Scotsman.*

Yes, that's how it begins.



THE TRYST AT THE WALL.

Pyramus (President Taft). "I SEE A VOICE: NOW WILL I TO THE CHINK,
TO SPY AN I CAN HEAR MY THISBE'S FACE.
THISBE!"

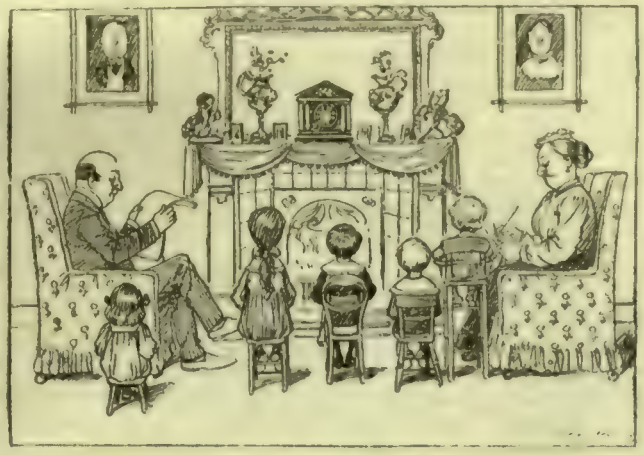
Thisbe (Sir Wilfrid Laurier). "MY LOVE! THOU ART MY LOVE, I THINK."

Pyramus. "THINK WHAT THOU WILT, I AM THY LOVER'S GRACE."

Midsummer Night's Dream, Act V., Scene 1.

MR. PUNCH'S IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION.

FOUR SELECTED EXAMPLES IN WAX.



The Domestic Home.



The Musical Home.



The Scientific Home.



The Literary and Artistic Home.

"THE GRIP."

Conceiving that the wit and wisdom of Messrs. Granville Barker and Bernard Shaw are as undeniable as their inability or reluctance to introduce movement into their dramas is regrettable, Mr. Arthur Collins has, we are delighted to learn, arranged with these authors to collaborate with Messrs. Raleigh and Hamilton in the next great Drury Lane production. Of the wonderful quadruple masterpiece that will result, and is now in process of construction, we are privileged in being able to give the following advance synopsis. The play will be entitled *The Grip*, in four Acts.

Act I.—A desolate strip of the L. and N. W. Railway line between Berkhamsted and Tring. There are four sets of metal tracks, and between each pair of rails is an armchair, on which are seated *Lieut.-Col Robinson* (an ex-officer now in the hardware business), *Mrs. Brown* (his housekeeper), *Miss Brown* (her daughter), and *Mr. Thomas Jones* (her *fiancé*). The quartette proceeds to discuss

Socialism,
The Canals in Mars,
Plural Voting,
Confucianism,
Bedspreads.

In the middle of Bedspreads the Carlisle express (real) arrives suddenly and carries off *Mrs. Brown*. (*Curtain.*)

Act II.—A peak in the Alps. The survivors of Act I., accoutred with axes, alpenstocks, ropes and spectacles, are scaling a difficult pitch, and continuing the adjourned discussion on Bedspreads. From this they drift naturally into

Anti-vivisection,
Vegetarianism,
Christian Science,
Bimetallism,
Japanese Art.

During the last topic the *Lieut.-Colonel* is seized with vertigo, and plunges into a bottomless abyss (real). (*Curtain.*)

Act III.—A tight-rope over the Niagara Falls (real water). On this the two protagonists are balancing. After some brisk repartee on Tariff Reform and the Sex question, during which the fire-proof curtain is twice lowered and raised rapidly, *Miss Brown* invites *Mr. Jones* to chase her. This he proceeds to do, but misses his footing and falls. In an agony of remorse she plunges after him. (*Curtain.*)

Act IV.—The interior (profusely decorated) of St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge. The two lovers, both with bad colds after their recent wetting, and in convict's dress (they have been imprisoned, as it transpires, for giving an unlicensed acrobatic entertainment within the boundaries of the British Empire), are about to be married. They wrangle for some twenty minutes on Eugenics and the Divorce Law, and the ceremony proceeds. Just as it is over and they are on the point of being conducted to separate solitary confinement by the prison warders, a King's messenger arrives up the aisle in a motor-car with a free pardon from His Majesty. Rejoicing and National Anthem. (*Final Curtain.*)

MR. ROOSEVELT IN ENGLAND.

(Extracted from the "Hebdomadary Journal of the Roosevelt Round-Trip.")

I.

To-day (Monday) Mr. Roosevelt, having arrived at Charing Cross on the previous night, addressed the members of the London County Council at the County Hall in Spring Gardens. Mr. Roosevelt was received in state by the Chairman and the Aldermen, and was conducted to his place by Mr. Hayes Fisher and Sir John Benn. In an impassioned speech, which occupied two hours in delivery, he adjured the Council to neglect party, not to bother about the rates, and to sound the death-knell of municipal trading of all kinds. What, he asked, did a tram-line more or less matter, and why should not all needy parents of at least twelve children be fed and clothed at the expense of the ratepayers? At this stage Mr. Hayes Fisher and Sir John Benn left the Hall; but Mr. Roosevelt, nothing daunted, continued his address. Eventually the meeting adjourned in confusion after an enthusiastic vote of thanks to the distinguished visitor had been passed by a majority of one on a total vote of three.

II.

To-day (Tuesday) Mr. Roosevelt paid his long-promised visit to the Houses of Parliament. Members of both Houses had assembled in Westminster Hall to do him honour, a mixed guard of honour being furnished by the 1st Regiment of Life Guards and the Middlesex Yeomanry. The Speaker of the House of Commons and the Lord Chancellor led Mr. Roosevelt to the brass plate commemorating the position of Strafford during his trial; and Mr. Roosevelt then began his harangue by dwelling in scathing terms on the contrast between the material splendour of an Archbishop and the needy wretchedness of a labourer out of employment. No Archbishop, he thought, should receive a stipend of more than £100 a year paid quarterly in advance, and both of them ought to be compelled by law to pass at least eleven months of every year in a slum dwelling. At this point the Archbishop of Canterbury was unfortunately called away by a long-standing previous engagement. Mr. Roosevelt, continuing, poured scorn on such efforts as might from time to time be made by the Bench of Bishops to preach and enforce the superannuated doctrines of peace amongst mankind. Having thus cleared the Hall of all the Bishops, Mr. Roosevelt went on to deliver a glowing panegyric on War as the reinvigorator of nations. He was himself, he said, no supporter of the obsolete privileges possessed and exercised by the House of Lords, but at the same time he felt bound to commend that House for throwing down the gauntlet to an upstart and ignorant assembly like the House of Commons, who, for their part, deserved nothing but praise for the way in which they had determined to assert their privileges against a most unwarrantable encroachment. Both these Houses ought, he thought, to wield a perpetual Veto against one another. They might then combine to build ten *Dreadnoughts* a week and to make every man, woman and child a soldier—a course which he himself had determined to pursue when, if ever, he returned to the United States. Let them use the big stick on one another and on foreign nations and all might yet be well. Finally Mr. Roosevelt shook the hand of his remaining audience (a deaf peer whose name did not transpire), and left Westminster in a taxi-cab.

III.

Unfortunately, Mr. Roosevelt's promised lecture at Windsor Castle on "The Duties and Rights of Royalty" has had to be postponed, Mr. Roosevelt having been summoned to Berlin by the Kaiser and the Imperial Chancellor to settle the vexed question of the Prussian franchise.

THE GILDED PILL.

(A Sorrow of the first Tee.)

[One result of the rubber boom has been to raise the price of the best golf balls from 2*s.* to 2*s.* 6*d.*]

Bang in the blessed spinney there he goes!
(Was ever round so rottenly begun?)
The last survivor of my "silver crows,"
He shall not leap into the morning sun,
He shall not through the bristling bunkers roam,
Nor gambol in the furzes any more;
Now he has journeyed to his long, long home,
Peace to his hand-made core.

We shall not look upon his like again,
That pallid face with cicatrices marred,
That sometimes in the reedy swamp has lain,
And sometimes in the meadow primrose-starred
All but an inch or so has tucked away,
And answered nothing to the niblick's call—
What? Did you speak, my caddie? Yes, you may
Put down another ball.

But not his equal, Edward, not his mate;
In former days I might have dared indeed,
Cheered by the rosy chance of hitting straight,
To sacrifice a second of his breed.
Silvanus only knows what flowery nooks
Have stifled, ere to-day, the dying throb
Of countless unremembered "daws" and "rooks"
Costing the bard two bob.

But now the skyey brutes have grown more dear
And vendors hope to rush me half-a-crown,
I draw the line; there is no patent sphere,
No airy creature of approved renown
For whom I mean to pay that famine price.
The good old tax I'll bear, but naught above,
Not for a glittering bird of Paradise,
Not for a Paphian dove.

Pile me the mound again; and let us place
A feebler victim on the altar-top,
Some poor concoction of a hybrid race,
How slow to move, how resolute to stop!
See where the wretched thing has gone and rolled!
You say the party next behind us swears:
Ah well, it may be just: perhaps they hold
A heap of rubber shares.

Apropos of the newly revived "Parade of the Black Knight," at Ashton-under-Lyne, *The Daily Mail* says:—

"The Black Knight was a tyrant in the fifteenth century who lived at the Old Hall, Ashton, now demolished. He was notorious for the large number of wives he had, and his summary method of disposing of them by rolling them down a hill in a spiked barrel. Left to individual enterprise, the custom had of late years fallen into decay."

Perhaps it was as well. In the hands of a really enterprising individual it must have been a very unpleasant custom for the wife.

"In all the churches in Ipswich, including those of the Nonconformist bodies, Eastertide was observed. Many of the Episcopalian churches were more or less elaborately adorned; this custom, indeed, is becoming general."—*East Anglian Daily Times.*

Heavens, how Ipswich is going ahead!

"Swedish gentleman (21) wants to exchange language with an English lady or gentleman."—*Scotsman.*

Shame! (And only twenty one!)

THE DEPARTMENTAL SYSTEM.

(By the Solicitor's Clerk.)

I sit in a vast marble hall, filled with electric light, heated to a nicety by the most expensive heating apparatus, supplied with lifts and every modern convenience. I am in the Land Registry Office, and asking myself, "Where does the money come from?" I am also wondering whether the Client, who is by a gracious legislature compelled to patronise this institution every time he wants to transfer his London property, is a wealthy man. I hope he is, because he has to pay for the conveyance of his land by the good old system which works well, and the nice new system which does not. This imports variation into life; it is an effective bar to monotony; but it is costly. Yet he must be wealthy, or how could he be a client?

I am ushered into the Official's room. There is a nice fire in the grate, and the Official is just about to read his morning paper. I have come to see him over a matter of a 7*s.* 6*d.* stamp. We converse about stamps generally, this Official and I. By a natural and easy process we get from the abstract to the concrete, and I am informed bit by bit that there is something about my stamp that only Somerset House can properly appreciate.

* * * *

Somerset House and I are old friends. We understand each other. I have no difficulty in gathering, during the course of conversation, that the Land Registry, modest creature, is really the connoisseur of this particular stamp. Let the Land Registry only condescend to initial the stamp, and Somerset House will then do the dirty work.

The walk between the two places is pleasant and bears repetition.

* * * *

The Official is stoking his fire when I enter. I explain what Somerset House want, and explain it again. The Official summons another Official. We are introduced, we pull our chairs up to the fire, and for the third time I explain. They at once grasp the outline of the idea, and pencils are produced. The second Official returns to his nest, the first to his paper, and I to Somerset House.

* * * *

There is another man at Somerset House. He is proud, and cannot conceive what his colleague was up to. He feels that Somerset House ought to have done the initialling and the Land Registry the dirty work. But, as I have said, the House and I are old friends, and I know how to take a joke.

* * * *

The fire in the Official's room is getting, perhaps, a little too hot. However, "How are you getting on with that stamp of yours?" says the Official. I explain that, having made a little investigation of my own, I have discovered a special Stamp Department in this very building. I have left it there for a week, so that they may see if they can think out something for me. "Do you know," says the Official, "I am becoming quite interested in that stamp of yours. What exactly is the matter with it? I am afraid I did not listen very carefully when you first told me about it." I explain that I want it cancelled and the 7*s.* 6*d.* back. Why do I want it cancelled? Because it ought never to have been put on. Then why, if he may ask without seeming rude, was it put on? Because he, the Official, told me to. "Did I really now?" he says. "How very interesting! But tell me, how did you ever come to find out that it ought never to have been put on?" "They told me so at Somerset House." "Ah," he said. "Well, they probably *know*."

* * * *

The week has elapsed. The Stamp Department have thought the matter over. The Land Registry has exchanged messages with Somerset House. (I have been the messenger.) There has been no hurry, no hustle, no bickering, no ill-feeling. Once only the Official intervened, courteous and quiet as ever. Consideration has shown him that Somerset House was quite right. The stamp ought never to have been put on the registration. How he knows this is because the registration on which the stamp was put ought never to have been made. Finally I sign several documents and get the seven and sixpence back in penny stamps.

I say good-bye to the Official, wondering whether the Client is possibly rich enough to stand it. The Official says good-bye to me, wondering whether to put another lump of coal on or not.

Luckily there is always a something.



Mother (visiting son at preparatory school). "Well, my darling!"
Son. "I say, Mother, don't look so *ghastly* pleased before all these fellows."

Consolation.

"Chills caught on the football field have often proved fatal, but it must be borne in mind that consumption might have killed them had they never taken part in football."—*Tit-bits.*

NAPOLEON AT WORK.

WHEN I am in any doubt or difficulty I say to myself, "What would NAPOLEON have done?" The answer generally comes at once: "He would have borrowed from Henry," or "He would have said his aunt was ill"—the one obviously right and proper thing. Then I weigh in and do it.

"What station 's this?" said Beatrice, as the train began to slow up. "Baby and I want to get home."

"Whitecroft, I expect," said John, who was reading the paper. "Only four more."

"It 's grown since we were here last," I observed. "Getting quite a big place."

"Good; then we 're at Hillstead. Only three more stations. Hooray!"

I looked out of the window, and had a sudden suspicion.

"Where have I heard the name Byres before?" I murmured thoughtfully.

"You haven't," said John. "Nobody has."

"Say 'Byres,' baby," urged Beatrice happily.

"You 're quite sure that there isn't anything advertised called 'Byres'? You 're sure you can't drink Byres or rub yourself down with Byres?"

"Quite."

"Well, then, we must be *at* Byres."

There was a shriek from Beatrice, as she rushed to the window.

"We 're in the wrong train—Quick! Get the bags!—Have you got the rug?—Where 's the umbrella?—Open the window, stupid!"

I got up and moved her from the door.

"Leave this to me," I said calmly. "Porter!—*porter!!*—PORTER!!!—Oh, guard, what station 's this?"

"Byres, Sir."

"Byres?"

"Yes, Sir." He blew his whistle and the train went on again.

"At any rate we know now that it *was* Byres," I remarked, when the silence began to get oppressive.

"It 's all very well for you," Beatrice burst out indignantly, "but you don't think about Baby. We don't know a bit where we are——"

"That 's the one thing we do know," I said. "We 're at this little Byres place."

"It was the porter's fault at Liverpool Street," said John consolingly. "He told us it was a through carriage."

"I don t care whose fault it was; I 'm only thinking of Baby."

"What time do babies go to bed as a rule?"

"This one goes at six."

"Well, then, she 's got another hour. Now, what would NAPOLEON have done?"

"NAPOLEON," said John, after careful thought, "would have turned all your clothes out of your bag, would have put the baby in it diagonally, and have bored holes in the top for ventilation. That 's as good as going to bed—you avoid the worst of the evening mists. And people would only think you kept caterpillars."

Beatrice looked at him coldly.

"That 's a way to talk of your daughter," she said in scorn.

"Don't kill him," I begged. "We may want him. Now I 've got another idea. If you look out of the window you observe that we are on a *single* line."

"Well, I envy it. And, however single it is, we 're going away from home in it."

"True. But the point is that no train can come back on it until we 've stopped going forward. So, you see, there 's no object in getting out of this train until it has finished for the day, as it were. Probably it will go back itself before long, out of sheer boredom. And it 's much better waiting here than on a draughty Byres platform."

Beatrice, quite seeing the point, changed the subject.

"There 's my trunk will go on to Brookfield, and the wagonette will meet the train, and as we aren't there it will go away without the trunk, and all baby's things are in it."

"She 's not complaining," I said. "She 's just mentioning it."

"Look here," said John reproachfully, "we 're doing all we can. We 're both thinking like anything." He picked up his paper again.

I was beginning to get annoyed. It was, of course, no good to get as anxious and excited as Beatrice; that wouldn't help matters at all. On the other hand, the entire indifference of John and the baby was equally out of place. It seemed to me that there was a middle and Napoleonic path in between these two extremes which only I was following. To be convinced that one is the only person doing the right thing is always annoying.

"I 've just made another discovery," I said in a hurt voice. "There 's a map over John's head, if he 'd only had the sense to look there before. There we are," and I pointed with my stick; "there 's Byres. The line goes round and round and eventually goes through Dearmer. We get out at Dearmer, and we 're only three miles from Brookfield."

"What they call a loop line," assisted John, "because it 's in the shape of a loop."

"It 's not so bad as it might be," admitted Beatrice grudgingly, after studying the map, "but it 's five miles home from Dearmer; and what about my trunk?"

I sighed and pulled out a pencil.

"It 's very simple. We write a telegram: 'Stationmaster, Brookfield. Send wagonette and trunk to wait for us at Dearmer station.'"

"Love to mother and the children," added John.

Our train stopped again. I summoned a porter and gave him the telegram.

"It 's so absurdly simple," I repeated, as the train went on. "Just a little presence of mind; that 's all."

We got out at Dearmer and gave up our tickets to the porter-station-master-signalman.

"What 's this?" he said. "These are no good to me."

"Well, they 're no good to us. We 've finished with them."

We sat in the waiting-room with him for half-an-hour and explained the situation. We said that, highly as we thought of Byres, we had not wantonly tried to defraud the company in order to get a sight of the place; and that, so far from owing him three shillings apiece, we were prepared to take a sovereign to say nothing more about it. . . . And still the wagonette didn't come.

"Is there a post-office here?" I asked the man. "Or a horse?"

"There might be a horse at the 'Lion.' There 's no post-office."

"Well, I suppose I could wire to Brookfield station from here?"

"Not to Brookfield."

"But supposing you want to tell the station-master there that the train 's off the line, or that you 've won the first prize at the Flower-show in the vegetable class, how would you do it?"

"Brookfield 's not on this line. That 's why you 've got to pay three shil——"

"Yes, yes. You said all that. Then I shall go and explore the village."

I explored, as NAPOLEON would have done, and I came back with a plan

"There is no horse," I said to my eager audience; "but I have found a bicycle. The landlady of the 'Lion' will be delighted to look after Beatrice and the baby, and will give her tea; John will stay here with the bags in case the wagonette turns up, and I will ride to Brookfield and summon help."

"That 's all right," said John, "only I would suggest that *I* go to the 'Lion' and have tea, and Beatrice and the child——"

We left him in disgust at his selfishness. I established the ladies at the inn, mounted the bicycle, and rode off. It was a windy day, and I had a long coat and a bowler hat. After an extremely unpleasant two miles something drove past me. I lifted up my head and looked round. It was the wagonette.

I rode back behind it in triumph. When it turned up the road to the



First Jack Tar (to shipmates, who have hired a very small cart and a very large horse). "'Ow are ye goin' to see where ye're goin' with that there elephant in front of ye?"

Second Jack Tar. "That's all right, mate. Bill 'e's goin' to keep a look out to starboard, I'm goin' to look out to port, and the 'oss 'a got to look out ahead."

station, I hurried straight on to the "Lion" to prepare Beatrice. I knocked, and peered into rooms, and knocked again, and at last the landlady came.

"Er—is the lady——"

"Oh, she's gone, Sir, a long time ago. A gentleman she knew drove past, and she asked him to give her a lift home in his trap. She was going to tell the other gentleman, and he'd wait for you."

"Oh, yes. That's all right."

I returned my bicycle to its owner, distributed coppers to his children, and went up to the station. The porter came out to meet me. He seemed surprised.

"The gentleman thought you wouldn't be coming back, Sir, as you didn't come with the wagonette."

"I just went up to the 'Lion'——"

"Yessir. Well, he drove off quarter of an hour ago; said it was no good waiting for you, as you'd ride straight 'ome when you found at Brookfield that the wagonette 'ad come."

And now I ask you—What would Napoleon have said? A. A. M.

OUR MISTER GIBBS.

["Here and there, still, are men and women who do wild delightful things in the true spirit of folly, and who have learnt the secret of the laughing heart, caring not a hang for what the world thinks, or their next-door neighbour. I have known middle-aged men, and one an 'eminent educationalist' (as he is described in the Press), who have played leap-frog on the village green, to the great delight of the villagers. I have seen a party of distinguished ladies and gentlemen dance a two-step across Trafalgar-square at midnight. I have seen a drawing-room full of 'intellectuals' silent for two hours while they played at jig-saw puzzles. I know half-a-dozen literary men who have challenged each other to walk to Brighton, though some of them have never walked further than Balham. Oh, gay-hearted Fools! Oh, noble Folly!"—*Mr. Philip Gibbs, in "The Daily Chronicle," April 1st.*]

I've seen an Archimandrite dance a cake-walk in the Strand;
I've seen a maddened 'bus horse charge into a German band;
I've seen upon a Scottish moor three German Jews in kilts;
I've seen a tame gorilla caracoling upon stilts;
I've seen a Major-General bowl his grandson with a lob;
I've seen a Plymouth Brother riding barebacked on a cob;
I've seen a Senior Proctor playing polo in a wig;
I've seen a piebald whippet running races with a pig;
But life was dull as ditch-water and flat as cocoa-nibs
Until I read the joyous japes of Mr. Philip Gibbs.

Generosity.

"Exchange first-class cigars against good stamps. Give for 2*s.* worth of stamps 1*s.* worth of cigars, Colonials preferred."—*The Bazaar.*

A good way of getting rid of half-a-dozen Tasmanian cigars.

"Last March there was only one instance of a day without rain and only three in the whole month)."—*The Times.*

Solutions (accompanied by a sixpenny postal order) should be sent to this office.



FILIAL PIETY.

Shopman. "WHOSE BADGE IS THAT YOU 'RE WEARING, MISSY?"
Missy. "IT 'S MR. HOSKINS'S. HE 'S UP FOR THE ELECTION FOR THE DISTRICT COUNCIL."
Shopman. "BUT IT 'S THE WRONG MAN."
Missy. "YES, I KNOW; BUT IT 'S FATHER."

OUR POET PEERS.

THE newspapers have been full of the contributions to a bazaar-book of maxims prepared by the Garelochhead (Dumbartonshire) Golf Club. These included a rhymed eulogy of golf by the Duke of ARGYLL, which opens with the noble lines:—

"It gives to the bad the sleep of the just;
It lays the proud low in the bunker of dust;
It raises the humble to sit in the lap
Of fortune made kind by a fair handicap.
For the man of adventure 'tis balm to his soul
To get himself happily into a hole. . . ."

The same high level of achievement is maintained in the melodious verses of Lord PENTLAND, the Secretary for Scotland:—

"So I said it, and think not I said it in jest,
For you 'll find it true to the letter,
That the only thing old people ought to know best
Is that young people ought to know better."

Viscount GLADSTONE OF LANARK, the new Governor-General of South Africa, sends:—

"Fear not for the future;
Weep not for the past."

This couplet, we believe, has since been expanded to a stanza by a brilliant addition from the pen of Lord DUNEDIN:—

"On the Scottish lute, URE
Cannot be surpassed."

Amongst later delightfully humorous contributions to the bazaar-book is the following from Lord CARRINGTON, the gifted President of the Board of Agriculture, whose serious speeches are always listened to in the most awe-stricken silence in the House of Lords. It is surely not too much to say that this exquisitely pathetic *morceau* combines the poignancy of CATULLUS with the simplicity of HEINE:—

"I 'd like to be a Viceroy
And with the Viceroys reign;
Home Agriculture gives no scope
To my colossal brain.

"I 'd like to be a Viceroy,
In fact, I 'm quite prepared;
But the dear old *Daily Chronicle*
Asserts I 'can't be spared.'"

Lord PIRRIE, K.P., evinces his wide culture in the subjoined brilliant impromptu:—

"NON OMNIA POSSUMUS OMNES.
The scholar versed in classic Greek
May be unskilful with his cleek.
The smartest, best set-up Bimbashi
May be a duffer with the mashie.
Lloyd George, that very gifted Taffy,
Is not a flyer with his baffy.
Ev'n I, who write these deathless rhymes,
Have missed the blooming ball sometimes."

Another amazingly coruscating contribution is the following quatrain from the polished pen of Lord EVERSLEY, who, as Mr. SHAW-LEFEVRE, was known as the wittiest of our ædiles:—

"Though never partial to the Muse,
Your kind request I can't refuse.
I therefore beg you in these lines
'Make hay while good old Phœbus shines.'"

Lord COURTNEY originally forwarded an epic poem on *Proportional Representation*, but afterwards generously substituted this dainty little stanza:—

"In my youth men studied
Commerce, letters, law;
Now they spend the live-long day
Over the Jig-saw."

Lastly, the Earl of GRANARD sends the following pithy distich fraught with a world of wistful meaning:—

"If life 's sometimes a burden to a baronet,
Uneasier lies the head that wears a coronet."

"A camel corps was in waiting, but Colonel Roosevelt and Mrs. Roosevelt . . . elected to travel to-day in a dog car. Others of their immediate party mounted horses or donkeys."
Boston Transcript.

The COLONEL modestly waving away the herds of camels, horses and donkeys, and selecting the humble dog—what a picture for a Landseer! (By the way, you did recognise him as "Colonel," didn't you?)



NERVOUS WORK.

Peer (*loq.*). "WELL, I SUPPOSE THEY'LL GO ON MISSING ME AS USUAL; BUT I MUST SAY IT'S GETTING RATHER WARM!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday, March 29.—To-day House preserved its unique record as the place where the unexpected happens. At length Lords and Commons have actually come to grips on question Who shall be predominant partner. The ring is cleared. Round the roped enclosure gathers crowd eagerly watching. Natural to expect that the champions would comport themselves in manner suitable to historic occasion. They were the pick of the fighting men. Now we should see some pretty play, some swift attack foiled by smart manœuvre, feigned retreat leading up to sharp attack.

To tell the truth there was nothing of the kind. Had the matter at issue been an ordinary amendment to commonplace clause, the manner of Premier and Leader of Opposition could not have been less emotional, the passion of the opposed hosts less deeply stirred. Asquith struck keynote by studiously restrained manner, unbroken moderation of phrase. Throughout he was frigidly argumentative. Made no appeal to passion or prejudice.

Fluellen Lloyd George, seated next to him, dumbly marvelled. How different would have been the scene had he been standing at the Table on such occasion! Before he had reached his fifth sentence this decorous crowd would have been transformed into a seething, shouting mass of humanity.

Prince Arthur, fresh from southern sea and sunlit clime, was in lighter mood. House gratefully laughed when he spoke with high scorn of "these piebald Resolutions," "this harlequin scheme." No one listening, otherwise ignorant of real state of affairs, would have conjectured that the House was entering upon battle round a great constitutional question, the issue fraught with the fate of the Government and the making of history.

Only time Premier really stirred an audience to which the United States, France, Austria-Hungary and Japan contributed the presence of their Ambassadors, was in the final passage, where he dealt with position of the Crown in respect of the Veto. Recalling how Queen Elizabeth in a single Session vetoed 48 out of 91 Bills that had received the assent of both Houses of Parliament, he emphatically declared "That royal veto, then and for long afterwards an active and potent enemy of popular rights, is dead as Queen Anne."

All eyes were turned upon the Heir Apparent to the Throne of the Tudors and the Stuarts, who, with elbows leaning on front of gallery over the clock, intently listened to this lesson in history.

And has monarchy suffered? The loudest cheer of the sitting greeted the Premier's answer to his own question.

"There is not a man among us, in whatever quarter of this House he sits, who does not know that the Crown of this realm, with its hereditary succession, its prerogatives adjusted from generation to generation to the needs of the people and the call of the Empire, is held by our gracious Sovereign by a far securer tenure than ever fell to the lot of any of his Tudor or Stuart ancestors."

Cheers broke forth again, rattling with fierce energy along the crowded Ministerial benches, when the Premier, pointing the moral of his story, roundly declared, "The absolute Veto of the Lords must follow the Veto of the Crown."

This was the one flash of fire in the long night's talkee-talkee.

Business done.—Prime Minister moved House into Committee to consider relations between the two Houses of Parliament.

Wednesday.—Cousin Hugh inadvertently put his foot in it just now. Learned, if he did not know before,



Counsel for the Prosecution.

Mr. Asquith's speech in moving his Anti-Veto Resolution, while a powerful and eloquent indictment, was voted a shade too "frigidly argumentative."



The Flippant "Aristo."

"Ah, my dear Asquith! so *this* is your Revolution! Most interesting, and so *impressive*—what?!!"

[The Leader of the Opposition made an attempt in a flippant manner to laugh these Resolutions out of court."

Mr. Winston Churchill.]



QUEEN ELIZABETH EXERCISES HER ROYAL VE-TO.

"Queen Elizabeth in a single Session vetoed forty-eight out of ninety-one Bills that had received the assent of both Houses of Parliament."

that the House is exceedingly sensitive about attack on any one of its sacred Membership whose constitutional modesty habitually withdraws him from the front of the stage and whose gentleness of manner indisposes him to withhold his right cheek from the hand that has smitten his left.

Episode strayed into delivery of speech against PREMIER'S proposal to go into Committee on Veto question. Picturing the dreadful state of things that would accompany realisation of Ministerial scheme, COUSIN HUGH genially remarked: "There is no greater hypocrisy than to represent the House of Commons as a free assembly."

This fell a little flat. Everyone knows COUSIN HUGH'S stingingly epigramatic way of putting things; accepts it as a matter of course. This disappointing. COUSIN HUGH out for a shindy; not to be disappointed.

"Everyone knows it is not," he asserted.

Still no one moved to tread on the conveniently outspread coat-tail. COUSIN HUGH grew desperate.

"Does any hon. Member deny it?" he asked, looking searchingly along Labour ranks.

It 's a painful story, but must be told. Nobody moved. The coat-tails flapped unregarded on the unsympathetic floor.

At this moment COUSIN HUGH'S flaming eye fell upon the winsome WINSTON seated on Treasury Bench smiling in innocence of middle-aged youth. Here was his chance. Citing case of HAROLD COX, driven from House, as he said, because he was too independent to please its prejudices, he, casually as it were, remarked, "The HOME SECRETARY had not courage and high principle enough to stand up in Mr. COX'S defence."

Then the storm burst. If such wanton attack had been made on FLUELLEN LLOYD GEORGE, he might have been left to repel it unaided. But WINSTON! It was, as J. WARD remarked from under the eaves of his brown felt hat, like hitting a woman.

Instantly uprose angry cries of "Order! Order!" "Withdraw! Withdraw!" COUSIN HUGH, quickly perceived he had made a mistake.

"I did not," he inconsequentially said, "mean to throw any doubt on the right hon. gentleman's moral character," of which nobody had been thinking.

"What did *you* do for Mr. COX?" asked the voice from under the roof-tree of J. WARD'S hat.

"I wrote a letter," said COUSIN HUGH, "publicly and openly defending him."

Then came JOHN DILLON'S opportunity and his triumph.

"That killed him," he said.

This is the shortest speech J. D. ever addressed to the House of Commons. The fact that it was also the most effective suggests a useful moral.

Business done.—Debating Veto Resolutions.

Thursday.—RUNCIMAN, though young in years as Scotchmen count, has had a varied, always distinguished, career in the Commons. Little more than ten years since he entered the charmed circle. To-day is a Cabinet Minister in charge of important Department. Sits at the Council Table close by WINSTON, who, before he found salvation, routed him out of Oldham and for a while seemed to have wrecked his Parliamentary career. Two years ago, in charge of the latest Education Bill he seemed within an ace of succeeding where BIRRELL first, MCKENNA after, failed. On a certain afternoon, over tea and muffins in the parlour of Lambeth Palace, the westering sun looked upon the preliminaries to signing and sealing a concordat that would finally settle this long-vexed question. The sun set; so did the fortunes of the Education Bill. The concordat proved to be a mirage.

Of late MINISTER OF EDUCATION relegated to background. Enjoying period of well-earned leisure. Suddenly dragged to the front and (in Parliamentary sense, of course) beaten insensible by question from Mr. CLOUGH. The Yorkshireman, gloomy of countenance, stern in attitude, wants to know, "What is the portion of any expenses incurred by the Lindsey County Council, in respect of capital expenditure on account of the provision of any public elementary school, charged on the parish served by that school in accordance with Clause 18 (1) (c) of the Education Act, 1902."

Read this backward and forward and see what you make of it.

RUNCIMAN gallantly stood up to reply. Murmured words inaudible across the Table and dropped back in his seat.

"Will the right hon. gentleman," asked the implacable CLOUGH, "let me have a copy of that answer?"

"Yes, Sir," feebly answered RUNCIMAN, glad to be let off so cheaply. Let to-morrow look after itself. Sufficient to the day is the question thereof.

Business done.—WINSTON nails colours to the mast once more.

"Mr. Byles asked the Premier if any treaty existed between this country and France by which there was assured to *both* countries in case of conflict the absolute mastery of the Mediterranean.

Mr. Asquith.—No treaty of convention of the nature specified exists between this country and France."—*Daily Paper.*

Still, don't blame the Government hastily. It 's a difficult sort of thing to arrange off-hand. (N.B. The printer has, with our connivance, put one of the words in what are technically known as italics, with the object of making the joke leap more swiftly to the eye. We are always ready to do anything like that for you.)

WHO'S WHERE.

MR. PUNCH'S LIST OF ARRIVALS AND DEPARTURES :—

ALABASTER.—Mrs. ENAMELINE ALABASTER has arrived at the Hotel Rougemont from Paris.

BLAUBART.—Mr. CARL BLAUBART, of Eiferstein, has arrived at the Hotel Cassel.

CRACKER.—Mr. BILL CRACKER, of Whitechapel, has left Bow Street for Holloway.

DORDLE.—Mr. WALLABY P. DORDLE, of Seattle, Wash., has arrived at the Hotel Bonanza.

EPSTEIN.—Sir EMMANUEL EPSTEIN has arrived at the Hotel Brummel from his ancestral seat in the Beak country.

FROHMAN.—Mr. CHARLES FROHMAN, of New York and London, is in one of those two places at once.

GOLOFINO.—The Cavoliere GOLOFINO has arrived at the Hotel Stincadoro from Wiggsville.

HARDTMUTH.—Mr. HARDTMUTH has arrived from Bavaria at the Hotel Poyntz per R.M.S. *Pennsylvania*.

IKEY.—Mons. and Madame OVIDIUS IKEY have arrived at the Hotel Prodigue per R.M.S. *Nasonic*.

JOPE.—Sir FELIX and Lady JOPE have arrived at the Hotel Mosaic from Jericho.

KATANGA.—Prince DORIA KATANGA has arrived at the Hotel Bibendum from Leopoldville.

LOGNE.—Herr ODICO LOGNE, the Hungarian violinist, has arrived at the Queen's Hall from Buda-Pesth.

MÉNOT.—The French poet and critic, Mons. FORGET MÉNOT, has arrived at the Savoy Hotel.

NOBBER.—Senator JULIUS P. NOBBER, of Tipperusalem, Oklahoma, has left the Hotel Hussell for Ballybunnion, North Kerry.

ONDERWATER.—Mr. and Mrs. JAN ONDERWATER have arrived at the Hotel Perrier from Dubbeldam.

PONTOPPIDAN.—Professor HORO PONTOPPIDAN has arrived at the Hotel Goluptious from Brandywine, U.S.A.

QUAYLE.—Lord QUAYLE and the Hon. GLORY QUAYLE have left Heinemann's Hotel for Castle Boomster, I. of M.

RITZ.—Mr. E. RITZ, of Paris, has arrived at the Waldorf Hotel.

SMITH.—Mr. JOE SMITH, of Covent Garden, has left Lockhart's for Pearce and Plenty's.

TITTERS.—Sir JEROBOAM and Lady TITTERS, of East Grinstead, have sailed from Liverpool per C.P.R. Co.'s R.M.S. *Sardonic*.

UMBER.—Mr. RAFAEL B. UMBER, of Siena, has left the Hotel Herkomer for Cobalt.

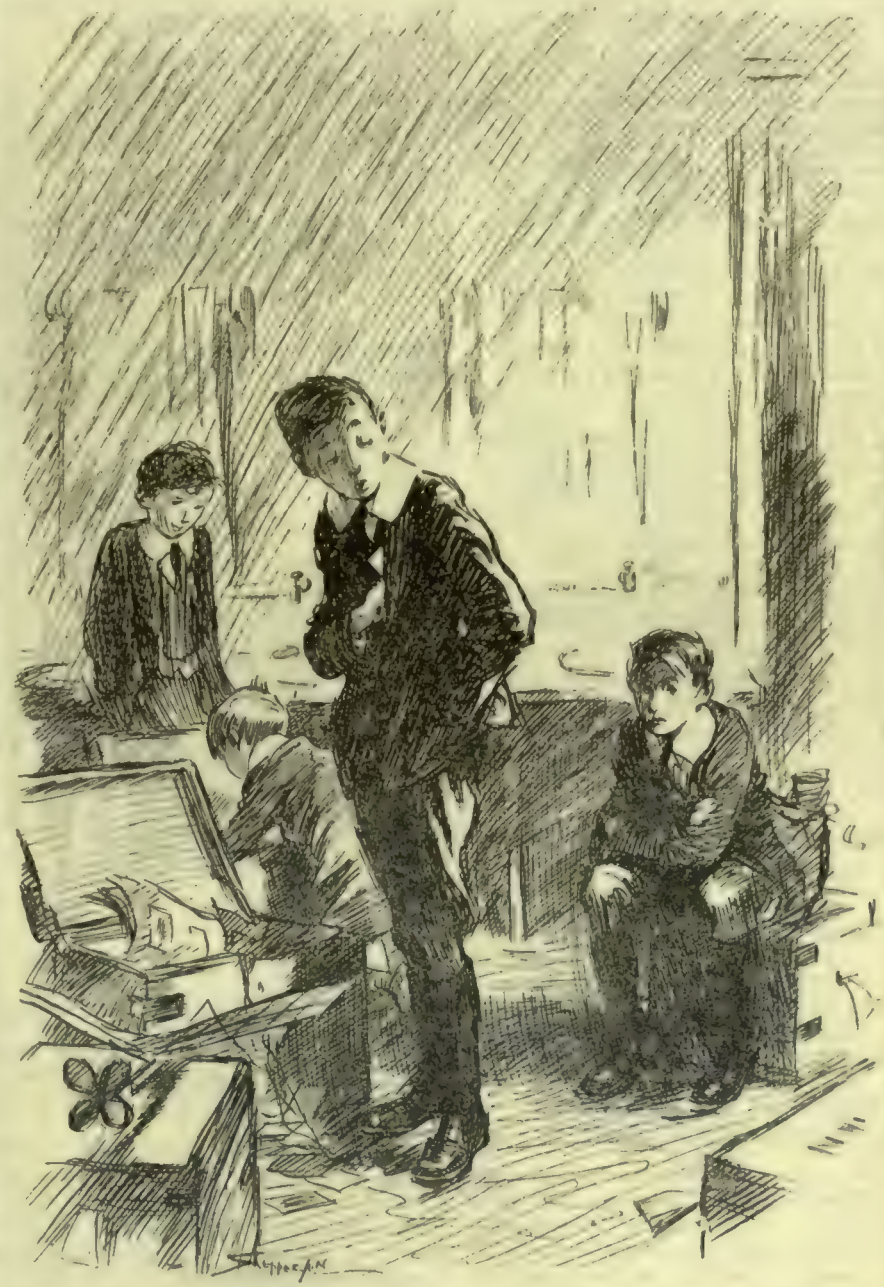
VERGIL.—Mr. CICERO VERGIL, of Smyrna, Ky., has left the Hotel Milton for Mantua, Italy.

WALDORF.—Mr. E. WALDORF, of New York, has arrived at the Ritz Hotel.

XANTHOPOULO.—Mr. XANTHOPOULO, of Bilkeston Hall, Newmarket, has left the Hotel Cambria for Pentonville.

YAW.—Miss VANESSA YAW, of Winnipeg, has sailed from Liverpool to Halifax in an open boat.

ZANCIG.—Professor ZANCIG has returned to Birmingham University after a prolonged tour in Tibet.



Simkins (*aged* 12—*producing picture-postcard of favourite actress*). "I HAVE A COLLECTION OF A HUNDRED AT HOME."
Williams (*aged* 11). "I WISH I HAD A HUNDRED PHOTOGRAPHS OF ENGINES."
Simkins. "SOULLESS BEAST."

Pedestrianism.

"2-45 p.m. 100 miles race (final).
3-0 p.m. 5 meter race (fina.)."
Egyptian Daily Post.

All distances come alike to them out there.

"On April 7th or 8th he hoped the members of the Society would be able to listen to Mr. Lewis Wilkinson lecture on one of the English poets."—*Aldeburgh Post.*

Of course, if they simply can't bear it, they must leave as quickly as possible.

THE OLDEST INHABITANT.

[The body of RA-NEFER, a high official in the Court of SNEFERU, of the fourth dynasty of Egypt, is six centuries older than any known mummy, and dates from about 3700 B.C. On the other hand, the skeleton of the palæolithic man recently discovered in the Dordogne may be 20,000 years old.]

THAN Time and his ravages tougher,
Immune as a gherkin from waste,
O antediluvian buffer!—
Embalmed in a resinous paste,
Or ever the sistrum of Isis
Was shaken (for all that I wot),
Aware of the world and its vices,
And up to a lot.

If the fates had permitted your bogey
(Surviving along with the clay),
And by now a respectable fogey
Of fifty-six centuries, say,
To be gummed with the spice of your cerements,
My word, it would roll me a log
Of fightings and feasts and endearments
(RA-NEFER, you dog!)

And I ween, like all elderly parties,
The changes of Time you 'd deplore,
For the truth of what love and what art is
Was sacred to Dynasty IV.;
And the feeble and spiritless flavour
Of notions that afterwards grew
May have started, perhaps, with some shaver
Like RAMESES II.

"Long years," you would say, "ere a varlet
Invented your pyramid style,
The Red Sea was something like scarlet,
We did have some floods of the Nile;
In days when no suitor was craven,
What amorous sighs we would mix!
What letters of love would be graven
On barge-loads of bricks!

How absurd are these mummified minxes
Compared with the maids I have met;
We knew how to answer the sphinxes
When Egypt was Egypt, you bet;
I wonder where SNEFERU'S column is:
You call that a scarab, good lawk!
The PTOLEMIES! Who are the PTOLEMIES?"
—Yes, that 's how you 'd talk.

But, my boy, you are merely a stripling
Compared with that stony antique,
Who had done with his toils and his tippling
Some cycles before you could squeak;
For an era of peace and of plenty,
When all things were fair, let us go
To some fossilised graybeard of twenty-Two thousand or so. EVOE.

"As head nurse, or baby, good needlewoman; disengaged.'—*Advt. in "Devon and Exeter Gazette."*

So, you see, it 's no good your making the excuse that you haven't got a baby.

AT THE PLAY.

"ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE."

MR. GERALD DU MAURIER, having been an English thief and a French thief, is now (in Mr. PAUL ARMSTRONG'S play at the Comedy) an American thief. Neither *Raffles* nor *Lupin* was captured, but the heroic *Valentine* is introduced to us first in Sing Sing Prison, New York, where he is serving a ten years' sentence for bank robbery. Fortunately, just before he was put away he had earned the undying gratitude of *Miss Rose Lane*, the niece of the Governor of New York. Some man had insulted her



Lee Randall ... MR. GERALD DU MAURIER.
Red Joclyn ... MR. C. M. HALLARD.

"My friend Mr. Joclyn and I will now do our great feat of opening the keyless safe. I have taken off my coat so that my fingers may be unhampered, while he has also discarded his waistcoat and collar to enable him to strike matches with ease and comfort."

in the train between Buffalo and—I can only remember Buffalo, whereupon *Jimmy* came up and threw him out of the window. She repays him by persuading her uncle to grant him a free pardon, and her father to give him a post in his bank. *Valentine*, I must say, had always sworn that he was innocent of the crime for which he was convicted; so emphatically, indeed, that he quite deceived *Miss Lane*, and the *Governor*, and me, and *Mr. Lane*, and, in fact, all of us.

But *Doyle*, the detective, knew all about him, and wanted him for another little job done years and years ago. Three years after *Jimmy's* release, *Doyle* tracks him down to Springfield (Ill.), where he has become (under the name of *Randall*) a reformed and diligent assistant cashier at the bank, and the promised husband of *Rose*. *Jimmy* is ready for him with a most convincing alibi, which includes a faked photograph of himself (*Randall*) at a public dinner taken when *Valentine* was in prison. Then, just as *Doyle* is reluctantly admitting that he is mistaken, the watchman dashes in with the news that *Rose's* little sister has got locked in the new safe, and they don't know the number which opens it.

This was *Valentine's* speciality: opening safes by the sense of touch. (Don't ask me to explain—I can't.) Shall he do it and betray himself, or do nothing and let little *Kitty* die? Well, of course you can guess which he does. *Doyle* watches him go through his performance, arrests him, sees his parting from *Rose*, and . . . lets him go. "Her need is greater than mine," so to say.

Of the three burglar plays, Mr. ARMSTRONG'S contains most play and least burglary. Had the scene been laid in England I should have probably called it unreal; but I am always able to believe anything I am told about America. Consequently I had an extremely pleasant evening, for which I have chiefly to thank Mr. GERALD DU MAURIER. But his was not the only acting which was good. Messrs. D. J. WILLIAMS and FRED CREMLIN gave extraordinarily clever little sketches of old gaol-birds; Mr. C. M. HALLARD came out with an inspired rendering of a part quite strange to him (*Red Joclyn*, no less): Mr. GUY STANDING as the detective was very effective in the typical quiet American way, and Master FRANK THORNDIKE proved himself to be the most delightful stage-boy. The last-named I should like to see playing *John Napoleon Darling* next Christmas now that GEORGE HERSEE is "Master" GEORGE no longer. M.

HINTS ON BIRD'S-NESTING.

THE time is now drawing nigh when the birds of England make their nests and lay their eggs in them, and it behoves every manly boy to be up and doing, lest these feathered creatures, which already do so much damage to buds and fruit, and even the mortar between the tiles, multiply excessively and do much more.

Exactly how much damage is done by each bird I cannot say; but gardeners and farmers will assure you that they are a pest, one and all; while as for nightingales, it is notorious that they are the best friends to that insidious malady, insomnia, father of madness and despair. Plovers do not perhaps work much evil, but is it reasonable that a wise providence would have made their eggs exceedingly good to eat if man was not to eat them? Rooks disfigure the neighbourhood; owls shriek in the night with disastrous results; hawks kill young chickens (or so it is said); and wrens and robins increase holes in the wall, which leads to expense. In short, the bird's-nester

can very easily, if he tries hard and has any gift for sophistry, come to look upon himself as a national benefactor; and what is pleasanter than that?

Birds build in all kinds of places, even on the ground. Plovers, for example, and the irritating lark (so difficult to see in the sky and so easy to lose again) lay their eggs where anyone can step on them. How much better to remove them and place them in the collection (or, in the case of the plover, in the cuisine) than to leave them to be smashed beneath the foot of man or beast! Thrushes and blackbirds build in hedges, and take almost no precautions to prevent discovery. Treat them, therefore, as they deserve. They ask for no quarter: give none. After all, the young birds, if allowed to hatch out, would merely become only so many more tiresome fluters and whistlers at evening and consumers of worms and slugs.

Sparrows build in gutters and pipes or under the roofs, and often their nests cause stoppages and overflows, but since the eggs are not pretty and very common, you need not trouble to take them. Concentrate your energies rather on the rare birds and the singing birds. The nightingale, for example. You can get a shilling each for these eggs, so take all you can find and ensure quieter nights. Swallows again—these are not English birds, any more than the nightingale; they are emigrants who settle here (like the Germans) and eat our food. You know, being an honest English boy, how to deal with foreigners.

So get your climbing irons out, my brave young fellow, and your cotton-wool, and your box, and your blowpipe, and start forth on the great annual adventure. And particularly remember what I have told you about nightingales.

OUR CLEVER PETS.

THE frequent records in our daily Press of the enthusiastic fecundity of certain fowls, together with sundry notes concerning conversational starlings, loquacious parrots, beavers who beave, and other remarkable members of the animal kingdom, have incited *Mr. Punch's* special envoy to undertake a little research into what may be termed abnormal developments of natural history.

In several out-of-the-way spots he unearthed items of such genuine interest that they may well be presented in their curt catalogue form. What a smart and conscientious sub-editor could make of them may perhaps be left to the imagination of our readers:—

(1) BEE (St. Ives).—Name Teddy. Chirps when tickled. Can hum the alto to several easy songs. Stings tax-collector and gas-man. Sleeps on mat. Occasionally brings in another bee to tea.



Master. "I SEE YOU 'VE GOT A HORSESHOE UP THERE, PAT. I THOUGHT YOU DIDN'T BELIEVE IN THAT SUPERSTITION."

Pat. "SURE AN' I DON'T, SIR. BUT I HAVE HEARD THAT THEM AS DON'T BELIEVE IN IT GETS THE BEST LUCK."

(2) WELSH RABBIT (Haresfield, Glos.).—Can tell time by ordinary watch. Fond of cheese. Goes to the post every night.

(3) CANARY (Birdlip, Cheltenham).—Smokes cigarettes and barks like a dog. Good at figures.

(4) PARROT (Polperro, Cornwall).—Laps up milk, and reads daily paper every morning; refuses to be put off with *Spectator* and other weeklies. Collects stamps, and has asked for vote.

(5) LIMPET (Sticklepath, Okehampton).—Purrs loudly when stroked, and comes out of hutch when called. Very affectionate, and quite a pet with all the youngsters. Age unknown.

(6) RAT (Mousehole, Cornwall).—Loves music, and often whistles simple hymn-tunes. Does odd jobs about the house, calls the maids, and answers the door. Will drink tea, but prefers lemon-and-dash. Non-smoker.

Mr. Punch will be pleased to hear of any instances of animal (or vegetable) sagacity, carefully substantiated, which exceed in curiosity the above examples of advanced intelligence in unexpected quarters.

The Expert.

"It was at Scarborough that a score of bathers, including four ladies, were observed yesterday The figures on the whole were well up to the average of previous years."—*Bradford Daily Telegraph.*

They seem to have been observed very carefully.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS threatens to grow a little too easily satisfied with his fluency. He began well with some excellent historical fiction, and then seems to have got caught in the fringe of New York society and lost his head over it. He deplores its decadence, but always with a sneaking pride in the luxury that makes its vices so easy. In *The Fighting Chance* (a good story), *The Younger Set*, *The Firing Line*, and last (and least) his new book, *The Danger Mark* (APPLETON), he has drawn pictures of this society with an impressive air of authority which is just good enough to impose upon the foreigner, but can hardly be taken quite seriously by his fellow-countrymen. Not content with choosing four titles which all scan alike, he has now returned to the theme of *The Fighting Chance*, which may be briefly described as the struggle between Love and Alcohol. This time it is a young and innocent girl, as in Mr. BARRIE'S *Old Friends*, who suffers from hereditary taint—never a very pleasant subject. The book is overloaded with characters sketchily occupied in being rich and conducting little contemptible flirtations; the narrative is desultory; the dialogue thin. Yet Mr. CHAMBERS has in him the stuff of a maker of tales, if he would only wait till he has something to say, and give himself enough time and trouble to say it well.



FORGOTTEN SPORT—HUNTING THE UNICORN.

The struggle between a woman of mature age and a callow schoolgirl for the affections of a man who is unworthy of either is no new theme for the novelist. Indeed, the plot of Mr. EDWARD H. COOPER'S last book, *A Newmarket Squire* (SMITH, ELDER), if not actually as old as the hills, is at least as old as that famous hill at Epsom, which in many respects it resembles. Like that popular eminence, it forms the basis of a kaleidoscopic series of those vivid race-course scenes so dear to the heart of every Briton. As Englishmen we must all feel (or simulate) a deep interest in that noble animal the horse, whether regarded merely as a channel for losing fortunes on the Turf, or in its more domestic moments as a means of exercise or beast of burden. No lover of horses can peruse *A Newmarket Squire* without his love being stimulated and intensified. As he lays the book down his thoughts revert with more than usual tenderness to the bookmaker to whom he is accustomed to remit his Monday cheque with such commendable regularity; he even regards the Club tape with kindlier eyes. It is devoutly to be hoped that *Frank Vaughan* is not typical of his class. He vacillates so persistently between *Mrs. Landon*, the wealthy widow with whom he has long philandered, and *Peggy Estcourt*, the pretty girl with whom he has fallen in love, that it depresses rather than surprises us to find him proposing to the former and marrying the latter. We turn with relief to the charming portraits of that pathetic pair of Royalist exiles, the *Duc* and *Duchesse de Lille*, patiently awaiting at Newmarket the restoration of their beloved monarchy.

It is not, however, given to everyone to share Mr. COOPER'S enthusiasm for the Turf. The sainted Lord SHAFTESBURY, who unwillingly attended Queen VICTORIA to Ascot in 1841, summed up his experience in a few words: "It was a dull affair, and I hope harmless" Thirty years later the Shah of PERSIA'S criticism of Ascot Week was no less crushing. "That one horse can run faster than another is certainly true," he wrote, in that account of his visit to England which he compiled for the edification of his subjects, "but why make a journey to see it?" Mr. G. W. E. RUSSELL recalls these comments, together with much else that is entertaining and interesting, in his latest volume of essays, *Sketches and Snapshots* (SMITH, ELDER). It would be a dull publishing season indeed without some new book of anecdotal memoirs from Mr. RUSSELL'S prolific pen. Happily, the store of his recollections seems inexhaustible; his acquaintanceship with the illustrious living and the mighty dead is so wide and varied that it provides him with a boundless fund of reminiscence upon which to draw; upon each he discourses in that brilliant, leisurely, "across-the-walnuts-and-the-wine" fashion in which he excels.

Piano and I (ARROWSMITH), by GEORGE GROSSMITH, is not a dialogue as the formula might suggest. It is not a history, an essay, nor even a Treatise. It is just chatter, and any who have heard Gee Gee vocally indulge in that method of conveying information or amusement, know it is exceedingly good. Like the Brook we wot of, he chatters over stony ways in little sharps and trebles; he bubbles into eddying bays, and babbles on the pebbles. To put the case more completely in prose, he jots down any odd reminiscence that may occur to him. There is happy deliverance from sequence, more than compensated for by constant flow of genial humour. And all for a shilling; but, mind you, net.

Commercial Candour.

The motto of a certain hotel in Munich is

"SIE WERDEN GUT BEDIENT."

A very proper sentiment. Unfortunately for the benefit of English visitors it has been translated as

"IT SERVES YOU RIGHT."

From the list of new books in *The Athenæum*:

"Gangopadhyaya (Saradakanta). Conic Section's Made Easy, 8 annas."

It doesn't sound as though it's going to be very easy. The "dakanta" part we understand, of course.

"A wag cried 'Bis!' (which is the French for encore), and there was a shout of laughter."—*Johannesburg Star.*

Ha ha! (which is the Italian for spaghetti).

CHARIVARIA.

It has been decided that King Lud shall not be represented in the London Pageant. The Luds seem to be in for a run of bad luck just now.

***

In spite of Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S statement, the Government, it is asserted, has decided to withdraw a few commas from the Budget, realising, apparently, that the only alternative would be a full stop.

***

"The Master of Elibank is a great success as a money-finder for party purposes," says a contemporary. This will scarcely surprise the French newspaper which refers to the Chief Whip as "Le maître de la Banque d'Eli."

***

President TAFT, after having shaken hands with 1,700 visitors at the White House the other day, refused to proceed further with the operation. This was, we suppose, the only way to save his valuable sunny smile.

***

Fifty-two million ladybirds, a New York cable tells us, which were reared in the State Insectary, Sacramento, are being transported free of charge in special railway carriages to Californian melon fields to keep down certain insect pests. We like the idea of "special railway carriages"—with notices, we imagine, above each bench: To SEAT 10,000 LADYBIRDS. Indeed, one can almost hear the gruff voice of the harassed guard crying: "Now then, ladies, move up on that seat, please: there's room for one more."

***

The Daily Mail has published an account of what it describes as a "prosperous butterfly and moth farm" at Bexley, Kent, and now we are simply longing to see a prosperous butterfly—though we think we can just picture the *blasé* creature, slightly given to *embonpoint*, lolling at full-length on a convolvulus, in blissful ignorance of the Budget, and calling for a small honey with a head on.

***

It is rumoured that the Keeper of the National Portrait Gallery is of the opinion that the lady in the painting ascribed to VELASQUEZ is not Venus, but merely an artist's model. It is certainly significant that she stubbornly refuses to turn round and face the public.

***

We would have given a good deal to be present at the National Gallery when the eight grave and reverend art experts, armed, we imagine, with magnifying-glasses, telescopes, and opera-glasses, examined the Rokeby Venus. The scene must have been strangely reminiscent of the incident of Susannah and the Elders.

***

The Meteorological Office has decided to issue forecasts of the weather for several days ahead. We must confess that as a rule we would rather not know too much on this matter.

***

The remarkable absence of London fogs during the fog season which ended in March shows that our atmosphere is now undoubtedly less polluted with smoke than formerly, and Mr. HERBERT SAMUEL'S wisdom in abolishing the small boy's cigarette is more apparent than ever.

***

The Sour Milk diet for prolonging life is making such headway that our economical Government is said to be thinking of making it a condition as regards the pensions of all civil servants that the recipients shall undertake not to adopt this elixir.

***

The Metropolitan Police have issued a regulation providing that all new taxicabs must be fitted with horns of a uniform nature. This knocks on the head Dr. STRAUSS'S proposal that a complete taxicab orchestra should be formed.

***

Hull, we learn from *The Daily News*, is up in arms because *Le Matin* has called that city the "little" port of Hull. We trust, however, that it is not a fact, as *The Daily News* states, that the Mayor has written to the Parisian editor objecting to the description "*le petite*," and calling on him to make the *amende honorable*. It looks as if the amendment should come from this side of the Channel.

***

The following advertisement caught our eye in *Bradshaw* the other day:—"Nottingham. Flying Horse Hotel. Established 1483. *Under new management.*" How the centuries bring their changes!

***

With reference to the letter in *The Daily Mail* from a gentleman who complains that, while seated in the stalls of a theatre, he was stabbed in the back by a hat-pin which a lady had thrust through the back of his chair in order to fix her headgear there, a fair correspondent writes to us to point out that such accidents could easily be avoided by men wearing a steel plate, instead of a flimsy lining, at the back of their waistcoats.

***

"The MULLAH," said Lord CREWE, in replying to Lord CURZON'S complaint that we were proving ourselves the good friends of our enemy, "is a sort of successful freebooter." As a freebooter is, we take it, a near relation of a freefooder, one can understand the Government's attitude.

***

During the trial of the Countess TARNOWSKA, it was related that on one occasion, at a theatre, the lawyer PRILUKOFF leapt, at her instigation, from his box to the stage. An enterprising music-hall manager is reported to have at once booked this turn.



SOCIETY GOSSIP.

"BIZNESS IS VERY SLACK, 'ERB—NOBODY ABAHT—W'Y IS IT?"
"W'Y, DON'T YER KNOW, 'LIZA? 'OUSEHOLD BRIGADE STEEPLECHASES, O' COURSE!"

"The Household Brigade Steeplechases take place at Hawthorn Hill on Wednesday and Thursday. Special trains will run from Paddington to Taplow, and motor-omnibuses will be in waiting at Taplow to convey them to the course."—*Daily Telegraph.*

This *is* luxury: from Paddington to the paddock without changing.

From a *Pall Mall Gazette* poster:—

"FOLLOWING AN ELOPING WIFE.
REMARKABLE SPURT IN . . . RUBBERS.'

We have often said that goloshes make the best running shoes for this kind of work.

TO MR. HALDANE IN MUFTI.

[The War Minister was put up to introduce the first of the "Veto Resolutions."]

As when a man with breast of steel,
Who many a time through seas of blood,
Sabre in hand and spur at heel,
Has dealt the foe a fearful thud;
Alone in dongas, after dark,
Has mown the rebels down in batches,
And been the object of remark
In various picturesque despatches;—

As when a warrior such as that
Puts off his military gear,
Assumes the sombre suit and hat
That fit a plain civilian sphere,
And, posted in a clerkly pew,
His task to check accounts and file 'em,
Subsists as secretary to
A club, or lunatic asylum;—

Reared in a sternly virile school,
Where discipline comes first and last,
He does his duty, as by rule,
But oh, his dreams are with the past;
Visions of gore that will not wash
Smile from the blood-red office blotters;
His heart is still at Stellenbosch
Tracking De Wet's elusive trotters;—

So I have seen you, Dog of War,
Shin down from off your fiery barb,
Undo your trappings, aft and fore,
And don an academic garb;
Have seen you slough your martial pride
As though I saw a lion doff its
Pelt for a lamb's civilian hide—
Haldane among the Veto prophets!

Those "Resolutions," doomed at birth,
Like "good intentions," graven fair,
Which form, to make Olympian mirth,
The paving-stones of we know where—
How could you join this paper feud
Which members of a party gang wage,
You with your figure stoutly thewed,
Your soldierly command of language?

Indeed, on such a doubtful case
Your lips were never meant to speak;
You have the warrior's open face,
Your soul is stamped upon your cheek;
Stick to your game—the clean, bright blade—
"R. B. for England!" on your banner,
And leave the politician's trade
To men who lack the Army manner! O. S.

From *The Calcutta Gazette Extraordinary*:—

"Whereas it appears to the Lieutenant-Governor that certain *dhotis* (waist-cloths) having on their borders a poem entitled "Farewell Mother" . . . contain incitements to violence. . .

"And whereas . . . the said *dhotis* (waist-cloths) are documents within the meaning of section 2, clause (b) . . .

"Now therefore . . . the Lieutenant-Governor hereby declares all copies of the said documents wherever found in Bengal . . . to be forfeited to His Majesty. . ."

We can imagine an indignant Bengali explaining volubly to a policeman that it didn't mean "Farewell Mother" at all, but "All wool, unshrinkable."

MR. ROOSEVELT IN PARIS.

Rapturous Welcome.

(From our Special Representative, Signor Piccolo Magico.)

Mr. Roosevelt's tour, as it goes on, fully justifies my description of it as a unique tribute to a personality which has deeply impressed the whole world, vegetable and animal, as well as human. His reception in Paris has been something pyramidal. As for the scene at the Comédie Française last night, it was such as I have neither seen nor heard of before. The house was largely filled with students from the Latin Quarter, and between the Second and Third Acts of *Frou-Frou* loud cheering was heard. Happening to notice that Mr. Roosevelt was not in his place, I left my box and quickly hurried along the corridor. I found him making a speech to the students on the Latin genius as exemplified by the histrionic profession. One passage which struck me as singularly impressive was the following:—

"The energies of the actor, if they are continuously devoted to the realistic portrayal of mean, ignoble or undesirable characteristics, cannot but react disadvantageously on his moral fibre. Contrariwise, if the actor, or actress, exclusively devotes his or her best talents to the impersonation of such characters as are only noted for their integrity, honesty and piety, it is more than probable that in the long run his or her soul will be braced and toned up to a higher level of moral achievement."

The students were hypnotised by Mr. Roosevelt's vehemence, and by his sledgehammer sincerity. Strong women wept like men; several fascinating *soubrettes* were reduced to hysterics; and a young French nobleman, renowned for his command of English slang, observed in my hearing, "Golly! What a corker!" Mr. Roosevelt wound up a speech which lasted for thirty-five minutes, and contained sixty thousand words, by a poignant and soul-shaking appeal to the students to be true to the ideals of the ancient Romans. "Rome," he said, "was not built in a day, and the Latin Quarter cannot be adequately described in a quarter of an hour." As the Third Act of *Frou-Frou* was now approaching its conclusion Mr. Roosevelt reluctantly returned to his box.

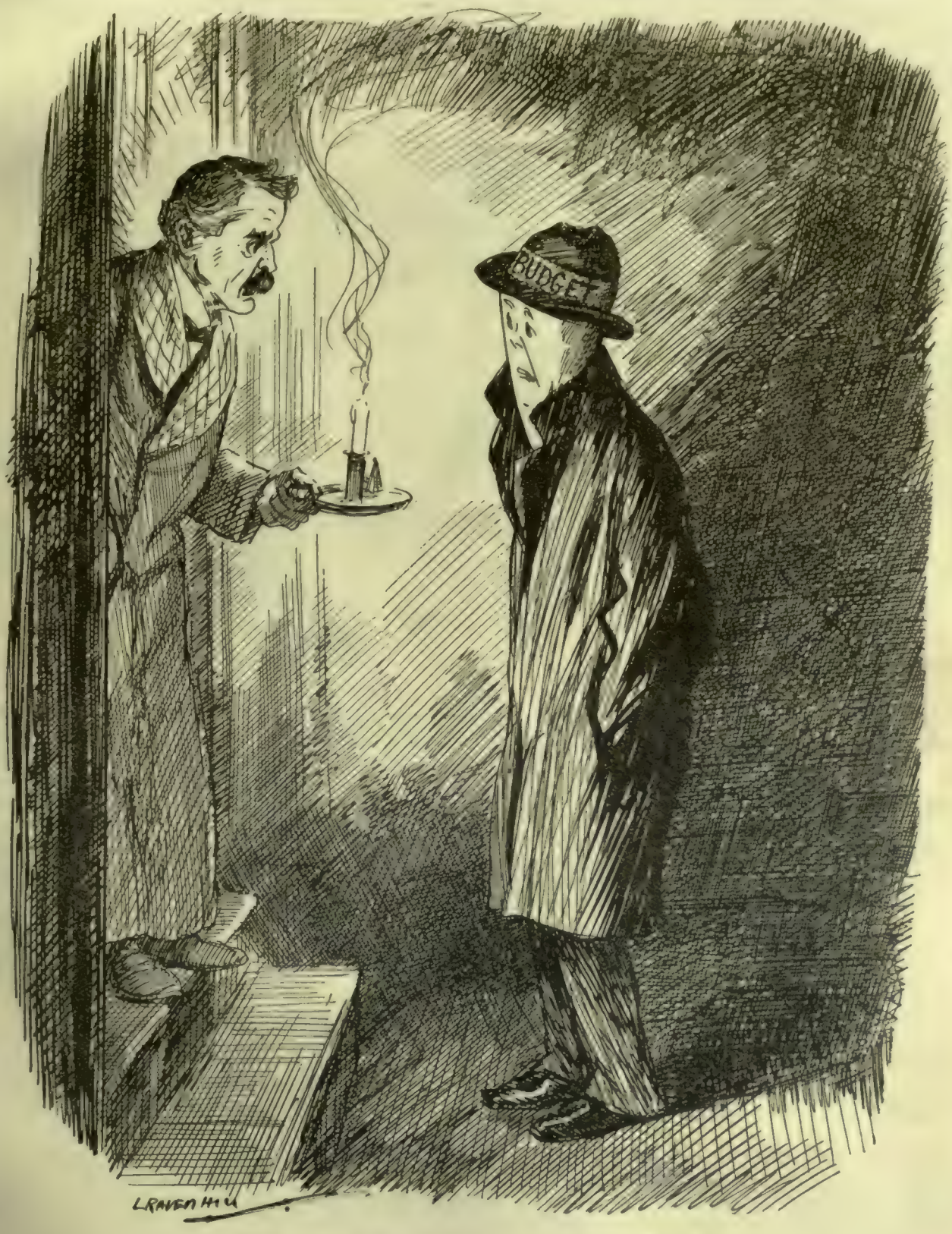
Friday morning.—I have just returned from witnessing one of the most beautiful and touching sights that has ever fallen to the lot of a modern journalist. I refer to the visit paid this morning by Mr. Roosevelt and his son to the *Jardin des Plantes*. Never since the memorable preachment of St. Francis to the birds has a great man exhibited such gracious condescension to the brute creation. In such circumstances some men would have gone armed to the teeth, but Mr. Roosevelt did not take with him even a revolver. The note of perfect friendliness towards the inmates was set at the very beginning of the proceedings when Mr. Kermit Roosevelt was lowered into the bear-pit, climbed to the top of the pole, and ate several buns with an exquisite courtesy and grace. Confidence being thus established, Mr. Roosevelt went the round of all the cages and enclosures, addressing a reassuring sentence and in some cases a pithy and stimulating exhortation to each. What, for example, could have been happier than this genial address to the giraffe?—

"Your height exposes you to great danger, for, as a witty writer has said, giants are generally their own killers. Console yourself, however, with the reflection that the possessors of long necks are seldom subject to apoplexy."

Very felicitous, again, was the mode in which Mr. Roosevelt introduced his son to the oldest lion in the gardens:—

"Monarch of the forest, allow me to present to you my cub Kermit."

Great satisfaction was expressed in the monkey-house at the friendly admonitions which the Ex-President addressed to its agile occupants:—



THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

Budget Bill. "WELL, FATHER, AREN'T YOU PLEASED TO SEE YOUR CHE-ILD AGAIN?"
Enthusiastic Parent. "OH, IT'S YOU, IS IT? Welcome Home!"



(*On the last green—a fiver on the match.*)

First Stockbroker (having just holed out). "WHAT ARE YOU DOWN IN?" *Second Stockbroker.* "WELL, WHAT ARE *YOU* DOWN IN?" *First Stockbroker.* "I ASKED YOU FIRST."

"Some unthinking critics have compared you to man's poor relations. It is not your poverty, however, that is a legitimate object of criticism. It is your dangerous indulgence in the practice of mimicry which exposes you to the charge of a vulgar obsequiousness." Mr. ROOSEVELT also specially appealed to the chimpanzees to avoid excessive indulgence in tobacco and spirituous liquors.

"For sale 9 h.p. 2 cylinder Clement, tonneau body for 4 . . . Owner getting larger."—*Exchange and Mart.*

Owner must take it in time with plenty of fresh air, sponge baths, and no sugar.

"A woman calling herself Jane Warton was sentenced on January 14th to a fortnight's imprisonment in connection with the Liverpool suffragette disturbances. The authorities have just discovered that she is really Constable Lytton."—*Wanganui Herald.*

Now he knows what it's like, he won't be so ready to arrest the next deputation. (But didn't anybody *miss* P.C. Lytton?)

"THE DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF SCIENCE.

"John Trotter, B.Sc. Thesis — 'Bis-p-methoxybenzylidenedimethylpyrone, and some of its Derivatives.'"—*The Scotsman.*

Lucky that the "bis" didn't come at the end of the word, or he might have had to say it all over again.

"SUFFOLK.—You are not correct; Nelson, the great British Admiral, was born on September 29th, 1878, at Burnham Thorpe, Norfolk."—*Evening Star and Daily Herald.*

All the same, we would bet that "Suffolk" made as good a shot as that.

A CUP TIE EPISODE.

[A weekly paper recently advocated weeping for men as "the true elixir of energy and the greatest of Nature's restoratives."]

ON our football aspirations fortune very seldom frowned,
For our wings were very speedy and our centre very sound;
And the total of our victories went gaily mounting up,
Till we figured in the final of the Gutta-Percha Cup.

I remember every incident connected with the tie,
How the trams were running crowded and our hopes were running high.
We had youth and skill and backers of a sort that seemed to me
Quite sufficient to intimidate the boldest referee.

Now it may have been our nervousness at such a stringent test,
Or it may have been the subtlety the other side possessed;
But, at any rate, the fact remains, when half the game was done
They were actually leading us by three good goals to none.

When we went to the pavilion for a breather and a rub,
We were sad at such a blot upon the 'scutcheon of the club;
And we felt the sorrows people feel when every hope departs,
So we busted out a-weeping fit to break our little hearts.

And the tears were so effective that the match's latter bit
Saw our eyes a little reddened but our feet exceeding fit;
And, before the final whistle put a limit to the score,
We had vigorously walloped them by seventeen to four.

CITY CHAT.

"I WANT to be rich," said Charles thoughtfully.

"Then buy rubber," said Algernon from behind his evening paper. "Sell your holding in Tapiocas and buy rubber."

"How do you buy it?"

"I don't know. I'm a child at business. I think you go to the telephone and just buy it. You don't want any money—only a loudish voice."

"Have *you* ever made money on the Stock Exchange or anywhere?"

"Never. Oh, well, I once made a penny on the Post Office Savings Bank. My father, with the idea of encouraging thrift, put in a pound for me when I was fourteen. Nothing further happened until I was fifteen, when I drew it out again. Interest of a penny had been accruing all this time . . . but I never applied for it."

"In a thousand years that penny will come to—to—to quite a lot at compound interest."

"Yes, we used to work it out at school. It was about four million billion pounds. I shall leave it to you, Charles; and in the event of your death to the Middle Classes Defence League. I trust that they will spend it wisely."

Charles was silent for a long time.

"I don't understand," he said at last, "what this rubber boom means. Why should rubber keep on going up in price so much?"

"Because so many more rubber trees are being planted," suggested Algernon.

"No, that must be wrong," he admitted generously.

"What is rubber used for except for tyres and golf balls? There's no new demand for it, is there?"

"Mats with 'Welcome' on them are always made of rubber. I'm ordering one with 'Good-bye' on it. It will be placed just inside the door where it catches the eye at once, and will be made entirely of rubber."

"There are goloshes, of course."

"And sandwiches. 'A thin slice of india-rubber and two pieces of dry bread, please, Miss.' Yes, there are plenty of ways of using it."

"But these are all the same old ways. That's what worries me."

"Why be worried about it at all?" asked Algernon. "All you've got to do is to take advantage of it, and buy shares in the"—he referred to his paper—"in the Burra Burra Development Company, Limited."

"Oh, is that a good one?"

"The very best. Our old friend Colonel John Tench, late of His Majesty's Indian Army, and now of Ravenscourt Park, is a director. Also Lieutenant Wilbraham of the Royal Navy and Addison Road. Also Mr. Fritz Oppenstein. Those names always inspire me with confidence."

"I've never heard of them before."

"Neither have I. But they sound exactly right. Probity and shrewdness simply ooze from them—probity from the first two, and shrewdness from the other."

"Yes, but how much rubber oozes from them? That's what I should want to know."

"Dear Charles, you are very hasty. How can rubber ooze before the trees are grown up? How can trees grow up before they have been planted? How can they be planted before the estate has been cleared? How ——"

"But if there's no rubber ——"

"I hadn't finished. How can the estate be cleared before it has been bought? How can it be bought before *you*, Charles, have come out with the money? Now you see."

"Then it will be years before any rubber is ready for sale at all?"

"Years. But what a harvest when it comes. In 1920, it says here, they expect to produce 500,000 lbs. of rubber. Putting the net profit on rubber at four shillings a pound——"

"Why?" asked Charles.

"Well, they must put it at something. Putting the net profit at four shillings a pound, you get—well, there you are, that's what you get."

"But I can't possibly wait till 1920. Hang it, that's an awful long time. I always thought one made money on the Stock Exchange much more quickly than that."

Algernon looked at him compassionately.

"My poor friend, how little you seem to know. You talk as if you really wanted a piece of india-rubber, and would have to wait ten years for it. Never mind about the rubber; you buy the shares."

"Look here, I suppose you know that I don't want to *spend* money, I want to *make* it."

"Quite so; and I didn't say you *pay* for the shares, I said you *buy* them."

"And then what do I do?"

"Then you wait. To-morrow, perhaps, some refreshment contractor lays in a new stock of sandwiches, or there is a great demand for wedding-cakes, or I buy my mat; naturally the price of rubber goes up. Naturally, also, the price of your shares. Next day the Burra Burra manager cables that they've been having perfectly glorious weather out there, with just a few nice showers to bring up the rubber trees if they had been planted. So sensitive is the Stock Exchange that the shares shoot up still further. Next morning there is a photograph in *The Daily Mirror* of a man who has made £10,000 in three weeks over rubber; of course, hundreds of its readers rush in to do the same; up go your shares again. In the afternoon somebody discovers that there really is a place called Burra Burra, and that rubber trees have been known to survive there. Once more the shares go up. At the end of a week or so you sell—and there's your money."

"There's the money," echoed Charles.

"And not only the money, my dear Charles, but the feeling that you have earned it nobly, that you have done something for the Old Country with it. You have helped to expand the Empire; you have served your time as a captain of industry; you have been a landed proprietor and an employer of labour. Ah, Charles, Charles, it is men like you who make the world go round."

"Y-yes," said Charles doubtfully. "Er—could you lend me five pounds *now*?"

A. A. M.

"WAIT AND SEE!"

[*Vide* Mr. ASQUITH's answers, *passim*.]

SCHEMES are shattered, plots are changed,
Plans arranged and re-arranged!
Words are eaten; every day
Broken pledges thrown away;
Here the riddle—where the key?
Wait and see!

Does his wandering course reveal
Only love of Britain's weal?
Does he toil through heavy sand
Seeking how to keep his land
Clean and prosperous and free?
Wait and see!

Is it that he turns his eyes
To a goal that needs disguise?
Just a paltry party score,
Checked by some about him, more—
More particular than he?
Wait and see!

Is he one whose wavering mind
Lightly veers to every wind,
Hither pitched and thither tossed,
While the country pays the cost
Of his flaccid vertebræ?
Wait and see!

Be it not that he has sold
All the faith that men should hold
Sacred; that he walks his ways,
Flogged by those whom he obeys,
At whose word he bows the knee—
Wait and see!

Wait and see, and wait again:
But the country waits in vain.
Waits for order—finding none;
Sees but duty left undone.
* * * *
What will Britain's verdict be?
Wait and see!

DUM-DUM.

A PLEA FOR GREATER VARIETY IN THE BALLROOM.

Why not adapt to private use some of the dances we have been recently shown at the Music-Halls? For instance—



The "Constance" Cotillon.



The "Apache" Polka.



The "Salome" Lancers.



The "Vampire" Valse.

A SPECIMEN PAGE FROM OUR OWN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

HOMER AND THE MODERN SPIRIT.

No man, least of all a Scotsman, is at all times aware of the depth of his own ignorance. For instance, I did not know until last week that there existed in the Saxony—is there still such a kingdom? I am not sure—a town named Naseweis; nor had I become conscious of the University of Naseweis. Naturally enough, therefore, the existence and the activities of Professor Hildebrand Bummelstecher of that University, have been, if I may say so with all respect, a sealed book to me. My own fault, of course.



Afternoon tea in Trinidad.

Dr. Bummelstecher, like most German Professors, has strong views of his own (on Homer in this case), and has written a book all about and about them, as the little girl said. Why should German Professors write so much about Homer? Why is there nobody to ask them, as Lord Melbourne once asked somebody, if they can't leave it alone? However, we must take things as we find them, and as Dr. Bummelstecher's book on Homer runs to 2,059 closely printed pages, exclusive of preface and notes, I need hardly say I found it solid, and, in its own way, highly German.

Dr. B. treats Homer very much *de haut en bas*. He is like the village umpire who, when asked for "middle" by a player in a rival team, promptly gave him out leg before wicket. It was magnificent, but it wasn't cricket. In the same spirit Dr. B. puts Homer aside.

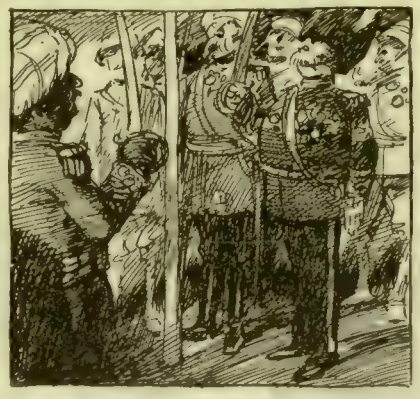
The Professor, in fact, is very short with poor Homer. He does not show him even the ordinary courtesy of the South Sea Islanders, who, before they club their aged relatives to death, invariably ask them whether they would prefer beads or banana skins as a headdress for the impending funeral ceremonies. Dr. B. simply brings his book down on Homer's head and makes an end. I don't know how the learned world will regard this inhuman treatment, but I am painfully conscious that least one there is at it has caused gorge which when that to rise. And power on happens no prevent earth can getting on wigs from —like golf-balls to the green balls.



Mr. Winston Churchill on his way to Bond Street.

I am all for politeness towards Professors, and even when they launch literary *Dreadnoughts* at me I refuse to proceed on the principle of two keels to one. One small torpedo will settle the Professor's hash well enough. If he is still dissatisfied after that I may refer him to the remark of the headsman to the Laird of Dalwhipple who had complained that the axe did not look sharp—"It 'll carve *your* heed, my man," was that amiable functionary's reply.

After all, Homer's *Iliad* is still the best, and so is his *Odyssey*—much better than Bummelstecher's. That is the long and the short of it, as the Cambridge scholar said when they asked him to define a trochee. Professor Bummelstecher is a spondee, and a German spondee at that. He is all length—2,059 pages, exclusive, as I have said, of preface and notes. He has a rod and a line, but he has forgotten his fly.



Hoisting the British Flag in The Molasses.

From left to right:—H.H. The Shugar of Khandi; General Sir John Beet, K.C.M.G. (Governor); Colonel Cane, V.C.



Reported Death of the Ex-Sultan of Turkey.

Typical Street Scene in Adrianople.



The Duchess of Dingwall in her celebrated Dryad Dance.



A Pretty Society Wedding.

Mr. Walter Jones and Miss Phyllis Tattlewell at St. Mark's, Peckham.



Birthday of Britain's Youngest Centenarian.

Mr. James Wilson and his descendants dine together at Royston.



Unemployable Gentleman (on seat). "WOT O, BILL! GOT A JOB? 'OW D'YER LIKE IT?"
Ex-Unemployable. "SO SO, CHARLIE—IF ONLY THE SUDDEN CHANGE DON'T PLAY 'AVOC WIV MY CONSTITOOTION."

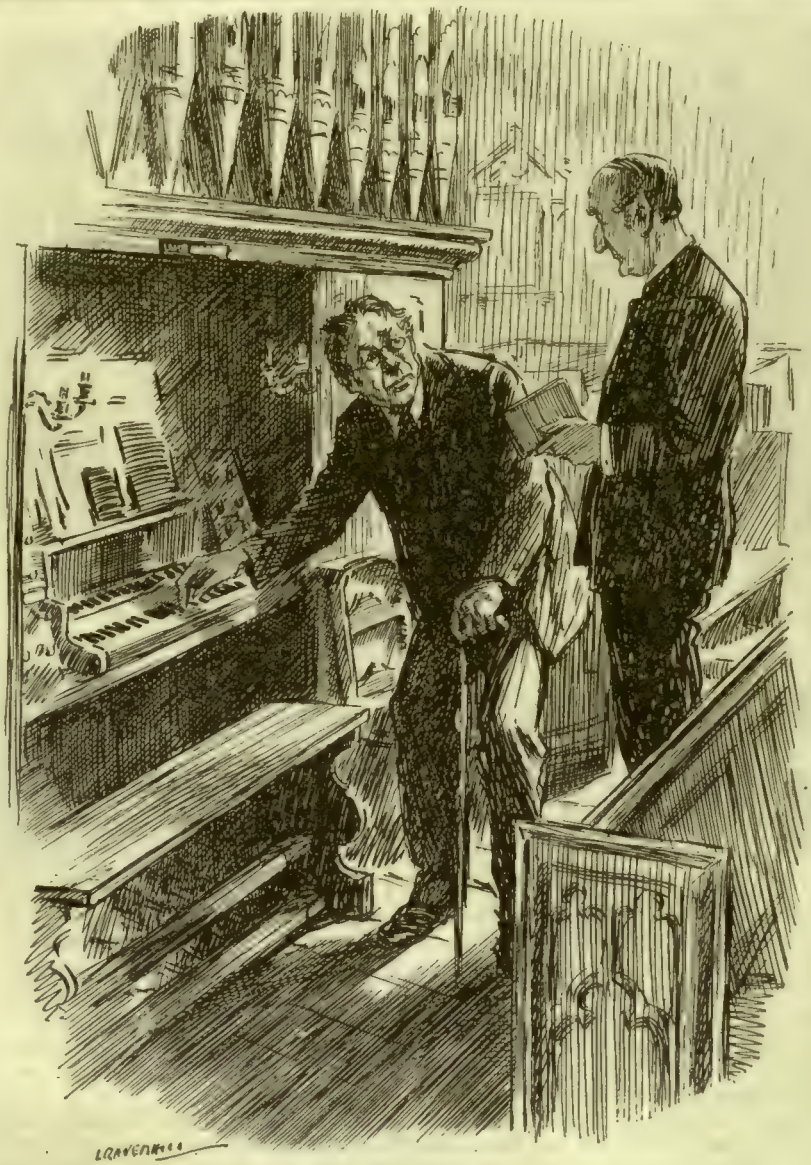
FRIENDS IN HIGH PLACES.

WE were in the compartment next to the engine and there were five of us. There was myself (first always). There was the Old Man, who looked as if he owned a large estate in Herefordshire, but probably did not. There was the Daughter, who despised her father but was not going to let you despise him. There was also the florid Business Man, who was trying to look as important as his despatch case. We were strangers, but we felt we must be talking, so fell to abusing the Great Western Railway Company. I love the old G.W.R.! I abuse and abuse and abuse it, and it gets fatter and redder in the face and more prosperous every day.

This time it was the heating of the carriages. Personally I had been thinking that ours was much too hot already, but the Daughter was as headstrong as she was handsome, and insisted that it was not hot enough. The Old Man obviously had no feelings of his own; I sank mine in the good cause, and it never transpired what the feelings of the Business Man really were. It was clear that he had very strong feelings, and that was enough for us. So we set to, and said whatever occurred to us; and any other railway company but the G.W.R. would have just stopped its train then and there, and have gone and wept in its goods-yard before we had finished. But the old G.W.R. merely rushed through Warwick shrieking and rocking with laughter, and that just about finished the Business Man. He started with insinuations of gross carelessness, went on to impute dishonest motives, and concluded with a shout that steps must and should be taken in the matter. At that we all puffed ourselves out and determined to make the most of ourselves by fair means or foul.

The Business Man had the first go, because it was his idea. He said he knew the Traffic Manager of the District (I have no reason to suspect that he was telling the truth), and would let him have a piece of his mind. Being a man in complete control of his temper, he had only done this once before, and on that occasion the traffic had been completely reorganized in the railway universe, and the manager in question had taken to his bed for three critical weeks. The Business Man would have liked to develop the incident, but we all wanted our turns, and the Daughter showed signs of getting hers by force. So he briefly recapitulated the circumstances and bound himself to raise—what I must not mention—in influential circles. His speech could not have been more interesting had we even known whether he was complaining of the heat or the cold.

The Old Man began muttering about the station-master at Leamington, whose intimate friendship he was just about to claim, when the Daughter started in. I could not help being curious as to what official she was going to know. He was, I do not doubt, a carriage-cleaner of sorts to begin with, but I saw the lucky fellow being promoted all the time the Business Man was talking. He ended by being something vague but imperial, the reigning monarch at Paddington. She would send George (George came as a blow to me) round to Paddington the first thing on Monday morning, and we need not have any doubt that reigning there would become at once quite a different affair. She was not going to be put upon in this disgraceful way. George would see to that all right. I felt when it came to my turn that I must go one better. I must know a Director. But why confine myself to knowing one? Trying to look as much like a person used to Directing as possible, I said, "I am myself a



A CRISIS.

Village Organist (to new Vicar). "We must 'ave summut done to 'un, Zir. When I do play the Amens that ther' note do hang on to 'un till I have to prize 'un up wi' a zhut knife."

Director. I will sack everybody. This shall not occur again." That took all their breaths away but did not otherwise affect the temperature. Nevertheless we were all proud and contented with ourselves till the fifth passenger intervened.

You remember I said there were five of us. I did not tell you who the fifth was because it was not worth while. You have forgotten all about him? So had we. He was just a man in a corner, a poor labouring man who could not be expected to know the Chairman of the Board, and, apart from Royalty, there was no one else left. But wasn't there? As the train came to a standstill in Oxford station, he poked his head out of the window and shouted to the engine-driver:

"Bill, old man," he said, "we're perished in 'ere. Put us a bit o' steam through the pipes."

LITERARY GOSSIP.

(By our Independent Critic.)

Thus far the books of the Spring have been somewhat lacking in personal interest; but this reproach will be removed by the publication of Mr. Thody Lyon's *Reminiscences of the Upper Ten*. It is a remarkable fact that the only commoners mentioned in this charming narrative are Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Balfour and Robert Browning. The *dramatis personæ*, so to speak, include two emperors, seven kings, thirty princes and seventeen dukes, and one chapter has the significant and impressive heading, "Ego et reges mei."

The World's Worthies.

Famous luminaries of the past coruscate in the pages of the numerous new memoirs and historical books promised by the famous firm of Scriven and Scoop. *Fascinating Fairies* is the bewitching title of a volume from the vivid pen of Mr. Paul Corporal, in which the inner life of Byzantine Society beauties is set forth in glowing colours. Mr. Peter Prior has edited the *Diary of Semiramis*, and Mr. James Tibbitts has written a monograph on Cleopatra, showing the deep interest evinced by the Egyptian queen in social reform and the emancipation of women. A fantastic sociological romance, entitled *Blue Beard's Wives*, by Miss Clarissa Richardson, is also imminent, which the publisher's reader pronounces to be teeming with ineffable *bonhomie*.

Giants at Home.

Dr. Gabriel P. Dreffler writes of *The Patagonians at Home*, in a book shortly to be published by Messrs. Odder and Strange. As a colonist in that country, Dr. Dreffler has enjoyed peculiar facilities for studying its inhabitants and noting their ways, and he has embodied his observations in a thrilling volume telling us how the Patagonians play and fight, what they eat, how they dress and dance. The volume will be enriched by an appendix on Patagonian music by Mr. Bamberger, and a photograph of a giant sloth listening to Mr. Bamberger playing the violin in a captive balloon.

Bric-à-Brac.

Mr. Alexander Nibbs has completed a novel which he quaintly and effectively christens, *Hindhead Let Loose*. A famous man of letters who has read the manuscript pronounces it to be "at once scintillating, contumelious and abysmal." Messrs. Flathers and Bluff are the fortunate publishers of this impending masterpiece.

Following on *The Mystery of Barry Ingram*, by Annie Swan, which Messrs. Cassell announce, we note the promise of *The Enigma of Clement K. Longman*, which Miss Charlotte Wuthering will shortly publish with Messrs. Esher and Fisher.

"Gibraltar, Tuesday.

"The annual mobilisation of the fortress began last night, and will end on the 14th inst. The Artillery will occupy positions on the upper level of the Rock, and the Infantry will occupy positions on the upper level of the Rock, the Infantry being on the lower level."—*Newcastle Daily Journal.*

"This *is* the very level," said the Infantry, when it knew what it had got to do.



THE CONSTITUTION IN THE MELTING-POT.

The Three Witches. "DOUBLE, DOUBLE TOIL AND TROUBLE!"—*Macbeth*, Act IV., Scene 1.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 4.

In old Fourth Party days there was a Parliamentary game much in vogue known as "drawing" GLADSTONE. Three or more could take part in it. As a rule GRANDOLPH led off, putting to the PREMIER highly controversial question more or less subtly devised in form of commonplace search for information. Mr. G. having replied, WOLFF nipped in with supplementary query. This also met with painstaking courtesy. Then up gat JOHN O'GOSH, who, with profuse acknowledgment of the great goodness of the PREMIER to humble Members of the House, made engaging appeal for further enlightenment.

In this way some minutes of valuable time were lost. Occasionally Mr. G., beginning to smell the rat which everyone else saw moving through the air, grew angry. Then followed a scene which crowned the achievement of obstruction.

As compared with current opportunities the Young Men of the 'Eighties were hampered by the wholesome restriction, then and for many years later operative, strictly limiting the range of supplementary questions. The old barrier removed, we may, as appears at every sitting, have a brisk little debate on any question that appears on the Paper.

This afternoon, by concerted action in which no fewer than fourteen Members took part, some interposing half-a-dozen times, elaborate attempt at "drawing" ASQUITH was watched with amusement by crowded House. The morning papers brought their readers to tiptoe of expectation. "Awkward Questions to the Premier" was a common headline pointing to anticipated dilemma.

But HENRY HERBERT does not lend himself to this game with the enthusiasm that marked the acquiescence of emotional Mr. G. He underwent the process with the equanimity that marks a duck's submission to ablution by water. In crispest tone, shortest sentences, chillingly matter-of-fact manner, he replied in succession to the fusillade.

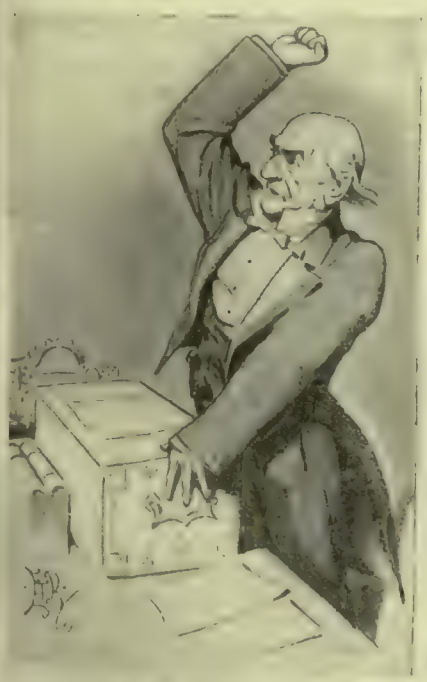
"Will the next Vote on Account be taken before the Parliamentary recess?" asked EVELYN CECIL.

"Yes," said the PREMIER.

"Arising out of that answer"—and CECIL went on to put another poser.

"I do not think that arises out of my answer," remarked the imperturbable PREMIER. "I said, 'Yes.'"

What's to be done with a Minister who thus strictly conforms to the injunction that your conversation be Yea, yea, and Nay, nay? Once, almost laps-



"Occasionally Mr. G., beginning to smell a rat . . . grew angry."



NEVER TOO LATE TO MAKE AMENDS.

Citizen Asquith (to M. le Condamné). "Ah! Monsieur le Marquis de Lansdowne! Your friends complain that I disregard the decencies, the decorums (pour ainsi dire) of the Revolution. Alors! I come now to give you the details the most minute of the tumbril in which you will do me the favour to travel, of the guillotine which will have the honour to interrupt a career the most distinguished; tout!—everysing!! That will be all-a-right, hein?"

"They (the Government) disregarded even the decencies and decorums of a great revolution."—*Lord Hugh Cecil.*



"Winterton popping up."

ing into verbosity, the Premier met persistent curiosity with the remark: "The hon. gentleman had better wait and see."

This such a success that he from time to time repeated it, till the performance developed into what Halsbury would call "a sort of" duet. Cousin Hugh, Stanley Wilson, Lonsdale, Hope, Winterton and Castlereagh popping up in succession chanted a query to which came from Treasury Bench the bass refrain, "Wait and see."

The phrase thus accidentally evoked stuck. Has already established itself amongst small wits as a catchword. Nothing new under the sun. The Member for Sark recalls a curious coincidence. Twenty-four years ago, the eternal Irish Question breaking out in fresh place, Old Morality, not yet Leader of the House, was despatched by the Markiss to make personal investigation at Dublin. During his absence the Government were pestered in the Commons with enquiry as to what course they intended to pursue. The stock reply from the Treasury Bench developed into the formula: "Wait till we hear from Mr. Smith." Asquith characteristically puts it with fewer syllables. But it 's the same thing.

Thus doth history repeat itself.

Business done.—By majority of 106 in House of 608 members Opposition amendment to proposal to go into Committee on the Lords' Veto defeated.

Tuesday.—Having what Faber called "a very nice Tuesday afternoon." Nothing but tea and muffins lacking to domestic charm of gathering. Suddenly bolt falling out of the blue tumbled into the teacup and there was deuce of a storm.

It was the Winsome Winston who launched it, apparently without design. Supporting motion to suspend Eleven o'clock Rule in order to get forward with the Veto Resolutions, he dropped hint that as soon as Resolutions are carried through Commons they will be introduced in Lords.

Arrangement, as more than ever meaning business, enthusiastically cheered from Opposition Benches. Corresponding depression in Ministerial camp. The House, half empty whilst Winston spoke, began to fill. George Wyndham on his legs, lamenting subjection of Government to Irish masters. Premier sent for. Prince Arthur hurried in. Informed of new turn of events, plunged into fray. Cousin Hugh followed with shrill demand to "have done with this foolish mystery-mongering."

Effect upon Carson almost heartbreaking. As forty years ago citizens gathering in the streets of Paris cried aloud, "*Nous sommes trahis*," so the ex-Attorney-General with a sob in his voice repeated the plaint, "We are being humbugged." In vain Premier explained it was a business arrangement which



"Mr. Speaker! There's no dhout abhoubt ut, we're bein' hombogged!!—hombogged!!"
Sir Edward Carson.



Cousin Hugh writhing in the deadly coils of an Irish "Bull!"

"The Government desired to kill one Assembly by a blow, and to destroy the other Assembly by the slow poison of the guillotine."
—*Lord Hugh Cecil.*

obviously carried recommendation of saving time. What was the use of introducing a Bill in the Commons? After spending weeks upon moulding it into shape it would go to the Lords and be rejected. Let the Lords fire first.

Carson, weeping at fresh evidence of Ministerial duplicity, would not be comforted.

"We are being humbugged," he crooned, as if he were assisting at a wake; "humbugged."

Business done.—House sat up late with Veto Resolutions.

Thursday.—The long, occasionally draggled debate on first Veto Resolution closed amid turbulent scene. Arranged that at half-past ten knife of the guillotine should fall, lopping off amendments and speeches. Premier spoke early in sitting. Fluellen Lloyd George before the dinner hour contributed to the making of the salad the necessary quota of oil. To the new Solicitor-General was left the honourable task of winding up the debate, sending the majority off into Lobby in high spirits. Fine opportunity, of which Rufus Isaacs was safely counted upon to make the most.

Sat with growing impatience whilst the Member for Swansea Town spoke for *tout le monde*. After him came Terrell.

Then Don't Keir Hardie, with his pompous, judicial air, his habit of saying nothing particular in long sentences delivered with slow intonation, so that no one should run risk of missing a precious syllable.

When he sat down finger of the clock seemed almost to touch the half-hour. As matter of microscopical accuracy, three minutes were left to spokesman of the Government.

Rufus Isaacs undismayed. Adjusting an impalpable wig, pulling over his shoulder an invisible gown, he remarked: "In the three minutes which remain, I will undertake to explain the difference between the two sides of the House."

He might have done it, too, but for Son Austen. His interposition signal for outburst of angry shouts of "Order!" from Ministerialists, answered by strident cheers from Opposition. Above the din Son Austen stood at the Table voiceless. Solicitor-General refused to give way. Pointing a hand to the clock, he dumbly pleaded that he had only two minutes and could not spare one for Son Austen, who had earlier in debate enjoyed full fling. Thus they stood, divided by "the substantial piece of furniture" Dizzy once publicly thanked Heaven separated him from Gladstone.

Shouts of "Order!" and strident cheering continued. Steadily the hand of the clock moved on. When it passed the half-hour the Chairman of Committees rose, and the speechless orators, glaring



THE HUNT STEEPLECHASE SEASON.

First Horseman (bringing up the rear of a large field). "I thought you were going to make the pace for us?"

Second Horseman. "No fear, old chap! If one of that crowd in front comes down, I'd rather be on top of the heap than at the bottom, thank you."

at each other across the Table, resumed their seats, neither having had opportunity of saying what he thought of the other.

Strangers in crowded Gallery looked on pleased and proud at this method of conducting business in the home of the Mother of Parliaments.

Business done.—First Veto Resolution carried by 339 votes against 237.

A SPRIG OF EDELWEISS.

The sun was setting; the snow mountains were pink in the glow. In the valleys the pines came down to the edge of the lake, whose surface was smooth as a mirror. In the distance came the thud, thud of a lake steamer homeward bound.

Suddenly the door opened and the Count entered my room. He was radiant. He struck an attitude denoting triumph. The Count was a tall lean man and quite frank about his appearance. He knew he was lean. He revelled in it. He said that without leanness his poses would be absurd, and without poses life would be unendurable. He sometimes stood outside himself, and laughed at the figure he cut. But usually he remained within and supervised all the important features of the pose. "A successful pose," he used to say, "always trembles on the verge of disaster. At the very height of the dramatic one may touch the ludicrous, and there's an end of it."

The Count was triumphant but calm. I saw it was the Napoleonic pose, the strong will and terrific personality. I offered him a chair. The Count relaxed so far as to smack me on the back. "My friend," he said solemnly, "it is done. To-morrow I introduce you to the future Countess de la Croix."

I congratulated him warmly, but with all the deference due to the dignity of the situation.

"What a woman," he murmured, "what spirit, and yet what tenderness!"

He mused a moment in silence.

"Don't say romance is dead," he cried, and glared on me.

I hurriedly deprecated any insinuation whatever. The Count softened. The curtain had dropped on the Napoleonic pose. He was now the ardent lover, ready to face anything. He lit a cigarette and blew rings airily.

"Listen, my friend," he began; "I went to her yesterday morning. She received me kindly, but not as I had hoped. I offered her my heart, my title, my very life. She asked the last. Ah, you may well start. What a woman! What a mother of lions! I too was taken aback. 'Mademoiselle,' I cried, throwing myself at her feet, 'it is a poor thing, but take it when you will.' My friend, I was magnificent. And she—she was superb. Quite calmly she said no man could win her hand who could not win her admiration.

'What shall I do?' I cried. I was ready to swim the lake, to do anything.

'There is edelweiss on the mountains,' she said quietly, and hummed a tune.

'But, Mademoiselle,' I gasped.

'Since you are afraid,' she began coldly.

I rose with dignity.

'It is certain death,' I said with admirable composure, 'but it is nothing. It is already done. Mademoiselle, good-bye.'

That I think you will admit was a fine scene. If I had closed the door and gone away at once, it would have been unequalled, but I could not resist a little glance back, so I reopened the door and peeped in. She was reading the newspaper. What a woman!

I hired six guides and started. 'Where you will,' I cried. It may have been the Matterhorn. Possibly it was only Mont Blanc.

'Ach,' they said, 'it is dangerous.'

I frowned gloomily on them.

'Ach,' I replied, 'the edelweiss I must and shall have at all costs.'

'Schaffhausen!' they cried; 'the lean gentleman has the courage of ten chamois.'

I bowed.

We started.

I carried an alpenstock, an umbrella, and her photograph. It is a large portrait, so I strapped it on the back of the guide in front, and it gave me courage. With stern faces we took the road. How the crowds cheered! They love a brave man, these Swiss. Would my Angela could have seen me. And then the silence of the Alps! For thousands of feet I did not speak, and when I did it was only to cry, '*Courage, mes braves,*' and prod the guide before me with my umbrella. I slipped. Death seemed inevitable. I hooked the nearest guide with my alpenstock. Saved—at least *I* was. But I will not weary you with all the details of that perilous journey. Besides," added the Count as an afterthought, "modesty forbids.

At last I saw the edelweiss pure and white as newly-fallen snow. I unconsciously struck an attitude full of simple dignity. I expected the guides to burst into song. They would not meet my eye. I admit it was a grave risk. 'Cowards,' I shouted, 'who will come with me?' Not a man moved."

There was a dramatic pause. The Count shrugged his shoulders. "What would you?" he said. "I went alone, yes, I, Rupert de la Croix went—alone."

I took his hand, unable to speak. With an effort he continued, "At last I touched—I held it in my grasp. I hate to talk of these exploits. Some of us will do anything for the glory of it."

I squeezed his hand.

The Count was now the bored hero of a hundred fights.

"Let us speak of something else," he said wearily.

"The Countess," I murmured, "what of her?"

He was again the ardent lover.

"Ah, my Angela, *ma petite!* Tired and travel-stained though I was, I hastened to her. I slowly opened the door. I began to feel weak with the strain. She rose to greet me. On my knees I took her hand and in it laid the sprig of edelweiss.

'You've brought it,' she cried and paled.

'Yes, Mademoiselle,' I answered quite quietly, 'you mentioned your desire, *n'est-ce-pas?*'

She stared at me in a daze. I rose, and looked down into her eyes that can gleam like cold steel, but were now as soft as a deer's.

'Angela,' I whispered, 'it is nothing. Believe me, I would do more, much more; only, when you look at it, think sometimes of the risks it took to win, of the solitary heights in which I sought it before it came to this fair Lucerne.'

She burst into tears. It may seem foolish, but I too wept like a child."

"And then?" I queried.

The Count raised his eyebrows and smiled quite naturally.

"My friend," he said, "what could I do but take her in my arms?"

* * * * *

There is a little shop in Lucerne that has had four sprays of edelweiss in the window for many weeks. As I passed it next day with the Count, I observed that there were only three. I turned to my companion.

But the Count at that moment was preoccupied.

AN INN SCENE.

It was a longer walk from Hendon than I had expected, and I was not at Hampstead till half-past eleven; and it was therefore with satisfaction that I noticed the words, "Hot Suppers," on a strip of paper in the window of the "Crown." That was exactly what I wanted and should be too late for by the time I reached London.

While I was sitting in the friendly bar, reading the evening paper, the door opened and an inquiring head was thrust in. A body followed, lurched a little, and leaned against the wall. It was a tall man of forty or so, plainly but well dressed. His right hand clutched a stick, his left waved a cigar. A good-natured weak face, regular enough to be called handsome by a poor judge. Black bright eyes. After looking at me for a few moments with the benignity of the slightly unmanned, the stranger asked, "Are you the boss?"

"No," I said.

"Then," he inconsequently replied, "give us a tune." (There was an automatic melodion in the corner.)

Before I could answer, the host appeared, bringing supper, and stood in the middle of the room watching my approval.

While he was waiting the stranger crossed the floor unsteadily until he was within two feet of him. "Are you the boss?" he asked.

"Yes, Mr. Freeman, I'm the boss," said the landlord.

The man was puzzled, as his face showed.

"Mr. Freeman!" he repeated. "How d' you know my name?"

"Ah, I know more than that, Mr. Michael Owen Freeman," said the landlord inscrutably.

"Why, who are you?" the stranger asked.

"Ewell," replied the landlord. "Cheedle's farm. The Blue Posts."

The stranger's mental feelers grasped vainly at these hints, and the landlord smiled the smile of a clever sober fellow with a tippler at his mercy.

"Emily," said the landlord.

The name was illuminative. "What," cried the stranger in a warm flush of recognition—"what, you're not Harry Evans?"

"Yes," said the landlord, with a touch of embarrassment, for it is difficult to share this kind of effusion.

"Not Harry Evans of Ewell—old Harry!" (He pronounced the first syllable of "Harry" as though it rhymed to "bar.")

"Yes," said the landlord, almost wishing he wasn't.

"Then give us your hand," said the stranger.

They shook hands.

"Straight?" the stranger inquired a little suspiciously.

"Straight," said the landlord.

"Then give us your hand."

They shook hands again.

"You're not kidding me?" the stranger asked in another visitation of doubt.

"Honour bright, I'm not," said the landlord.

"Then give us your hand."

They shook hands again.

"Well, I'm dashed," said the stranger.

"What'll you take?" suggested the landlord, perceptibly eager to end these demonstrations. "Say the word and you can have what you like—champagne, port, whisky——"

"A drop o' Scotch, cold," said the stranger, adding, "Is it really old Harry Evans? Well, I'm—— Here, shake hands once more."

But the landlord had gone for the drinks.

Mr. Freeman rocked insecurely from toe to heel for ten seconds; then he turned to me. "'V' you read Dickens?" he asked.

I said I had.

It must have sounded curt, for "You're not cross, are you?" he asked, with a touch of anxiety.

"No, I'm not cross," I replied.

"Then give us your hand," he said.

We shook hands.

"Dickens is full of take-backs, isn't he?" he remarked.

"Full," I replied.

"You're not cross, are you?" he asked again.

I said I was not in the least cross.

He appeared satisfied, and resumed.

"Well, of all the take-backs in Dickens there isn't one to beat this. . . ."

He was silently ruminative.

"To think," he began again—"to think of meeting—— You're not cross, are you? You didn't mind me mistaking you for the boss?"

I satisfied him again, and we shook hands on it.

"To think," he continued, "of meeting old Harry Evans. After all these years too. We used to court the same girl. That was at Ewell. And to think

of him landlord of the 'Crown' and me with thirty bob a week. You're not cross, are you?"

"Cross? No," I said with emphasis.

"Then give us your hand."

We shook hands again.

Mr Freeman looked at me cunningly and began once more. "He owes me four shillings," he said softly. "He lost it to me at Nap twelve years ago and I mean to have it. And now I know where he is, I'm going to work this place for all it's worth. I haven't used a bad word to-day, but, if you'll excuse me, I don't mind saying that I'm going to give this place blinky socks. Old Harry Evans, the landlord of the 'Crown,' is he? All right."

He became more confidential. "I don't mind telling you," he said, "that I've had too much to drink. In point of fact, I'm drunk. But I shan't let old Harry know. O crikey, no! I mean to do him for that four bob. Every penny of it. You see."

He wandered out, and the landlord came back with the glasses.

"That's a rum thing," said the landlord to me. "I haven't seen that man for these twelve years, and we used to be always together. We courted the same girl. Strangely enough, she's coming to tea to-morrow with my wife. He was as sharp and clever a young fellow as you'd meet. An architect doing his five hundred a year easily. But he took to drink and flung his money about. Treated everybody. And then he was sacked—he was surveyor to a Local Board—and disappeared."

Here Mr. Freeman returned and shook hands with the landlord again and talked of old times. They recalled larks together, lark after lark, until very skilfully Mr. Freeman led the conversation to cards, and suddenly remarked, "By the way, Harry, do you know you owe me two-and-eightpence?"

The landlord was incredulous.

"Yes," said Mr. Freeman, "at Charley Perrott's one night, Number 13, Hamilton Crescent. When we left off you owed me two-and-eightpence. Ask Charley."

"Very well," said the landlord, "I always pay my just debts. Here you are," and he counted out two-and-eightpence.

Mr. Freeman drew himself up with dignity, and, standing as steadily as might be, fixed an offended eye on his companion. "What!" he said, "do you think I'm a man that takes paltry gambling debts twelve years after they're made? No, Sir. I may be low, but I'm not so low as that. Put it in the box." (There was a hospital collecting box on the mantelpiece.) "I don't want the money. I'm poor, but I've always got enough for a drink for a pal. But I like to see debts paid. Put it in the box."

The landlord acquiesced, and Mr. Freeman sat down again and drank some more whisky.

"I like you, Evans," he said; "I like you and I like your house. And I'm coming here often. And not alone, mind. The next time I come I shall bring a gang of the boys with me, and we'll do you proud."

The landlord was grateful. "Have another drink," he said.

"All right!" said Mr. Freeman. "I'm on the ran-dan to-night."

The landlord rang for more whisky and they talked on. Five minutes before closing time Mr. Freeman felt strong enough to mention his old love. "Do you ever see Emily?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," said the landlord. "She's coming here to-morrow to have tea with my wife."

"Still unmarried?" asked Mr. Freeman.

"Yes," said the landlord.

Mr. Freeman finished his whisky and threw away his cigar. Then he stood up and buttoned his coat and turned towards the door.

The landlord waited. I waited.

Mr. Freeman braced himself for an effort. "Tell her," he said, "that I'm twelve years older, and I've only got thirty shillings a week instead of ten pounds, but if she's agreeable she can have me still. Good night." And he staggered to the door and out into the street.

The landlord reached up to turn out the gas as I rose to go. "Drink is his ruin," he said comfortably. "Good night."



"And where is your sailor son now?"

"Well, I don't rightly mind, Mum, if he be gone to Gibraltar in the Jupiter, or to Jupiter in the Gibraltar, but it be somewheres in them parts."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE scheme of two pairs of lovers who execute a *chassée croisée* has already been used by ANNE SEDGWICK in her remarkable book, *Valerie Upton*. In *Franklin Kane* (ARNOLD) she makes a variation on this well-established manœuvre by re-redistributing her couples, and so restoring the *status quo*. The process is not really so absurd as it sounds; for the author is almost painfully sincere in her analysis of motives, and allows no one to speak or smile, or even breathe, without so many good reasons that you are sure it must be right. And, if she had seen well to extend her story—rather too long as it is—and arranged a re-re-redistribution, I am convinced she would have found means to persuade me that everything was still all right. For, to be frank, I take her word for the behaviour of types which I never quite realise. *Gerald*, with his contented egoism, is the easiest to believe in, being the least complex; yet I have my doubts of a man of quick intelligence who, all his life, can keep up the closest of friendships with a woman of his own kind without once suspecting that she wants something closer still. *Helen*, again, child of the moors and mists, who nurses her unspoken passion, and drifts desolately and cheaply about the continent without any taste for its attractions, her heart being in the Highlands all the time, is a character that appeals warmly to the heart but coldly to the intellect. *Althœa*, with her Bostonian "standards" and her terribly healthy interest in Europe, "in everything that is of the best—pictures, music, places and people" (she reminds me a little of the unassailable *Imogen* in *Valerie Upton*), is a type which I am certain that ANNE SEDGWICK has drawn with authority, yet I can only accept her blindly on trust. Finally, with *Franklin Kane*, admirable creature that he is, the author has not quite succeeded, as Miss SINCLAIR succeeded in *The Divine Fire*, in converting a ridiculous object into a figure of high romance. Probably this was not her intention, for she can do most things that she wants to. But if she has failed in this or any other purpose I confess I would choose her failures rather than the success of a hundred others. She is, of course, in the first rank of modern novelists, and nobody who cares for good work can afford to miss one line that she writes.



PROBABLE SCENE OUTSIDE THE HOLBORN RESTAURANT IN THE EVENT OF A REPETITION OF THE BANQUET TO THE DESCENDANTS OF POETS.

Mob of Descendants of "Anon" claiming admittance.

When, upon the second page of *The Island Providence* (JOHN LANE), an experienced reader finds the warning, "Now this is no milk-and-water tale, but a tale of salt seas," he will probably think that he can give a fair guess at what will follow. "STEVENSON!" says he to himself, already scenting blood. By-and-by, however, he will find, with some natural bewilderment, that though Mr. FREDERICK NIVEN hints at battles and murders in plenty the leader he follows is not R. L. S., but rather MEREDITH, or even perhaps JAMES (HENRY). The result, as I say, is confusion. An introspective pirate, however possible, is so little what usage has led us to expect as to be by no means easy of belief. Further, *John Upcott* strikes one as unconvincingly modern for a hero of 1615, the date of the tale. Having slain his disreputable father in a wrecker's brawl, he runs away to sea, takes part in the sack of Cartagena, is made a slave, liberated, becomes the beloved of a Spanish dame, then a refugee again, and finally a successful buccaneer—from which last phase he returns to Devonshire, flinging his ill-gotten gains overboard, and landing as poor as when he left. A life so crowded with incident would have (one thinks) small leisure for the moods and subtleties and the yearning for "self-realisation" from which we are told that *John* continually suffered. Anyhow, I like my pirates simpler, and would sooner walk the plank to an accompaniment of oaths than of philosophy. But for all this I have my prophetic eye upon Mr. NIVEN, of whom I think to hear more in the future.

Accomplished master of the matrimonial hunt as Mr. PERCY WHITE is, I wish that intriguing men and women could be protected from him by a close time. In *An Averted Marriage*, an extremely outspoken tale which gives the title to his volume of short stories (MILLS AND BOON), the author devotes eighty pages to an old gentleman in search of a young wife; and I don't think it was worth while. One fears that Mr. WHITE found this story very easy to write, and as an admirer of his I should like to add that I found it very difficult to read. I am tired, in fact, of Mr. WHITE'S characteristic vein, and my thankfulness to him is great when he gets away from it, as in some stories here which make ample compensation for "An Averted Marriage." "Abdoolah," "The Model" and "The Canary" are pathetic and haunting, and to-day, when an unmarried political candidate would seem to be incompletely equipped for the fray, "The Stockings" comes as a delightfully humorous warning to tactless wives. But it is "The Swimmers" which really has my vote, and makes me certain that Mr. WHITE is something more than a rather flippant and clever novelist.

Among the convenient realities which form the stock-in-trade of romantic novelists the Foreign Legion occupies a position of very much the same value as the Sargasso Sea. As to this may drift all marine derelicts, so to that may drift all human ones. With the writer of fiction nothing, in its kind, is too extraordinary for either; and, so far at least as one of them is concerned, Mr. ERWIN ROSEN'S book, *In the Foreign Legion* (DUCKWORTH), proves that the writer of fiction is amply justified in giving himself a good deal of rope. For Mr. ROSEN'S book is not fiction. It is a fascinating, vivid record of actual experiences. In a brief "Prologue," curiously strained and self-conscious compared with the remainder of the work, he explains how, having led a roving, eventful life, he lost "the jewel happiness," and decided to enlist. The Prologue off his chest, he gives a wonderfully illuminating account of the existence of the legionaries, and of the training, quite cheap, which produces splendidly efficient mercenaries who march well, shoot well, use common sense, and are able to act independently. It is a fine book, and to novelists who wish to follow, say, Mr. A. E. W. MASON, it should be as useful a volume of reference as *Debrett* to the tuft-hunter.

CHARIVARIA.

"Two brothers of Luton, named OSBORN," *The Express* tells us, "claim that they have discovered the secret not only of perpetual motion but of perpetual power." This must be the recipe for which the Liberal Party has been searching for so long.

***

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL has admitted that there are differences of opinion in the Cabinet. The Liberal daily which declared, the other day, that "the Cabinet are now at one" evidently did not go quite far enough in its statement. It should have been "at one another."

***

Pursuing their policy of secretiveness, the German naval authorities are now, we hear, insisting on their sub-marines performing evolutions under the water.

***

Dr. BODE, who purchased the Flora bust, has been the recipient of a presentation from Berlin art dealers to mark their appreciation of his judgment. One can understand this. It is not every day that dealers can find a gullible art expert.

***

A little boy, on hearing that Mr. ROOSEVELT'S bag comprises over 10,000 animals, said that he pitied the poor devil who had to carry it in that awful African heat.

***

We do hope that Captain SCOTT is not going ahead too quickly. He has ordered three motor sledges for his expedition; but how does he know that the local authorities in those outlandish parts will not insist on each of these vehicles being preceded by a man on foot with a danger flag?

***

With reference to the newspaper heading:—

"PROFESSOR LOWELL
ON THE CANALS IN MARS,"

we are requested to state that the Professor has never been on them. However, if the suggestion should meet the eye of Dr. COOK . . . .

***

In the discussion on Prison Reform the question of the most suitable books for prison libraries has been raised. Surely the most desirable must be volumes of the "Raffles" type, which tend to give a burglar a proper pride in his profession.

Although England beat Switzerland at football the other day, the Swiss team, as might be expected in view of their training ground, played a good up-hill game.

***

We would draw the attention of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children to the fact that Mr. GODFREY P. COLLINS, who was elected M.P. for Greenock and became a father the same day, has named the helpless little mite "Grianaig," which is Gaelic for Greenock.

***

"To plant a kiss on a woman's lips is a great privilege," says Judge WILLIS. It is indeed one of the most popular phases of intensive culture.

***

"The new school of professional photography," says Mr. HOPPÉ, "aims to show the sitter as he is, blemishes and all, instead of giving him a face that might be a new-laid egg." This still leaves us wondering as to what the new school does with bald sitters.

***

A contemporary's pardonable misprint:—"The prospectuses of several new Robber Companies will be found in our advertisement columns."



YET ANOTHER!

(A suggestion has been put forward for the formation of a "Motor Party" in the House of Commons.)

Independent Motor Candidate. "GENTLEMEN, I ASK YOUR SUPPORT IN THE GREAT CAUSE WE ALL HAVE AT HEART—THE ABOLITION OF THE POLICE VETO!"

The fact that a motor-cyclist who was charged at Guildford with exceeding the speed limit was discharged on pointing out that the cigar which he was smoking at the time had nearly an inch of ash on it when he was stopped has, we hear, given a bright idea to an enterprising manufacturer of cycling and motor accessories. He will shortly place on the market a counterfeit cigar with permanent ash.

***

"A thrush," says a contemporary, "flew at a cat which had designs on its nest in Victoria Park, Dover." The Vandal! Unless, of course, the "designs" on the cat's nest were Art Nouveau.

***

The fashion for a bride to be accompanied at her wedding by a "best girl" has now been inaugurated, and promises to become popular. Let us hope that it may never lead to an unpleasant scene when the bridegroom decides that, after all, he would be a fool not to marry the best girl.

***

Each ounce of a new lactic cheese which has just been placed upon the market contains, it is said, an army of 57,000,000,000 germs. The careful housewife, however, will, we imagine, before parting with her money, say, "One minute, please, while I see if they are all there."

***

"Rinking is one of those amusements in which there is risk of accidents, and a skater must take the risk himself," said Judge LUMLEY SMITH in refusing to grant damages to an injured skater. Besides, a man ought to be content with the damage he has already received, and not ask for more.

***

The manners of some omnibus conductors leave much to be desired. A lady wearing a fashionable hat entered an empty omnibus. "Hon you go, Bill! Full up!" shouted the conductor to the driver.

***

Many persons are of the opinion that, in ordering the release of CHARLES BULBECK, who was found guilty of stealing coal, the HOME SECRETARY did not go far enough. The popular little hero ought to have received a reward of some sort.

To Intending Heirs.

"Lady recommends Boy Attendant of her deceased uncle to any gentleman wanting such."
Dublin Daily Express.

POLITICS AND THE POSTER.

[The coloured announcement of the Army Pageant, to be held at Fulham in June, represents a Union Jack borne by what appears to be an ancient Briton, if one may judge by his state of partial nudity.]

Horseman on your charger sitting
Practically "in the buff,"
Save for socks and loosely-fitting
Wherewithals of homely stuff –
Pelt of wolf or other vermin rudely tailored from the rough;

So of old you faced the weather,
Fought the best that Rome could raise,
In the almost "altogether"
With Caractacus's Greys,
Or with Boadicea's Cow-boys kept the streets on levee days.

Thus I fancy you, my trooper,
Turning foes and nursemaids pale;
But what fills my brain with stupor,
Makes my shattered reason quail,
Is the Union Jack you carry in a ninety-knotted gale.

I allow it helps the picture
With its pattern nicely spread,
Yet, if I may pass a stricture
Based on books that I have read,
You are previous: you are eighteen hundred years or so ahead.

Was your second-sight so nimble
You could clearly visualise
Yon superb heraldic symbol,
Could foresee those sacred ties
Which the Redmond-Asquith bargain beautifully typifies?

Could you adumbrate O'Brien
Letting Lloyd beside him lie,
Cheek to muzzle, lamb and lion,
In the blessed by-and-by,
With the common flag above them in a perfect pageant sky?

No, my brave but early Briton,
No such dream occurred to you;
'Twas the artist's head that hit on
This sublime prophetic view,
Showing in a simple poster what Creative Art can do.

Still, I hope to see your circus
On the Fulham Palace track,
But if you attempt to burke us,
If you chuck your Union Jack,
I shall call upon the Bishop and demand my money back!

O. S.

"PAINLESS EXTRACTIONS 1/; WITH GAS 3/6."
Advt. in "Eastern Daily Press."

Or, of course, for 2*s.* 6*d.* you can have the gas alone. The only thing is that you must consume it on the premises.

From the instructions given away with a certain "Lightning Cough Cure":—

"Take —— Cough Cure every two hours for six doses, then every three hours until completely cured." [Pause here by the way and observe the "lightning."] "Keep yourself warm and free from draughts and before retiring take hot onion gruel, and put your feet in hot water and mustard for a few minutes. The latter is an important part of the treatment and must not be neglected."

Our own "Lightning Broken Leg Cure" is now on the market. Take it every two hours and have your leg well set by a good surgeon. The latter is an important part of the treatment and must not be neglected.

MAXIMS OF THE MONTH.

[In the Leonine manner of *The National Review*.]

It would not be easy to describe in adequate language the condition to which Great Britain and Ireland and the Overseas Dominions have been reduced by the incompetent aggregation of shouting charlatans and molluscous mountebanks who are at this moment masquerading as Ministers of the Crown. There was a day, from 1895 to 1905, when patriot statesmen, earnestly devoted to the public welfare, strove to make their country glorious without regard to their own interests. Our readers can remember as well as we do the magnanimous galaxies of genius, marred here and there, it may be, by a few examples of talent, that succeeded one another on the Treasury Bench. Most of them still live and are only too anxious to serve their King once more. How long will the country tolerate the criminal ineptitude of the Cabinet of Cowards which now hangs like a millstone round the exhausted neck of the Empire?

Take, for instance, the prolonged debate on the so-called Veto Resolutions which the Government, with their usual arrogant disdain of the democracy, cut short by the most disgraceful use of the guillotine known to history. Those who listened to the superb and convincing eloquence of a Balfour, the ardent and generous invective of a Chamberlain, the sustained and tremendous philippics of an Anson, or the glowing and decorative periods of a Laurence Hardy, and then contrasted them with the shuffling inefficiency of an Asquith, the limping and lamentable efforts of a Samuel, and the contemptibly brazen balderdash emitted by the self-seeking demagogue at the Home Office, must have realised the pitch of degradation to which we have sunk under the rule of the hucksters and traitors who for the ruin of their country draw large salaries, for which they never did an honest day's work, from the long-suffering purse of the public.

If the contrast between the two front benches was striking, what word can be used to express the difference between the rank and file on the two sides? It may be said without the least exaggeration that the records of Parliamentary oratory may be searched in vain to find parallels for the massive and magnificent speeches made by men on the back benches to the left of the Speaker. One of these—we regretfully forget which—soared to an all but unsurpassable height of constitutional splendour. On the other side we had nothing but the raucous bleatings of pot-house politicians and the "kept" party who happen for the moment to be leagued with them for the abolition of honest dealing between man and man, though, for their own interest and that of the country which they continue to misrepresent, they would be better advised if they frankly accepted the predominance of the Unionist party and joined its members in promoting a policy which holds a promise of untold benefits for Ireland and the Irish.

It may be true—we have never sought to deny it; indeed, we have affirmed it in so many words—that the House of Lords contains some of "the most blatant bounders on the planet;" but we have yet to learn that Canada has faltered in her firm offer of a preference which, by banishing unemployment from our midst, will cause the sun of prosperity to rise upon a distracted and misgoverned land. Sooner or later the Radicals themselves will recognise this, in spite of the ravings of the Cocoa chorus. There is in all Englishmen—we wish we could include Scotchmen and Welshmen—a natural spirit of fairness which makes them suspicious of those who employ abuse in the place of argument. They will thus, in spite of themselves, be drawn into association with the great Unionist Party, which can alone offer them a conjunction of courteous amenity of manners with sound and permanent political views.



THE KILKENNY MINSTHRELS; OR, ALL FOR IRELAND.



GOLF LINKS "DEVELOPED." AN ANSWER TO THE BUDGET.

"To Bill-Posters, &c.—The Secretary of the Alnmouth Golf Club is open to offers for Advertisements on Hoardings, in Bunkers, and about the Course."—*Alnwick and County Gazette.*

MORRIS ON, MORRIS EVER.

It is *Beatrice*, is it not?—in *Much Ado About Nothing*—or *Much To-do About Nothing*, as the programme boys outside the Lyceum in its great days used to call—who says that a star danced and under that was she born. What then of the members of the Espérance Club, who, with Miss Neal as their moving spirit, have been working so hard and gaily for several years now to bring about a revival in England of the old songs and dances? Were they not born under dancing stars too? Surely. And if they had their way this planet of ours might look to the other planets and stars as if it danced too.

Miss Neal has just compiled *The Espérance Morris Book* (Curwen and Sons), with a history of the movement since 1905, when the girls' feet first began to be too much for them as they danced and sang while ordinary dull persons walked and talked, down to the present time when they have to their credit hundreds of villagers all over England in whom the old melodies and happinesses have been implanted. This admirable achievement is recorded; instructions as to the songs, dances and singing games are given; and a selection of them follows, arranged for the piano. Thus any one possessing the book has, so to speak, a tourist's ticket for Merrie England and a complete outfit while there.

May it find many possessors and more readers!

COALS OF FIRE.

["It will be wise of the men to capitulate at once, and no longer insist upon male superiority and male privileges. Their rule is nearly over. And if, in the see-saw of human events, they should in the future be placed in a subordinate position, we must accord them more generous treatment than they have given us. We must not retaliate. On the contrary, we should resist all attempts to degrade them, and let equality be our motto then as now."—*Lady Cook.*]

Sisters-in-arms, the fight is done,
The glorious cause of Woman won,
And conquered Man now quakes to feel
Upon his neck the high French heel.

Yet, in our great triumphant hour,
Shall we, like Man, abuse our power
And make of him the hapless victim
He made of Woman ere she licked him?

Nay, sisters, be it our desire
To heap his head with coals of fire
And let him find a foe in us
Not merely just but generous.

The vanquished tyrant sees at length
That we possess the giant's strength;
But, if he do not prove defiant,
We will not use it like a giant.

The light and tender touch, the heart
Of mercy—these are Woman's part,
And in the age that dawns to-day
All thoughts of vengeance shall away.

We will not, in vindictive spite,
Degrade the foe, as well we might;
But let us rather in the sequel
Treat him as though he were an equal.

We don't propose to bar the spheres
Of all professional careers,
But unto men shall be committed
The work for which we find them fitted.

The Church between us we 'll divide,
An equal share for either side,
Apportioned in the proper way—
The rectors we, the curates they.

So, also, will we leave ajar
The door that leads one to the Bar
And freely let them take their places
As devils unto us, the K.C.'s.

The world of business too we 'll throw
Ope to our conscience-stricken foe,
And leave who can to make his mark
As office-boy or junior clerk.

Motto for Mr. Roosevelt when he arrives in England—(or for Charlie Bulbeck or Mr. O'Brien or anybody else you like): "*Who is it in the Press that calls on me?*"—*Julius Cæsar*, I., 2.

ANTI-STARVATION LEAGUE.

GREAT MEETING OF PROTEST.

AN indignation meeting of London restaurateurs was held at the Mansion House on the 18th to protest against the advocacy of starvation as a means to perfect health in an article by Mr. UPTON SINCLAIR in the current *Contemporary Review*. The Chair was taken by the Prime Warden of the Butchers Company, and the audience included Sir J. CRICHTON-BROWNE and some of the best nourished members of the Stock Exchange.

The Chairman in declaring the meeting open said that they were met as rational human beings and as business men to put on record their extreme hostility to any movement that might depopularise the pleasures of deglutition. The Roast Beef of Old England was in danger, and they were there to protect it. (*Tremendous enthusiasm.*) He would first read a little correspondence which had been collected by their indefatigable hon. sec.

A letter was read from the Secretary of the Royal Society, stating that every member of that body—which included some of the most learned men in the world—ate. (*Cheers.*)

A letter was read from the Secretary of the Asinæum Club to the effect that no fasting man had ever been a member of that distinguished and sapient club. (*Cheers.*)

A letter was read from the private secretary of the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, in which the writer said that the PRIMATE often had meals. (*Cheers.*)

The President of the Royal Society of Dental Surgeons wrote to urge upon the meeting the need for energy and venom in its attack upon the new heresy.

Lord COURTNEY OF PENWITH wrote to say that in his opinion a carnivorous diet was not incompatible with adhesion to the doctrine of Proportional Representation.

The first speaker was M. GUSTAVE, of the Savoy Hotel, who riddled the SINCLAIR theory with shafts of Alsatian wit. "Look," he said, "at the Savoy: the size of it, the beauty of it, the cost of it; and then consider the sanity of a man who suggests that we are better without banquets. (*Applause.*) And an American too! After what the Savoy has done for Americans, this is indeed base. (*Hear! Hear!*) No doubt if the ideal man was to be a scarecrow the starvation doctrine was sound. But was it? He asked them, was it? (*A voice: "No!"*) No, certainly not. The ideal man was well nourished, a man whose edacious triumphs a mathematician would indicate with a curve. (*Loud laughter.*) Very well, then, let their motto continue to be, 'Eat on, eat ever.'"

Mr. EUSTACE MILES said that, though he did not hold with hippophagy, he was a strong supporter of eating something and therefore wished to record his opposition to the SINCLAIR doctrine. If he had believed in starvation he would have opened a Starvation Salon, where it could be done with tact and refinement, under the personal superintendence of Mrs. EUSTACE MILES. But he did not believe in it; hence his salons were for other purposes but were no less under that lady's control. (*Wild enthusiasm.*)

Mr. JOSEPH LYONS stigmatised the doctrine of starvation as both cowardly and crude. Nature, he pointed out, did nothing thoughtlessly; why did she give us teeth but to tear good food apart with?—and where could you get better or cheaper food, without the irritating impost of tips, than at—— (*Cries of "Order!" "Order!"*). Nature, he said, did nothing without a reason, and why did she give us elaborate digestive systems but to digest? If he might venture upon a witticism, Nature said digest, and Mr. UPTON SINCLAIR said just die. (*Loud grief.*) He begged to move that *The Contemporary Review* be called in future *The Contemptible Review*. (*Applause, followed by "For he's a jolly good Joseph."*)

Mr. WILLIAM HARRIS begged to support Mr. LYONS. What he said about Nature was true. Nature would not have packed a sheep full of ten-ounce chops if she had not meant them to be devoured by hungry men. Pigs, too. Nature made the flesh of pigs with an eye to the sausage, because she knew that the sausage was a sustaining article of diet to human beings. Speaking not as one of the uninitiated but with all the weight of a Sausage King, he said that Mr. SINCLAIR, when he recommended starvation, talked nonsense. (*Cheers.*)

Sir JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE having delivered an impassioned eulogy on beef-steaks as the cure of every ill, a resolution in favour of founding an Anti-Starvation League was passed with acclamation, and the vast audience dispersed in a mood of voracious enthusiasm.



THE ADVANCE IN ELEMENTARY CULTURE.

[*The lady visitor has just asked Henry whether he enjoyed his recent birthday party.*]

Henry. In the impression retained by the memory, shades have ceased to count: it stands, sharply, for a few estimated and cherished things, rather than, nebulously, for a swarm of possibilities. I cut the silhouette, in a word, out of the curious confusion of it all, I save and fix the outline, and it is with my eye on this profiled distinction that as a critic I speak. It is the function of the critic to assert with assurance when once his impression has become final; and it is in noting this circumstance that I perceive how slenderly prompted I am to deliver myself on such an occasion upon the merits or attractiveness of the entertainment so generously provided for the diversion of myself and friends.

[*Lady visitor before swooning has sufficient presence of mind to ring the bell for assistance.*

"Many years ago, when an insurance case was being argued before a bench of seven judges, the late Lord Craighill remarked, in answer to something said by counsel: 'But 2 and 2, you know, don't always make 4.' 'If 2 and 2 don't make 4,' snorted Lord Young, 'I don't know what we are sitting here for.' Whereupon, to the great relief of Lord Craighill, Lord McLaren replied, 'If the things don't belong to the same denomination they don't make 4; 2 candles and 2 tons of coal don't make 4.'"

This story appeared in *The Westminster Gazette* on April 11th, and again on April 13th. We understand that it will only appear *once more* . . . and then . . . . if the House of Lords remains obdurate . . . it will (ter-remble!) be placed upon the statute book. (What we really meant to say was that, even if 2 and 2 don't make 4, once and once makes twice, with the very best story.)

"The Commissioner exonerates the police from the charges of impartiality preferred against them by the Protestant party."—*Glasgow Evening Times.*

Of course!—an absurd charge!













THE INOPPORTUNIST.

Hints on the Lords' Veto.

"Sir,—Whilst on a tram this morning I was asked what was the meaning of the Lords' Veto. I fully explained what it meant. But may there not be many who do not thoroughly understand this question? I invariably raise discussion whenever opportunity arises, and I hope that some good result may ensue from keeping the serious question of the Veto before the public.—Yours, &c."—*Morning Leader.*

CRICKET CHAT.

[Just to encourage the weather.]

The County Championship.

The possibility that there is to be a new method of scoring points for the Championship has aroused general interest and not a little criticism. The suggestion is that draws and losses should equally be ignored, and the percentage taken of wins to matches played. Most of you know by this time what "percentage" means, so I need not go into that; but I should like to point out what a ridiculous system this new one really is. The futility of it will become obvious to the meanest intelligence (*e.g.*, yours) if I take an imaginary example of the records of two counties:—

	P.	W.	L.	D.
Kent	26	1	0	25
Surrey	26	10	8	8

Under the new system Kent would be below Surrey, although all its twenty-five draws might have been overwhelmingly in its favour, and only brought about by rain! This is absurd. On the other hand, under the old system Kent would have been above Surrey, even though all its twenty-five draws might have been overwhelmingly in favour of its opponents! This is still more absurd. The futility of this or any system, in fact, becomes ridiculously clear. What, then, is the remedy? Obviously—but I must leave this for another week.

By the way, have the authorities considered what would be the position of a county with the following record?—

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Abandoned
Lancashire ...	28	0	0	0	28

Or this?—

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Ab.	Tie
Somersetshire	18	0	0	0	0	18

No. And yet, unless every possible result is brought under consideration, how can a fair system of scoring possibly be arrived at?

Fashions for the Season.

The changes which have been decreed by the sartorial experts of the Strand this year in gents' cricketing outfits are as usual very slight, but no well-dressed man can afford to disregard them. Flannels will, if anything, be worn whiter than ever, the trouser being shaped a little closer to the leg, and the shirt cut full. Messrs. H. and O. Willis are showing a very smart blazer in red and yellow vertical stripes which looks particularly well upon short stout figures, and is sure to be generally popular. The price is reasonable and well within the reach of all.

Bats are again having a splice, and though the varnish on the back certainly gives them a dressy appearance, it will not this year be absolutely *de rigueur*. A correspondent writes to ask me if it is a necessity to have a set of bails of one's own. It is not a *necessity*, any more than it is a necessity to carry about one's own soap; but it will certainly be found in the bag of every man who wishes to be thought really smart. The same remark applies to the leather gauntlets and buckskin safeguards which are indispensable to the well-groomed wicket-keeper-about-town.

Etiquette of the Game.

The success of the player depends (undoubtedly) a good deal upon what he does, but it depends, at this time of the year, even more upon what he says. On the cricket field, more than anywhere else, it is necessary to say the right thing. Speaking for myself, I have always found that the following conversations carry me through the first match without loss of dignity. At the beginning of a new season every young player should commit them to memory.

As a Batsman.

"No, sixth wicket down. . . . Well, it's my first game this season. In fact, I asked Bill to— . . . No, haven't touched a bat at all. . . . Yes, I was seeing them rather well at the end of last season. . . . Oh, I never keep my average. I always think— . . . Well, no, not quite so much as that. . . . Hallo, there goes Gerald! What did he make—ten? . . . Hard luck, Gerald. I don't wonder at anybody getting out to-day. . . . Ah, well, I haven't touched a bat this season, you know. . . By Jove, Robinson's out. . . . Bad luck, Robinson. I expect we shall all get out pretty quickly to-day. . . . Perhaps not you others, but I haven't touched a bat myself, you know. . . . You in, James? Mind you make some. . . . No, take mine. It won't matter much what I have; you see, this is my first— . . . No, not for a long time. . . . Oh, I asked Bill myself. . . .

"Yes, I'm in next . . . Oh well, I shan't keep you waiting long . . . No, last season I did pretty well. But I always think that in one's first game— . . . No, simply haven't touched a bat. . . . It *is* rather absurd, only Old Bill wanted me to play . . . Oh no, I don't expect to—it's just for the fun of the thing . . . Hallo, Brown's out. . . . Well, see you again soon. . . . Hard luck, Brown. You know I haven't touched— . . . One leg, please. . . . Yes, we *are* going out rather quickly. We don't get much practice, you know. I simply haven't touched a bat myself. . . . Is that right, umpire? . . . Jove, that was a good ball. . . . Yes, it must have come back a lot. . . . The bowling's awfully easy, George—it only wants hitting. Of course not having touched— . . . Oh, *you* ought to make a lot. . . . Sorry, Bill, but I warned you, didn't I?"

As a Bowler.

"*Me?* . . . Oh, all right. I don't suppose I— . . . No, *two* slips. . . . Yes, another in the deep, I think. . . . No, I *must* have an extra cover. . . . James, just take one down. . . . Sorry, Brown, but you shouldn't go to sleep. . . . That's all, thanks. Jove, how stiff one's arm gets! . . . Oh, *sorry*, Bill. . . . Absurd, it was nothing like a wide. . . . Awfully sorry. . . . Gerald, get round a bit more. . . . I think I'd better have *one* slip. . . . Sorry, Bill; I haven't got any nails in my boots, you know. . . . Yes, I used to bowl a good deal, but this year I haven't played— . . . Stay there, Gerald, will you? . . . *Catch it!* . . . Why, he simply didn't try."

As a Field.

"Sorry, Bill, I lost sight of it altogether. . . . Awfully sorry, Robinson, I slipped. Sorry, Bill. . . . Mid on? Right O! . . . I never much mind where I field; do you? . . . Bad luck, Robinson. If the sun hadn't been in my eyes, you'd have had that man. . . . No, didn't see it at all. . . . Oh, *awfully* sorry, Bill. . . . Square leg? Right O. . . . Did you ever see an easier catch than that? . . . Haven't the faintest idea. Thought I had it stiff. . . . Oh, sorry . . . sorry . . . sorry, Bill. . . . Point? Right O."

Answers to Correspondents.

Chelsea.—(1) It is not true that Derbyshire have bought Lord Hawke at a record price and have arranged to draw both matches with Yorkshire. (2) Write to Mr. Bentley of the Football Association.

Carshalton IV.—It is immaterial whether you oil your bat in the mornings or evenings. Your position at the wicket, as shown in the photograph you send, is extremely sound. No, you can only score when you hit the ball yourself; I agree with you that it is hard lines to run the other man's runs and then find that the scorer has given you nothing, but that is the rule.

Steeple Pumpton.—(1) If the ball when bowled disappears down a rabbit hole, the other side could certainly claim six wides for lost ball. (2) Brown cows make the best screens. (3) If the Little Hagley policeman had money on the match, it was extremely bad form for him to arrest your fast bowler in his first over, even if he had a warrant. A gentleman would have waited. (4) Certainly parsons can be leg before.

Tom.—It's no good asking for a "two-eyed stance" at Gamage's—they don't stock them. You keep your left shoulder forward *now*, and the language will come afterwards.

A. A. M.



Scout of Lion Patrol stalking Buffalo Patrol (suddenly to old Gentleman partaking of wayside luncheon). "Beg pardon, Sir, have you seen any Buffaloes about?"

CULTURAL HINTS FOR APRIL.

(By "Highly Commended.")

Watering.—During a dry April the garden requires at least one thorough soaking. A little ingenuity will enable you to effect this without incurring the arbitrary exaction which the water companies impose upon the use of a hose-pipe. Open the back door; remove the stair carpet; and by means of a small chip of wood (a match will do very well) wedge down the ball which automatically controls the bath-cistern tap. In the course of an afternoon the water will find its way into the most remote corners of the garden, thus not only saving you many hours of laborious work but affording a very pleasing spectacle in its descent.

To make a Hot-bed.—The simplest way is to pour a kettleful of boiling water over the selected bed. The treatment should be repeated as long as it is desired to keep the bed hot.

The Kitchen Garden.—The vogue of "natural gardening," which has revolutionised the flower department, need not stop there. I continually practise it in the kitchen garden with the happiest results. Discard all formal beds. Purchase a guinea collection of vegetable seeds and without reading the labels pour the contents of all the packets into an old hat and mix thoroughly. Sow broadcast over the entire kitchen garden, rake well in and light roller. By this process the ingredients of a mixed salad can be gathered in the dark. New combinations of unsuspected piquancy are being daily reported. Insects, too, are completely baffled by an arrangement which they cannot understand, and they invariably leave the garden in a body.

Mulch.—I have frequently come across this name in gardening manuals, but I have never grown it. Possibly it is an implement. If an insect, strong gas-lime would certainly be effective.

Novelty of the Season.—*The Theodore:* a new pumpkin; a sport of the old *President* stock, with a tendency to revert to type every four years. Throws out immense shoots, which continue to increase if they are encouraged. A round cropper, if rather crude in colour; it should be cut back repeatedly or it covers too much ground to be effective.

"Water fell to 36 feet 4 inches on the lock sill. On Monday the height was guaged at 38 feet 4 inches, a difference of six feet. During the height of the flood the water measured fully 35 feet, so that there has been a fall of 9 feet in 4 days."—*Montreal Daily Star.*

Go on; don't be downhearted; "guage" it again.

TO THE NEW *VIOLA*.

[Miss Phillida Terson, at His Majesty's.]

Viola, with your namesake's air—
Woodland sweetness, fresh and fair—
When you walk and talk and sing
'Tis the very breath of Spring.
Dowered at birth and gently trained,
Yours the charm of youth unfeigned;
Art is yours, but Nature first,
Which can never be rehearsed.
Though your note was brave and gay,
Now as man and now as may,
In the hush of laughter's part
We could read within your heart,
And—a grace beyond your years—
Guess the rarer gift of tears.

Take my homage how you will,
I've the same opinion still:
Still must tell you, dear Miss Terson,
You're the most engaging person
I have ever made a verse on. O. S.

"Smart Salesman required immediately for van trade, applicants must be used to horses and total abstainers."—*South Wales Echo.*

After this no applicant can complain that he wasn't warned as to the company he was expected to keep.

Motto for a Premier who is not his own Master.—They also serve who only "wait and see."



THE NEW SKIRT AND THE POETRY OF MOTION.

Edith (breaking into a hop). "HURRY UP, MABEL; YOU 'LL *NEVER* CATCH THE TRAIN IF YOU KEEP ON TRYING TO RUN."

GOOD NEWS FOR STUTTERERS.

[MISS MARIE ILLINGTON says that the more nervously and awkwardly a proposal is made the more difficult it is to refuse gracefully.]

No stammering marked my fond request;
I did not say the same thing twice;
My mien was wholly self-possessed;
My words impassioned but precise;
I've seldom felt so much at ease
As when I dropped upon my knees.

But when she firmly answered "No,"
And brought my wooing to an end,
Then, somewhat softening the blow,
Trusted she still could be a friend,
I own I felt a little hurt,
Having esteemed the thing a cert.

Later we met—'twas at a dance—
And, though her language had been plain,
At rather less than half a glance
Hope promptly roused itself again,
And whispered—"Re-assail the fort.
Just have another shot, old sport."

I engineered a *tête-à-tête;*
The lady's scorn I duly dared;
But, feeling I was in a state
Inevitably unprepared,
Scarcely imagined she would be
Moved by my incoherency.

Yet—wondrous change—upon her face
The love-light soon began to shine.
She could not negative with grace
This nervous second shot of mine.
With joy my heart leapt wildly, as
She swore to marry me. She has.

THE DRAMA OF TO-MORROW.

(*A rosy anticipation.*)

WHY look at living actors? Why bother about personalities on the stage? Come to the Cinematophone Theatre instead.

It has long been the great drawback of English drama that plays are written around the figures of popular actor-managers, to the detriment of true art. The Cinematophone Theatre will change all that. When the player no longer appears before his audience in the flesh, the desire for individual ovations will naturally cease.

What is the Cinematophone? It is an ingenious combination or rather correlation of the cinematograph (which has already abolished the necessity of going to see races and motor accidents in person) and the gramophone. The former flings the movements of the drama on a screen, whilst the latter, placed in the wings, reproduces the voices of our very best actors and actresses. The standard of these voices will be higher because none but the best will be used. A couple of picked voices, one for the men's parts and one for the women's, can, with various modulations, speak the whole play into the instrument. Dramas need only be acted once, and that before the camera, when nobody will be nervous. Everyone, in fact, will be benefited—the actor, because he will have plenty of time to spare for more useful avocations, such as politics and philately; the public, because they will get more for their money, for the Cinematophone can be made to go twice as fast as the original performance; the playwrights, because they will write better plays (there will be no one-part pieces now); and the Cinematophone Theatre, because the box-office will be beleaguered all day. There can be no doubt that the Cinematophone Theatre has come to stop.

"Mr. O'Brien seems to have blundered into the wildest inaccuracies and indiscretions, some of which even the Chancellor of the Exchequer has had to correct."—*Manchester Guardian.*

"Even" is good, for a Radical paper.



THE LITTLE DOTARD.

Registrar John Bull (*to bearer of venerable infant*). "WELL, WHAT CAN I DO FOR IT—BIRTH CERTIFICATE OR OLD-AGE PENSION?"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 11.—Just before the clock pointed to quarter to four, signalling automatic closing of series of debates that daily arise upon process of questioning Ministers, Prince Arthur strolled in. At sight of him storm of cheering burst from Irish camp. Echoed from below Gangway on Ministerial side.

This really very nice. An old Parliamentary hand, hardened to varied emotions of Parliamentary life, Prince Arthur not prone to display emotion. But at this spontaneously hearty reception a faint blush crimsoned his still fair cheek, a pleased smile illuminated his countenance. Not quite clear what it all meant. Natural to suppose that his late arrival, blooming with health and gaiety after week-end spent in the country, had relieved apprehension. They thought he wasn't coming, and here he was. Hence these cheers.

As he dropped into seat on Front Bench, cheering uprose again, continuing to interruption of business. Very odd. Must be more in it than met the eye or the ear. Whispered enquiry addressed to Long solved the mystery. Just before his arrival there had been animated examination and cross-examination of Premier with respect to literary exercise of Sir Robert Anderson, sometime head of Criminal Investigation Department at Scotland Yard. Writing in a monthly magazine, he casually mentioned—as who should say, "On such and such a day I bought a horse or a house"—that he had contributed to epoch-making series of articles published twenty-three years ago entitled "Parnellism and Crime."



A Budding Primrose.

Mr. Neil Primrose delighted the House of Commons (and Lord Rosebery in the Peers' Gallery) by delivering an admirable maiden speech.



The Music of the Future!

A blood-curdling little ballad of the Proletariat by Mr. Hilaire Belloc.

Irish Members naturally wanted to know what a trusted confidential Government servant was doing in what printers might call this galley? In reply Premier did not mince matters or phrases. Denounced excursion into field of journalism as "gross breach of official confidence," "action contrary to rules and traditions of the Civil Service." All done without consent or knowledge of his chief.

Even whilst these words of stern reproof rang through House, Prince Arthur, with unconscious dramatic effect, lounged in. At the period in question he had been Chief Secretary for Ireland. It was under his *régime* that the contributor to venerated *Maga* had been engaged by the Castle authorities on Secret Service work. Putting two and two together and making five, quick-witted Irish Members saw their opportunity, and by inarticulate accusation associated the blameless Leader of the Opposition with the old unsuspected scandal that had just leapt to light.

As to a blind horse a nod is as good as a wink, so to the alert House of Commons an ironical cheer is, upon occasion, as expressive as an explanatory speech.

Business done.—Second Veto Resolution moved.

Tuesday.—According to Orders of the Day and general expectation, debate of sitting will wander round Veto Resolutions. Actually that highly respectable but, as it turns out, somewhat stolid business plays a part that William O'Brien, alluding to his friend John Redmond in relation with his esteemed compatriot John Dillon, calls "a very cracked second-hand fiddle." As hinted above, in these days of a still young Parliament it is what is ironically called the Question Hour that produces liveliest debate, increasingly attractive by reason of variety of topic. Time was when, in deference to spirit and letter of Standing Order, Questions addressed to Ministers might be put only after due notice. In rare cases it was permitted to seek elucidation of answer by further enquiry. What are called supplementary questions, calculated to place Minister in embarrassing position upon probably delicate matter of state, were sternly repressed by the Chair.



"That Young Sea-Dog McKenna."



"German Cranes and Other Strange Birds."
(Discovered by Mr. Bottomley.)

Bottom. "Find out Moonshine, find out Moonshine."

* * * *

"It shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom."
Midsummer Night's Dream.

To-day, under new ordinances, succession of skirmishes swept the House in its opening hour. First to come under fire was Seely. Catechism about the Mad Mullah brief compared with fusillade of questions re-opening old controversy touching Chinese and Kaffir labour in South Africa. Seely has not been to the wars for nothing. With his back to the wall, attacked by hon. friends below Gangway and hon. gentlemen opposite, who fire at each other through his body, he comes out of scuffle not only alive, but kicking.

That young sea-dog McKenna next taken by scruff of neck with intent to shake him. Admiral (of the Blue) Burgoyne and Admiral (of the Red) Middlemore bear down upon him from different quarters. Charlie Beresford chips in with enquiry as to what Austria is doing on the Danube in the way of launching *Dreadnoughts?* Lee hauls to leeward and fires shot across bows of Admiralty yacht. Then Bottomley comes alongside with searching questions about German cranes and other strange birds. He is permitted to fire right off a volley of six arguments or assertions thinly veiled in form of question.

Far away on the port side roar of the voice of Mr. Bellow (South Salford) for a moment dominates sound of miscellaneous firing. Additional effect given to this interposition by its suddenness, its irrelevancy, and its deafening blast. Seymour Foster, *à propos* of nothing, slips in a hit at "unpopular Cabinet Ministers," and MacVeagh, readiest, wittiest of Redmondites, gets back a nasty one about "Company promoters in the City."

Now and then in comparative pauses of the turmoil sounds a shrill "Hear! hear!" from under Gallery immediately behind Redmond *aîné*. This is Mr. Reddy giving vent to overcharged feelings. He doesn't mean anything, whether in the way of approval or dissent. But excitement must find vent, and it is quite Parliamentary to cry, "Hear! hear!" However grave may be the business to the fore, however high angry passion may have risen, Mr. Reddy's piping falsetto "Hear! hear!" with its undercurrent of almost childish delight is answered by roar of laughter. This clears the air for a moment. Then the hounds of interrogation are off again on fresh tack, having caught scent of Chancellor of Exchequer.

"Such larks!" as *Joe Gargery* used to say to *Pip*. The only persons inclined to regard situation with apprehension are the Members, considerable in number, who, having in obedience to Standing Order given notice of questions which appear on printed paper, find themselves at a quarter to four swamped by flood of controversial acrimony.

Business done.—Lively miscellaneous debate in Question Hour. Later, dull discourse on Veto Resolutions.

Thursday. — Dull debate droning through four days suddenly flamed up. At 7.30 blade of guillotine would fall. Premier intervening proposed to state what would be done in event of Lords throwing out Veto Resolutions. Prince Arthur objected on point of order. Difficult position for Chairman of Committees. Mr. Emmott as usual rose to occasion.

"I have not," he said, "yet arrived at what the right hon. gentleman is going to say."

Could not therefore judge whether he was or was not in order.

"What I was going to say," the Premier explained, "is this. If the Lords fail to accept our policy as embodied in these Resolutions——"

Prince Arthur up again, still objecting. Chairman deferred to obvious technicality. Asquith postponed statement till motion for adjournment.

At eleven o'clock Premier made his statement. Announced that if Lords throw out Veto Resolutions "we shall feel it our duty immediately to tender advice to the Crown."

This note of battle echoed with enthusiasm on Ministerial side. Here was proclamation of war. House roused to state of frantic excitement. Earlier, when Resolutions were agreed to and Premier brought in Bill founded upon them, Radicals had sprung to their feet and vociferously cheered. This nothing to scene that followed on adjournment. Once more Members on Ministerial side rose *en masse*, madly cheering. Opposition vigorously replied. It occurred to some 'twas time to go out and look for taxi-cabs; still as they passed forth they wildly cheered.

Business done. — Veto Resolutions passed by majorities that steadily maintained the average of the round hundred.

A Rumour.

Mr. Lever's present soap case (*Hudson v. Gossage*) has, we hear, caused much heartburning in Carmelite House. The Brethren complain—and we think the complaint quite reasonable—that, after their long and close association with Mr. Lever in so many of his trials, their ungenerous exclusion from participation in the present one is an act that almost savours of discourtesy.

Extract from the Royal Sea-Bathing Hospital Report:—

"Each patient is required to bring . . . . a Tooth Brush and small Tooth Comb."

Be sure to part your teeth down the middle.



Biddy (to Car-driver who has been discoursing on the woes of his distressful country). "Will ye have some wather with ut?" *Car-driver.* "Sure, I will not. Would ye be addin' to me other throubles?"

OUR ADVERTISEMENT COLUMNS.

SIGNATURES! SIGNATURES! SIGNATURES.

No more confusion as to Old Masters.

Everything as plain as day.

By the Kristalklir Process all doubts removed.

The process is not of course adaptable to pictures already painted, but every artist who proposes to become an Old Master should ensure his success by using it.

The Kristalklir process of signing a name on a picture is at once Distinct and Permanent.

The name is so indelibly bitten in that nothing can ever obliterate it.

If Velasquez had used Kristalklir the *Rokeby Venus* might or might not have borne his name; but, if it had, there would have been no chance for Mr. Greig to write to *The Morning Post*. Nor would there have been, had the Kristalklir process been known to Del Mazo.

Demonstrations of the Kristalklir method of signing pictures may be witnessed daily from 10 to 5 in the Burlington Arcade Studios (adjoining Burlington House).

SPRING IS HERE!

Green Peas are Coming!

Ask at your Cutler's for the

PATENT SAFETY PEA-KNIFE

FOR SELF-MADE MEN.

Cannot Cut the Lip.

Easily carried in the pocket, and can be opened secretly under the table and transferred to the plate without attracting attention.

THE PATENT SAFETY PEA-KNIFE

has several advantages above all others.

(1) Its size. At the great demonstration of its uses at the Albert Hall on February 30 the winner of the first prize conveyed as many as 120 peas to his mouth at one time without a scratch.

(2) Its beauty. Silver-plated.

(3) Its compactness. The vest pocket of an evening dress waistcoat could easily hold three; *but one is enough!*

Price (with 6 additional blades, guaranteed to last the most determined pea-eater for ten years), half-a-guinea.

VENUS AND "THE MORNING POST."

The extraordinarily interesting correspondence in *The Morning Post* on the subject of the *Rokeby Venus* has been damped down since the appointment of the committee of investigation. As our contemporary remarks, "the matter must now be considered *sub judice*." *Mr. Punch*, however, has great pleasure in printing a few of the overflow letters which have been kindly placed at his disposal by disappointed correspondents.

Sir,—By a natural transition the discussion of *Venus* suggests the kindred case of Mars. This must be my excuse for obtruding on your notice a curious personal experience which recently fell to my lot while staying with my old

friend, Professor Schiaparelli. The Professor, as your readers are doubtless aware, is a great expert on the subject of Mars, and amongst other artistic trophies is the proud possessor of a fine portrait by CANALETTO. Looking at it in a strong light one day, I was startled to observe a complicated cipher on the upper right-hand corner of the picture, and, examining it carefully through an astigmatic myoposcope, I made out clearly the initials R. J. (RICHARD JEBB?) surmounted by an imperial crown and supported by a coronet. May I suggest that, after completing their investigations into the signature of the *Rokeby Venus*, your committee should proceed to Bologna to settle the question of the Canaletto Mars. It is by such acts as these that international amity is promoted.

Yours, etc., PIPSTON RIVERS.

SIR,—Anyone can *sign* a picture, but to paint one in the manner of VELASQUEZ is, as SHAKSPEARE says, quite another story. For instance, I never sign my pictures, but their problematic character renders them recognisable at a glance, and I am quite certain that your committee would never fail to distinguish them from those of SARGENT, ORPEN, BOSBOOM, or MARIS.

Yours, etc., JOHN COKER.

SIR,—The Committee you have invited to inquire into the alleged presence of markings or ciphers on the *Rokeby Venus* is by no means bad so far as it goes. But there are some unaccountable omissions which I trust you will remedy before the work of inspection is seriously begun. The National Gallery is an imperial asset, and it is impossible fully to master the great lesson how to think imperially without knowledge of the treasures enshrined beneath that majestic cupola. Hence the paramount importance of including representatives of the Imperial Evolutionary Idea on the Committee. To supply this crying need, I should suggest the addition of the names of Mr. RICHARD JEBB, Mr. PIPSTON RIVERS, Mr. FABIAN WARE, the Hon. A. BATHURST, and possibly Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON. Yours, etc.,

CONFEDERATE.

SIR,—I think I can throw a little light on the mystery which has been puzzling the *cognoscenti* of the art world. A couple of months ago, while passing along the North side of Trafalgar Square, I saw a thin man with a haggard, hatchet face hurrying along carrying a large roll several feet in length. As he was obviously a gentleman it seemed strange that he should be carrying so awkward a parcel, but I thought nothing more of the matter until I recognised the bearer by a photograph in one of the papers as Lord ROBERT CECIL. Putting two and two together, I have little doubt that when I saw him, still smarting from his defeat at Blackburn, this unscrupulous opponent of the Imperial Evolutionary Idea had just purloined the real Velasquez and substituted for it the indifferent canvas bearing the strange marks debated by Mr. GREIG. Trusting that the matter may be made the subject of a question in the House.

I am, Sir, Yours,

SEBASTIAN PHAYRE.

SIR,—Has it occurred to anybody that under a proper and rational system of Protection it would never have been possible to introduce VELASQUEZ' unfortunate picture into England, and that we might then have been spared the long and harassing controversy which has distracted the minds of thinking Englishmen from the vital problem of how best to promote that Imperial Evolution to which you, Sir, and Mr. RICHARD JEBB, have consecrated your lives? Yours, etc., TORY J. P.

Clothes-Lines.

["Fair lady with two Friends . . . Wednesday evening. Mackintosh desires acquaintance."—*Evening News' Agony column.*]

BLUE SERGE DITTOS.—Marble Arch; would like to hear from large cartwheel hat (nothing else visible). "Thy face I never see."

BUFF WAISTCOAT.—Can you meet short skirt (Bond Street) at the Carlton lounge?

ODD SOCKS would like to correspond with stout pair of boots (Hackney Road) with a view to partnership.

FAISANE (CHANTECLER) HAT.—White Spats (Berkeley Square) would like to make your better acquaintance. Address "Cocorico."

"So here they are on the landing stage at Liverpool, waiting their turn with hundreds more like them, men of all trades and businesses patiently waiting to race the doctor, the emigration officers, the four days at sea, and five days in a railway train, and the rolling prairie at the end."—*Daily Mail.*

Competitors who are successful in the first four events may run or roll, as they prefer, in the final contest.

"A gun had been designed capable of throwing a projectile within a radius of 50 square yards."—*The Globe.*

The mathematician who does our contemporary's tariff statistics must explain to the staff again what a radius is.

"The parts were well sustained, and there was very little loss of pitch in any of the pieces; in fact, some of the glees were finished quite in time on the last chord."—*Kent and Sussex Courier.*

Just the right place to finish.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE NAKED TRUTH."

THOUGH Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY always plays the sort of man whom in real life I detest, yet I must confess that I find him, as played by Mr. HAWTREY, irresistible on the stage. In this play, by GEORGE PASTON and W. B. MAXWELL, at Wyndham's, *Bunny Darrell* is the usual man-about-town-and-in-the-city, with this difference: that owing to the influence of a magic ring (which his uncle has brought home from India) he suddenly finds himself forced to tell the truth on every proper and improper occasion.

At the end of twenty-four hours of this he is practically ruined—libel actions, divorce actions, and every other kind of action are hanging over him; the girl he loves is leaving him, the woman he philandered with is threatening to stay with him. But he has gained one friend. His uncle is struck by the noble way in which he denounces the fraudulent company of which he is secretary, and promises to give him a fresh start (with legacies in prospect). At this happy moment *Bunny* manages at last to get the ring off his finger. To the satisfaction of himself and all his friends, the fatal gift of truth leaves him; quarrels are made up and everybody is happy again. (Even, no doubt, the cook, who had been told that her omelettes always seemed as though they had sat up all night.)

Now, shall I put the discarded ring on my own finger, and say that the idea is old to the point of stiffness; that an unpleasant atmosphere of bowdlerised intrigue hangs over some of the action; that at times, particularly in the First Act, the humour is attenuated to a degree? Never! Let me rather say, as I said before, that Mr. HAWTREY is as irresistible as ever; that he has a way of saying the most ordinary thing so that it sounds extraordinarily funny; and that in the last two Acts he really has a number of funny things to say.

Let me call attention also to some splendid acting by other members of the company. Mr. ERIC LEWIS is always amusing; but, in addition to his, there were two excellent performances by Mr. GEORGE BELLAMY, as *Prosser*, a stockbroker's clerk, and Mr. ERNEST THESIGER, as *Teddie Lestrange*, the usual overdressed idiot, with in this case the most delightful lisp. (Mr. ERIC LEWIS, by the way, was *Mr. Hayter*, "the biggest flirt in the Royal Society.") Mr. ARTHUR PLAYFAIR and Mr. LYLE, too, who were so good in *The Little Damozel*, were good again. You understand that I do not need to take the ring off to say that all these help to provide a very enjoyable evening's entertainment. M.



Caller. "Is Mrs. Brown at home?"
Artless Parlourmaid (smiling confidentially). "No, Ma'am—she really is out this afternoon."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Mr. Barry Pain always writes well about disagreeable men, and with an enjoyment which I (at any rate) share. His range is a wide one, extending from the utterly base to the merely futile, and including every kind of fool and bounder that you can possibly want. At times his insight into their souls is almost indecent; no rag of make-believe is allowed to them. I remember one of his villains telling some girl that he always hated walking over Waterloo Bridge at night, because if some poor woman jumped into the river he would be afraid to jump in after her. The girl said, "Ah, but if you're afraid of being a coward that shows you wouldn't be one." "Of course," wrote the man in his diary that night, "I knew that women think you must be brave if you confess to being a coward, and that was why I said it." When I read Mr. Pain I begin to think of all the things I have said lately, and to wonder why I said them. In *The Exiles of Faloo* (Methuen) he introduces us to a healthy lot of ruffians, all of whom have had to leave England suddenly to find sanctuary upon an island in the South Seas. There is trouble between the natives and these Englishmen; there is one nice ruffian who had been more sinned against than sinning; there is a pretty girl who arrives unexpectedly in a yacht. Mr. Pain has fashioned simply and ingeniously a framework which suits his methods exactly, and has built up on it a story of great humour and interest.

Reginald in Russia (Methuen) might with equal impropriety have been called "Vladimir in England;" for *Vladimir* appears just as often as *Reginald*—and that's once—in "Saki's" delightful little collection of cosmopolitan trifles. He gets his chief effects by the device of a final surprise. For examples: (1) *Vladimir* goes out shooting at large, and brings home an animal with whose designation he is unfamiliar. From his account of it (nobody actually investigates the contents of his bag) it is assumed that he has slain a fox. This is the last tragic blow in the unfortunate career of the local Master of Hounds. It needn't have been, for the beast turns out to be nothing worse than a polecat. (2) A gentleman of nervous habit is cruelly embarrassed by the necessity of dismantling himself in a train so as to release a mouse that is doing pioneer work in his undergarments. He needn't have been, for the lady who is the only other traveller in his compartment turns out to be blind. (3) The near-sighted husband of *Lady Anne* finds her seated stiffly by the tea-table in the gloaming. He conducts a one-sided conversation, in which his efforts to conciliate her, by making light of their quarrel at lunch, are vain. He needn't have insisted, for she turns out to have been dead for some

time. (This is too like the blind lady story, and also perhaps a little too gruesome.) But the author's "shock tactics" are not confined to situations. He never allows us to forecast his next swift turn of phrase or fancy. Of course he cannot always conceal—what jester can?—that his humour is designed; that he means, in fact, to be funny. But he seldom gives away his processes. For the rest, what malice lurks in his satire remains impersonal and hurts nobody. A really charming volume, and one of the rare sort which makes you feel that its author has paid you a compliment in hoping that you will enjoy it.

Before I came across Messrs. DUCKWORTH'S helpful hint that *The Diary of an English Girl* is the genuine article, and so "free from literary artifice," I took it for an elaborate satire on the old-fashioned critics who were blind to the virtues of certain other diaries of yesteryear, chiefly remarkable for the unpleasant impression they gave of the modern maid. I imagined the anonymous author saying, "We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced. You object to strong meat. *Bien.* I will give you milk-and-water, and see how you like it." But it seems I was wrong. The book is a human document, a real *bonâ-fide* diary, "the delicate self-portrayal of a girl of eighteen," and its record of picnics, riding expeditions, dances, Christian Science "treatments," unrequited love and tears—especially tears—must be judged accordingly. "He loves me, he loves me not" ("he" being a stalwart undergraduate of Cambridge), sighs the maiden over and over again, and, with each fresh petal that she plucks from the innocent daisy of her poor little attachment, weeps bitterly. So that I was heartily glad for her sake when she learnt the sad truth from the very last petal, and plunged into her fifteenth flood of tears. But, alas, she has mourned unto me, and I have not wept, hard-hearted brute that I am, though I pity her deeply, since it was largely the fault of her foolish mother and grandmother that she made the mistake of thinking that, after all, the daisy might have an odd number of petals. (If you work the sum out you'll find that I'm right.) But our Niobe—for her wealth of tears is almost classical—has her consolations. She writes nice little verses, quite good enough, to judge from the samples in her diary, for the evening papers, and short stories which bring grateful letters and cheques from the editors of the magazines. And, in spite of her passion for crying, she is much nicer than the "literary artifice" girls who write those other diaries.

In his day FRANK HUGH O'DONNELL, one of the most brilliant of the Irish Parliamentary Party that came to Westminster under the leadership of ISAAC BUTT and were subsequently captained by PARNELL, was also its Ishmaelite. A quarter of a century ago, resenting the action of the Land League, he withdrew from the arena. He reappears, bringing with him two portly volumes labelled *A History of the Irish Parliamentary Party from 1870 to 1890* (LONGMANS). As for a dozen years he lived and worked behind the scenes, few men are better qualified for the task of producing such a record. Its performance is hampered by the exhibition of strong personal feeling displayed, with exceedingly rare exception, against his former colleagues. An unconscious humour runs through the long story. At least a dozen times Mr. O'DONNELL presents himself to the consideration of the reader as the impartial historian. The remark is generally preliminary to an exceptionally savage attack on PARNELL or his Parliamentary Party. But, though sedulous in endeavour to depict the Irish Leader as a lath painted to look like an iron bar, he refuses to others the joy of recrimination. In fact, their indulgence in that habit is seized as opportunity for dealing a whack all round. In one of his vitriolic attacks he thus describes the attitude of PARNELL'S followers when disaster fell upon the chief:—"They used to escape penury by blind obedience to Parnell. They could now throw Parnell to the wolves who ravened for his ruin and feel complacently satisfied that they could afford themselves that and other luxuries." This is said *more Hibernico*. In the altered circumstances of to-day we see it breaking forth again in the compliments publicly exchanged between Mr. REDMOND on one side, and Messrs. O'BRIEN and DILLON on the other. Making due allowance for it, students of the history of one of the most remarkable and far-reaching evolutions of home politics achieved in the last half-century will find Mr. O'DONNELL'S book rich in information and suggestion.



Magistrate (to Prisoner). "IF YOU WERE THERE FOR NO DISHONEST PURPOSES WHY WERE YOU IN YOUR STOCKINGED FEET?"

Prisoner. "I 'EARD THERE WAS *SICKNESS* IN THE FAMILY."

I am sure that if KATHARINE TYNAN could find it in her heart to moderate the triumphs of virtue and the discomfitures of vice, her heroes and heroines would be the better for it in the long run. As it is, I leave them feeling that they are scantily equipped with experience for life in a complicated world. Take the case of *Dolly Lindsay*, who is really the principal figure in *Betty Carew* (SMITH, ELDER). She lived in Windlestraw, Hants, though I don't know what Ireland has done to be deserted like this. She was pretty, but discontented with the very suitable young man to whom she was engaged, and went some way towards compromising herself with a local bounder possessing motor-cars and a dangerous fascination, who was instinctively avoided by the almost equally beautiful *Betty*. The affair was harmless, but *Dolly* was cut by the county. Then came the great cricket match, where, after being publicly snubbed (and even refused a cup of tea) by several rich *parvenues*, the victim of social spite was dragged gloriously from Coventry by *Lady Castledown* herself; and, right on the top of this, had the luck to rescue the child of her most venomous assailant (the bounder's wife) from death at the mouth of a mad dog. There are some very pleasant, likeable characters in *Betty Carew*, and I am glad to have met them; but a mad dog immediately after recognition by a countess!—no, I cannot believe that the gods distribute their favours so loosely.

"The question of forming a resilient floor for use as a bathroom is under consideration."—*Indian Engineering.*

The whole art of the morning cold bath lies in bouncing out quickly.

CHARIVARIA.

AT the Banquet of the Association of Municipal Corporations the PRIME MINISTER made a sporting offer to change places with the Mayor of EASTBOURNE. At one time it was hoped that the suggestion might be acted upon, but Eastbourne is said to have raised obstacles.

***

The question of election colours is exercising many minds just now. There is a demand for "One party, one colour;" but surely we have this already. The other party is always black.

***

"Germany," says Lord MONTAGU, "is mistress of the air in the same way as we claim to be mistress of the sea." The song in Germany, we take it, is:—

Ru'e, Germania,
Germania rules the air!
Britons never, never, never
Will get—there!

***

"The fleets engaged in the North Sea Manœuvres," says a contemporary, "are moving." This just proves that our ships are not in the rotten state that some persons would have us believe.

***

Owing to an unfortunate quarrel between Colonel RICARDO and the Army Council, the Millennium has been indefinitely postponed.

***

A man imprisoned in an American penitentiary has been writing such excellent poetry during his incarceration that, as the result of a newspaper agitation, he has been released. There are still, we believe, quite a number of gaol birds in the Sing-Sing prison.

***

Four-and-twenty head-hunters from Formosa have come over for the Japan-British Exhibition. Their arrival is said to have caused something like a panic among the peaceable Shepherd's Bushmen. It is not realised that, beyond removing their heads, the true Formosan does no harm to his victims.

***

"Why are telegraph messengers allowed only twenty minutes for dinner?" asked someone in the House of Commons. The question shows a lamentable ignorance of human nature. The average boy can stow away in twenty minutes what it would take an adult an hour to circumvent.

***

It is reported that at Glasgow on the 15th inst., before nearly 7,000 persons, Mr. ALEXANDER GASTON and Miss MARY MACKIE were quietly married in a den of performing lions.

***

More Commercial Candour. From a sign-board outside a bootmaker's shop in Westminster:—"Rock Bottom Value is the Secret of our Success."

***

Having read in his newspaper the announcement:—"Intestate leaves £416,180," a gentleman writes to us from Gotham to enquire how one may become an Intestate, as it is evidently a very paying profession.

***

"The £1,000,000 in gold brought from New York by the *Mauretania*," reported *The Express* last week, "was taken through the streets of London to the Bank of England yesterday in ordinary railway vans." Chorus in Notting Dale:—"What 's the good of telling us this after the event?"

***

The marriage of Miss MARJORIE GOULD and Mr. ANTHONY DREXEL has duly taken place. "The wedding gifts," we are told, "were valued at £250,000." The knowledge that they may be valued adds a fresh terror to the giving of wedding presents.



Old Shopman (to Boy who has forgotten what his mother has sent him for). "MAYBE IT'S TINTACKS, OR IS IT FLOOR POLISH? IT CANNA BE TREACLE, BECAUSE YE HAVE NA GOT A JUG. IS IT A WEE BIT TOBACCO FUR YER PAW? NO? THEN IT 'S PERHAPS A QUARTER-PUN O' TEA? IT 'S NO LINOLEUMS OR BOOTLACES YER MITHER 'S WANTING? CANNA YE THINK, LADDIE? IS IT HAIRPINS OR CURRANT CAKE? PERHAPS IT 'S——"

Boy. "I'VE JUST THOCHT O 'T. IT 'S A SOOTHER FOR THE BABBY."

Shopman. "AWA' WI' YE TO THE DRUGGIST; WE DINNA KEEP THEM."

From the report of the Inspector of Reformatory and Industrial Schools:—

"The two most troublesome girls are one who is persistently disobedient, and another who is equally persistent in her attempts to abscond. Since being vaccinated, however, she has settled down better. There is a mark system which might be worked to better effect."

It is not clear whether vaccination is part of the mark system or not.

What Gordon Said.

"The two men were then face to face, the Arab with his dusky cheeks and flashing black eyes, the Englishman with his glittering grey eyes and lips set firm as steel. There was another moment of silence while they stood together so, and then Gordon, liberating Ishmael's arms, said, in a commanding voice—

(TO BE CONTINUED.)"

Manchester Evening Chronicle.

A poorish outlook for Ishmael.

"Yesterday afternoon the s.s. Alert, owned by the Guernsey Steam Towing Company, struck a rock in Rocquaine Bay, in the neighbourhood of the Hanois Lighthouse. The Alert had been engaged for a pilotage examination. . . . The three candidates for the pilot's certificate passed successfully."—*Guernsey Evening Press.*

It sounds rather an easy examination.

"AFTER OFFICIAL HOURS.

'SAVATIVE 3KOH"

Liverpool Daily Post.

We quite understand.

THE PEERAGE MUTUAL SELF-RESPECT INSURANCE CO., LTD.

[MOTTO: *Nolo nobilitari.*]

THIS Company is to be formed immediately after the Spring Recess, for the purpose of providing Insurance against the risk of an offer of a Peerage under the Asquith Guarantees Scheme. It is felt that, though the Liberal Party, as a whole, may be in favour of correcting the political balance in the House of Lords by the creation of 500 new Peers individual members of the Party will naturally recoil from the prospect of receiving an invitation to the Peerage under conditions so subversive of self-respect. The Company's Policies are therefore expected to appeal to a very wide circle, embracing in particular:

1. Liberal Members of Parliament.
2. Liberal Candidates recently defeated at the Polls.
3. Gentlemen who, from motives of simple loyalty, have generously subscribed to the Liberal Party Fund, the Budget League, the Gladstone League, and other subsidiary Party organisations.
4. Editors and other gentlemen of the Press who as a matter of conscience have supported the Liberal Party, whether right or wrong.
5. Gentlemen not already included in this category who by other services to the Liberal Party have inadvertently rendered themselves liable to Official Recognition.
6. Baronets of Liberal creation, who, by their proximity to the Peerage, are peculiarly exposed to the above insidious assault upon their dignity.
7. Knights of Liberal creation, similarly exposed, but in a less degree.

Insurance will be effected upon a sliding scale according to the risk indicated. Thus a Liberal Member who has been returned by a large majority will be invited to pay a much higher premium than a Member whose seat is regarded as shaky. Subscribers, again, of large sums to the Party coffers will not be accepted at the same attractive figure as subscribers of a comparatively modest amount.

Favourable terms will be allowed to those who limit their risk to the offer of an Hereditary, as opposed to a Life, Peerage. At the same time it must be understood that such offer, though implying the recipient's eligibility for association with a degraded Second Chamber, will not be regarded as constituting a sufficient insult on which to found a claim upon the Company's benefits, unless the offer specifies inclusion among the 500. Gentlemen, therefore, who anticipate appointment to a Colonial Governorship, entailing the penalty of a Peerage, are warned that they will not be accepted as Policy-holders. In any case, as set out below, their claims would be invalidated by the acceptance of a Peerage.

As a measure of precaution, claimants of the Company's benefits will be required to prove in black and white the receipt of an invitation to the Peerage, signed by the Prime Minister, and witnessed jointly by a Justice of the Peace, a Mayor, and a Chartered Suffragette.

Claims will be invalidated—

1. By the actual acceptance of a Peerage.
2. If it can be shown that the Policy-holder, after taking out his Policy, has committed some conspicuous act of loyalty to the Liberal Party with the object of securing the insult of an invitation to the Peerage, and so enjoying the Company's benefits.
3. If it can be shown that a Policy-holder, after taking out a Policy, offers a bribe to the Party Chest with the object of securing the said insult and so pocketing the difference between his bribe and his insurance money.
4. If any announcement of the said insult, appearing in the Press, can be traced to the recipient's initiative. Rights of publicity will be confined to the Company's books, which will be open to inspection by Shareholders and Policy-holders only.

Among its many other attractions, the Company will offer special facilities to any group that may desire to take out a Policy *en bloc* against the risk of a general invitation to the Peerage: *e.g.*, a company of the Guards, the Staff of *The Daily Chronicle*, or the congregation of the Rev. SILVESTER HORNE, M.P.

O. S.

THE AVIATRIX.

["Five women can fly"—*Daily Mail.*]

WHAT need have they, the sweet young things
  Who rule us with their smiles and tears,
What need of mere mechanic wings
  To haul them up to higher spheres?
    On seraph plumes I see them buzz,
    It fills me with delight, it does,
  To think of them as goddesses (the dears!).

And if by art of whirling screws
  The less æthereal sex to-day
Can dare the short Olympian cruise,
  And rise superior to its clay,
    What is it to the mental lift
    That long ago was woman's gift,
  The power of love and peerless beauty's sway?

Then seek not, gentle ones, to fly!
  Leave to the dull material man
The engines that can scale the sky,
  The swoops of that tremendous fan,
    The wings that (though the bard has scoffed)
    Indubitably flap aloft
  With frequent "dopings" from the petrol-can.

Let Vulcan in his smithy forge
  A better than Dædalian craft,
And smoky furnaces disgorge
  (With huge propellers fore and aft)
    A *char-à banc* of airy breed
    That does attain a tidy speed
  Although the chaps that "chauff" her look so daft.

But let not Venus, the divine,
  In aviating gown and gloves
Attempt the steering wheel, nor twine
  The goggles on her suite of Loves,
    Nor wear those semi-arctic looks,
    But sally from Idalian nooks
  Still in the old victoria with the doves.

That is the point; for I have seen
  Some portraits of the flying fair,
And, if my temporary queen
  Should choose to don that dowdy wear,
    I know that I should have a fit,
    I could not stand her in a kit
  Mingled of Esquimaux and Edward bear.

EVOE.

From "Queries and Answers" in an Indian paper:

"Will anyone kindly suggest an effective cur for eczema?"

All the curs we know have it already.

"Mr. Otto Kahn, of New York," says the London correspondent of *The South African News*, "has bought the portrait by Frans Hals of himself and his family for the sum of £103,000." The sub-editor interprets this in a head-line as:

"BOUGHT OWN PORTRAIT AT RECORD PRICE."

We must try to imagine OTTO sitting to HALS.



THE PEOPLE ACCLAIM THEIR BUDGET.



A WORLD OF SHAMS.

Officer (of Umpire Staff). "HI, YOU THERE! YOU MUSTN'T CROSS HERE! CAN'T YOU SEE THE NOTICE? THIS BRIDGE IS SUPPOSED TO BE DESTROYED."

Subaltern (cheerfully). "OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT! WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE SWIMMING ACROSS."

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

SPRING IN TOWN.

Park Lane, April 26.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—The most sensational wedding of the season, *so* far, has been the Marquess of Midlands and Gwendolen Carruthers's. When it got about that the bride was *not* an American, and *not* from the Merriment Theatre, but just an English gentlewoman, a huge crowd collected, stormed the church, and blocked all the streets near. It was all Midlands and Gwendolen could do to reach their brougham afterwards; and there was such a dreadful fight among the camera-men trying to snap-shot the bride that poor Gwen almost fainted. The dowager Midlands, who has an old-fashioned horror of publicity and *bruit*, says she's inclined to be sorry her son has done such an *outré*, conspicuous thing as marry a countrywoman of his own and his equal in birth; but Midlands says *his* only regret is that he didn't charge ten-and-six a head for admission to St. Agatha's!

I gave a most *enormously* successful dinner-dance for the Hairy Ainus the other night. People were ready to kill each other for invitations to meet them. There was such a frightful crush on the staircases after dinner that I'm quite certain hundreds got in who weren't invited.

The Ainus are simply *quite!* We couldn't have any knives or sharp things at dinner—they're not to be trusted with them. *Isn't* that a dilly idea? We're all tremendously gone on one of them, the Hairiest and Ainuest of the lot. A charming creature, my dear! I hear he had some brothers even *sweeter* than himself, but he killed them before leaving wherever it is they come from. During the evening, Popsy, Lady Ramsgate, who is a good deal *éprise*, asked him to dance. She was trying to make him understand, when a Hairy Ainu-ess (she looked awfully *chic*—you couldn't see anything of her face but her lips, and they were tattooed) became so threatening and violent that Popsy was frightened and backed out.

Stella Clackmannan (you know what a clever amateur artist she is) had this particular Ainu to Clackmannan House to do his portrait. But at the first sitting, just as Stella was "putting him in," as she calls it, something *put him out*. He lost his temper all of a sudden, and when the Hairy Ainus lose their tempers, my dear, they *do* lose them! Stella screamed and ran out of the studio. The man who manages him couldn't manage him; the duke came in to help; but in spite of the man and the duke he smashed almost everything in the studio. *Isn't* he a sweet creature? He's going to be the rage in London this summer.

We're all rubber-mad still. I've had a little flutter and it came up heads, and I gave a rubber lunch at the Recherché. *Everyone* seemed to be giving rubber lunches the same day, and the babel of "Malacca," "Sumatra" and "Vallambrosa" was absolutely deafening. It has its drawbacks. Lots of people have had to go into Nursing Homes with rubber heart and rubber brow. Myself, I have my brow massaged every day, the rubber frown is so horribly unbecoming, and the worst of it is, you do it quite unconsciously whenever rubber is mentioned.

The Bullyon-Boundermere people are on the crest of the rubber wave. He's made a big scoop, and, as we all want his advice and his tips just now, they're

invited everywhere and everyone goes to her parties. It won't last, of course. As I said to Norty yesterday, as soon as the boom 's over, they and their parties will be dropped. "That won't matter, though," he said. "Their parties being *rubber balls*, the more you drop them, the more they 'll bounce up again."

Descendants have been a good deal in the air lately. I've been whipping my brains up trying to arrange a pageant or kick-up of some kind with descendants in it. I thought of descendants of highwaymen and descendants of Derby winners; but I can't make up my mind which of the two would make the snappiest show.

Pity me, dearest. I've a young cousin from the wilds of Devonshire on my hands. It 's all my absurd good nature. Her people pleaded with me on the bended to take her, lick her into shape, and erase the memory of some silly love-affair with a young wandering artist.

And so behold your poor Blanche chaperoning a pre-historic girl, with a fixed colour and an immense capacity for silence, who believes in all sorts of things, and has a funny little set of "principles," in case complete, with which I can see her measuring all of us while we wait. And the way the child blushes! Isn't it a funny arrangement that the people who have *least* cause for blushing, do it all? I've taken her to task on this point and some others. "You must *not* blush, Rosemary," I tell her. "Blushing is *quite* out. And you must *talk*, my child. Even if you've nothing to say, you must say it. The old saying, Silence is golden, certainly doesn't apply in the marriage market—silent girls never fetch good prices there. And another thing—you mustn't sit and think. Thinking is *not done*. And with regard to this little *affaire-de-cœur* of yours, *no* girl ought to think seriously of an artist unless he 's an R.A.—and *then* he 's too old to think of at all."

It 's a boresome *rôle*, "With a little hoard of something, preaching down a cousin's heart," as one of the laureates said. Ever thine, BLANCHE.

Disintegration.

"769 The British Isles, unbound, in parts, and Old England, in 25 parts."
Auctioneer's Catalogue.

The melting-pot getting to work.

From an expert report in the prospectus of a new rubber company:—

"The Indians are very careful in the preparation of Rubber, because they handle the matter with extreme carefulness."

If that doesn't convince you, you 'd better invest your tuppence in Aerated Breads or something, and leave rubber to people with a little spirit.

GETTING READY.

WE walked through the Park and observed the rank and fashion of London—none of them (as I pointed out to Miss Middleton) more beautiful than ourselves, all of them richer.

"Speak for yourself," she said quickly.

"None of them more beautiful than me," I amended.

"I meant the 'richer' part. I've got a rubber share."

"What do you do with it?"

"I don't do anything; they do all the doing. James gave it to me, and said that if I kept it till I was——"

"Seventeen——"

"Yes—and then sold it, I should make a lot. But I don't think I ought to sell an uncle's present, do you?"

"I know you mustn't look an uncle in the mouth, but I don't think there 's anything about selling his rubber shares. Sell them, and buy me a—anything."

"Oh, I've got plenty to buy just now," said Miss Middleton, confidently.

"It *is* an expensive time of the year," I agreed. "I simply must have some new summer suitings."

"You should have your old ones put away carefully at the end of the summer."

"I do. And then when I ask for them at the beginning of May I'm told that the moth has got them. *Moth!*" I said, bitterly. "What does a moth *want* with a pair of flannel trousers?"

"I expect it wants to play for The Butterflies. Sorry; I simply had to."

We walked on in silence for a time—I gurgling at Miss Middleton's joke, she brooding over my wrongs. No, that can't be right. She gurgling at her own joke, I brooding over my wrongs—that 's what I mean.

"You seem very happy about something," I said at last.

"But I'm happy about everything. Aren't you?"

"Well, I'm not *unhappy* about anything—except that moth, and I do like seeing you look like this. Otherwise I'm just about ordinary."

"Oh," said Miss Middleton reproachfully, "what a shame to say that on a day like this—with cricket just going to begin, and dances and everything. Oh, I'm going to do *such* a lot this time."

"I say that at the end of every April," I remarked. "And then it rains."

"But it won't rain this year."

"Thank you very much."

"It isn't me, it 's Negretti," she confessed generously. "So now you 'll be happy, won't you?"

"If you 're sure it will be fine," I said cautiously. "Don't think me a doubter, but last year does want some forgetting. The week-ends in the wet; the fielding in the cold; Lord's in the rain. When I think of it I feel that I've lost a whole year of my life. 1909 simply doesn't count."

"But you can't only count the fine days or what about the farmers?"

"True. Besides I should only be about five that way. Still, blow the weather."

"But I've promised you this summer is going to be fine," protested Miss Middleton. "Don't go back on that."

"Right; I'm a believer. One of the elect. Hooray!"

"Hooray! Now, what are you going to do? Are you getting lots of invitations?"

"Millions."

"I simply love getting them."

"I simply hate answering them. I generally wait until I've lost them, and then I've forgotten the day and the address and everything."

"You should ask your nurse to buy you one of those 'Where is It' books."

"I should never know where it was. No, you 'd better let me go on in my old way. I get there in the end—generally on the wrong night."

"You 'll come to our dance on the right night, won't you?"

"If I 'm asked."

"Oh, I expect mother will ask you."

"Yes, she 's a nice woman, isn't she? I must ask her to come to the Oval with me one day."

"I'm going to Henley, and the 'Varsity match, and Eton and Harrow, and the Tonbridge week, and the Army Pageant, and Ascot, and the Shakspeare ball," said Miss Middleton in a breath.

"I'm going to the Surbiton Lawn Tennis Tournament, and Derbyshire *v.* Northamptonshire, and the bazaar at Leamington, and the opening of the Kettering baths, and the Polytechnic bicycle races," I said in two breaths.

"Oh, anybody can go to all the things I'm going to," said Miss Middleton modestly.

"It 's rather difficult to get into the enclosure at Kettering," I said.

"I suppose you know the mayor. How jolly! Well, we shall meet sometimes, I expect."

"Halfway between Leamington and Ascot, perhaps."

"Even that might be rather nice. But it 's a long time to wait. I 'll give you an invitation now, if you like."

"Do. I'll promise to answer at once."

"Well, come and have lunch with me. I mean really 'with' me, because of my rubber share. Besides, I'm awfully rich, anyhow. We 'll begin the season well."

The sun came out from behind a cloud and made believe it was June. (I don't mean June of 1909, of course.) Miss Middleton took a deep breath and looked round the Park.

"Oh, hooray for everything that 's coming," she said softly to herself.

A. A. M.

A CAREER IN THE MAKING.

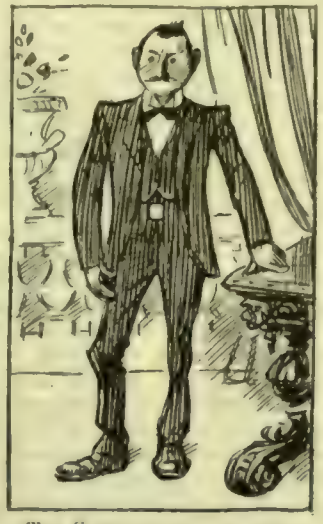
Percy, jealous of the hero of a recent *cause célèbre*, steals a potato in the hope that he may appear in *The Daily Mirror* as Percy, the little Peckham Lad, Put in Prison for Pinching a Potato!



Percy and his aged Grandmother.
(Percy is indicated by a ×.)



Constable who arrested Percy.



The Same in civilian attire.



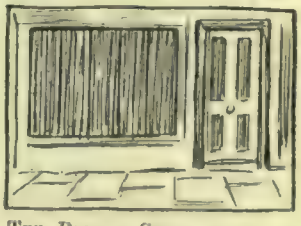
Our Representative discussing the situation with relative of Percy in his pretty Yorkshire home.



Percy's little Playmates at Peckham.



Stamp used by Percy when writing to the Home Secretary.



The Potato Shop, as it appears after closing hours and on Sundays.



View at Streatham, a pleasant walking distance from Percy's home. Inset—Portrait of Ex-Mayor of Streatham.



Re-union of Percy and his Parents.

FISCAL FANCIES.

[Being Letters to any Editor who may care to print them.]

I.

SIR,—In the article which appeared in your columns yesterday, Mr. John Welbore puts the following question to Tariff Reformers. Supposing, he says, that the imports of raw materials are balanced by the exports of manufactured goods, what will be the effect of a duty of two shillings on wheat, allowance being made for the cost of freight and insurance wherever the rebate is equal to the prime value of the piece goods reckoned in the currency of the country of origin together with all the charges of carriage from place to place f.o.b. and c.o.d., no account being taken of the incidental effects (this is important) of climate and the habits of the importers? I think I have stated Mr. Welbore's question fairly, though for the sake of convenience I have summarised it. The answer is easier than Mr. Welbore seems to imagine. Since piece goods, according to his own admission, are a variable quantity, freight and insurance must necessarily rise to the level of the demand for wheat (in quantity, not in value) and the resultant is the mean expenditure multiplied by the numbers of the population (see Politzky on "Averages," pp. 15, 16 and 17, and the note on p. 26). It is clear, therefore, that a duty of two shillings can only decrease the cost to the consumer; and the same is true of all sums up to twenty-eight shillings. At that point another factor comes into play, and we have to consider how the miller is likely to be affected by the rise in the price of offal.

I have now shown that Mr. Welbore's conundrum, which was intended to demolish Tariff Reform, is in reality one of the most convincing arguments in favour of that great constructive policy. Yours, etc., ALBERT E. BOLUS.

II.

SIR,—Mr. Albert E. Bolus, in his haste to support the tottering fabric of Tariff Reform, has omitted to state or to answer one of the most essential points in my argument, and has added to it an assertion which I never made. I said nothing at all about manufactured goods. My whole argument depended on the rate of exchange between two countries of which one uses gold as a medium, while the other uses either beads or silk handkerchiefs. On the other hand, I maintained that, *ceteris paribus*, the available capital of a country varies in an inverse ratio to its foreign trade in partially manufactured goods. The price of bread in a protected country is, therefore, necessarily double the price in a country which enjoys free imports. Politzky's well-known inference from the wage-tables of agricultural labourers has nothing whatever to do with this. If Mr. Bolus had extended his reading to page 300 of the "Averages" he would have found the statement that "the fact that wages tend to disappear under a protective tariff cannot be gainsaid." Why did Mr. Bolus suppress this important passage? Finally, let me ask Mr. Bolus to consider the following case. The population of a town in Bengal wishes to buy an elephant, but finds that the home article, owing to the operations of the elephant trust, is too expensive. The elephant is therefore purchased in Africa at a saving of 10,000 rupees, shipping and food included. What is the result? The inhabitants of Africa are immediately enabled to buy a Bengal tiger for 5,000 rupees. Thus Bengal gets its elephant, and can, with the saving of 10,000 rupees, plus the 5,000 obtained for the tiger, purchase loin-cloths or other commodities, while Africa possesses the tiger and can give employment to a considerable number of hunters and trackers who would otherwise become a charge on the poor-rate. If Mr. Bolus had his way Bengal would have to purchase her elephant at home, the manufacturers of loin-cloths would lose 15 000 rupees, and some 10,000 natives would have to go naked, while Africa would lose her tiger as well as the purchase-price of the elephant, and would have to see the gradual starvation of her hunters and trackers owing to unemployment. Can any sane man doubt which of these two systems is the better? Yours, etc., JOHN WELBORE.

III.

SIR,—I have no desire to pursue a correspondence with a man capable of such statements as appear in Mr. Welbore's letter to you. I merely want to point out that Politzky's book contains only 259 pages, and that the statement quoted by Mr. Welbore from page 300 is therefore as mythical as the rest of his assertions. Free Trade must indeed be in a bad way to need the support of such a champion.

Yours, etc., ALFRED E. BOLUS.

IV.

SIR,—Mr. Bolus of course has the Tariff Reform edition of Politzky. If he will consult the original and only genuine edition he will find that it has 360 pages and that the statement I quoted duly appears on p. 300. Mr. Bolus must try again. Yours, etc., JOHN WELBORE.

THE POET'S ATLANTIS.

[In America, it appears, a poet can contribute to magazines and papers whilst in prison, and facilities are given to the convict for piano playing.]

GIVE me your charming claw, and let us shake,
Bird of a land where freedom fairly oozes,
And penitential walls appear to make
A Paradise for children of the Muses;
What though their liberty to loaf be gone
Their numbers in the press go marching on!

Here when the hairy poet makes of Spring,
Tells of his woodland haunts (what flowers have pranked 'em),
The public hardly deigns to hear him sing,
The Editor (reclining in his sanctum),
Contemptuous of the great, the Delian god,
Wishes (aloud) his caller were in quod.

That, he believes, would stop him: so do I.
Not though his strains were lively as the linnet's
Would justice do a two-step on the sly,
Would warders be at hand with harps and spinets,
And fountain-pens and foolscap sheets and lyres,
And all the what-nots which the Muse requires.

There it is otherwise: that gladsome shore
(Which sends us millionaires and potted bisons
And ROOSEVELT, raging with prophetic lore)
Allows the sacred bard a bit of licence:
It lets him forge sweet music's heavenly link,
And even utter wood-notes, while in clink.

Impressionable gaolers hear him crash
The vocal chords, and come and oil his tresses;
The papers offer him no end of cash
For first refusal of his MSS.'s;
And editors besiege the awful frown
Of Aeacus to have his time cut down.

Then waft me, eagle, to a soil where song,
Whate'er betide, is never wholly bottled,
And poets, if confined for doing wrong,
Whether the garb they wear be plain or mottled,
With dulcimer and bells in constant use,
Can aggravate the crimes they did when loose.

N. O. U.

(Nephews on Uncles.)

The Daily Mail's article on Mr. Redmond by his nephew suggests a departure in personal journalism which may rapidly develop into something like this:—

Uncle Edward.

By William Hohenzollern.

He has been called the uncle of Europe (*Hoch!*), but since Europe has no individual pen let me, as a nephew, see what I can do for him. And who could do it better? To be uncle of Europe is no small thing, as I can tell, although I have never tried it. Enough for me to be its *enfant terrible*. Well, he is courteous, my uncle, tactful (*Hoch!*), quick, *bon garçon*, and yet always the King. I admire him intensely. May the day be long distant when it is necessary for me to eclipse him!

Uncle David.

By a Nephew.

Oh, he is charming at home, charming. You should see him with his golf clubs—all so jolly. And nothing like so good at sums as you might think, or so keen on money. I have often seen him give coins to beggars; and he has even tipped me. His language too in private life is quite refined: you would hardly know him. And his wit—when we were all with him the other day about the scandalous attack on his veracity—he said, "Oh, never mind: it's only one of O'Brien's breaches."

Uncle Tim.

By a Nephew.

Few men in the political world are at once better and less known than Mr. Healy, the Irish statesman. The impression of the world is that he is a caustic and witty critic of men and measures. On the contrary, he is the mildest and sweetest of creatures. His witty speeches are written for him (I may not tell by whom), and he commits them to memory only with tears and sobs. It is as though a grasshopper had to use the sting of a wasp. You may ask in surprise, Why does he do this? The answer to which is, You do not know my Uncle Tim; his passion for Irish liberty is so great that he would go to any personal suffering rather than not serve her—even to being sarcastic.

Uncle Arthur.

By a Nephew.

Few men in the political world are more successful in concealing their true identities than Mr. Balfour, or Uncle Arty, as I cannot help calling him. For example, when I was at school, I had to open a debate in favour of Free Trade, and, being ignorant of the subject, I wrote to him for advice, with the result that he sent me a speech which enabled me to secure a handsome majority. Mr. Balfour has been and may again be Prime Minister, but his real passion is dancing. To see him at his best you should see him in the ballroom. He is the best two-step dancer in Haddingtonshire. Music is another of his accomplishments, and he always plays the organ in church at Whittingehame when he is at home. As a boy he was very fond of bird's-nesting, but it is characteristic of his kindness that he will never touch lobsters because they are caught alive. He is much addicted to puns and practical joking, and taught me how to set a booby-trap before I was ten. He is a great believer in breakfasting in bed.

Uncle Michael.

By a Nephew.

When Sir Michael Hicks-Beach succeeded the late Mr. James Lowther as



"D' you recolleo' old wot's-'is-name?" "'Im with the collar?"
"Ay!" "Wot abaht 'im?"
"'E 'ad to go down—(*jerk of the head*)—you know—they giv' 'im wot you call it—didn't arf git it, I don't think!" "Reely!"
"'Adn't you 'eard then?" "I did 'ear somefink, but no *details*, not afore now."



"What a hideous creature, Jack! What is it?"
"An orang-utan from Sumatra."
"Oh! the delicious darling! Same place as those delightful rubber shares come from—the ones you bought me last month!"

Chief Secretary for Ireland, someone enquired of the late Lord Morris what manner of man the new-comer was. Lord Morris at once replied, "Well, now, every wan called Lowther 'Jimmy,' but I 'd like to see the man that 'd vinture to call Hicks-Beach 'Micky.'"

As a matter of fact, this anecdote only illustrates the strange barriers that divide the political from the domestic personalities of our statesmen. Speaking without the slightest nepotistic bias, I can assure the readers of *The Daily Slop Pail* that, although his relatives do not call him "Micky," a vast number of the younger generation affectionately refer to him as "Uncle Mick." And, indeed, he is at his best with children, teaching them the fine old game of knucklebones, playing hunt the slipper, or singing nursery rhymes in a rich fruity baritone, which often makes the tears glisten in the eyes of the ladies who are present. He is also very fond of reciting the fairy tales of Hans Andersen with appropriate gestures, and can still throw the boomerang as well as most Australian aborigines. In the political arena he sometimes shows a certain forbidding hauteur, but in private life he is the sweetest of men. It is this antinomy that led to the saying that he combined the manners of a brigand chief with the nerve of a nursery governess.

THE PLEA OF PARNASSUS.

["It is hard to discover what the public understands in these days when poetry does not pay."—*Mr. George Wyndham.*]

O scornful of shawms and of sackbuts,
O slow as the slug on the lawn,
Flat, flat as the bilge in your back-butts,
Deaf adders whose hearts are as brawn,
Dull reptiles who cheer not the charmer,
O Public, we cry to you now
To shake off dull sloth and to strap on your armour
And rise from the slough!

With troubadours dead as a haddock
(Those fancy Provençals of France),
And Pegasus penned in his paddock,
And withered the Rose of Romance,
From the lute and the lyre of Apollo
You turn as a bird from the toils,
And shake off the Muses and Minstrels, to wallow
In Rubbers and Oils!

O comrades of youth, who could render
In form-rooms that faced the grey quad
The rolling hexameter's splendour,
In Augment and Aorist shod,
You 've quitted, you renegade rotters,
"The Royal high service" of song,
The bays are a burden, the ink-bowls and blotters
Can go to Hong-Kong!

From the mesh of the Mart that would choke you,
Come back,—for, neglected and glum,
We bards in abeyance invoke you
And crave for a comforting crumb;
Come back to the niche where the Nine are,
The spacious, the sweet, the succinct,
Ere Phœbus and all of the laurel-linked line are
As dodos extinct!

"It is settled for Dillon to ride Lemberg in the Two Thousand. Dillon was the first jockey to ride both this colt and his illustrious half-brother Bayardo, who made their *début* in the same race—the New Stakes at Ascot—and won it easily."—*Daily Mail.*

We saw Dillon (or somebody) do something like this in a circus years ago.

A contemporary refers to the airship garage at Wormwood Scrubbs as "probably the largest building of its size in the world." It is careful not to point out that the garage is also the smallest of its size. Special pleading of this kind is valueless.



A WASTE OF GOOD MATERIAL.

Britannia (*to* Lord Kitchener). "WELCOME BACK! I WISH A BETTER POST COULD HAVE BEEN FOUND FOR YOU—BUT OUR POLITICIANS ARE A LITTLE AFRAID OF STRONG MEN."

[Lord Kitchener's new post is the Mediterranean military command. Its last occupant resigned on the ground that it didn't give him enough employment.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 18.—As not infrequently happens, realisation of stirring scenes in House of Commons fell far short of anticipation. It is the unexpected that holds the secret of success. To-day popular theatre was crammed in pit, stalls, boxes, and topmost galleries. Not since the introduction of Home Rule Bill in 1903, when chairs were ranged on floor of House, has there been such a gathering. Royalty regarded the moving scene from seat over the clock. On one side flanked by muster of Foreign Ministers; on the other the Peers crowded, the Primate standing forlorn amid a group of late comers by the doorway.

Revelations expected. Particulars looked for of Chancellor of Exchequer's midnight assignations with rebellious Irish Members who demanded a price for sale of the dearest interests of the Empire. Didn't care much about the internecine quarrel between O'Brien and Redmond *aîné*. But if Fluellen Lloyd George could be caught out, or shown up, or what you will that would damage his personal reputation, and possibly confound the Government in a common ruin, here, truly, would be nuts.

O'Brien spoiled superb opportunity. At outset sympathy of House decidedly with him. As far as Opposition was concerned he was as enthusiastically cheered as if he had torn down the Home Rule flag, declared himself a Unionist, and handed Tim Healy over to Castle authorities with intent that he should be imprisoned in cell beneath its deepest moat. Had he been satisfied with half-an-hour's speech, he would have retained, as at first he commanded, attention. Temptation proved overwhelming. Never since he entered House had he had such an audience. Why should he let them off?

At end of first three-quarters of an hour, smiting with right hand his left palm as if it contained the head of John Redmond, he remarked, "And now to sum up." Then he went on for what seemed another half-hour, though it might have been less by Westminster clock.

Throughout he was in the manner of Mrs. Siddons. At times he hissed accusation in blood-curdling whisper. Anon he thundered denunciation at top of strident voice. Ostensibly he was there to say, "You're another!" to Chancellor of Exchequer who accused him of gross untruth and disgraceful breach of confidence. As he proceeded with his task the head of John Redmond ever thrust itself under his arm; finding it there, he stopped to punch it. His ear



"Jheremoiah."

(Mr. MacVeagh, the humorist of the Irish Party.)

was alert to whisper or movement of compatriots on benches behind. At slightest interruption he faced about and slew one or other with fierce stare. Poor Swift MacNeill, in lightness of heart at finding himself back in old familiar scene, once gurgled with laughter. Turning swiftly upon him, Siddons O'Brien announced in tragic tones that he was "not to be disconcerted by apish interruptions."

The whole affair more nearly approached three-cornered duel of



A Born Diplomatist and Peacemaker!

"Quietly asked whether Pigott was not born and bred a Nationalist."

(Mr. William Moore, K.C.)

Marryat's fancy than anything ever seen at Westminster. Difference was that, whereas his three controversialists, placed on triangular lines, blazed away at each other's backs, O'Brien, having had first shot at Fluellen and Redmond *aîné*, they in turn riddled him.

Best performance in the serio-comedy was Tim Healy's. Redmond *aîné* smiled contemptuously at O'Brien's hate-embittered references to himself. The thing was overdone, the animus too obvious. Different in case of Tim. He played with his victim as cat with mouse, rolling him over with swift stroke of paw, setting him up again for further frolic. All done so easily, with almost fiendish good humour. His patronage of the Premier, who had "sized up the Member for Waterford at his proper worth and measure and found him a man without an ounce of political backbone," was so unaffectedly hearty that to suggest malevolence were hypercriticism. But, as the charmed audience felt, there underlay the banter the cruellest form of malice in the assumption that the object of attack was not worth making a fuss about. For the rival aspirant to the Leadership of Irish Nationalists this more scorching than the brimstone flames, more hurtful than the thunderclaps, of O'Brien's tempestuous oratory.

Business done.—Time allocated for dealing with Budget.

Tuesday.—Talk about Empire Day, this is Captain Craig's day. Member for East Down has for ever destroyed illusion obscuring his Parliamentary position. Understood his gifts of speech did not go beyond capacity for interrupting with pointed remark orations in process of delivery by one of his fluent countrymen below Gangway. In this art he finds a generous rival in Mr. Moore, the twin Orangeman who represents another division of Ulster.

To-night Moore illustrated its efficacy by getting in a nasty one about Pigott. That renowned person, who in his day drew from Grandolph a well-known passionate adjuration, has cropped up again in connection with the literary excursions of the gentleman whom Truculent Tim was yesterday, without rebuke from the Chair, permitted to allude to as "that ass Anderson." Attempt being made in Redmondite camp to exploit the blundering forger, Moore quietly asked whether Pigott was not born and bred a Nationalist, and was he not long time in pay of the Party?

Shot went home; subject dropped like a hot potato.

Craig's flight was loftier, longer sustained. He not only made a speech. He brought in a Bill, and would have carried it over its first reading only for a hostile majority of 92. Wants to create new anniversary to be known as



GHOSTS WALK AT WESTMINSTER.

Empire Day. As far as could be made out does not aspire to share Lord AVEBURY'S place in history by adding to the number of Bank Holidays. All he desires is that, as the years revolve, on the 24th of May the British flag shall be run up at the offices of all Departments of State and on every National School. In a glowing passage he told how if this were done "foreigners chancing to visit these shores would see that we had the greatest Empire in the world," whilst the youth of the country "would be taught the true meaning of the flag and what was the meaning of Empire Day."

DILKE, unmoved by this patriotic sentiment, took matter-of-fact view of situation, pointing out that adoption of the measure would stir up hostile feeling in Canada, South Africa and India. On a division first reading was refused. But that a fate common to other great measures eventually added to Statute Book.

Business done.—Old friend the Budget back again. Though lost to sight it has for four months been to memory dear. Its unprecedented history fully maintained in this last chapter. Turns out to be the marvel of the age. Have daily, weekly, morning and evening, read how the country was on the verge of bankruptcy. Disaster postponed by hand-to-mouth policy of borrowing. Turns out there has been some loss to national purse consequent on rejection of Budget by Lords. But it does not exceed £1,300,000, a mere fleabite to a country irretrievably gone to the dogs. When all is squared up, instead of a deficit there will be a surplus closely approaching £3,000,000. Which, as CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER cheerily says, "can be applied to any purpose the House of Commons may direct."

Thursday. — The Harp that once through Commons' Halls The sound of discord raised suddenly broke out again on Vote on Account. TAY PAY, in speech that commanded attention of crowded House, moved to reduce amount by sum representing pension of ex-Civil servant who, having contributed article to monthly magazine, woke in the morning to find himself more than famous. Debate carried on by series of speeches of considerable length contributed by HOME SECRETARY, LEADER OF OPPOSITION, and PREMIER. Though not lacking in liveliness, House for long time kept clear of unruliness. Just before ten o'clock Members, having dined, returned, thronging benches in anticipation of division.

EX-ATTORNEY-GENERAL FOR IRELAND presented himself at Table.

In appearance and forensic manner of speech, Mr. CAMPBELL does not notably differ from Mr. URE. This makes it more amazing, as SARK says, how these Law Officers succeed in covering the Parliamentary green with dishevelled wigs. At this hour, making the sixth of interminable talk round the subject, Members on both sides inclined to resent interposition of a somewhat dull ex-Law Officer. For five minutes CAMPBELL sustained his alleged character. Suddenly, without inflection of voice or approach to gesture, he turned an almost somnolent audience into tumultuous mob.

Allusion to PARNELL in connection with Phœnix Park murders flung the fat into the fire. In Committee Room No. 15, subsequently elsewhere, the discrowned King of Ireland suffered much contumely at the hands of former colleagues, upon whom he retorted by genially describing them as "gutter-snipes." But, if colleagues and compatriots may fling mud on their former idol, they will not permit one whom they call a Castle hack to take a hand in the game. Angrily insisted upon CAMPBELL withdrawing what they denounced as insulting remark.

EX-ATTORNEY-GENERAL FOR IRELAND, like LORD ADVOCATE OF SCOTLAND, stubbornly stood to his guns. For a quarter of an hour storm raged. Irish Members clamouring for withdrawal turned aside from assailing CAMPBELL to browbeat CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES because he would not rule expression out of order. In absence of PREMIER and other colleagues the WINSOME WINSTON in charge of Treasury Bench. Intervened in congenial character of Dove of Peace. Unavailing effort. NAPOLEON B. HALDANE, brought in from his room, where he was studying the course of the Punic War, equally unsuccessful. Not even permitted to conclude a sentence. At length Closure moved, the Irish Members halting on way to Lobby to give three wild cheers for the Leader whom nineteen years ago they loved and lost.

Business done. — Vote on Account agreed to.

A RUBBER-GAME SONG.

SQUASH racquets—that 's the only sport
Fit for a man to play,
When all the world is one vast court
From London to Malay;
Prospectus—pit! remittance—pat!
The ball is bouncing free;
Allotment! Can I get up that?
A premium! One to me.

What matter if promoters serve
Once in a way with guile;
No weak directors break my nerve
If shares are brisk the while:
I bear the market for the fall,
And so increase my hoard,
Then leave to someone else the ball,
And let *him* hit the Board.

Then join with me, you have my leave,
It takes a pair to play,
There 's one is needed to receive
And just one more to pay;
A purchase—pat! A profit—pit!
A sale—so ends the round,
And anyone may make a hit
With rubber on the bound.

"WANTED, at once, a WASHING WOMAN; please state lowest price per dozen."—*Bath Herald.*

Really it comes cheaper to have one at a time.

"Mr. Dillon began with an Elia-like essay; you could almost see the title 'Of Bargains.'"—*East Anglian Daily Times.*

"Elia" must have been another of BACON'S pen-names.

CONJECTURAL CORRESPONDENCE.

["If the Daylight Saving Bill had been passed, its operation would have commenced yesterday, and the hour of sunset would have been 7.58 to-night, instead of 6.58."—*Mr. W. Willett in "The Star" of April* 18.]

MR. A. KIPLING COMMON has written an eloquent letter to *The Evening Standard* to express regret that SHAKSPEARE did not live in the twentieth century. In that event, as he shows by a masterly and cogent chain of argument, the controversy as to the authorship of his plays and their ascription to BACON would never have arisen or been possible.

Sir HENRY HOWORTH has written a prodigious letter to *The Times*, occupying a special Supplement of eight pages, for the anniversary of the date of his first letter in that journal just fifty years ago. In it he pays a very generous and gracefully worded tribute to COBDEN, PEEL, and BRIGHT. "That these politicians were misguided, mischievous and unpatriotic," he writes, "cannot be denied. The damage that they inflicted on the prestige and prosperity of the British Empire is of mammoth dimensions, and will not be obliterated in this or even the next century. But this much must be at least set down to their credit. Had they not inspired me in my generous youth to combat their poisonous heresies, I doubt whether I should ever have entered on that long and arduous series of letters, none of them less than one and a half columns in length, which, if paid for only at the rate of a penny a line, would have brought me in from first to last close upon £1,000."

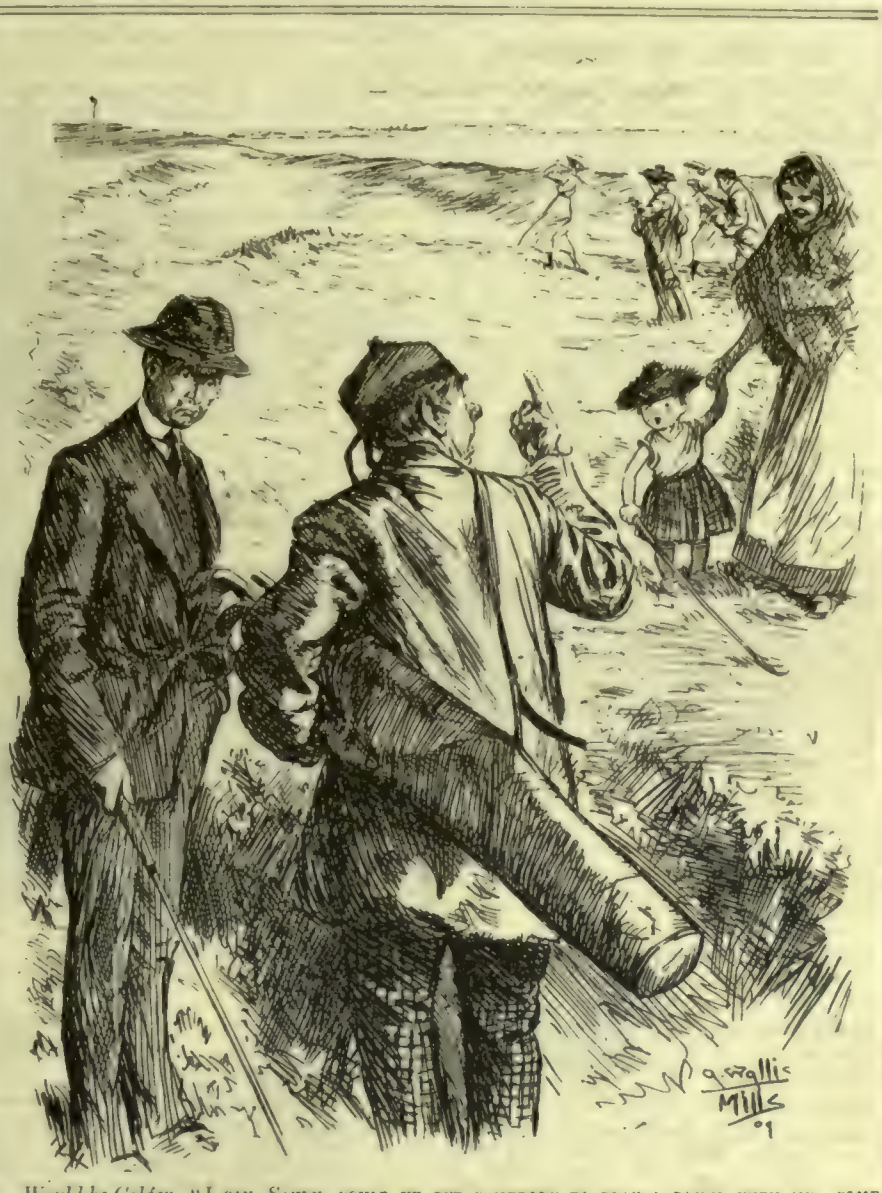
Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON writes to *The Lancet* to point out that if the Metchnikoff treatment, which prolongs the span of human life to 120, had been discovered in Lord MACAULAY'S time, he might be alive now and only 110 years of age.

Mr. LOWTHER BRIDGER writes to *The Pall Mall Gazette* to point out that if NAPOLEON had perished in the French Revolution the Battle of Waterloo would in all probability have never been fought, and the phrase "to go Nap" would not have been found in the current phraseology of the card-room.

Mr. A. C. BENSON has addressed a remarkable communication to *The Athenæum*, in which he speculates on the extraordinarily interesting reminiscences of HALL CAINE which DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI might have given the world if he had lived sixty years longer.

"2 miles by road, 35 minutes by rail from London. A choice little residential property to be sold."—*Advt. in "The Bystander."*

It doesn't say upon what line it is, but we can guess.



Would-be Golfer. "I SAY, SANDY, COULD YE GET SOMEBODY TO PLAY A ROUND WITH ME; SOME ONE WHO PLAYS ABOUT THE SAME GAME AS I DO?"

Sandy. "AY. WIFE, BRING JOCK ALONG."

SHORT AND BITTER.

[The Spring and Summer modes are designed for tall and slender women, and are surveyed with consternation by the short and plump.]

"I am so short," the maiden cries,
With trouble in her big blue eyes;
"The kilted skirt how *can* I wear
With panels plastered here and there?
On long-drawn lines my charm relies.

Tall Amazons, if they are wise,
Such height-reducers well may prize,
But I have not an inch to spare,
I am so short.

And, though this lack I might disguise
If gowned by 'Stella,' who supplies
Designs that lend a graceful air
Of slimness to the nearly square,
I can't afford her price," she sighs;
"I am so short."

The Polygamist at Home.

Seen in the country:

"UNION CHAPEL.

LICENSED FOR THE SOLOMONIZATION OF MARRIAGES."

The Journalistic Touch.

"Perhaps you will allow an old pageanter to give his impressions of the admirable presentation of Elizabethan times which he has just thoroughly enjoyed in common with an audience literally packed from floor to ceiling."—*Western Morning News.*

On these occasions, as any sardine will tell you, the great thing is to be on the top layer.

"ENGLISH BOARDING AND APARTMENT HOUSE. Dark-room—convenien for bathing."—*Daily Malta Chronicle.*

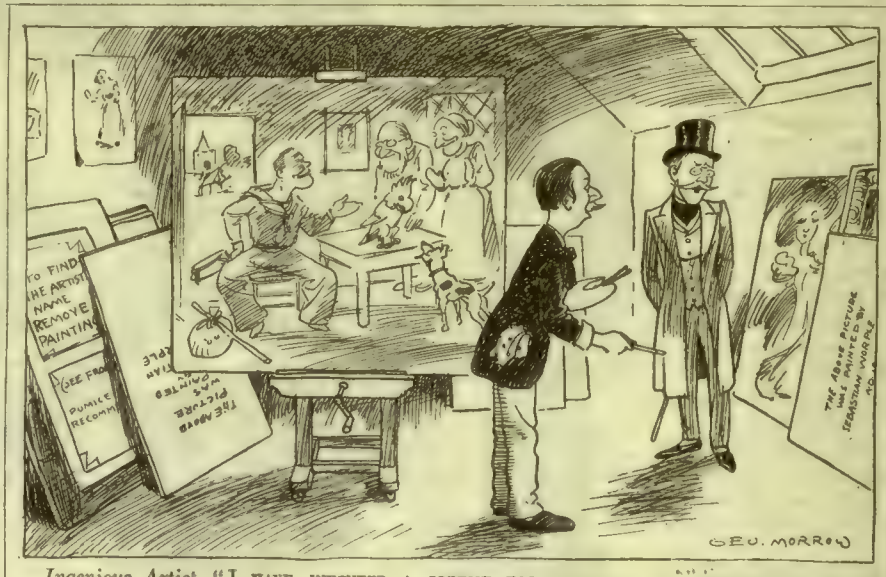
This is true modesty.

OUR SERIAL FOR GOURMANDS.

[Synopsis of Previous Chapters, which Might have Appeared in this Paper, but Somehow did Not:—The father of Constantine Drummett, supposing rightly that his son, who has hitherto led a blameless life, has not sufficient brains to carry on the ancestral business of sauce-making, has made him a barrister. A like fate has befallen Algernon de Bouverie, more as a punishment for a misspent youth than as an intended boon for prisoners at the bar. By the intervention of fate and the machinations of the Author, Constantine and Algernon are thrown together, and even go to the length of sharing the same room in a set of chambers, thus warning the reader that their story is to be a highly technical one. Constantine is a tall slim man, with a marked taste for Algernon's cigarettes. Algernon is a short, fat man with a massive but inaccurate knowledge of fishing, which he desires to impart. Neither of them is in love, but both are prepared to be, if the Editor can do with a dozen more chapters or so. For the moment, romance is in abeyance.

Their set of chambers is one of eight sets in 4, Inner Temple Buildings, itself one of twenty buildings looking out on to Queen's Bench Walk. Having no briefs of their own, they deem it the best preparation for their future careers to watch, from their windows, solicitors' clerks taking briefs to other more fortunate but less deserving counsel. Algernon, with the object of accustoming his mind to figures, calculates that, as there are on an average five barristers in each set of chambers, there are eight hundred possible destinations for every brief that wanders into Queen's Bench Walk. At this, Constantine becomes strangely depressed, and remains so until a solicitor's clerk appears, unmistakably making his way to 4, Inner Temple Buildings. Fully aware that even at 4, Inner Temple Buildings there are forty willing recipients of briefs, of whom himself is the least, he yet concludes that a miss is better than a mile and brightens up a little. There follows a loud and important knock on the outer door, whereat his brightness becomes almost vulgar. It becomes quite vulgar when he fancies he hears his own name mentioned in a colloquy without. "If," says Algernon, "a brief gets as far as this room and is not for me, I shall die." Constantine, when he really overhears his own name being bandied about outside, allows his joy to get the better of him, and he says, "If the brief is for me I will stand you a dinner." It is thereupon agreed that on the first brief coming into that room the lucky recipient shall give the other a dinner to cost ten per cent. of the fee. Algernon makes the only clever legal move of his life, and gets that down in writing. Amidst a tense silence Constantine is hailed outside, while Algernon affixes a stamp within. It is with mixed feelings that the latter subsequently learns that the supposed brief was a demand for immediate payment of an outstanding debt to a mere tradesman. As for Constantine, the emphasis of his language becomes so marked that the Editor has to take the Author apart and warn him that, unless he is careful, someone else will get the job of writing serials for this paper.

Maybe it was the Editor's fault for forgetting the neurotic and highly excitable temperament of the Author, or maybe the latter acts just for revenge. Anyhow, having up to this point kept a tight hand on himself, he now becomes hysterical and so far departs from real life as to invent a solicitor with a kind heart. The latter bustles into Queen's Bench Walk and, resisting seven hundred and ninety-nine temptations to go elsewhere, comes and presses a brief into the hand of Constantine. The latter endeavours abortively to combine a boast about his success with a denial of liability for dinners; but Algernon, having spoken a few gracious words of formal congratulation, insists politely but firmly on seeing the fee. This the Author, no less generous than his own solicitor, has put at two hundred guineas; and Algernon, in a thrilling and dramatic moment, produces the agreement and demands a dinner to cost twenty guineas. Constantine produces a series of arguments *contra*, from which one gathers that he will have to improve considerably before his case comes on for trial, and finally, on Thursday, April 14, it is agreed that they will meet that very night at a certain world-famous restaurant (see advertisements), where Algernon may do his utmost to carry out the original idea. Thus, when the reader is just beginning to think that the Metropolitan Police By-laws ought to limit the number of all previous chapters and put a stop to this disgraceful traffic in synopses, the narrative is suddenly resumed.] —



Ingenious Artist. "I HAVE INVENTED A SCHEME FOR ENSURING THE AUTHENTICITY OF MY PICTURES. YOU SEE, I PUT MY NAME ON THE FACE OF THE CANVAS BEFORE I COMMENCE PAINTING. IF AT ANY FUTURE TIME THERE SHOULD ARISE ANY DOUBTS OF THEIR GENUINENESS, I HAVE WRITTEN INSTRUCTIONS ON THE BACKS OF THE PICTURES TO THE EFFECT THAT IF THE PAINT BE THOROUGHLY REMOVED BY PUMICE-STONE THE TRUE ARTIST'S NAME WILL APPEAR."

Chapter 497.

Thursday, April 14, was well begun and more than half done when the Temple clock struck one. No less automatically, Algernon rose from his seat, put the agreement in his pocket and his hat on his head to go out to lunch. He had even got as far as the door before he remembered what he was doing. Then he returned slowly into the room and took off his hat again.

"On second thoughts," he said, looking at Constantine, "I do not think I will have any lunch to-day."

The End—[*Ed.*].

The Growth of the Pageant Movement.

"Mlle. Mania Seguel (decorated with the French Academic Palms) receives Pianoforte Pupils at her studio."—*Advt. in "The Morning Post."*

A pretty custom.

"In 1883 the plaintiff's mother married his (the defendant's) father's sister."—*The Times (Law Reports).*

We hope we have not committed contempt of court in reproducing this.



A CHANGE IMPENDING.

He. "IF YOU ACCEPT ME IT WILL MAKE ANOTHER MAN OF ME, BUT IF YOU REFUSE ME I SHALL NEVER BE THE SAME MAN AGAIN."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

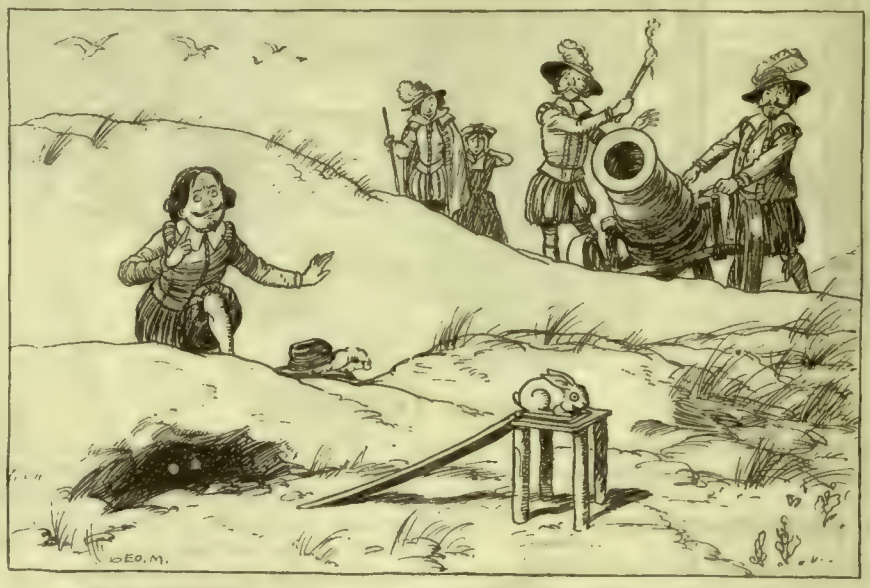
(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL (the other one) is a magician. Just as it was said of GARRICK that he "could act a gridiron," so Mr. CHURCHILL can write about an American Society-woman and make one sympathise. *Honora*, the heroine of *A Modern Chronicle* (MACMILLAN), is what would be called a Fascinator. Beginning in St. Louis, where she is the adored of an uncle and an aunt, several callow youths, and incidentally an ex-office-boy, *Peter Erwin*, she marries *Howard Spence*, a young stockbroker from the East (U.S.A.). Thenceforward a large section of the book is a record of her progress, financial and social, towards Fifth Avenue. It is told in such careful detail as to leave one with the impression of having known New York Society intimately at first hand—and with no desire whatever to renew the experience. Then, that the chronicle might be truthfully modern, there comes along *Hugh Chiltern*, the strong, passionate lover; and *Honora*, weary of her uninteresting husband, obtains a money-down divorce, and marries *Hugh*. What follows, the story of her failure to build up a secure and honourable home upon such foundations, is not only the best part of the book, but, I incline to think, the strongest thing Mr. CHURCHILL has yet done. The tragedy of such defeat is intensely realised. Mercifully, *Hugh's* sudden death cuts short the lingering punishment of their joint degradation, and *Honora*, changed and chastened, escapes to Paris, where, five years later, *Peter Erwin*, now famous, but with his old devotion unaltered, takes her in his arms. Peters, in the novels, always end that way. Yet I found the finish the least convincing part of an unusually clever book.

If you are a crusty old bachelor, own a mile of house-property in a provincial town, collect your own rents, and live on next to nothing in a tiny cottage, you will save roughly about £5,000 a year. But if your charming step-great-niece, hitherto estranged from your avuncular bosom by a family feud, suddenly alights in the midst of your solitude, cooks you a ravishing kidney omelette on the spot, and throws up her position as a Board School teacher to come and housekeep for you, then you will begin to find out what the world looks like when it is upside down. At any rate that was what old *Mr. Ollerenshaw* discovered when *Helen With the High Hand* (CHAPMAN AND HALL) came down on him like a LLOYD GEORGE on the publicans and dukes, dipped her pretty fingers into his cash-box and gently but firmly began to drag the old hermit-crab out of his shell. The friendly duel between the shrewd old man and his high-handed young relative is described by Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT with delightful and subtle humour, and his book is the most diverting I have come across for many a long day. Parry and thrust follow each other with lightning rapidity, till in the final bout the once miserly old man, after he has been cajoled into buying the big show place of the district, responds by quietly marrying its wealthiest widow. Uncle and niece are both lovable

human people; the characters and provincial life are drawn with a firm hand; and I, for my part, have found Mr. BENNETT'S story a most agreeable relaxation from the tedium and annoyances of a too political world.

A rather ragged game of Rugby football played on a wet ground and seen through a fog is the nearest simile I can find for the raging activity of Mr. H. C. BAILEY'S *Storm and Treasure* (METHUEN). People (and especially the hero) are constantly being seized from behind, flung to the ground, pinioned, trussed, and dragged through the grass or undergrowth to some dark place of captivity, to be hauled up to the light again with the regularity of a tube-lift, just when all hope seemed at an end. The *Vicomte de Jan*, a French *émigré*, is persuaded to return to his *château* of Tiffauges, in LA VENDÉE (that is where the ingots are hid), in order to assist the fortunes of "the Grand Army" against the Republic. Here is one of the *Vicomte's* exploits: "But M. de Jan hurled himself at the unready horseman, and bore him crashing over his horse's head. It was M. de Jan who was up to snatch the bridle again, to cast Mademoiselle across the saddle and spring up behind her." A neat but simple trick, as they say in the conjuror's text-books, but one that staggers the audience every time. Personally I don't believe *Rudolf Rassendyll* could have done it. And twisted up (either literally or metaphorically) with the figure of *M. de Jan* are those of *Lucile Colet* (enigma), *Yvette Barsac* (*vivandière*), and *Jessy Wild* (English spy), who thwarted NAPOLEON in Mr. BAILEY'S last book, but this time doesn't seem to me to have been earning his money from the Foreign Office. You might think that with all this movement the author's characters would be too exhausted for elaborate repartee, but, bless you! no, not a bit of it; they are more brilliant than ever, even when lying helpless and covered with dirt in a cave or imprisoned at Nantes by the *sansculottes*. But I do hope that among the *Vicomte's* wedding presents was a good stout silver-backed, hog-bristled clothes-brush; for he needed it.



FORGOTTEN SPORTS—POPPING THE WEASEL.

To come on some secluded mere
And catch the hippo shyly dipping;
To find a track and murmur, "Here
The elephant went lightly tripping;"
To note the rhino's wholesome glee
While on his hide your bullets flatten,—
These are the reading themes for me,
The food on which I love to batten.

Yet Mr. TANGYE'S book does not—
Though it 's about that kind of "beasties"
(I quote his word)—quite touch the spot
That should be touched where such a feast is;
The banquet 's adequate enough,
But spiced with elephantine humour,
Which, though it seems the proper stuff,
Makes heavy work for the consumer.

But don't, I beg of you, suppose
That every line of *In the Torrid Sudan* (from MURRAY) is verbose
Or quasi-humorously florid.
Much of it is, but there 's a deal
That 's not included in my slating;
And folk who have the explorer's zeal
Will find it worth investigating.

Don Estebán, a Spanish aristocrat, took to wife *Magdalen Falkland*, a Saxon minx, and there were issue of the marriage three sons, *Guillen*, *Pepé* and *Frazco*. On the death of the father and the second marriage of the mother, the boys were abandoned to the care of their English uncles, to be by them rechristened *Punch*, *Judy* and *Toby*, and "have all that foreign nonsense knocked out of them." Three eventful careers were well founded, three noteworthy characters were in the making, and *The Bounty of the Gods* (DUCKWORTH) was showing every sign of being a well-written and carefully studied novel, when the writer, Lady HELEN FORBES, fell a victim, it would appear, to the influence of the ELINOR GLYN school of fiction. Thereupon the crisp atmosphere becomes warm and humid, the grammar visibly weakens, and the narrative completely breaks down. *Punch* incontinently dies; *Judy* is forgotten; and *Toby* meanders without purpose through a disjointed career, wherein snake-like women and décolletage abound. His wavering between Protestantism and Roman Catholicism, one of the incidents to which the reader looked forward, tails off into a hasty digression, misconceived and inaccurate on the face of it. Finally and quite unaccountably he becomes the greatest singer that ever was, and the book concludes:—"Probably the path of European fame never opened before a candidate for immortal honours who stepped on to it with a clearer perception that the gods never give with both hands. Turnbull and Spears, Printers, Edinburgh." In this instance it is doubtful if the gods ever really gave at all.

Mark Twain.

BORN 1835. DIED APRIL 21, 1910.

Farewell the gentle spirit, strong to hold
Two sister lands beneath its laughter's spell!
Farewell the courage and the heart of gold!
Hail and farewell!

CHARIVARIA.

Chantecler, it is now definitely announced from New York, is to be translated into American. Even the dramatist, according to our information, will not escape, and will figure as Mr. Roosternd.

***

We understand that Mr. ROOSEVELT has been approached with a view to his accepting the Presidency of Europe in the event of the accomplishment of the Federation of that continent, but, with his well-known common sense, he has not yet given a definite consent.

***

During his stay in Paris, Mr. ROOSEVELT paid a flying visit to the Louvre, "where," we are told, "he spent a few enraptured minutes before the *Venus of Milo*." This is characteristic of the great hunter's largeness of mind. He can admire not only a strong man armed, but also a weak woman unarmed.

***

Mr. ROOSEVELT also paid his respects to NAPOLEON. There is, indeed, nothing petty or jealous about the ex-President.

***

From Constantinople comes the news that His Sublimity the SULTAN has measles, and fears are expressed lest ABDUL HAMID, who is ever on the watch, shall attempt to take advantage of his successor's loss of *prestige*. There is some talk of rectifying the situation by forcibly giving ABDUL the mumps.

***

The POPE having visited his displeasure upon the Prince of MONACO for calling upon the King and Queen of ITALY, the PRINCE, it is rumoured, has retaliated by giving strict instructions at Monte Carlo that under no circumstances shall his Holiness ever be allowed inside the Casino.

***

Sensitive persons in Manchester are said to feel more than hurt that it should have been deemed necessary to offer so large a sum as £10,000 to induce anyone to fly from London to their city.

***

A conscript named GEORGES GENN, *The Express* tells us, has just been declared unfit for military service in France for the extraordinary reason that he is too fat. He weighs 19 stone. Personally we should have thought he would have made an excellent regimental pet, or perhaps an emergency earthwork.

***

We are sorry to hear that Lord ROBERTS has given great offence in certain circles by a speech made at the opening of a rifle range at Hayes, in which he expressed the view that the object of a rifle should be to kill.

***

The Dublin magistrates have held that a Suffragette who chalked an announcement on the pavement had committed no offence. This method of attracting attention has, we suppose, become necessary owing to so many persons having ignored the writing on the wall.

***

The fact that the polar bear Barbara could only be induced to enter her new residence by being prodded with a pole proves how thoroughly acclimatised this animal has become. Her great desire now is to be farthest from the pole.

***

For the final scene in the Pageant of London at the Crystal Palace, Mr. FRANK LASCELLES requests the loan of twelve white bullocks, two elephants, twelve coal-black horses, two red bulls, six rams, and six greyhounds. We should have loved to oblige, but unfortunately we have promised all of ours—with the exception of our elephant "Fifine," who is indisposed—to the local cattle show.

***

A writer in *The Evening Standard* expresses the opinion that the middle classes suffer from an excess of clothing. A recent decision as to Matinée Hats should do something to remedy this.

***

It is said M. PÉLISSIER has his eye on Sir CONAN DOYLE'S new play, *Pot of Caviare*, and will shortly have it repotted.

***

We overheard an interesting conversation between a couple of sparrows last week. "Yes, ten thousand pounds," said the one. "What! just for flying from London to Manchester?" "Fact, I assure you." "Well, I 'm jiggered!"

***

Meanwhile there is some talk in the avine world of offering a handsome prize to the first bird which shall succeed in walking all the way from London to Manchester.

***

In the printed "Dispositions of His Majesty's Ships," issued by the Admiralty last week, appears for the first time the name of "H.M.S. Biter." This, we take it, is an improved edition of "H.M.S. Bittern."

***

A masseur recently raised his charges. Asked for a reason, he replied that he had thought it was well known that rubbers had had a boom and were in great request.

***

As we go to press it is rumoured that a substitute for rubber has at last been discovered. It was found in a City restaurant, and was served up as a steak.

An advertiser of incubators announces them in *The Daily Telegraph* to be:—

"THE BEST IN THE WORLD; WILL LAST A GENERATION."

Which is, of course, an absolute necessity if they are to be of any use at all.



MANY REFORMED BURGLARS COMPLAIN OF THE DIFFICULTY OF GETTING HONEST EMPLOYMENT. THE TUFF SAFE CO. WILL NOT ALLOW A MAN'S PAST TO STAND IN HIS WAY.

FLYING NORTH.

I KNOW, I know that Spring is come; I cannot but remark
The tulips sitting up in bed and smiling in the Park;
I toy with fresh asparagus, I browse on early peas;
I always know when Spring is here by subtle signs like these.

I see the R.A. blooming in its hardy annual dress,
I see the PREMIER taking what he calls his Spring Recess;
I note the Young Man's Fancy—she assumes a livelier tint,
And I attribute this effect to Nature's vernal hint.

I don't include the cuckoo's call, though in the Press I've read
How in between the storms of hail he tolls the winter dead;
I do not hold with liars who allege that they have heard
Whole months ago the bleat of this incorrigible bird.

But there 's a larger, loftier fowl that loathes the icy gale,
His spirit being willing, but his constitution frail;
And when I mark a brace of these making the welkin hum
(Hey for the North and Manchester!) I *know* that Spring is come.

Such, Mr. DEVEY,* such are they whose visits you would greet
Coldly if they alighted in your garden's chaste retreat;
Whom, if they sought your sheltering roof, through something going wrong,
You are prepared to welcome with a rudely-pointed prong.

Ah, if my hearth might but receive the god in his machine,
What matter though the chimney-tiles came with him on the scene!
Could but my pleasaunce entertain an angel from the blue,
How gladly would I sacrifice a cauliflower or two!

I would not have the law of him for my geranium-pots,
But speed at once to pick him up and salve the wounded spots;
And I would pour out wine and oil and help to mend his wings
And get him, while he took a rest, to talk of heavenly things.

Oh, DEVEY, Mr. DEVEY, Sir, I fear your heart is black,
Black as the soot adhering to your stuffy chimney-stack,
Or you 'd distinguish (though he fell upon your favourite shrub)
This kind of fallen angel from a foul Beelzebub. O. S.

* In the midst of the excitement about the flight to Manchester, Mr. H. B. DEVEY had a letter in *The Times* announcing the attitude which he proposes to take up in the matter of aviatory trespass. Fliers who descend upon his trees and shrubs will be sued for damage, and those who attempt to come through his roof will be received on spikes and prongs attached to the chimneys.

"Stop and think for a moment. Many people are all run down, tired out and hardly able to drag about—don't know what ails them. ——'s Wine of Cod Liver Extract, the great tissue-builder, is the answer."

"'Is life worth living?' Eat ——'s rich Cream Toffee and you won't ask."

How morbid the candour of advertisers is getting nowadays.

"The Leader of the Opposition played the part of Clytemnestra in the tragedy which is now unfolding itself. He prophesied nought but evil."—*Daily Chronicle.*

We had heard of Cassandra as a prophetess, but had never had our attention called to Clytemnestra's achievements in this line. Certainly she hinted at the murder of her husband, but then she knew she was going to do it herself.

WHERE IS IT?

(You are invited to guess the scene and occasion of the Dialogue.)

He. We 're in very good time. Let 's get out here. He 'll be an hour getting to the entrance.

She. Right. It 's only a few yards.

[*They get out of the taxi and walk on.*

He. Hurry up. It 's crammed already.

She. Just a moment. My hat——

He. Oh, it 's always your hat. (*To a young man*) Bridegroom's side. (*To her*) Let 's go in there. (*To various people*) So sorry. I *beg* your pardon. (*To her*) There we are. Lucky to get such good seats.

She. There 's Mrs. Holbeach. Fancy her coming all that way. Oh, and there 's Mary Tressider. (*Nods and smiles.*) I didn't know she knew them—but she never misses anything of the sort. Who 's that dark-haired man? No, not that one. The handsome one.

He. Captain Oakley, Gerald's uncle.

She. Gerald's uncle, is he? He doesn't look like an uncle, somehow.

He. What do you expect uncles to look like?

She. Oh, I don't know. Whiskers and turn-down collar and a malacca cane with an ivory handle—something of that sort.

He. I 'm a bit of an uncle myself, you know.

She. So you are. How funny.

[*She turns round, recognises a lady behind her and begins whispering to her.*

He. It 's no good your trying to whisper. You can't get within a yard of one another. Tell her she 'd much better whisper to me. She could get quite close to me.

She. Don't be silly. She told me the bride's dress was three inches off the ground and only a yard and a quarter round—— (*Stir and animation. A burst of music.*) She 's come. . . . How well she looked—a little pale and nervous, but that 's natural.

He. Ripping pretty lot of girls. Nice idea that, to send 'em along without hats.

* * * * *

A Voice in the distance. . . . let him speak now or for ever hold his peace. [*A pause.*

He. Wouldn't it be awful if somebody didn't hold his peace and just chipped in?

She. It has happened.

He. It didn't happen to me.

She. They didn't know you.

* * * * *

He. Ought we to kneel now?

She. No. They 're nearly all standing.

He. No. They 're all sitting down. [*They sit. Music.*

* * * * *

She. They 're in the vestry now. Isn't it exciting?

He. What, the vestry? Much like any other vestry, I fancy. [*A burst of music.*

She. They 're coming now. Here they are. Ah!

He. Did you see them?

She. Not much. Did you?

He. Just the tip of Gerald's nose. Very handsome and manly I thought it. Let 's make a move.

[*They squeeze out slowly, and proceed in a taxi to another place.*

She. What a crush! Is my hat——

He. Yes, it 's as big as ever.

She (*to a lady*). I congratulate you so much.

He (*to the same*). My best congratulations. Such a pretty —(*he is pressed on*). We 'll just walk round.

She. I *must* look at the presents. (*To a waiter*) Thank you. Just a little piece. (*To him*) Charles, you must have a piece of the cake.



THE WISDOM OF THE WEST.





Little Girl (much shocked). "MOTHER, DO *look* AT THAT RUDE GENTLEMAN LISTENING TO EVERY *word* THOSE LADIES ARE SAYING."

He. Not for a million. I'll have a glass of fizz, though. (*He has it.*) Let's get along to Gerald and shake hands with them. [*They get along and do so.*

She. Now for the presents . . . .

He. Where's ours?

She. That's it—the claret jug.

He. We'll go now. [*They go.*

HE AND SHE.

WHERE gloom of laurels flanked the dusky glade
And no rough sound the summer silence jarred,
I saw the wanton where she pierced the shade
With amorous regard.

Bold, brilliant eyes played their familiar part,
But I refused to flinch or turn aside,
And, with a cold pang at my angry heart,
Her insolence defied.

I knew so well for whom she lingered there,
To charm him while he listened—and she lied,
Seeking with soft appeal or brazen air
To move his manly pride;

Discreetly veiling other lawless loves
In artful talk and little tender cries—
Her voice the murmur of the cooing dove,
Her eyes the serpent's eyes.

Awhile we gazed, hate answering back to hate;
Then suddenly my wrath took fire and flared:
Her baffled glances proved she knew her fate—
I'd kill her if I dared.

With that the dusk cut off her half-told tale;
I lost the blurred line, tawny gold and white;
It vanished with a long-drawn sibilant wail
Into the summer night.

Swift as a dream she melted into space,
An elemental passion veiled in fur,
A thing of evil, but of wondrous grace,
Soft as a velvet purr;

A homeless stranger, careless of her fame,
Unpedigreed, unfaithful, most untrue;
And he, the owner of a royal name,
My Champion Persian Blue.

"WANTED, new pair of football boots, for a good young Fox-terrier Dog or cricket suit."—*Advt. in "Our Dogs."*

On second thoughts we will have the good young cricket suit, if it includes a coloured belt.

"The new enclosure is a striking contrast to that formerly occupied by the bears, covering an area of sixty square feet."—*Daily Graphic.*

Ten feet by six! It seems hardly enough to swing a cat in, much less a polar bear.

"There were scenes of great enthusiasm when the victorious Frenchman landed. . . . M. Paulhan was the coolest man in the crowd."
Evening Standard.

Easily, we should say, after being nearly frozen alive.

SUPPLY AND DEMAND.

HE came down to breakfast one morning to find two letters on his plate. The handwriting on the envelopes being strange to him and the postmarks revealing nothing, he decided, after some minutes' thought, to see if there were any clues to be found inside. Accordingly he picked up the first letter and opened it. It was written from the highly aristocratic address of 99a, Curzon Street, Mayfair, W., which fact was naturally a source of some pleasure to him. He was still more gratified and intrigued to discover that the writer was no less a person than Reginald St. John Berkeley. The actual letter, however, was something of a disappointment.

99a, Curzon St., Mayfair, W.

DEAR SIR,—I write to inform you that I am prepared to advance upon your note of hand alone, without any security whatever, sums ranging from £10 to £10,000. Hoping to hear from you shortly, Yours faithfully,

REGINALD ST. JOHN BERKELEY.

He put the letter on one side and poured himself out a cup of tea. Then he opened the other envelope. This proved to contain a communication from (Mrs.) Matilda Ascot. A little surprised at hearing from her, for he had never been introduced, he proceeded to make himself acquainted with the contents of her letter. She wrote, he was distressed to find, from an unfashionable address in Notting Hill.

23, Spa Road, Notting Hill, W.

DEAR SIR,—You will be *surprised* at hearing from me, but I can *no longer keep silent*. This is the *third day* that the children have been without boots; their father is again out of work, and I am *alone in the world*. You will be interested to hear that I have been trying to get a little money together with which to start a *small stationer's shop*, and if I can do this I can make a living and keep my four children and my husband in comfort. Will you not help me? Lord ——, Colonel John ——, C.B., and the Rev. William —— have already subscribed *small sums*, and if I can only get *five pounds* more I shall be able to buy the shop and start earning an honest living for myself and my dear ones. I have appealed to you because I feel sure you have a *generous heart*, and because I think you would like to be associated with Colonel John ——, C.B., Lord —— and the Reverend William —— in this work of *true charity*. Will you kindly forward this small (and *necessary*) sum of five pounds by return so that I can buy the shop and begin work at once? Thanking you for past assistance,

Yours very gratefully,
(Mrs.) MATILDA ASCOT.

"Dear, dear," he said. He put both letters carefully away, and took up his morning paper.

A week later he came down to breakfast and found two letters on his plate. He recognised the writing at once. After a little hesitation he decided to read Reginald St. John Berkeley's note first.

99a, Curzon Street, Mayfair, W.

DEAR SIR,—I must confess that I have been somewhat surprised at not hearing from you, in answer to my communication offering to advance you sums ranging from £10 to £10,000 upon your note of hand alone, without any further security whatever.

Can it be that you are not in any want of money? The expenses incidental to the opening of the season are numerous, and it frequently happens that gentlemen of your position are in temporary need of assistance. It is not always possible to sell out stock at a moment's notice, nor is it always quite convenient to borrow from one's friends. It is on such occasions that most gentlemen are glad to seek my aid, and it would surprise you if you were to look at my books to see how many of the nobility and gentry are willing to accept money from me. There are men in the very highest position in England among my clients, and I am prepared to treat you with just the same consideration.

Now, cannot I send you a trifle? You want a new motor-car, you desire to go in for aeroplaning, your wife wishes to spend a week in Paris—well, why hesitate? You can return the money when you like (with, of course, such small interest as will repay the incidental expenses of the negotiation), and you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you have not (perhaps) missed the opportunity of a lifetime through a temporary shortage of ready capital.

Now let me hear from you at once on this subject. You will, of course, understand that I cannot undertake to advance you a larger sum than £10,000 upon your mere note of hand. Should you therefore require more than this it will be necessary for me, in order to protect myself, to receive some security.

I enclose a stamped envelope, addressed to myself, so that you can inform me at once of the amount you require, and remain

Yours faithfully,
REGINALD ST. JOHN BERKELEY.

"Well, well," he said, "this is very sad." He wiped away a tear and turned to (Mrs.) Matilda Ascot.

23, Spa Road, Notting Hill, W.

DEAR SIR,—You have wounded me *deeply* by your silence—*how* deeply I trust you will never know. In my bitterness I said to myself, "Never again will I show my confidence in him by giving him the opportunity of being associated with such *noble Christians* and *true gentlemen* as Lord ——, Colonel John ——, C.B., and the Reverend William —— in a work of *real charity*." But afterwards I relented; I told myself that possibly you had been *ill* or away upon a *holiday*; and I decided to give you one more chance.

I am about to start a small registry business on which to support my *dear little children* (5), who are *quite alone* in the world, their poor father being unfortunately *no more*. General Sir Rupert ——, K.C.B., is interesting himself in the matter, and many other gentlemen of position are helping me, among them the Bishop of ——; while Lord ——, Colonel John ——, C.B., and the Reverend William —— have again shown a *true Christian spirit* in contributing. I only require ten pounds more, and this sum I have decided to let *you* subscribe. You will want to send the money *at once*, and I am therefore enclosing a stamped addressed envelope, so that you may not be vexed by any *unnecessary delay*.

Trusting to hear from you to-morrow, and thanking you for past assistance,

Yours very gratefully,
(Mrs.) MATILDA ASCOT.

He gave a deep sigh.

"What a lot of unhappiness there is in the world," he reflected. "I don't seem to be doing any good at all; I don't help anybody. They all write to me and tell me their troubles—why don't I do something?"

He thought for a moment, and then a noble idea occurred to him. He took Mrs. Ascot's letter and put it in Mr. Berkeley's stamped addressed envelope; and he took Mr. Berkeley's letter and put it in Mrs. Ascot's stamped addressed envelope. As he poured himself out a cup of tea he looked fatuously pleased with himself.

"They ought to have been introduced to each other a long time ago," he said.

A. A. M.

"BARON'S ALLEGED OFFENCES.

BIGAMY CHARGE TO BE PREFERRED."
East Anglian Daily Times.

The alleged offences must be pretty bad if he really would prefer a bigamy charge.

"General Niox said that 'he often pondered on these splendid thoughts,' and Mr. Roosevelt replied that he was 'delighted to find his words had penetrated so far.'"—*Daily Mail.*

Which was not very polite to General NIOX.

LINES TO A "RARA AVIS."

HENRY, felicitously surnamed BIRD
(Since there is music in the very word,
Besides you 're dedicated to Euterpe
And are by nature chirpy),
Although your Jubilee was held last week
With quite unique
Éclat in Harmony's august abode,
I hope you will allow
An ancient friend to pay you now
The tardy tribute of a free-and-easy ode.

How great the changes and the chops
Since you, one of the props
And pillars of the "Pops"
Proved, by your sympathy and skill pianistic,
Accompanists could be artistic!
O Heavens! how ill they played,
Some of your predecessors,
Although they weren't afraid
To style themselves professors!
But you from the beginning tackled BRAHMS—
BRAHMS at his rockiest—and showed no qualms;
When STRAUSS and when DEBUSSY came along,
They found you going strong.
Fearless transposer! Why, they even say
That, on one memorable day,
You actually contrived to follow
A devious votary of Apollo
Through each involuntary change of key—
And there were *three*—
Before the singer's ultimate catastrophe!

Innumerable concerts and recitals,
Enough to sap the vitals
Of heroes less efficiently arrayed,
Have left you unembittered, undismayed.
Yet there are times
When ballads upon ballads—tune and rhymes
Alike artistic crimes—
The soul of bathos shed;
And then my heart has bled
To see you with self-sacrificing zeal
Hiding the grief you could not choose but feel;
And, animated by a sense of duty,
That never fails you in the direst need,
Handling, as if it were a thing of beauty
Some maudlin melody married to a bleating screed.

Minstrels, like bards, are irritable folk
Whom trifles oft provoke
To sudden fury or unseemly tears;
But you, blithe spirit, from your earliest years
Have been undeviatingly urbane,
Free from all frills, considerate, courteous, sane,
And to the end will so remain.
Wherefore, with deepest reverence imbued
For your supreme pianofortitude,
And by melodious memories rarely stirred,
Punch hails your Jubilee, O tuneful BIRD!



Loafer. "I WISH I 'AD A EASY JOB LIKE YOURS, MATE.'
Sandwichman. "EASY! YER DUNNO WOT YOU 'RE TORKIN' ABAHT. *Easy!* LOOK AT THE STRAIN IT PUTS ON A BLOKE'S MIND! IF I LEAVE ORF THINKIN' FOR 'ARF A MO' I GITS THE 'AND POINTIN' THE WRONG WAY—THEN WHERE DO YOU RECKON 'ARF THE POPILATION O' LUNNON 'LL GIT TO? *Easy!*"

At the Royal Academy.

There was once a king who very nearly executed a certain MORDECAI. A namesake—Mr. J. MORDECAI—has been executing our KING in cold oil, and seems to have taken a pretty fair revenge on Royalty.

"It is estimated that Mr. Alfred Killick, who has just retired at Tunbridge Wells after half a century in the postal service, has walked from 240,000 to half a million miles in the course of his duty in delivering letters."
Manchester Evening News.

Really, we should have thought that a closer estimate would have been possible.

WHAT TO LOOK OUT FOR AT THE ANGLO-JAPANESE EXHIBITION: *Shepherd's Bushido.*

POTTED PAPERS.

I. *The New Age.*

Notes of the Week.

The Government continues its disastrous career towards the rocks, every day bringing it nearer to destruction. As we have always foreseen and said, the Cabinet is at sixes and sevens and only by Herculean efforts can the Premier hold his team in check. Never did a stern brow mask so absolutely woolly a personality as that of Mr. Asquith.

There is one way, and only one, towards the salvation of England. It is the democratic way. Demos carries the light and it must be followed. The Lords may survive the present storm, but another and another will follow, and ultimately they will be whelmed. The creation of five hundred peers will hardly postpone their annihilation a moment. Who will they be? Ask yourselves. And how long will they remain Liberal? Ask yourselves that too.

Books and Persons.

(*An occasional causerie appearing regularly every week.*)

I have been reading *Hopeless Idiocy*, by Schnetchkernoff, in the translation just issued by the only publisher in England who has any brains. You who read this volume have, of course, never heard of Schnetchkernoff, but let me tell you that you will. For he is a coming man; he is one of the men that count. I discerned this the moment I had smelt the cover of the book, and five minutes after I had opened it I was gasping with the ecstasy that one artist feels for another. On my recent visit to England I made every effort to meet the translator of the novel, but he was never at home. But I shall be in Moscow next week, and shall then sip my vodka with the novelist himself, and tell him a few facts about this England of ours.

* * * *

Looking in recently on Milan, I was delighted to find the industrious and not despicable young Italian who translated my novel into his language, which I understand perfectly but have not time to write in. I asked him what Italy did before he began his labours, but he was unable to tell me. "Corpo di Bacco!" he said, and shrugged. But I understood. Still, all that is now changed. I then told him a few startling things about Italy which he had not dreamed of, and showed him how very like geese were most of the swans which his countrymen admired.

* * * *

By the way, there is in England at this moment only one man who can write decent journalism, and that is the leader writer on *The Bournemouth Excelsior*. If ever that paper comes your way, treasure it as you would treasure fine gold. Jacob Tonson.

Art.

Let me resume my indictment of the obscure lumber-room in Trafalgar Square called the National Gallery. Last week I demolished the claims of Velasquez, Titian, Raphael and Leonardo. I wish now to draw your attention to that incredible example of bad drawing and vulgar colouring called Andrea del Sarto's portrait of himself. How could such a feeble thing be admitted into any collection, one asks. But there are no limits to the incapacity of the trustees of this institution.

[*And so on.*]

Why not Surrender to Russia?

By W. R. Titterton.

Last week I proved that, as we had already virtually surrendered to Germany long ago, it was only by a formal surrender that we could get a *quid pro quo* for our humility. But England's need is not only one but several fresh conquests. Accordingly I plead this week for another conquest—this time by Russia. Here again we should only be regularising the *fait accompli*, for we have already surrendered to Russian ideas. Tschaikowsky has conquered us; Tolstoi has conquered us; all right-minded people are the slaves of caviare (a Russian product), and Jacob Tonson is passionately addicted to vodka. The Russians have the deepest bass voices in the world. Anna Pavlova is the finest dancer in the solar system, and I have recently mastered the balalaika. *Quid plura?*

The Loving Cup.

"Mrs. Ward gave an address, after which a cup of tea was handed round."—*Barrow News.*

"Lady Cook open to engagements; Dinner Parties, 'At Homes,' good cake, bread, butter, ices; would play harmonium for service."
Farnham Herald.

Would this be the funeral service?

"New Arrivals in Noirette Underskirts," says an advertisement in the *Edinburgh Evening Dispatch*; but there is nothing about it in *The Times*' social column.

"For downright sentiment there is nothing to beat Mr. H. J. Dobson's interior."
Yorkshire Post.

We express no opinion on what seems to us a purely personal matter.

"Mr. E. M. Watson, A.R.C.M., was deservedly encored for his pianoforte solo, which was given in a smaterly style, the expression being particularly good."—*Reading County Times.*

On the contrary, we think it a rotten expression.

"HORSE-ROCKING—MARK I."

A Riding-Master Speaks:—

Come hither, my gentle recruities!
A lesson I have to impart
On one of your principal duties,
The noble equestrian art.
The horse, you may know, is a creature
Which prudence would bid you avoid;
He bites with his principal feature,
And kicks when he 's feeling annoyed.

But here, by our latest invention,
We free you from any alarm;
Approach him without apprehension;
Nay, pat him; he cannot do harm.
Henceforth you need never be wary
Of handling the beast as you like;
Our Patent Mechanical Hairy
Is safer by far than a bike.

The old-fashioned horse, in his paces,
Is often exceedingly rough,
Which comes, in particular places,
Uncommonly hard on the "buff;"
His temper is highly capricious;
He bucks and he jibs and he rears,
And likes, when he 's playful or vicious,
To hurtle you over his ears.

But mark, what a lasting improvement!
This excellent Pattern you 'll find
A thing of luxurious movement
And woodenly docile in mind;
You sit with a foot in each stirrup;
You needn't hang on by his head;
The motion 's as soothing as syrup
And grateful as cocoa or bed.

Then rock you, my gentle recruities,
And try (if you can) to enjoy
The simple and dignified beauties
Of soldiering learnt on a toy.
Come rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye! Faster!
Come *up*sey-down, *up*sey-down! So!
Ride on without fear of disaster!
Come, rock-a-bye!—Lord, what a show!

Dum-Dum.

AN INTRODUCTION.

It is understood that Lieut.-Col. Newnham-Davis has been appointed to give the introductory lecture to the College for Hotel Managers which is about to be opened. The following synopsis of his remarks should not be uninteresting:—

The high mission of hotel-keeping; the nobility of the career of *chef*; well-cooked food the basis of pre-eminent nations; empire and *bêche-de-mer*, dominion and truffles, progress and ortolans, success and char; the true inwardness of viticulture; the duty owed by the right citizen to the grape; patriotism and Château Yquem, conquest and Château Lafitte, the relation of 1898 champagne and moral fibre; very old brandy and supremacy; the gastric juices our best friends; how to nourish

them; a good digestion the noblest end to strive for; a healthy appetite a sign of a healthy mind; poor or undiscriminating eaters the enemies of Society; teetotalers and vegetarians the worst pariahs; restaurants and the civic ideal; the educational value of talking to waiters; the importance to waiters and other employés of having conversation for guests; the way for hotel managers to treat the Press; how to discover if the Press man is sufficiently influential to be flattered and encouraged; how to behave to him if he is not; the wise way with the police; cigars, what brands to keep and what brands to give away; the bars, how to make them attractive; drinks suitable to take with customers as being less deleterious than others; medicaments to act as antidotes to excessive health-drinking.

So much for the first part. There will then be an interval for refreshments, when the gallant Lieut.-Colonel, hero of a million engagements (to dine), will enter upon Part II., which will consist of an account of his own experiences in hotels the world over, with lessons drawn therefrom. The college will then be declared open.

A FLATNESS IN POLES.

[For want, we are told, of the necessary funds the American Antarctic Expedition, which was to have raced Captain SCOTT to the South Pole has been abandoned.]

THIS is a blow, indeed it is,
To hear so vile a motive, viz.
The scarcity of cash,
Has interfered with Uncle Sam
And caused him, so to speak, to dam
His threatened Polar dash.

What of the millionaires who toil
At making Trusts in meat and oil,
Men whom you merely prick,
And libraries and parks they ooze—
Have they no fervour for a cruise
To find the frosty stick?

Can it be true that stately kings
Of potted pork and other things
Are backward with their doles?
That Railway Rajahs cut up rough
And murmur, "We have had enough
Cavorting after Poles?

"The business is not bright nor new,
The eagle now has perches two
Cut from the frozen North;
If PEARY finds another peg,
And some new artist pulls our leg,
That makes the third and the fourth."

Yes, I can almost understand
Why eager patriots do not hand
The needful nuggets out;
There comes a time when hearts (I guess)
Are filled with strange snow-weariness,
Fraught with a sense of doubt.

It needs some more exciting "stunt"
To place the Stars and Stripes in front
Than messages from COOK,—
"The Southern Pole is ours. Enquire
For further facts (beyond this wire)
Of Antetukishuk."

EVOE.



"WHAT IS THE BABY CRYING FOR, MY CHILD?"
"I DUNNO; 'E'S ALW'YS CRYING. I NEVER CAME ACRAWST ANYONE WOT LOOKS UPON THE DARK SIDE OF THINGS AS 'E DOES."

"Selecting a particular year in this century, the distinguished statistician shows us that while, in France, out of one thousand men who had not yet attained the age of 20 and who married, two were bachelors, and upwards of seventy-four were widowers and divorced men."
The Daily Telegraph.

Leaving 900 odd polygamists.—Shame.

"The official staring point was passed at 5 31 p.m., amid scenes of the same intense excitement."—*Evening News.*

Still, even common, unofficial persons were allowed to stare from all the rest of the route.

Straight tip from *The Daily Telegraph*:—

"I still think that if Lemberg is sufficiently forward he will win."

The great thing in racing is to get well forward at the finish.



Mrs. Montmorency-Smythe. "And what were you reading when I came in, my dear? Shakspeare! Ah! What a wonderful man! And to think that he wasn't exactly what one would call a gentleman."

A SLAVE TO DUTY.

["There are more women than men."—*Vide Census Returns.*]

Dear ladies, the season approaches
When love affairs go with a swing,
And Strephon to Chloe impulsively broaches
The Question that blooms in the Spring;
But a tear does a sprint down my cheek at the hint
Which has filled me with sorrow profound—
There 's a positive glut of fair Phyllises, but . . .
There are not enough men to go round!

The sorrow and shame of it mingle;
I cry for a "Bachelors' Tax"
As I think of the Jills who are doomed to be single
Because of the shortage of Jacks;
And it seems very wrong to withhold from the throng
(I fancy my logic is sound)
A love that could cheer half a score, when it 's clear
There are not enough men to go round.

So my hopes as a lover are banished,
I've broken the vows I had vowed,
The dreams in which Rose figured daily have vanished—
She can only be one of a crowd!
And when I'm with Norah, or Betty, or Dora,
She labels me "flirt," I'll be bound,
Yet I merit applause, for it 's simply because
There are not enough men to go round!

AEROPLANES *v.* GOLF.

Writing to *The Field* Mr. U. P. Jenkins (can he, by chance, be the originator of the celebrated game of "Up, Jenkins"?) voices his dread of low-flying aviators, who, he says, would obstruct his tee shots, and claims that he is entitled to a sufficient amount of air, if paying a subscription of fifteen guineas to his golf club. This is very sad, but we are afraid there is no help for it, now that England has gone aviation-mad. The mere fifteen-guinea golfer had better resign himself to being bunkered by coveys of bird-men, swooping over the sandhills after mammoth prizes and pursued by droves of motor cars conveying sporting journalists.

By judiciously topping his ball the asphyxiated enthusiast may yet be able to creep from hole to hole beneath the stream of aeroplanes playing the low-down game foreseen by Mr. Jenkins—or, if he does not mind his fees being considerably enhanced, he may still breathe his *quantum* of air on a course fenced and roofed in with close-meshed wire in the manner of a chicken-run. The royal and ancient game would then, of course, be better played with croquet mallets, and sufficient variety could be obtained if a few new shapes were introduced, such as a knobkerrie, a bandy-stick, or a pavior's beetle. If aviators persist in their vulgar habit of ricochetting from tee to tee, there will be little left for the plane-flapped golfer but to follow the mole and pursue his game in a network of tubes underground. Still, he might always play from aeroplanes and defeat the air-hogs in their own element. So cheer U. P. Jenkins!

Zigzag.



À OUTRANCE.

SIR ROSEBERY (*detached observer*). "PARDON ME, BUT AS A MATTER OF ACADEMIC INTEREST I SHOULD VERY MUCH LIKE TO SEE WHETHER YOU COULDN'T WIN WITHOUT YOUR SWORD."

SIR BALFOUR. "A MOST INTERESTING SPECULATION, BUT I'M NOT TAKING ANY MORE RISKS THAN I NEED."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 25.—The Admirals are out on a fresh cruise. Having seen that the Navy is as well provided as is possible under an incapable, corrupt Administration which, when it is not truckling to Germany, is on its knees to John Redmond, they have turned their attention to the number of guests entertained on board the Admiralty yacht, with particular enquiry as to who pays for their grub.

Off and on have for some time been firing in this direction with object of finding the range. To-day concentrate attack. Owing to misunderstanding Vice-Admiral Burgoyne is left to conduct it single-handed. His consort, Rear-Admiral Middlemore, like the Spanish Fleet on historic occasion, "is not yet in sight." Too literally construes his title.

"All very well to be a Rear-Admiral," says the Vice-Admiral snappishly, slinging his telescope round to wrong eye and surveying offing in Palace Yard; "but on a day like this he need not keep so far in that direction as to be below the horizon."

Fact is, Middlemore is down at his marine residence (Arethusa Lodge, Topsail Lane, Stourbridge), rigging up a flagstaff in the back-yard. In addition to a vane designed to show Stourbridge which way the wind is blowing, he will have a Union Jack run up on Empire Day with intent, as Craig put it the other day, that "foreigners chancing to visit these shores will see that we have the greatest Empire in the world." The Rear-Admiral rather thinks that, with this flagstaff and a few big stones limewashed in coastguard fashion, Arethusa Lodge, though situated in the Midlands, will have about it a decidedly naval look.

Odd how these two authorities on the policy and *minutiæ* of naval matters have developed from what on the face of it seemed unlikely sources. Outside Parliamentary arena Vice-Admiral Burgoyne is something in the wine business. Rear-Admiral Middlemore, entering life with intention to follow the medical profession, drifted into a solicitor's office and rose to the high estate of a Birmingham City Councillor. Yet—and the lesson should not be lost upon new Members—by patience and perseverance in the Question hour, they have come to number themselves among our most authoritative naval experts, each ready at an hour's notice to take command of Channel Fleet. No secret that when Jack Fisher, recalling memories of Temple at Sheen, retired to his country seat to cultivate his roses, there was some disappointment in family circles that neither of the Admirals was "sent for" to take his place. Due entirely to political animosity; Premier ever ready to sacrifice best interests of country on altar of Party.

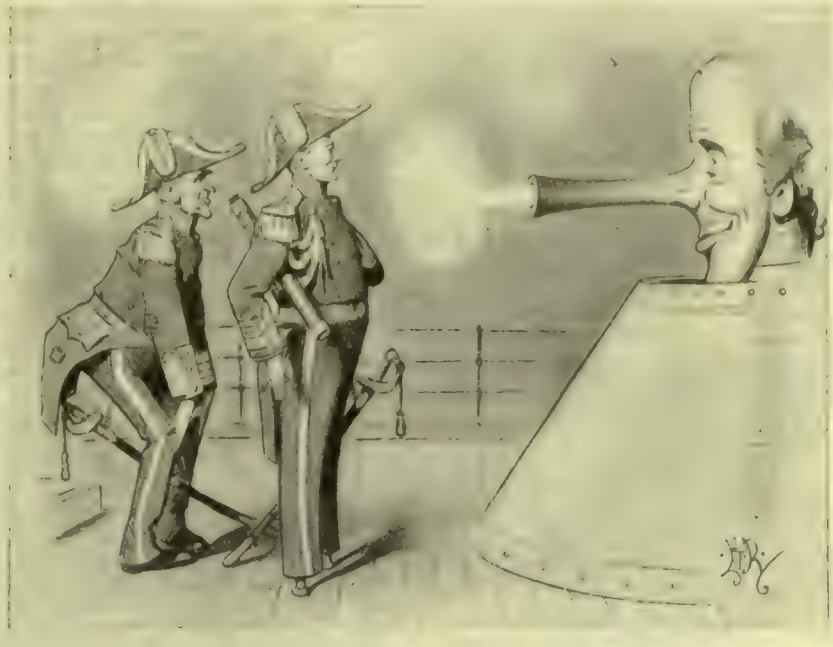
Didn't make much out of this new cruise. House inclined to regard enquiry as petty, not to say impertinent. But the Vice-Admiral will haul about and attack again when his consort comes in sight.

Sark says the best thing for First Lord to do would be to ask the Admirals down to Sheerness and give them a cruise in the Admiralty yacht. He fancies that, should the sea be a little choppy, the table expenses of the guests would not be excessive.

Business done.—Budget read a second time by majority of eighty-six.

Tuesday.—The licence of the Question hour, with its irrelevancies, its self-advertisements, its personal animosities, and its Party controversies, strikingly illustrated in a query in to-day's long list standing in name of William Thorne. That explosive gentleman, who, like Mr. Bellow (South Salford), always goes off at half-cock when rising to address the Chair, desires "To ask the President of the Board of Trade, whether any inquiry has been held into the disappearance at sea, on 2nd October, 1909, of an Asiatic fireman named Lai Yu, whilst serving on the steamer *Bellerophon*, of Liverpool; whether he was on duty at the time; whether he was medically examined before joining; how long he had served on the vessel; whether he had had any previous sea service."

"The answer to the last part of the



Admirals All; or, Naval Experts under Fire.

"Rear-Admiral Middlemore" takes cover behind "Vice-Admiral Burgoyne."

(Mr. J. T. Middlemore, Mr. A. H. Burgoyne, and the Rt. Hon. Reginald McKenna.)



One of the Great Unchastened.

(Mr. Will Thorne.)

There is a growing tendency among those who worship at the shrine of "Labour" to resent any application of the rod or birch to any of those tractable little scions of the Proletariat who are turned out, with such engaging manners and so much self-control, by the Elementary Schools of the country. Is it not conceivable that a practice which is borne with sturdy submission by Public School boys and others might in some cases work well? Is there not a risk, for instance, that in sparing the rod you may spoil the Member of Parliament?

question" (to quote a familiar Treasury Bench formula) "is in the negative."

SYDNEY BUXTON, shrewd middle-aged young man, is rarely at sea. Why THORNE supposes that PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE might have been on duty at moment of disappearance at sea of an Asiatic fireman; that he was medically examined before joining; and that he served some time on the vessel, are among the things no fellow can understand. They are at least consonant in coherence and genuine desire for information with nine-tenths of the supplementary questions put at an average sitting.

Business done.—Budget Bill went through Committee and reported without division.

Wednesday.—To-night, amid shout of triumph from embattled Ministerial host, Budget Bill read a third time. Final scene up to mark of historic occasion. Ordained that at eight o'clock the blade of guillotine should fall, debate be cut off, and division taken on amendment moved from Front Opposition Bench for rejection of measure. Long before hour approached, benches on both sides thronged.

SIDDONS O'BRIEN'S rising to fling last curse at Bill and, incidentally, to run amok among "the mass of conspirators in the background responsible for the unconditional surrender of the rights of Ireland," led to dramatic incident that profoundly stirred crowded House. Hitherto the Leader of Nationalist Party has been the chief, almost exclusive, exponent of its views. Following O'BRIEN to-night came DEVLIN, who replied in speech of equal fire and fury added to considerably more point. It disclosed the priceless possession by the Redmondites of a second TIM HEALY. Whilst lacking the sardonic humour which flickers through TRUCULENT TIM'S observations, DEVLIN has all his fighting power. The Leader of the Nationalist team will do well to give this young colt his head.

PREMIER, who met with enthusiastic reception from his followers, summed up facts of situation with the pellucid phrasing, the pitiless logic, that are at his command. Then came division which in House of five hundred and fifty-five Members negatived hostile amendment by majority of ninety-three. Bill thereupon read a third time without division.

Business done.—Budget Bill carried across corridor to Lords. No one there to receive resuscitated infant. Couldn't very well leave it on doorstep. Standing Orders moderately require quorum of three for transaction of business. After five minutes' active search quorum roped in, and Bill solemnly read a first time.

Thursday.—To young persons about to enter upon Parliamentary career, Viscount CASTLEREAGH serves as awful example. Young, rich, heir to a marquisate, squire to one of the most charming of English dames, he has sunk into a condition of despondency that positively blights the benches in his immediate neighbourhood. Only four years have sped since he was returned Member for Maidstone. Sufficed to bring about this transmogrification.

Accidental position occupied *vis-à-vis* Treasury Bench has something to do with it. Is ever in full view of LLOYD GEORGE, WINSTON, and other Members of a Ministry



"THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST."

"Suffusing with greyness what should be a youthful countenance, bowing his shoulders with gruesome grief."

(Lord Castlereagh.)

for which, in respect of lack of all the virtues, the ages provide no parallel. Cheered the other day by hearing WINTERTON genially describe Government as "a man-eating tiger that has tasted blood." Elation only temporary.

A sort of withering influence emanating from Treasury Bench subtly possesses him, suffusing with greyness what should be a youthful countenance, bowing his shoulders with gruesome grief, hampering his stride with symptoms of patriotic paralysis. His noble father has his trials in another place. By comparison with his son-and-heir's lot in the Commons, life in the Lords is at least bearable. With untamed spirit, not always subject to the discipline of Party, Lord LONDONDERRY (using the phrase in strict Parliamentary sense) kicks out afore and ahint. Generally attacks attenuated minority on benches opposite; if need be does not spare his diplomatic Leader on front bench below. On Lord CASTLEREAGH in the Commons the sun never shines. Ever he sits in the shadow of the supremacy of a man-eating Radical Government hurrying on to abysmal depths of Socialism.

His condition brought under direct notice of sympathising House by not infrequent habit of putting questions designed to floor FLUELLEN or to take the wind out of WINSTON. A small matter, curious in its way and significant of the situation, to note how when he slowly rises from front bench below Gangway to put a question he looks as old as his father. When, having resumed his seat, he listens to reply that inevitably reveals fresh duplicity on part of the Government, he looks appreciably older.

Business done.—Lords, suspending. Standing Orders, pass Budget, if not "without alteration of a comma," yet, as PREMIER says, "in all substantial respects unaltered."

Friday.—Budget received Royal Assent; both Houses adjourned for Spring Recess.

Flight Notes.

It is said that a well-known fancier is about to dispose of his loft of racing-pigeons to a firm of poulterers, having no further use for it.

* * * * *

We have not been to Wormwood Scrubs for some time, and the great progress in the conquest of the air which seems to have taken place there, as indicated by the establishment of a floating hotel (see following paragraph from *The Times*), had quite escaped our attention:—

"At ten minutes to 6 o'clock Mr. Grahame-White was in the Pavilion Hotel, which is near the ground, awaiting the latest news of his rival."

We know now, of course, that Mr. GRAHAME-WHITE would have been better advised to stay at an hotel of the old-fashioned kind, actually *on* the ground. It was probably the time lost in deflecting the planes and bringing the main exit to within safe jumping distance from the earth that gave the Frenchman so generous a start.

* * * * *

"'I was completely turned round three times by the force of the wind at this pint,' said Mr. Grahame-White to a Press representative."

Manchester Courier.

At about the twelfth pint the phenomenon is of common occurrence.



Better Half. "SAM'L, THOU OLD VILLAIN, I DO BELIEVE THOU BE DRUNK."
Prodigal (contentedly). "WELL, IF I BE'UNT, I HA' WAYASTED THREE BOAB!"

UNDERGROUND TO MANCHESTER.

THE distance between England's capital and the great centre of Free Trade and the cotton industry having now been covered by coach, train, and motor-car, on foot, bicycle, and wheelbarrow, by water and by air—in every way, in fact, but one—it has been left to *The Daily News*, the only other paper besides *The Daily Mail* which publishes a Manchester as well as a London edition, to offer a handsome guerdon to the first aboriginal or naturalised Englishman who can traverse the route by burrowing.

The conditions of the competition are as follows: The start must take place within a four-mile radius of *The Daily News* offices in Bouverie Street, and the finish must occur opposite the Manchester Town Hall in Albert Square. The time occupied must not be more than twenty-four weeks, and competitors must not come up oftener than six times to blow. The sole implement that may be used besides the hands and feet is an ordinary spade, adjudged and declared to be such by, jointly, the editor of *The Daily News* and the Minister of Agriculture. The objects aimed at in this enterprise will be:—

(1) The advancement of the "Back to the Land" movement.

(2) The survey of ungotten minerals.

(3) The promotion of an interior and local enthusiasm as opposed to the spirit of Imperial pride. ("What do they know of England who only know her on the top?")

It is anticipated that the generous reward offered (£105, in spade guineas) will stimulate a large number of intrepid talpiators (or mole-men) to make the hazardous attempt, and incidentally to re-create history.

Later.—Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON has started. He left the cellars of the "Cheshire Cheese" at 8 p.m. last night, with no provisions but a slab of chocolate and two bottles of barley wine. He is burrowing hard.

Late special.—Mr. L. G. CHIOZZA-MONEY is following in Mr. CHESTERTON'S wake. He started from Praed Street Underground, and expects to crop up at Blisworth Junction by the subway in about four weeks' time. The greatest excitement prevails above the probable line of route.

"The lines mentioned in this circular have a value exceeded by what you pay for them"
That, after all, is rather the idea of shopkeeping as a profession.

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERY.

OR, THE MYSTERY OF THE KEY.

[I prefer the second title. The other one isn't true.—*Author.*]

LIFE assumed a brighter hue for me to-day, when for the first time this season I took my flannel suit from my wardrobe (let us call it a wardrobe, at any rate) and put part of it on my back, part on my chest, and the remainder on my legs. "If we cannot have adventure and romance in life," I said to the glass, "we can at any rate have a change of raiment."

Now this is going to be one of those tiresome narratives, in which all sorts of apparently irrelevant details are to be vastly important at the end. Go back to the beginning, therefore, get thoroughly used to the idea of the flannel suiting, and then make a careful note of the following facts. The last time I wore this suit was in September, 1909. I then invited myself to stay with my sister, who, owing to the fault of her husband, is married. He becoming obstreperous, I informed my good friend George that I should stay a night with him on my way South, and thence made my way to my reverend uncle's house in Herefordshire. Driven from

there, I returned to London, wrote an article derogatory to all brothers-in-law, Georges and uncles, and sadly placed the flannel suit in the wardrobe, from which I this morning took it for the first time this season (life then assuming a brighter hue).

Putting my hand in the trouser pocket, I drew forth to the gaze of an astonished mirror no other thing than a key. To you a key may be an every-day affair, to be regarded neither with excitement, suspicion, joy, nor even curiosity. There may be chained to your person a dozen or two of these treasures, each unlocking some private drawer, each excluding an inquisitive public from the secrets of your amours and finance. For me there are no keys, no private drawers, no amours, no finance.

"This," I announced, "is someone else's key. No person of delicacy would allow such an enormity to separate him from his love letters or business correspondence. This is a latch-key. The hue which my life is assuming is not simply brighter; it is gaudy."

Which of the three is the untidy person who left a latch-key lying about in my pocket? The reverend uncle, I remember, forced me into saying I should like to inspect his schools. I remember that he took a key off a peg over his study mantel-piece (what good vicar would not?) wherewith to open the schoolroom door. I remember that he dragged me from an easy-chair and *The Romance of a Blighted Life* to show me, with conscious pride, a school-room remarkable only for the bareness of its walls and the hardness of its sitting accommodation. I even remember that it was I who turned the key in the lock as we came out again, but I do not remember pressing that key into my uncle's hand, with a few well-chosen words of gratitude and enthusiasm. Can it be that . . .? If yea, I have my revenge and the satisfaction of knowing that I have the cause of the children at heart. I shall have been the means of their being locked out of school for half a year. Six months' glorious holiday for the little ones, unstained with ink, uncontaminated by tiresome facts relating to the business of Edward the Confessor or the foolish attributes of 2 plus 2. If nay, then it is George's stable key.

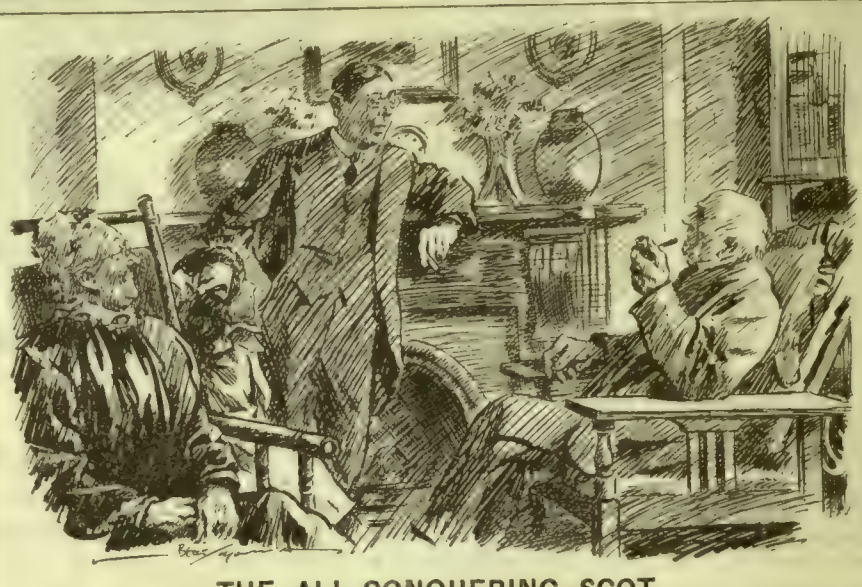
Picture George's corpulent horse smiling through the stable window, through which food can be passed in but wild horses cannot be dragged out. Men must have walking exercise. Dumb animals must be protected. Stable doors were made to be locked, and locked before the horse is gone.

"George," I shall say, "what a nice figure you have got! You must have been doing a lot of walking since I last saw you. Once I thought you were going to be fat." I shall have him at my mercy then, for he is a bad arguer even when he is cool and collected.

Failing him, there only remains my married sister, and every good married sister has a front door. But I see no reason why a man like Peter, who has already got more than he deserves in my sister, should also have a separate latchkey to himself. Let us hope that now he has not. A little discipline will do him good. There will be no more coming home after dark at his own sweet will for Mister Peter. He will keep regular and early hours, or else wait on the door-step until the powers that be see fit to admit him. He will learn his place, which of an evening is at home. He will become a better man. Think, too, of the triumph of the Cause of Woman! The political tyranny of the husband is gone, for with his latchkey is lost his sole title to a vote, which he always uses to the advancement of his own and the oppression of his wife's sex. One woman has got her equality, not by acquiring her vote but by getting rid of her husband's. Inasmuch as that woman is my sister, how shall I not rejoice?

Ah, little sister, I see you sitting before your fire, secure in the possession of your warder-off of burglars, happy, contented and independent. But do I also see your head swelling a little with this new independence? Do I see familiarity breeding contempt, security begetting carelessness? Yes, I fear I do, and the general outlook becomes on that account less pleasing.

You will take to the unwomanly pastime of thinking, and sooner or later your thoughts will light on me. At once you will connect me with the key and, in a light-hearted moment, you will communicate your thoughts to your husband, who will still be in a state of inexcusable irritation. Blinding himself to the falseness of your reasoning, he will accept your fortuitously right conclusion, and will thereupon start out in search of me and the key. He is a tall muscular man, who has never yet stopped looking for a thing till he found it. Eventually, a fate will overtake me, in the face of which argument and all the other subterfuges of civilization will be futile. What, I wish to know, was wrong with the old hue of life that it needs must be changed for this?



THE ALL-CONQUERING SCOT.

Old Scotsman (to his son, who has just returned from a business trip to London). "Weel, laddie, and what dae ye think o' the English noo?"

Son. "Oh, I didn't have much of a chance to study them. You see, I only had to do with the heads of departments!"

"Sermons were preached at the Parish Church on Sunday morning by the Rev. Canon O'Flaherty, and at night by the Rev. R. Norwood on behalf of the Diocesan Fund for the augmentation of curate's stipends. The collections amounted to over £7.

Parish Church.—Sermons were preached at the Parish Church on Sunday morning by the Rev. Canon O'Flaherty, and in the evening by the Rev. R. Norwood, on behalf of the Diocesan Fund for the Amalgamation of Curates' Stipends. The collections amounted to over £7."—*Rugby Advertiser.*

The second idea for the collection was much brighter.

"This, by the way, will be the first play in which Mr. Anthony Hope has collaborated since his last dramatic effort, also made in association with another author."—*The Globe.*

There, you would never have noticed that.



Constable (to Motorist who has exceeded the speed limit). "AND I HAVE MY DOUBTS ABOUT THIS BEING YOUR FIRST OFFENCE. YOUR FACE SEEMS FAMILIAR TO ME."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. ALGERNON GISSING has a very engaging way of making *Love in the Byways* (F. V. WHITE). Here are a dozen short stories of the marriages and givings in marriage of country folk, each opening with its little dilemma, each concluding to the happy sound of the right wedding bells. Here honest yeomen make progress with comely lasses. Trouble sets in, but nice-spoken gentlemen intervene and all is well. Now and then an old-fashioned tune is played on the village violin; occasionally there is a note of tragedy; once there is almost murder. For the most part the moral is that the course of true love may not run smoothly, but does eventually get you there. The author treats his simple, obvious themes with an easy grace. His style, marred only by an excess of "commencements," itself suggests the sunlight and single aim of rustic life. Not for him is the movement, the dust and the thrill of the town. None of his characters deals in subtle sex problems or the intricate detection of crime. Only one of them even smokes a cigar. Let me recommend you, after the rush of a busy day and in your less complex moods, to read the book. You will not sit up half the night to finish it. More probably you will retire at the decent hour of ten under the temporary illusion that you are in the country yourself.

It has long been the mournful habit of publishers to maintain that short stories appeal but little to the popular taste. We live, nevertheless, in an age of literary dram-drinking; the public displays a passionate desire for snippets, loves to assimilate its literature in small doses, and enjoys the classics in compressed tabloid form. Even the student of biography would appear to share Mr. ALFRED LESTER'S preference for "a short life and a gay one." If, therefore, the short story has fallen into disfavour, brevity cannot be regarded as its sole excuse for unpopularity. The writers of short stories are as numerous as the sands of the seashore, and, alas! too often as arid. Against their bleak and dreary background a few clear-cut polished gems shine out, like broken bottles on the beach, with redoubled effulgence. In *Corporal Sam and Other Stories* (SMITH, ELDER) "Q" once more proves his right to a place, with KIPLING, JACOBS, CONRAD, and perhaps one other, in the very front rank of modern story-tellers. He is a past-master of his craft, dramatic, deft, full of humour and imagination. The reader who is depressed by the somewhat morbid ending of the story from which this collection derives its title will be relieved by the cheerful sentimentality of "Colonel Baigent's Christmas," or "My Christmas Burglary." He will join with Troy in the laughter evoked by the discomfiture of the facetious *Mayor Pinsent*, and share in sympathy the sorrows of *Sir Felix Felix-Williams*. For all who delight in tales of adventure and romance "Q" provides a rich and wholesome feast.

It is a very gallant period ("Od's heart" for the gentlemen, and "La!" for the ladies, you know) that Mr. RAFAEL SABATINI has chosen for his *Anthony Wilding* (HUTCHINSON); but I don't think he has made the most of his cavalier. He should either have flung him (dragging me behind) whole-heartedly into the cause of MONMOUTH, which I admit would have been a pretty difficult job, or else have painted such an attractive portrait of the man that I could forgive the rather ineffectual *rôle* he plays in the Protestant rising of

the West. As it is, *Mr. Wilding* (an accredited agent of the Duke) is not present at any action, and escapes the charge of treason at the end, through the circumstance that he holds a letter compromising SUNDERLAND, which he ought to have delivered to the invader. But (shade of MONTROSE!) this is not the stuff of which my idols are made when they work for a hopeless cause. On the other hand his love-affair was brisk and breezy enough. He forced *Ruth Westmacott* to marry him at the beginning of the book by promising to spare her brother's life (the young man had insulted him), and she fell in love with him afterwards during a series of exciting and mutual rescues, of sufficient h.p. to have carried the unfortunate pretender to victory. On the whole I think I was most attracted to *Mr. Nick Trenchard*, the hero's friend, a very raffish rake-hell, whatever that may be, who remarks in one place, "Not thirsty? Why, lad, it 's the beast that drinks only when he thirsts. And in that lies one of the main differences between beast and man," a sentiment almost worthy of *Athos* in his unregenerate days. But I doubt whether *Mrs. Wilding* invites him to Zoyland Chase.

Mr. JOHN BARNETT, the author of *Eve in Earnest* (SMITH, ELDER), is too much given to the trick of talking to his readers about his characters, as if they were not the clay and he the potter. When he says, "I believe *Eve's* head was whirling," or "I suppose she looked older than her age," or "I fancy she was startled," he tires me. If writers like "W. M. T.," late of *Mr. Punch's* Table, or Mr. WILLIAM DE MORGAN, buttonhole me in this sort of way, I feel that they are slightly opening the door of their minds and inviting me to peep through the chink. But Mr. BARNETT, seeking, I suppose, to make his puppets extra lifelike, only seems to me to make more visible the strings by which they are pulled. Apart from this flaw, which may not irritate others as it does me, there are good points in the book, notably the picture of *Eve's* old father, who, engaged on a *magnum opus* which dulls his conscience to the duty and necessity of writing pot-boilers, throws the whole weight of the household on to *Eve's* pretty shoulders. However, after blushing and working unseen through twenty-three years' existence in Bloomsbury, she visits a worldly aunt in the Garden of England, and is introduced by Mr. BARNETT to a rather second-rate Adam and a modified Eden. Unfortunately Adam, like some other young Members of Parliament, has a swelled head and is not too pleasant to live with. So *Eve* runs away to Bloomsbury, and it is up to Mr. BARNETT to devise some means of reconciling the once fond pair; which he does, on the principle that pity is akin to love, by afflicting *Eve* with poverty and Adam with temporary blindness as the result of a railway accident; after which it only remains to present them with two single first-class tickets back to Eden.

I am not quite certain which of the many problems contained in Mrs. PARRY TRUSCOTT'S new novel is the special one that gives its title to *The Question* (WERNER LAURIE). One might suppose it to be the choice between musical fame and domestic happiness that *Rupert May* had to take, or rather that *Josephine*, the ambitious, took for him. Or again, it may refer to the doubt as to which of her two lovers, *Rupert* or *Penuel*, this same *Josephine* will finally accept. What is more to the point is that Mrs. TRUSCOTT has written about it all in a manner that makes a usual story unusually charming. She has an appreciation, half humorous and half tender, for *nuances* of character, and a gift of translating them into language that is both fresh and delightful. *The Question* is a book of which no page can be missed without loss. But because I have enjoyed it so much, and shall look forward with interest to its successor, let Mrs. TRUSCOTT pardon me if I entreat her not again to illustrate it with a "photographic study" of her heroine. This is a growing practice with novelists, against which the protests of the sentimental should be emphatic. Not that I have anything against the young lady who forms the frontispiece to the present volume; on the contrary, I am convinced that she is as amiable as she is charming. But, labelled *Josephine*, and thrust upon me with the "none-other-are-genuine" mandate of the author herself, she stifles imagination. And this is just what the heroine of a novel should not do. Pictures used to be bad enough; but there it was always possible to believe that the artist, poor fellow, had been unable to represent Her manifold perfections, even if he had got them right in his mind's eye. But a "photographic study"—no, no, away with it!



FORGOTTEN SPORTS—SLINGING THE HOOK.

An author who has an intimate knowledge of the country and of village life appeals to me so strongly that I am loath to find fault with MARY J. H. SKRINE'S *A Stepson of the Soil* (ARNOLD). The tortuous sentence is, however, Miss SKRINE'S trouble, and one specimen—on page 132—has got completely out of hand. But having made my grumble I can honestly add that much enjoyment is to be obtained from this book. For the most part the story is of humble people, and without an exception the characters of the peasants are admirably drawn. *Phil White*, the heroic waif, both in his hero-worship and his gratitude for kindness, is a lovable child, and for *Jane Dallins* I have a most sympathetic admiration. The smell of the soil must come to any lover of the country who reads of *Phil White*, and, after all, it is as difficult to create a wholesome atmosphere as it is to be a stylist.

A Good Flying Part.

We understand that out of compliment to the intrepid French aviator, the lady who is in the habit of playing the title *rôle* in *Peter Pan* will in future be billed for the part as Miss PAULHAN CHASE.

CHARIVARIA.

SOME alarm was caused in Ireland last week by the statement, published in all the leading newspapers, that the PREMIER had been presented to the King of PORTUGAL. It was pointed out jealously that Mr. ASQUITH was Mr. REDMOND'S, and no one else had a right to give him away.

***

Still, it is good to know that the Irish are not, after all, to have it all their own way. Mr. REDMOND reckoned without the writer of the following letter, which appeared in *The Express* last week:—

"SIR,—For many years I have drunk only Irish whisky, but in view of the action of the Nationalist Members of Parliament in assisting the Chancellor of the Exchequer to pass his iniquitous Budget I have decided to abstain from it in future. — CITIZEN, London."

It only remains to hope that "Citizen" was a heavy drinker.

***

"There was a little jealousy here and there yesterday," said a writer in *The Daily News* one day last week, "because some of us had received the beautiful founder's badge of the Gladstone League while others had not. It was, however, explained . . . that members were being served alphabetically." Naturally upon reading this we imagined that the name of the writer began with an "A," or a "B," or anyhow a "C." Judge of our surprise upon finding that the note was signed "X. Y. Z." This looks like favouritism, and should be enquired into.

***

From Durban comes the news that Heard Island has been annexed by Great Britain. Let this be a warning to other little islands that they should be Seen and not Heard.

***

"GREAT BIRD YEAR.
UNUSUAL RUSH OF SUMMER VISITORS,"

states a contemporary. This record immigration was due, we understand, to an extraordinary misconception in the bird world to the effect that *The Daily Mail* £10,000 competition was open to all bipeds.

***

L'Intransigeant evidently believes that aeroplanes will be of practical use in time of war. Its comment on PAULHAN'S victory, according to *The Daily Mail*, was:—"Prodigious, and at the same time very sweet for our French *armour-propre*."

***

Upon his arrival in Brussels Mr. ROOSEVELT was presented with a written protest against his massacre of game in Africa. The wording of the protest, which referred to the destruction of "our helpless brothers," was somewhat unfortunate in view of the fact that the ex-President's bag includes many monkeys.

***

The skeleton of a mammoth has been found in a ravine near the village of Senkovo, in Russia. It is thought that the poor creature must have died of starvation while its master was away on his holiday.

***

After all, we are to have *Chantecler* in English. Mr. LOUIS N. PARKER has done the translation. "There are some wonderful purple patches in the play," he says. As a rule, of course, the patches which give most trouble to the adapter from the French are the blue ones.

***

Short and early Sunday services for sportsmen have been instituted at St. Andrew's Church, Surbiton. Golfers, cyclists, tennis-players, and oarsmen will be welcome at these, but spelican players and marblers, we understand, will be expected to attend the usual services.

***

We certainly live in an inconsistent world. Last week Commander PEARY was fêted for his Arctic "Dash," and a bicyclist, who, in a moment of heat, said, "Damn," was fined for it. A question of temperature, we presume.

***

"Who was NELSON?" asked the master. "The man who invented two-shilling novels," said the up-to-date boy.

***

The licence of the Ship Inn, Pakefield, has had to be transferred to another site, as, owing to the encroachment of the sea, the house is in an unsafe position, and may fall at any moment. This victory of water over alcoholic beverages has given great satisfaction to local teetotalers.

***

Those who are interested in coincidences no doubt noticed last week that simultaneously with the report that Lord KITCHENER was to overhaul Gibraltar appeared the announcement that a bird known as the Cock of the Rock was to be added to the collection at the Zoo.

"The recommendation of the Bye-Laws Committee that during the coming season there should be no hiring of donkeys on the sands allowed between 1 and 1.30 p.m. was amended to from 1.30 to 2, that being considered a more suitable time for the animals' mid-day meal."

This is the Llandudno Urban Council at work. After all, 1 p.m. is rather early for a donkey to lunch, particularly when it has had a glass of sherry and a biscuit as recently as 11 a.m.

"The Deptford Borough Council invite applications for the appointment of clerk of works. . . . Salary will be at the rate of 3s. per week, and the person appointed will be required to devote whole time to the duties.—*Contract Journal.*

The *queue* outside the Deptford Town Hall is getting quite a nuisance.

IN MEMORIAM.

His Majesty King Edward the Seventh.

BORN, 1841. DIED, MAY 6, 1910.

At midnight came the Majesty of Death—
Kings of the earth abide this King's decree—
Sudden, and kindlier so, to seal the breath
And set the spirit free.

And now the Peace he held most near his heart,
That Peace to which his country's steps he led—
So well for us he played his royal part—
Broods o'er him lying dead.

Thus passes Britain's crown from King to King,
Yet leaves secure a nation's deathless love,
Dearer than Empire, yea, a precious thing
All earthly crowns above.

O. S.

WHERE IS IT?

(You are invited to guess the scene and occasion.)

She. I can't do it.

He. Can't do what?

She. Go in among that seething mass of women. I never knew there were so many women in the world. Where do they all come from?

He. London, England, the United Kingdom, the Empire—and there are lots more left at home. It's a great thought. Come on.

She. I daren't. I shall stay here with these nice cool statues.

He. Well, I'm for a plunge. Pull yourself together. Let your hat go first, and you're bound to follow. Now then—one, two, three! [*They plunge.*

She (*emerging*). There, it's ruined. The brim's gone; I knew it would be. Charles, promise you won't leave me. I really—— I *beg* your pardon; I thought you were my——. Oh, *there* you are, Charles.

He. Nice thing to seize another man by the arm like that—and a clergyman too. They're always the worst.

She. Yes, wasn't it awful? But one man's arm's just like another's, you know, and he was quite nice about it. I did pinch it very hard, too. Let's get on now.

He. What's that?

She (*consulting a book*). No. 9. "*The Kiss of Farewell.*" Isn't it lovely hair?

He. What's she kissing it for? She ought to let somebody else do that.

She. Going to be a nun, silly, so it's got to come off.

He. I bet she chucked the nun part at the last moment and kept her hair. No woman——

She. Don't shout like that. They're all looking at you.

He. Well, push along a bit.

* * * *

He. Halloa, there's the *Dreadnought*.

She (*consulting the book*). Wrong again. It's No. 102, "*The Crisis.*"

He. There's no such ship in the Navy.

She. It's in the catalogue, anyhow. See?

He. Rather a mysterious title.

She. Not a bit. There's a war, and they're getting the ships ready, coaling and victualling and all that, and the big ship——

He. Hush! they'll think you're JACKY FISHER, and they'll begin to ask you about the two-power standard.

She. Oh, there's George Alexander.

He. Where?

She. On the wall, right in front of you. Isn't he just——

He. Yes, isn't he?

* * * *

She. There's the Gaekwar of Baroda.

He. Doesn't he blaze?

She. Yes; but it's the merest waste for a man to wear such pretty things.

He. I daresay the Gaekwaress has just as good.

She. She ought to have better.

He. Look at the Polar Bears, No. 127.

She. They're too sweet for words. I should like to cuddle them. Did you see in the papers about their changing their cage?

He. These chaps haven't been in a cage.

She. There you go again. I mean the bears at the Zoo, Sammy and Barbara. They simply couldn't get Barbara out of her old cage. Too touching, wasn't it? There!

He. What's up?

She. Fat man. Gathers. I'm torn to rags.

* * * *

He. What's the name of that judge?

She (*reading from book*). No. 442. "*Mr. Justice Eve.*"

He. Jolly old party, isn't he?

She. Yes; doesn't look like a judge, somehow.

He. They don't always frown.

She. But they've got to do a lot of sentencing every day, wet or shine, and that must make them look morose. I don't call that a penal-servitude face.

* * * *

He. What do they call that?

She. No. 484. "*Portrait Group.*" How strong and red and determined they all look. They must all be relations, of course.

He. Why?

She. Well, you can't imagine people as angry as that all staying together in one room unless they were a family, and had got to stay together.

* * * *

He. Thank goodness, we've finished it. Really it's——

She. Oh, don't say it's a commonplace exhibition. Everybody's always saying that. Try and find something original.

He. I was going to say it showed what a pitch art had got to in England.

She. That's more like it. But you can do better than that if you try.

TO A BANK OF ENGLAND PIGEON.

DESCENDANT of the doves of Aphrodite
Who fluttered in that type of beauty's train
And followed her affairs—the grave, the flighty,
Cooing in just your calm, uncaring strain,
Whether she thought to rid her of a rival,
Or bring some laggard lover to her knees;—
I see you, Sir, the latter-day survival
Of such fair plumèd satellites as these!

"Bred in the bone," perchance you know the motto!
And so you doubtless dream of tides that lace
O'er snow-white sand by some blue Paphian grotto,
Or of your sires' dark, murmurous, woodland Thrace;
A penny whistle shrilling 'mid the traffic
May seem the goat-foot god's own oaten trill,
Till you shall think to hear the Maenads maffic
In the upborne commotion of Cornhill!

And from your perch where sooty winds are striving,
O Bank Stock-dove, as o'er Hymettian bloom
You yet may watch the busy bees a-hiving
The sweet and subtle fragrance of the Boom,
And see, as once before the Cyprian matron,
The crowds that wait, obsequious and discreet,
On her, your passionless and newer patron,
The stern Old Lady of Threadneedle Street!

Stick No Bills.

We are requested by *The Alnwick and County Gazette* to state that the advertisement which appeared in its columns announcing that "The Secretary of the Alnmouth Golf Club is open to offers for advertisements on Hoardings, in Bunkers, and about the Course"—an advertisement which afforded *Mr. Punch* matter for illustration—did not actually emanate from official sources, but was a baseless fabrication. It appears to have been the work of Colonel Bogus.

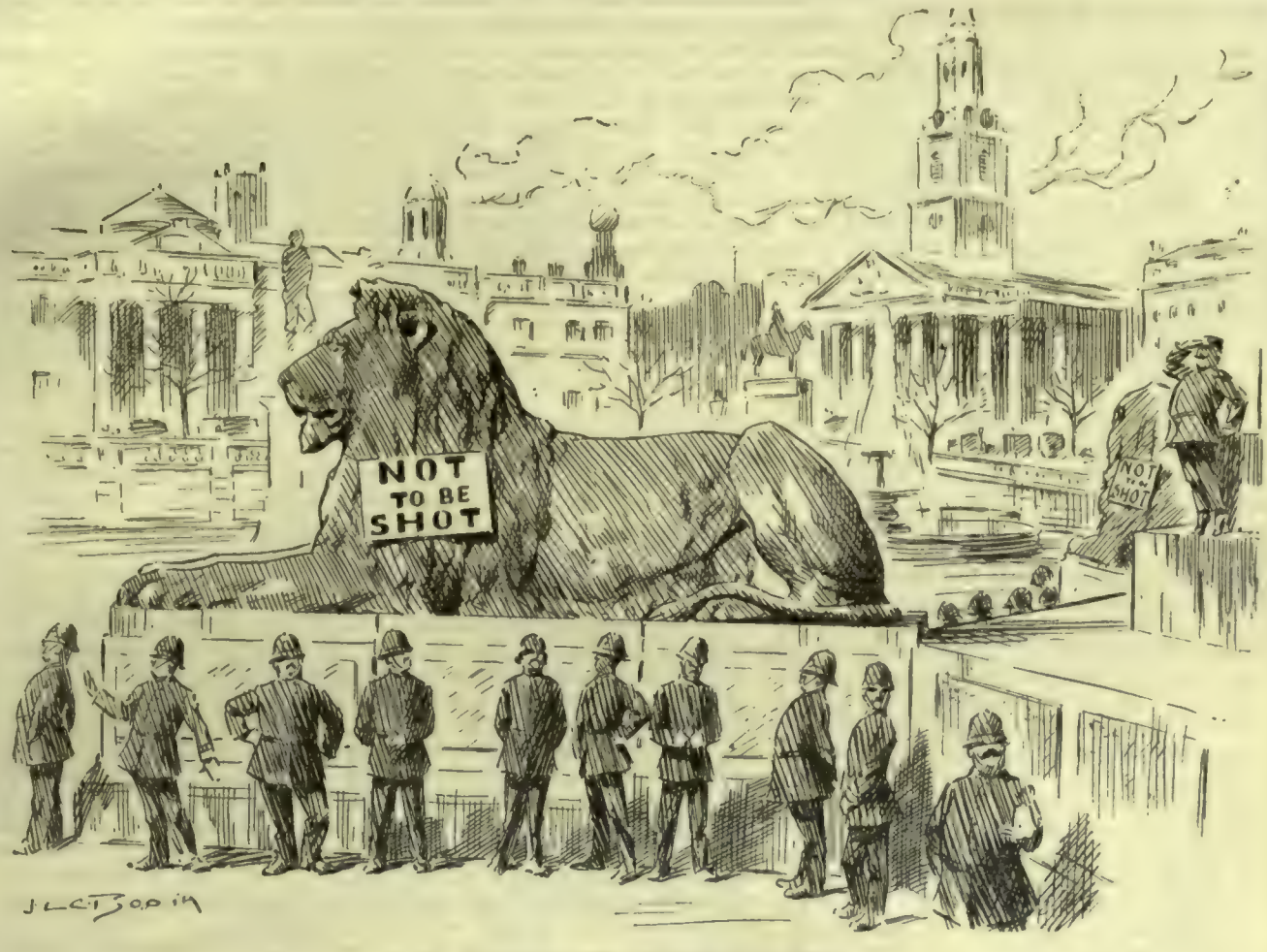
"A Frenchman who was arrested at Liverpool, on the ground that he had escaped from the French penal settlement of Devil's Island, was held for extradition to-day. The magistrate said the French courts would take attenuating circumstances into consideration."
Montreal Star.

There must be a good many "attenuating circumstances" on Devil's Island.



"SET FAIR:" MAY TO OCTOBER.

BRITISH LION. "WELL, THIS IS SOMETHING LIKE A SUN!"



A SUGGESTED PRECAUTION.

IN VIEW OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S VISIT TO LONDON.

MUST MEETINGS.

You hear a great deal just now about May Meetings; let us tell you something about Must Meetings.

One of the most frequented centres for Must Meetings is Bow Street Police Court. There is generally a full and orderly attendance; some of the most eloquent and talented speakers are to be heard there, pleading worthy causes or denouncing desperate evils, and the remarks of the gentleman presiding are always sure of respectful attention. A collection is a feature of these meetings; it frequently occurs that someone present, obviously not well-to-do, will contribute as much as forty shillings.

A notable Must Meeting took place at the Law Courts (King's Bench IV.) last week, Mr. Justice CHANNELL presiding. The principal speaker was Mr. HALL CAINE, who dealt with the interesting subject of "The Unwritten Law." The meeting ended quite amicably, Mr. HALL CAINE shaking hands with one of the speakers who, earlier in the meeting, was evidently at variance with him. It was noticed by the audience that no collection was taken, but we understand that a number of solicitors and barristers who happened to be present will attend to this matter in due course.

It is not unusual, excepting in the month of May, which is unlucky for the purpose, for Must Meetings to take place in churches. We ourselves took part in a meeting of this kind in a country church not long ago. The vicar presided. The meeting had been brought about by a young man of our acquaintance, who, however, strangely enough, at the last minute was reluctant to attend, urging as his excuse that he couldn't face all the trimmings. "You must," said his counsellors, and, pushing him into a cab, they got him at last to the church. In proof of the wisdom of their efforts they found that the meeting had waited ten minutes, refusing to proceed without its instigator. The young man was persuaded to say a few words during the proceedings. There was also an attractive young lady speaker; the organist played some well-written compositions, and the vicar's address will not readily be forgotten by those who paid attention to it.

The last of the series of Must Meetings for which we have space took place in the quiet of the study of the headmaster of a well-known boarding school for young gentlemen. Only two persons attended, the headmaster and one of the young gentlemen, who had proved himself to be more young than anything else. The subject of the meeting was the effect of arboriculture on the human anatomy, with experiments. The younger of the two took the chair, and was much affected by the proceedings.

According to a local paper the Beckenham Urban District Council has "decided to meet for three months every three weeks." This spirit is all very well at the start, but it doesn't last long.

TAXATION WITH MISREPRESENTATION.

At any moment now I may get a letter on blue paper from my friend Mr. R. H. Penton, Surveyor or what not of Taxes. It is certainly his turn to write. My only doubt is as to what he will say. If he says uncompromisingly, "Please remit"—oh, no, but he won't say "Please"—"Remit at once £17,806 3*s.* 2*d.*, the amount of income-tax due for the year 1909-10," then I shall be all right. But if he simply asks me to "Remit income-tax," and makes no mention of the amount, then I am a doomed man. The whole truth will come out, and I shall waste the best years of the rest of my life in Portland or Dartmoor. I hope that there will be a choice, for I certainly prefer Portland.

* * * *

I am the only man in England who pays his income-tax with the utmost cheerfulness and yet invariably pays the wrong amount. If the Judge is a gentleman he will take into consideration the fact that the wrong amount is considerably in excess of the right amount. But I am afraid the law is no gentleman. I put it, however, to the British public that this is an extenuating circumstance. You who read this will, I am sure, feel that it is a fact which justifies you in signing the petition to the Home Secretary for the condemned man's reprieve.

To begin at the beginning we must go back a few years—to the day when I received my first letter from my friend Mr. R. H. Penton. It was a long letter, rather involved, and full of difficult words like "schedule." Mr. Penton had left a lot of spaces in this letter, into most of which (when once I had mastered the idea of the thing) I had no difficulty in putting the word "None." But there was one space which seemed to require figures. The actual figures being left entirely to me, I hastened to think of some.

What was wanted, of course, was my estimated income for the ensuing year. The proper way of estimating this (I am told now) is to examine your paying-in book for the previous three years, add all the amounts together, and divide by three. There were difficulties in the way of my doing this, however—even if I had known that it was customary. The first was that I had lost my paying-in book a long time ago; the second was that I had earned practically nothing the two previous years. It would have seemed rather cheap to return, as my estimated income for the approaching year, only a third of the glorious income which I was then receiving.

You understand that it was something of an event to be allowed to pay income-tax for the first time; a milestone on the road to success to receive a letter from Mr. R. H. Penton. There had been two barren years during which he had ignored me entirely. Each morning that I sat down to breakfast there was a frigid silence, an utter absence of communication from my friend the Surveyor. Now at last I could bask in the smile of his friendship. "Let me," I said as I read his letter again eagerly—"let me"—and I hurriedly looked up "schedule" in the dictionary—"let me really do the fellow proud."

I began to do him proud by getting out my pass-book. A pass-book differs from a paying-in book in two important particulars, the more important of the two being that the Bank looks after your pass-book for you and sees that you don't lose it. The other difference is this: that, if you did happen to keep and fill in a paying-in book, your cheque of £10 from *The Poultry Keeper's Gazette* would be entered "*Poultry Keeper's Gazette*, £10," whereas in the pass-book it is recorded simply as "Chq. £10." Now "Chq. £10" might just as well be a birthday present from an uncle or the return of a loan from a friend; that is to say, you cannot be certain whether it was part of your income or not. Consequently I could only get a rough idea of my earnings from my pass-book—all I could say was, "They were not *more* than a million pounds" (or whatever it was).

Very well; at the outside I had earned a million pounds in the last year. But surely I hoped to earn more than that in the ensuing year, or what was Life, where was Ambition? The least I could anticipate (if genius was ever to be recognised) was two million pounds. Now you cannot return exactly two millions pounds as your estimated income, or they will know you are lying; I added therefore (and have added ever since) one pound eight shillings and threepence for the sake of verisimilitude. Two million and one pounds eight shillings and threepence was the amount of my return, and I left it to Mr. Penton to work out the tax due . . . Which he did very quickly and accurately.

Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte, as M. Paulan said to the reporter. My first step on the downward path (to give the proverb a slightly different meaning) has proved very costly since. A year later I had another jolly letter from my old college friend, Mr. R. H. Penton, asking me again to think of an income. Again I found that I couldn't possibly have earned (or, rather, received) more than a million, and by this time I knew that genius wasn't being, and wasn't going to be, recognised. But was Penton, R. H. Penton, to think that I was a failure? Was I to wear my apparent decrease of income on my sleeve for Pentons to peck at? Never! Pride would not stand it. Two million five-hundred-thousand and one pounds, eight shillings and threepence, Mr. Surveyor, and make what you like of that!

* * * *

And so it goes on. But here is my difficulty, here is where prison threatens me. I can never remember what the amount was which I swore last year to be a true estimate of this year's income. I find fairly easily a sum which is certainly greater than my latest earnings; then I add some round figures to make it more than my return of the year before; and then one pound eight and threepence (I *think*) for verisimilitude. A total obtained so subtly can never be duplicated. If I am asked for the figures again I am done.

Up till now there has been no trouble. Mr. Penton is a gentleman and accepts my word. But with the rejection of the Budget I began to be afraid. If he demands now a certain sum (any sum), all is well; but if he begins all over again, and asks me to declare my income afresh, I shall have to tell him that I haven't the least idea what we decided it was. For of course I lost his *ante*-November letters on the subject a long time ago.

Well, I can only hope that it isn't a serious offence to pay too much income-tax. As I say, I pay it very cheerfully, I get a lot in return for it, really—nice fat policemen, and beautiful life guards, and cheap stamps, and (above all) the knowledge that, if ever I did happen to want eight and be unable to wait, I should be in a position to shout for them. And I have one thing, anyhow, for which to be thankful. In my return to Mr. Penton I did not (so far as I can remember) claim rebate for any children under sixteen. Had I done so, I should certainly have forgotten by now upon how many children I had claimed. A. A. M.

The Astronomer's Love Song.

(Greenwich Time.)

No more I feel the potent spell
Of Jupiter or Mars,
Or know the magic peace that fell
Upon me from the Stars.

A fiercer flame—a Comet-love—
Consumes my spirit now;
I cry to yon still heavens above,
"*Oh! Halley's, where art thou?*"

ROYAL ACADEMY. FIRST DEPRESSIONS.



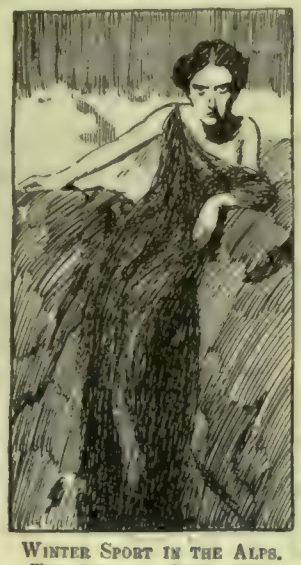
A Tiff (184).



Tales of the Deep. A Fish Story (718).



The Return from the Pageant (195).



Winter Sport in the Alps.
The Open-air Cure (239).





Pictures with illuminating titles.
A Saucer of Milk (6). The little Girl at the Door (211).



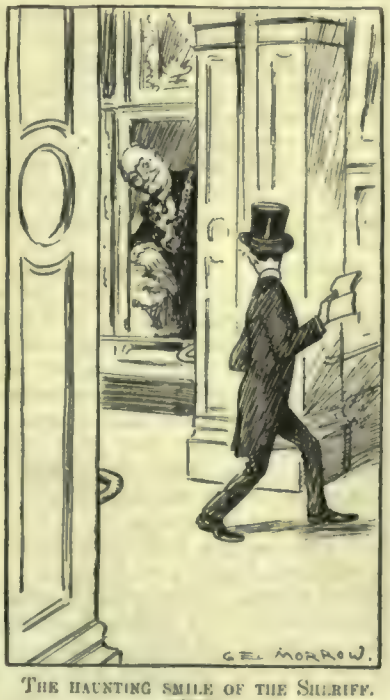
Accompanying under difficulties (202).



A Difference of opinion in Gallery VII.
The Nightingale? (427). The Skylark? (141).



Mirror pictures are very popular this year. Suggestion for a Group (Artist and Sitter) entitled, "All my eye and Betty Martin."



The haunting smile of the Sheriff. (275).

A SHORT WAY WITH PROPHETS.

I FOUND him in his laboratory affecting to be busy.

"I want to know about the summer," I said. "You are a weather expert?"

"Yes."

"And you have discovered and announced that the summer is to be a cold and wet one?"

"Certainly," he replied smilingly. "Unusually so."

"How do you know?" I asked him.

"The law of averages," he said. "What has happened will happen, you know. The Gulf Stream . . ."

"But how do you *know?*" I repeated.

"Well, of course it remains to be seen if we really know," he replied; "but probabilities . . ."

"My dear Sir," I said, "do you mean to tell me seriously that you consider yourself justified, after collecting a few measly probabilities—all the wrong way, mind—in publishing to the world at large your depressing conjectures?"

"But I am a man of science," he answered—"a professional meteorologist."

"Professional Dismal Jimmy!" I exclaimed. "Why are you? Who wants you to be one?"

"I assure you," he said, "I am greatly in request. Journalists are continually calling to interview me."

"Yes," I said, "in the hope that you will have something decent to say. That would be some good—cheer people up."

"But science . . ." he began.

"My dear Sir," I said, "do you remember last summer?"

He shivered.

"Very well, then. You remember last summer, and what a ghastly failure it was; and yet here in May, on the threshold of things, when hope runs high, you dare to come forward and say you have reason to believe, from some twopenny-halfpenny statistics regarding the Gulf Stream, that the forthcoming summer will be cold and wet too? You can do that?"

"Science . . ." he began again.

"Ha," I cried, "if it were not so expensive—twenty shillings and costs—I would apply to such science the only epithet it deserves. My point is that when a man does not *know* we can do without his morbid conjectures. You don't know; how can you? No one knows. Very well, then, hold your tongue, or say something nice."

He smiled tolerantly.

"You haven't held your tongue," I continued, "and you have said something rotten. I am going to make you take it back. My wretched countrymen have suffered too long; they must have hope, and you must give it to them."

"But science . . ." he began once more, "by investigation . . . by reputation . . ."

"Prophets can always hedge," I said, "and you are going to;" and so saying I drew from my pocket a window-cleaning syringe of enormous calibre, and began to play upon him with it from a reservoir fastened to my shoulders. He was in a corner and could not escape.

"Now," I said, as he squirmed and struggled, "you know something of what a cold and wet summer means. Write a new forecast. Quick."

And he did so.

So, if you see in the papers next week that the summer, after all, is to be a good one, you will know whom to thank.

THE VOCAL CURE.

[A distinguished expert has recently given it forth as an undoubted fact that the exercise of the vocal cords is extremely beneficial to the general health.]

WHEN I feel a trifle "off,"
With a headache or a chill, I
Do not call in METCHNIKOFF
And his legions of bacilli;
No opposing millions execute a scrum
In my tum.

But I exercise the cords
Of my voice (if I may so call
That arrangement which affords
Certain sounds, remotely vocal,
Like the night-song of the tabby who reviles
On the tiles).

When I shiver in the grip
Of the "flu"—you'll think me faddy,
But I loudly utter "Yip,"
Followed quickly by "iaddy,"
And the baffled germs with one despairing cry
Do a guy.

When sea-sickness makes me crave
For the funeral bark of Charon,
I just hymn the ocean wave
And the life that men lead thereon;
Which I fancy turns the others that are ill
Sicker still.

When the savage thrills of gout
Rack my body with their malice,
I vociferously shout
For the whereabouts of Alice;
It's surprising what a different man I feel
For the squeal.

Not for me the weary tour
Of those Continental places
Where you take your costly cure
With the dismallest of faces.
I can purchase all the health for which I long
For a song.

JAPAN AND THE JAPANESE.

A FEW words, dear reader, on the gallant Japanese, who are to entertain us at the Bush of the Shepherd during the summer, will not be out of place. For to visit the Exhibition totally ignorant of this people would be an immense mistake. The more one knows of a nation whose exhibits one is to study and admire at a charge of a shilling a head, the better will one be instructed. And not only its products of commerce and art, but its pleasures too; for how could one rightly be amused on the Flip Flap, that ancient Japanese device for depriving the tourist of his silver, if one did not know its history? Listen therefore to a discourse on the Japanese as profound as it is timely and as veracious as it is brief.

Japan—but first a word should be said about the extraordinary contradiction of a famous line by one of our best poets—not Mr. SWINBURNE, as it happens this time, nor Mr. RHOADES, but Mr. KIPLING himself—that is about to be established. Mr. KIPLING, in a moment of what was then considered inspiration, but is now recognised by all the best intellects as error, once wrote that "East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet." How false that is—no matter how fine as poetry—one has only to go to Shepherd's Bush to ascertain. For no one can say that Japan is not in the East: its very flag is a representation of the rising sun: hence the new and witty description of Shepherd's Bush as the land where the sun never sets (which has been ascribed to Mr. SHAW, but was really said by Lord CARRINGTON). Very well, then, here are the Japanese, an essentially Eastern crowd, mingling with English sightseers in London, which is as essentially the West; and, what is more, at Shepherd's Bush, which is in the West of London. What do you think of that? Mr. KIPLING'S reply will be eagerly awaited by many thousands of readers.

Japan has sent its best to the exhibition, and what Japan's best means I leave you to guess. For few nations are busier in the production of works of utility. Every man in Japan, for example, wears clothes of some sort, and those have to be made; every woman has her ornaments, and these have to be made also. Here we have at once the nucleus of considerable industry. Then there are the utensils of life, decorations, furniture, and so forth, all peculiar to Japan, as our own are peculiar to England. Not that interchange is impossible. On the contrary, it is not an infrequent experience, on entering a Japanese house, to find an English article, or, on entering an English house, to find a Japanese one. (I am, for



Passenger (*to Conductor, who is having an altercation with foreigner about change*). "IT'S NO USE YOUR TALKING TO HIM LIKE THAT—HE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND A WORD OF ENGLISH."

Conductor. "OH, HE KNOWS ENGLISH RIGHT ENOUGH. WHY, WHEN HE GOT INSIDE THE 'BUS HE SAID, ''OBORN!'"

example, using a Japanese fan with my left hand at this moment to correct the heated state into which the exercise of imparting so much information has thrown me.)

One other little point about the East and West question, if I may be allowed to return to it. Japan, although it is the East to us, is of course the West to any one on the other side of it. By moving one's position rapidly, in, say, a very swift aeroplane—whether a bi- or mono- is immaterial—one could, you observe, make an absolute fool of the compass. To do so would, of course, be wrong, since one must not tamper with science; but there it is. Nothing to our English way of thinking is so West as America. "To the West, to the West, to the land of the free," we sing. The American Exhibition, a few years ago, was called "The Far West." But how does a Japanese think of America? As the East. That's very extraordinary, isn't it? It just shows how careful men and poets must be. Standing on his strand, which may or may not be made of coral, and looking towards California, he says, in his own language, which I will not give here, but will translate literally, "See the East!" But that is not all; for, standing on the strand on the opposite side of his profoundly important and picturesque country and looking towards China, he exclaims in his own tongue, which again I translate, "See the West!" And yet how do we refer to the Chinese? As Orientals, by the word Oriental.

So you see what an interesting people the Japanese are, and how valuable to us all, morally and mentally, should their exhibition be.

"Mr. Briand was speaking at a political banquet at St. Chamond when a mob of socialists smashed the windows of the hall and stoned the Premier and his party as they were leaving. Several were hit. M Briand was quite calm throughout. He was not hit."

Reuter in "The Allahabad Leader."

Certainly it was easier for him to keep calm in these circumstances.

THE MONTHLY SWEEP.

THE Major seldom broods or thinks
About the little sums he sinks
In Bogey pools, nor cares a whack
When not a farthing flutters back;
Although his profits are so meagre,
Month after month he turns up eager,
And hope gives birth
To the forlorn sixpennyworth.

His luck, of course, is always rough,
Yet, for some holes he has enough
Philosophy to disregard
The frequent minus on his card;
Also its paucity of plusses
Engenders only casual cusses;
Hopeful and keen,
He hacks along from green to green.

'Tis at the twelfth, beyond the furze,
Where oft the ultimate occurs;
He takes his card and with a frown
Observes that he's a dozen down;
Whereat the ineffectual smiter
Utters some comments (which the writer
Wisely omits)
And tears the beastly thing to bits!



Applicant. "I HEAR YOU WANT A LADY PARLOUR-MAID."
Lady (who has interviewed fifty or sixty). "NO, I'VE GIVEN UP THE IDEA."
Applicant. "TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, I DON'T WANT TO BE A LADY ANY MORE. MOTHER DON'T THINK THERE'S MUCH IN IT."

THE GOOD BEASTS' BOOK.

THE benevolent interest in (so-called) dumb creatures which has always been evinced by *The Daily Mail* has recently culminated in *The Harmsworth Natural History*—a work whose first number, we are told, "has opened the eyes of thousands to the extraordinary fascination of this subject." Much more important, however, than mere human ecstasy is the attitude of admiration adopted by those immediately concerned. To put it briefly, this brilliant undertaking has created a furore throughout the whole animal world. The first fortnightly part was eagerly devoured by an Indian rhinoceros at Regent's Park, whither our special representative journeyed with a bundle of copies; and so marked was the enthusiasm of the monkeys that they actually tore several numbers to fragments in their eager rivalry for the possession of these personal records. A chimpanzee chattered incoherently on beholding his simulacrum in a coloured plate, and the duck-billed platypus and the South American armadillo were prostrated by a violent rush of blood to the head—always a symptom of extreme joy among these species. A thoroughly reliable keeper asserted that he had never seen the larger cattle so moved by the sight of any printed publication—not even *The Evening Gnus*.

Outside the Gardens also *The Harmsworth Natural History* is the sole topic of conversation among domestic animals. Several cab-horses have been noticed wistfully eyeing the bookstalls, and Newfoundland dogs particularly are walking about with an unusual perkiness, in the belief that the paper employed for this venture was made from the wood-pulp of their own native isle. Everywhere humanitarians are to be found busily tearing up copies and strewing them with the morning crumbs for the sparrows, in order that our feathered friends may line the walls of their ideal homes with suitable literature and works of art. There is also some talk at Carmelite House of issuing an *édition-de-luxe* on currant buns for the benefit of the Polar bears.

"A Maidenhead fruiterer set a duck on hen eggs, from which eleven ducklings were hatched."—*Newbury Weekly News.*

At Marlow they think more of the local poulterer who gummed a marmalade label on a pear tree, and hatched eleven oranges.

ANOTHER SHATTERED ROMANCE.

(Aeroplane is the name of the latest colour for women's dresses.)

SHE wrote to her Thomas to meet her
On Saturday evening at eight,
And knew, in his ardour to greet her,
The gentleman wouldn't be late;
But, fearing the crowd that is often about
At corners of streets which are "main,"
She added, to guide him in picking her out,
"I'll come in my aeroplane."

But now their attachment is ended;
Their parting was painful and rude;
For he was extremely offended,
And she was much misunderstood.
He blamed her for arrogance paltry and mean,
And made a ridiculous fuss,
Because she had mentioned her flying-machine
And really arrived in a 'bus.

Financial Candour.

From an "Appreciatory Letter," published by way of testimonial, in the prospectus of a firm of money-lenders:—

"GENTLEMEN,—I have reason to be much indebted to you for the manner in which you dealt with me."





AN EMPIRE'S GRIEF.

MAY 6TH, 1910.



AUTHORMOBILITY.

THE evidence recently given by Mr. HALL CAINE as to the strange behaviour of his car has caused great excitement in motoring circles. It will not easily be forgotten how, in his own words, in order to avoid colliding with a boy driving a cart "the chauffeur tobogganed into the bank, and the heavy car, with its great momentum, hurled itself into the air—and landed on its feet." As though this were not enough, later in the same month (August, 1908), as he was on the point of stepping into his automobile at the top of the drive at his house, "the car broke away from the brakes and ran down the slope. Many women and children were in the park. I was in fear that the car, which weighed two tons, would kill someone before it came to a standstill."

As the result of careful inquiries we have ascertained that this eccentric behaviour is by no means unusual in cars owned by literary men and women.

On the other hand Mr. MAX PEMBERTON writes that his car, though only weighing three tons, is extraordinarily sensitive. He distinctly remembered how once, after nearly running over a pig on the Great North Road, it sat up on end and cried like a child. Mr. PEMBERTON adds that the drive to his house is three miles long and that on his birthday as many as fifteen hundred people have picnicked in his grounds.

Miss PHYLLIS DARE recounts a thrilling adventure that once befell her while on her way to her photographer. As she was passing by a farm, a spring chicken, attracted by the sound of "Pip Pip," suddenly ran out in front of her car. She was herself at the wheel, and, hastily porting the helm, was thrown from her seat into a haystack in an adjoining field. The chicken was so grateful for its rescue that it insisted on following her home, and had remained with her as a pet ever since. But for several days she was unable to fulfil her photographic engagements owing to a sharp attack of hay fever.

Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE'S chauffeur, on being interviewed by our representative, said that his master on one occasion in a fit of absent-mindedness put his motor at a ha-ha in his park, with the result that the car, weighing four tons, turned a complete somersault, alighting on its bonnet. His master's park contained 400 acres, and the deer were much excited by the incident.

Mr. PÉLISSIER describes a curious incident that occurred to him as he was reading *The Contemporary Review* in his car a few days ago. His car is fitted with a horn which can sound all the notes of the scale, and suddenly, without any warning, it began to play "*Bye, Baby Bunting.*"

Mr. FRANCIS GRIBBLE, in reply to our representative, related an exciting incident which occurred while he was finishing *The Love Affairs of Christopher Columbus* or else *The Sweethearts of Confucius*, he could not remember which. As he was approaching a level crossing at the rate of fifty-five miles an hour, he suddenly became conscious that an express train was coming along at full speed. He applied the brakes with great force and the car leapt clean into the air over the advancing train, landing on its feet at the other side. The accident fortunately did not affect his health in the slightest; he completed the *Love Affairs of Christopher Columbus* that night, and before going to bed began to work on *The Courtships of Methuselah.*



DID THAT RASCALLY BOY *MEAN* ANYTHING?

Mr. Asquith (off Gibraltar—to Middy of the Admiralty yacht). "WELL, MY YOUNG FRIEND, HOW DO YOU ACCOUNT FOR THE LARGE AMOUNT OF SPRAY THIS YACHT TAKES ON BOARD EVEN WHEN IT'S SO CALM?"

Middy. "'FRAID I CAN'T TELL YOU EXACTLY, SIR; LARGELY A QUESTION OF *WEIGHT* AND *SEA*, I SHOULD SAY, SIR!"

The Growth of Humour in the East.

From a Calcutta catalogue:—

"MAGIC KNIFE.—This is an article which is both handy and elegant with nickel plated handle. It can be used to frighten friends by stabing with it while at the same time by pressing the top the blade goes in and does not harm anything."

A Bribe.

Beneath a horrible picture in *The Sunday Companion* appears this sentence:—

"This striking incident occurs in the Rev. Glen Withy's great story 'Coals of Fire.' . . . You will see that £100 is offered for reading it."

However, even so. . . .

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

Jays, Yanks, and Others.

Park Lane, May.

Dearest Daphne.—This is going to be a *Japanese* summer, and those who aren't lucky enough to have dear little tucked-up eyes, a mysterious smile, and an inscrutable manner, *by nature*, must get them *by art*, or be out of the picture, my dear, *voilà tout*. Madame Blagueuse, the beauty-doctor, is simply most *immensely* successful with her new Japanese treatment, and we poor things who, for our sins, have nothing of the Far East in our appearance or our ways, go to her three times a week to have our eyes tucked up and to learn the mysterious smile and the inscrutable manner, also the correct oriental mode of waggling a fan. She says my progress is quite *wonderful*, and I really do think, without conceit, that I'm getting Japaneser than any of the others.

Wee-Wee came twice, and was getting on pretty well, and then Bosh put his foot down and stopped it. He said he wouldn't have his wife's eyes tinkered with, or her smile or her manner. She wasn't much to boast of, he added, and her eyes, smile, and manner might be open to a lot of criticism, but, such as they were, he'd have them left *au naturel* and not Japanned! Did you ever hear anything so odiously rude and tyrannical? And that absurd Wee-Wee actually gave in to him and stopped the treatment.

I'm a good deal vexed with my respected parents just now, and if I weren't the most *dutiful* of daughters—but never mind about that. This is what has happened. Among the *new* Americans in London for the season are the T. Silas Bunkers (of "Bunker's Dime Bazaars," which are to be found in every quarter of every city of every State of the Union). They're rich beyond the dreams, and are enormously anxious to be "on the premises." The few people they *do* know in London are English, I believe, for with true republican exclusiveness their compatriots over here, those who have as many as two generations behind them, let them severely alone. Mrs. T. Silas bitterly resents this attitude on the part of her own aristocracy, and especially complains, I'm told, of Lady Lacksiller, one of her countrywomen (you remember Portia Blogg's wedding last year to Sir Angus Lacksiller of that lik). The Bunker woman attacked Lady L. in the lounge at the Recherché and demanded an explanation in terms like unto these:—"You hadn't need to put on frills with *me*, Portia Lacksiller, and leave me on the mat. Weren't we class-mates in old times?—and wasn't I the better scholar of the two?—and hadn't I more mentality than you? What's the matter with me and Silas anyway?" But it was of no avail. The baronet's better half continues to treat her old class-mate to what she calls the cold mit.

Well, but about my grievance. The T. Silas Bunkers have rented Fewacres House this summer, the London home of your own Blanche once upon a time, and the other day I had a letter from Old Court, in which Mamma tells me that "these Bunker people are willing to pay *quite a fancy rent* for the season, if you, my child, will sign the enclosed agreement promising to go to Mrs. Bunker's parties. You were always a good-natured girl, Blanche, and I feel sure you won't refuse to use your social popularity to help your parents. (When the money 's once paid, of course you can do as you like about going to the parties.) What with this wicked Budget and everything going down in value and everything else getting horribly expensive, your father and I are"—and so on. And now, my dear, what do you think of that? I couldn't refuse to sign the thing, for I know my old people are in a ghastly state of stoniness just now, and here I am pledged to go to that woman's parties. If I *don't* go, I've no doubt she'll bring an action for tort or something. (Next to getting into society, there's nothing Americans love better than going to law.) This is not the only instance this season of a sort of *habeas corpus* way of letting one's town house. I hear that old Lady Needmore is making a very good thing of letting Needmore House, *with herself in it*, to some pickle people.

You'll be sorry to hear that George and Babs have scored a failure with their Social Bureau. They were getting on quite nicely, when an unlucky thing happened that wrecked the Bureau. Mrs. T. Silas Bunker is in *this* story too. She has got through about the average amount of marrying in her own country, and T. Silas is her fifth husband, I believe. Well, when Mrs. B. gave her first party, she went to George and Bab's Social Bureau for her guests. Among the latter was a certain Russian prince; and when this Russian prince made his bow at Fewacres House, in spite of his Orders, his black beard and moustaches, his broken English, and his almost *aggressive* Russianness, Mrs. T. Silas B. recognised his eyes as those of Jake Marshall, her husband before last. And so, my dear, the Social Bureau is closed, and the Russian prince and other "professional" guests have got to seek *un autre métier*.



FORGOTTEN SPORTS—DOING THE DODO.

A good many people are going in for the No-food cult, the Dick Flummerys among others. Indeed, dinners and suppers seem to be by way of becoming extinct functions. Dick says that till you've been without food for a week you don't know what you're really capable of. I don't think that would be a very reassuring thing to hear from anyone looking as wild and haggard as Dick does now, if one happened to be *tête-à-tête* with him and some knives! Dotty tells me that, with their tiny house and small means, they find entertaining much easier now they belong to the No-food set. Their little rooms will hold *twice* as many no-fooders as ordinary people, she says, and then there's no expense of feeding 'em. No, indeed. At the Flummerys', when your partner asks, "What shall I get you?" he merely adds, "*Hot* or *cold* water?"



Owner (practically unscathed). "SMART MAN, MY CHAUFFEUR. GOT DOWN TO HIS WORK ALREADY."

My little Devonshire coz continues to distinguish herself. People have been awfully sweet to her for my sake, and Lady Manœuvrer's girl, Violet, asked her to be a bridesmaid at her wedding next month. I found, if you please, my dear, that she had actually refused! I asked what she *meant* by doing such a thing. "Oh! please, please," she said, "I couldn't be bridesmaid at such a dreadful wedding. She *can't* love that fearful old Lord Lucre; *no* girl could; he's seventy and lame, and has a glass eye. Please, please, cousin Blanche, don't make me be a bridesmaid—because I won't!"

Pretty good for an eighteen-year-old rustic, eh?

"You absurd prehistoric chit!" I said. "Many girls think seventy more fascinating than thirty. Lord Lucre is a most *charming* man. He's *not* lame—that's simply the *hereditary Lucre walk;* and as for his having a glass eye, to a certain type of face a glass eye is immensely becoming. It's *exceedingly* forward of you, Rosemary, to talk to me about love in this way. *Girls* have nothing whatever to do with love. All they have to think of, *quand il s'agit des noces*, is *duty*."

But I make no progress with her. Few people realise the amount of pig-headed obstinacy and power of won't that's waiting till called for in your blushing, white-muslin, yes-and-no girl. If it weren't that I hate to own myself defeated, I'd turn her out of training at once, for she'll never win even a selling plate! Ever thine,

BLANCHE.

From a story in the "Union Jack Library":—

"There was, in fact, a ghastly silence after Plummer's last remark. Not a sound came from the room, not a word from either of the men. Tinker knew that kind of silence. It was the kind that ushers in earthquakes, that creeps up the spine and pants noiselessly in the small of the back—the kind that only comes to any man, especially to any two men at the same time, when catastrophe grips them unexpectedly by the gizzard."

If this is what Christian Science means by the "silent treatment," no wonder it is effective.

"UNSPOILED VILLAGERS.

WRESTLERS WHO TRAIN ON MEAT AND A VEGETARIAN SWORDMAKER."

Evening News.

If the wrestlers are the villagers referred to, we do not agree that they are unspoiled. If their diet is any criterion, they are shockingly pampered.

A CRŒSUS BY PRESUMPTION

[Baldness is said to be on the increase as the result of motoring.]

My obvious tendency to moult
Has caused me such unpleasant shocks
In former times that I would bolt
And purchase lotions for the locks.
It always made my spirits low
To realise that I, who rather
Aspired to be Dorinda's beau,
Was being taken for her father.

But now a mild contentment dwells
Within my breast, for I can snatch
Some solace, though my mirror tells
A constant tale of thinning thatch.
Folk deem my lack of hair to be
A witness, silent but emphatic,
That I'm a motorist, *i.e.*
A person who is plutocratic.

Extract from an advertisement in *The Allahabad Leader*, entitled, "A Genial Hint to the Titulary Magnates or their Equivalent Contemporaries":—

"With this an uncommon advantage of training and remodelling the physical and mental morality of the youth is also declared and assured. By this is meant the formation of such noble character, as may consistently be rational to refer to common sense."

You see exactly the sort of youth that the system turns out.

HUMOUR IN HOLLAND.

[Amongst other honours paid to ex-President Roosevelt in Holland has been the presentation to him of a beautiful piece of blue Delft ware bearing a portrait of William the Silent.]

Ruler, underneath whose grim rod
Tammany was wont to curse,
Indefatigable Nimrod!
Whose arrangement to rehearse
How the rhino (hardened creature)
Fell beside the pinked giraffe
Formed a palpitating feature
Of *The Daily Telegraph;*

Fresh returned from fields of slaughter,
Bringing home your quarry's pile,
Tanned of hue, with muscles tauter,
First of all you shook the Nile:
Egypt's *monumenta vetera*
Sloughed their immemorial sleep,
Sphinxes, hippogriffs, etc.,
Followed you about like sheep.

As of old some hairy hermit
Left the wilderness to preach,
So (with stray remarks on Kermit)
Forth you volleyed speech on speech;
Italy, with arms asunder,
Bade you to her yearning breast;
Austria was filled with thunder;
Statesmen sobbed in Buda-Pesth.

Paris (where they keep no morals)
Heard, and took to sackcloth clouts;
Teutons heaped your head with laurels,
Brussels with her local sprouts:
Britons, too, in trepidation
Wait to thrill with pious throes;
Yet your most sublime oration
Blossomed where the tulip blows.

Wooden-booted Amsterdammers,
Wearing those peculiar breeks,
Listened to your words (like hammers),
"Hark!" they said: "a prophet speaks":
Something in your stalwart presence
Brought to mind their hour of fame,
Reproduced the Orange essence,
Though the peel was not the same.

"William lives!" (ah, was it mockery?)
Thus they cried, "though ages lapse";
Then they handed you the crockery—
Possibly designed for schnapps?
Anyhow, O mighty speaker!
Pardon if a clown discern
Points of mirth about that beaker
Stamped with Bill the Taciturn.

Evoe.

"The District Court at Yaransk, in St. Petersburg, has been hearing a number of charges brought against Chermimiss peasants who have returned to Paganism and burned their relatives without the service of the orthodox Church."—*Dublin Evening Mail.*

Relatives are great sticklers for the formalities.

AT THE PLAY.

"Helena's Path."

To those of us who had read the delightful story of *Helena's Path* in Mr. Anthony Hope's book, *Tales of Two People*, its production, dramatised by Mr. Cosmo Gordon Lennox, at the Repertory Theatre, was a distinct disappointment. To the others who had not read it, and who expected (probably) something powerful and gloomy, the whole thing must have come as a surprise. I feel sure that there were a good many people present on the first night who were taken by surprise, with the result (as it seemed to me) that a pretty but delicate comedy found itself in the wrong atmosphere, and was asphyxiated at the start. Certainly on several occasions, when the whole house might have been expected to ripple with laughter, I found to my horror that I was doing all the rippling myself.



Lord Lynborough (Eton and Oxford) clears 3 feet 6 inches with springboard.

Lord Lynborough ... Mr. Charles Bryant.

The audience was not alone to blame, of course; the play in any case was not so good as one expected it to be, although as it stood it didn't have a fair chance. The Second Act, "The Village Cricket Ground at Fillby," was the failure. Too much had to happen here in too small a space and in too short a time; towards the end it all became so unreal that one could almost imagine it was a musical comedy. I don't think Mr. Charles Bryant as *Lord Lynborough* (the hero) improved matters by wearing a high collar for his cricket; this is only done by *very* smart young men at Sydenham.

The story concerns the quarrel beween *Lynborough* and *Helena* (Marchesa di San Servolo) over a right-of-way. In the book the man gradually wins over the supporters of the woman, and the woman those of the man; in the play this has to be done rather quickly. In the book, they take some time to fall in love with each other; on the stage we cannot see this gradual process. In the book (though this is a small point) the gallant *Lynborough* leaps a 5ft. 6in. gate and knocks down a bailiff who opposes him; on the stage the jumping is elementary, and the ju-jitsu obviously dependent on the compliance of the bailiff. These are some of the reasons why, after the play was over, I went home and read the book again with increased enjoyment.

Mr. Bryant makes a very handsome *Lynborough*, though I think as a charmer he "presses" rather; and Miss Irene Vanbrugh was charming without any effort as *Helena*. But the best written, and therefore the best played, part of all was that of *Lady Norah Mountliffey*, which was delightfully given by Miss Mary Jerrold.

M.

"Parasites."

I don't know what portions of the original French play, *La Rabouilleuse*, were cut out by its adapter, Mr. Paul Potter, but I think they must have included the vital spark, for I have seldom seen anything less like life than his *Parasites*. The situation in the First Act took a tedious long time to explain itself, and it was greatly to the credit of Mr. Bourchier that his appearance at the last moment should have dissipated our *ennui* and put us on tolerable terms with ourselves. Four months' retirement in gaol had not only left *Colonel Bridau's* sword-arm as agile as ever, but had given him enough stored energy to carry the rest of the play through on his broad back. One thinks of the reserved and massive strength of that earlier Paul Potter's "Bull" at the Hague. But other qualities beside brute vigour went to the making of this swashbuckler, and chiefly an undefeated gift for farce. Yet the swift and windy humour of the part never quite condoned its brutality, and the two together made a jarring discord when they came to clash with a tragedy that broke a woman's heart. The bustling fun, noisy enough to deaden for a time our sense of the fitness of things, had worn off by the end; we were rather shocked to find how little there was to choose between the virtue of the hero and the vice of the villain; and the final curtain left us critical and cold.



York-shire Farmer (*on a flying visit to London*). 'SEE THEE, LAD! KING'S CROSS SHARP! AND THOU 'S NOBBUT JUST GOT TIME TO CATCH T' ONE-FORTY."

Taxi Chauffeur. "WELL, YOU 'LL 'AVE TO TAKE THE FIRST CAB ON THE RANK, ANY'OW; BUT I 'SPECT 'E 'S 'AVIN' 'IS LUNCHEON NOW."

The one note of probability was struck in the character of the miser *Rouget*, his doddering old heart divided between his money-bags and his parasite. Mr. GEORGE was admirable here. In the part of *Flora*, Miss CONSTANCE COLLIER, though she did honest work, never quite conveyed the idea of a designing minx, and the secret of the charm which she exercised over her ancient protector was well kept. I don't think it could have been her costumes, nor her little Japanese steps, for neither of them suited her very perfectly. Mr. TREVOR'S *Gilet* was a good figure, and Miss ROSE DUPRÉ was more than worth her humble place in the *ménage*. But if the play is to survive (which I doubt) it is Mr. BOURCHIER that must bear the weight of it; his are the Atlas shoulders on which The Globe (the one in Shaftesbury Avenue) will have to rely. O. S.

"In the meantime, said Mr. Hall Caine, he had read a great deal about the unwritten law and had studied Victor Hugo's story justifying homicide, and the writings of Lord Bacon weighed upon him like a nightmare."
Manchester Evening News.

Probably they weighed upon SHAKSPEARE like a nightmare too; this being yet another point of similarity between our two greatest Englishmen.

DISILLUSIONED.

YE that murmur in your folly:
"Friends are faithless to their trust;
No one can return a brolly;
Youth's ambitions end in dust;
Creeds are vain and life is jolly
Well unjust.

"Buoyant as a pumped-up bladder,
Long ago we dreamed of bliss,
Gaily climbed romance's ladder;
Now the world is all amiss;"—
Look you, mine 's a case that 's sadder
Much than this.

Harking back, I don't remember,
As the bulk of bardlets do,
Hope expiring like an ember,
Skies of iridescent hue
Stricken into dull December
Tout à coup.

Cynic rather were the poses
Which inspired my pen to start
Raging at the sham that glozes
Love and faith and life and art—
Grubs that perforate the rose's
Blooming heart.

Sentiment, I thought, was sloppy:
I beheld a world of wrong,
Crimes that flaunted like a poppy,
Foul abuses going strong,
(Quite invaluable copy,
Set to song).

Now with every dawning morrow
I observe that goodness stamps
Half mankind, and (ah, the sorrow!)
Even see suspected scamps
Still returning, when they borrow,
Books and gamps.

Virtue all about me thickens;
Toleration hourly grows;
Where is now the type that sickens?
Where 's the canker in the rose?
Goodness, or maybe the dickens,
Only knows.

Anyhow the fancies dwindle
Which obsessed a youthful bard;
Rage no longer can enkindle
Scorching satires that regard
All things as a high old swindle—
This is hard.

"'This is my unlucky week,' said Mr. Grahame-White as he walked unobserved into his office in Albemarle Street, Piccadilly."—*Daily News.*

How the craving for publicity grows upon a man.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN any struggle between a brilliant slacker and a dull plodder, I am all for the slacker; in real life he is so much more interesting. If I had actually met *Harry Belfield* at the Savoy (where he was generally to be found of an evening) I expect I should have been loyal to him as against *Andy Hayes*, the other protagonist of Mr. ANTHONY HOPE'S novel, *Second String* (NELSON: 2*s.*). Not having experienced his charm at first hand, I am prepared to acquiesce in his dethronement by *Andy*, but without prejudice to my general feeling about his kind. *Harry*, though, was something more than a slacker; indeed, in his relations with women it was his pace which was his undoing. He was never really happy until he had begun a new flirtation; and even when he was engaged to *Vivien* he must needs be making love to her companion, *Isobel*. When this came out he was done for in the county. He fled back to the Savoy, his place as *Vivien's* lover and the Division's candidate being taken by dear old dull *Andy*. Mr. HOPE has drawn *Harry Belfield's* character very carefully and very cleverly; in the end we have to admit that the pride of Meriton is a waster who will never do any good. *Isobel Vintry*, who brings about the great collapse, is not seen so clearly; still, she was a woman, which was always enough for *Harry*. But "*The Nun*" (a dear person from the music-halls) "intrudes" almost as delightfully as did *Peggy* in a former book of Mr. HOPE'S; indeed, putting aside that book, I cannot remember any which has given me greater pleasure to read than *Second String*.

To say (as people almost certainly will) that Mr. CHARLES MARRIOTT, the author of *Now!* (HURST AND BLACKETT) owes a considerable debt to Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON, is neither here nor there. Most of us do that; but *Now!* is a repayment in kind, with perhaps a trifle of added interest. Admittedly, though it will not be for all tastes; it is too modern for that. The scheme of the thing indeed is so subtle that even I, who am far, far cleverer than most, found myself at times irritated by it, and inclined to suspect the author of affectation; so that I doubt very much whether the circulating libraries will make head or tail of it. The plot—what there is of it—is concerned with the question whether *Julia Kenwyn-Brown* shall marry *Wilfrid Lambert*, an every-day young man, or *Conrad Lowe;* the point about *Conrad* being that he belonged to a great secret society, the "Droppers Out," whose development and aims and general significance form the real subject of the book. These Droppers Out, organised by one *Morrison* from a headquarters in Cornwall, have for their object to regenerate society by disintegration, or, in shorter words, to take their own line and let everything else go. It is all a little vague, and, as I say, I am not sure of having rightly got the hang of it even now; but the results as told by Mr. MARRIOTT are undeniably amusing. The scene in which *Julia* and her delightful family discuss the question of her engagement in the presence of the rival suitors would make the fortune of a BERNARD SHAW comedy. So, if you like that, you'll like this. Otherwise, don't worry.



The Worm (turning and rising to the occasion, after enduring ten minutes' choice language). "CAN I ASSIST YOU, SIR?"

I never quite realised before what a good thing it is that so many people will ask questions about things which don't really concern them. If that had not been a widely-spread human characteristic, I gather that Mr. and Mrs. THORNTON would not have written *Leaves from an Afghan Scrapbook*, or, at any rate, that the leaves would not have been taken out and published by JOHN MURRAY. The authors say modestly that they have "endeavoured to supply answers," and, since the chapters each consist of more or less detached notes on a variety of topics, the book may perhaps be regarded simply from that unassuming standpoint. But there is a good deal more to it than that. Collectively, these chapters provide a very fascinating survey of a country which is practically unknown to Englishmen. Mr. THORNTON managed a tanning and bootmaking factory for the AMIR, and Mrs. THORNTON taught one of his wives drawing, gardening, and other subjects. Incidentally, the pair were successful in introducing skating, treacle pudding, and other British sports into the highest circles of Kabuli society. The book is written with a simplicity which lends value to the many surprises inevitable in a land which is at once modern and mediæval. Almost anything might happen in a country whose ruler rewards his doctor for curing an attack of gout by promoting him to be Brigadier-General of Sappers and Miners.

If DOROTHEA DEAKIN had provided *The Goddess Girl* (CASSELL) with a local "Who's Who" I should have been grateful. A few complications are well enough, but by the time I had been introduced to a poacher who didn't poach, and a gardener who wasn't really a gardener, and a gamekeeper who did game-keep—only the *Goddess* thought he was a rich man in disguise and fell in love with him—I was thinking that a list of these people's amusements and occupations would have saved a lot of perplexity. All these men, it is true, eventually explained themselves, but the title of the book remains a puzzle to me. Flatly I do not believe in "The Goddess," *Phillida Gale*, and although she stuck to her gamekeeper I can only think of her as a primitive American, who said "vurry," "cayn't," and "I guess" far too often. There is, however, another girl who was as natural and human as *Phillida* was tiresome and divine. The Parson's *Sally* has my unstinted admiration, and whether she was controlling her father, her "general," her ducks, or her lover's relations, she had just that spark of vivacity and charm which makes a character unforgettable. As an act of homage to *Sally* I should like this book to be rechristened "The Very Human Girl."

"The widow sighed and said, 'How co'd you English people are! If you had been Spanish you would have kissed me.'
The young man promptly imprin'ed a kiss on the lady's lips.
(CONTINUED IN STOP PRESS COLUMN.)."—*The Star.*

"Discontinued" we should hope (and expect) in the "Stop Press" column.

"At the sixteenth Miss Titterton's ball unluckily trickled into the bunker, which she lost."—*Daily Mail.*

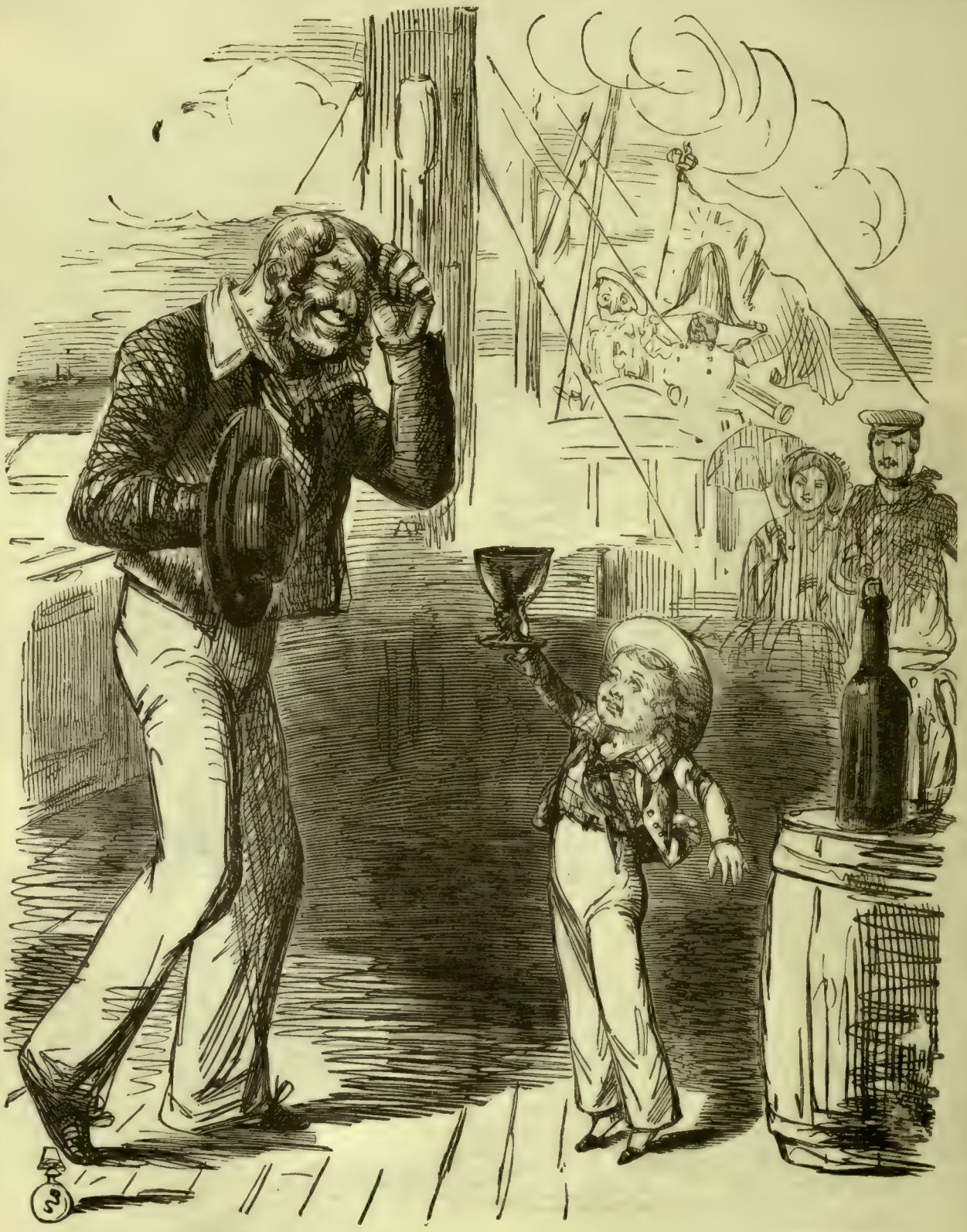
It didn't matter much, for, after all, there's no rule about replacing hazards.



February 11, 1843.

THE FIRST TOOTH.

[King EDWARD was born at Buckingham Palace on the 9th of November, 1841, a few months after the birth of *Mr. Punch*.]



September 26, 1846.

EVERY INCH A SAILOR.

Prince of Wales. "Here, Jack! Here's something to drink Mamma's health!"

[An incident that occurred on board the Royal Yacht in 1846.]

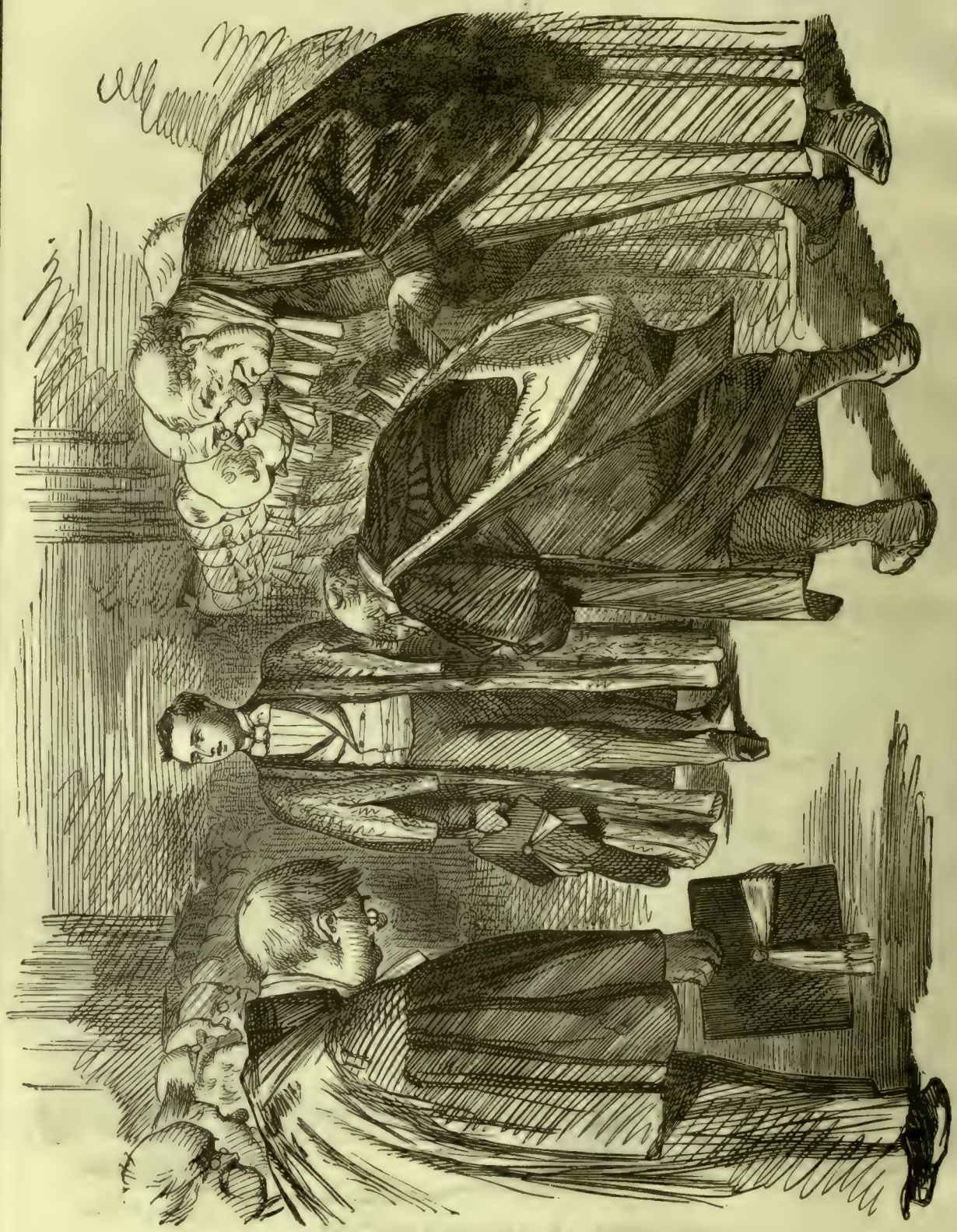


August 10, 1850.

THE ROYAL RISING GENERATION.

British Lion. "You want Mar'boro' House, and some Stables!! Why, you 'll be wanting a Latch Key next, I suppose!!"

[In the year 1850 application was made for the purchase of Marlborough House for the Prince of Wales.]



October 29, 1859.

THE ROYAL ROAD TO LEARNING.

[The Prince of Wales was received with much ceremony at Oxford on the occasion of his Matriculation in 1859.]



October 20, 1860.

THE NEXT DANCE.

MR. PUNCH. "NOW, MY BOY! THERE'S YOUR PRETTY COUSIN COLUMBIA—YOU DON'T GET SUCH A PARTNER AS THAT EVERY DAY!"

[In 1860 the Prince of WALES visited the United States of America, where he received a great welcome.]



AT HOME

[The marriage of the Prince of Wales and the Princess Alexandra of Denmark was



March 7, 1863.

) ABROAD.

ntecât St. George's Chapel, Windsor, on March 10, 1863, amid universal rejoicings.]



January 23, 1864.

WHAT THE NATION HOPES SOON TO SEE.

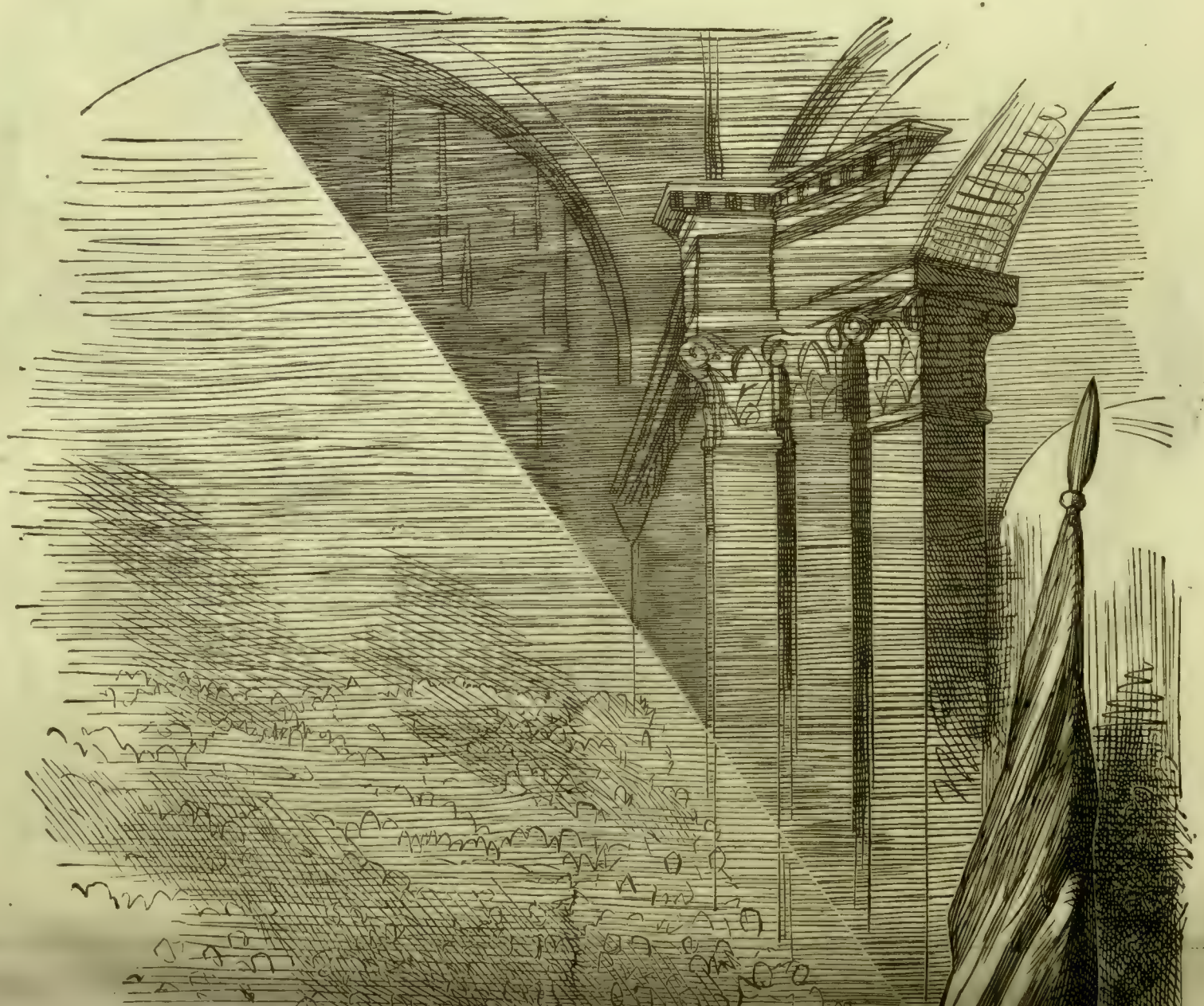
[On January the 8th, 1864, announcement was made of the birth of a son and heir (the late Duke of Clarence), whose first public appearance was eagerly anticipated.]

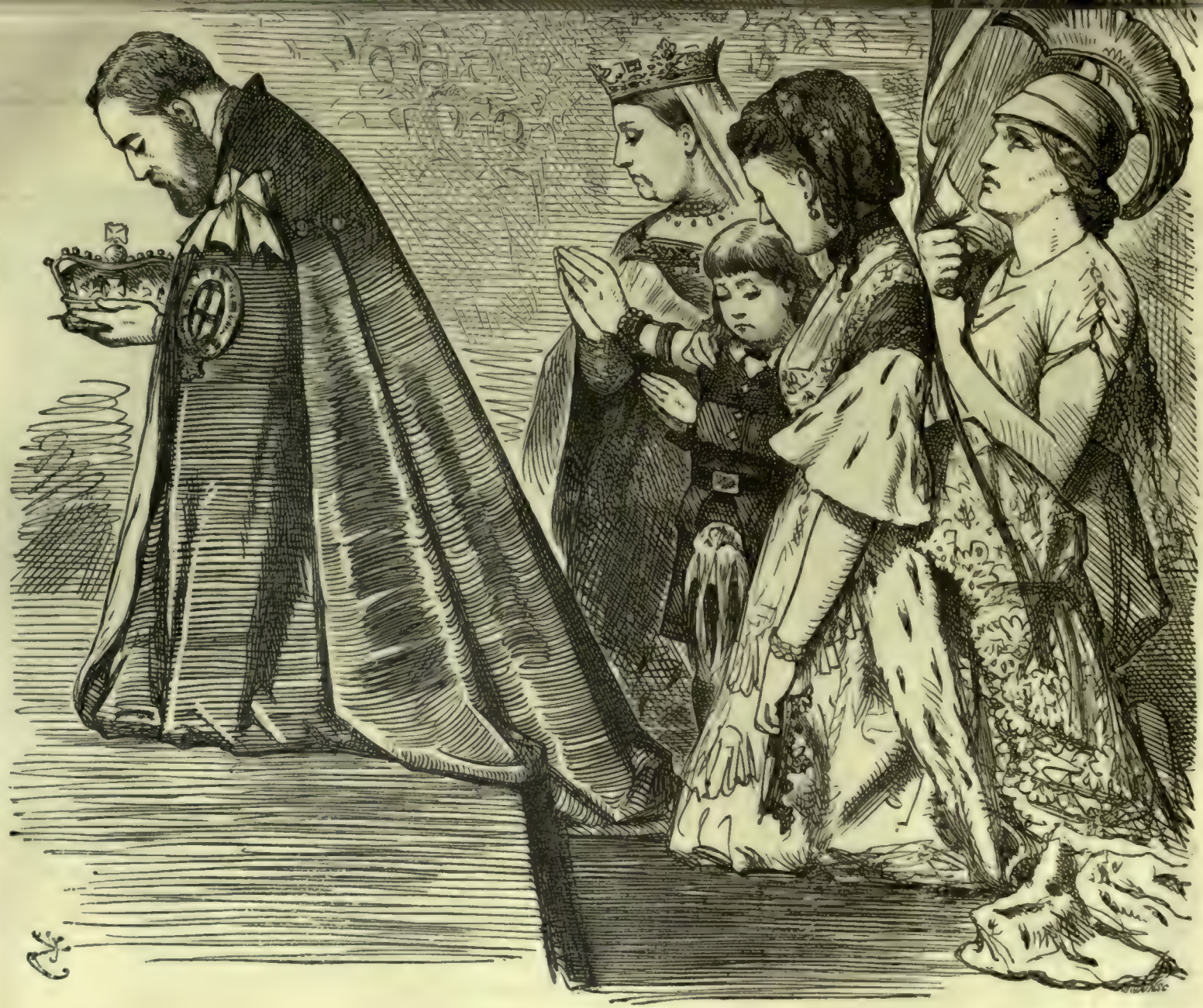


December 23, 1871.

SUSPENSE.

[In 1871, the Prince of Wales, struck down by typhoid, lay for a long period between life and death. The anxiety felt throughout the country was intense, and his ultimate recovery was hailed with keen expressions of thankfulness.]





March 2, 1872.

"THANKSGIVING."

[After the recovery of the Prince of WALES from his serious illness, a solemn Thanksgiving Service was held in St. Paul's Cathedral on February the 27th, 1872, and attended in State by Queen VICTORIA, the Prince and Princess of WALES, and other members of the Royal Family.]



THE "STAR" OF INDIA.

May 13, 1876.

[The Prince of Wales made a progress through India in 1876, and was received everywhere with demonstrations of great loyalty.]



November 9, 1878.

A "PAS DE TROIS."

[In 1878 the Prince of Wales accepted the Presidency of the British Commission of the Paris Exhibition. The figure on the right is Marshal MacMahon, President of the French Republic.]



June 6, 1896.

A DERBY FAVOURITE.

Mr. Punch *(to* H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, *owner of "Persimmon").* "You 're a good sportsman, Sir,—and I wish you luck on your 'first Derby.'"

[A memorable and very popular victory in 1896: Persimmon won by a neck amidst scenes of great excitement.]



February 6, 1901.

GOD SAVE THE KING!

MR. PUNCH. "YOUR CORONATION AWAITS YOUR MAJESTY'S PLEASURE, BUT YOU ARE ALREADY CROWNED IN THE HEARTS OF YOUR PEOPLE."

[On January the 22nd, 1901, Queen VICTORIA died, and on the following day the accession of King EDWARD VII. was proclaimed.]



February 13, 1901.

THEIR MAJESTIES!

[On February the 14th, 1901, the King, accompanied by Queen Alexandra, performed his first public ceremony by opening in person the first Parliament of his reign.]

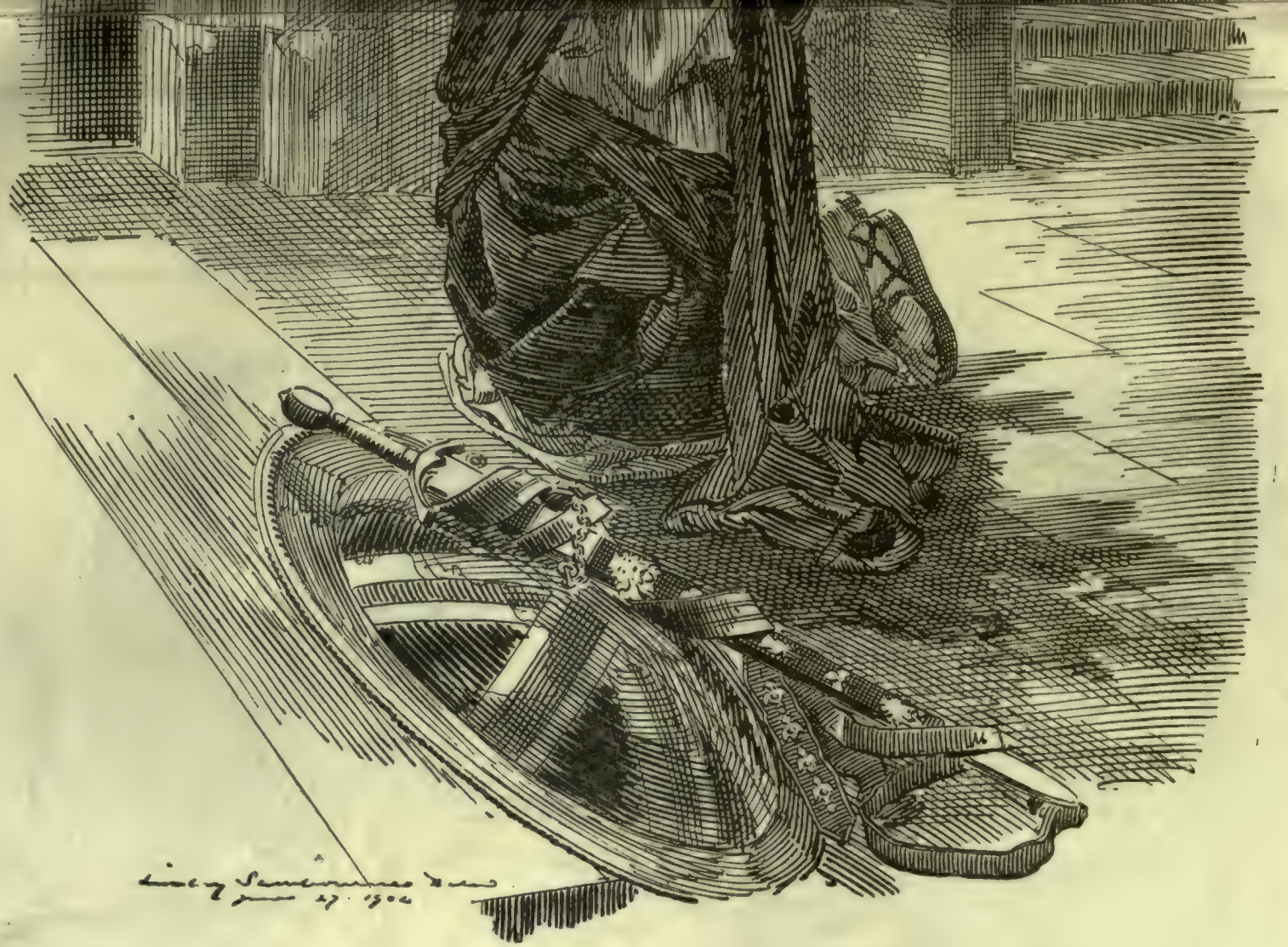


January 1, 1902.

THE KING OF ALL THE BRITAINS.

Master of the Ceremonies (1902). "Oyez, Oyez! Your Majesty's new coinage."
King Edward. "Le Roi le veult! Circulez, Messieurs, Circulez!"





July 2, 1902.

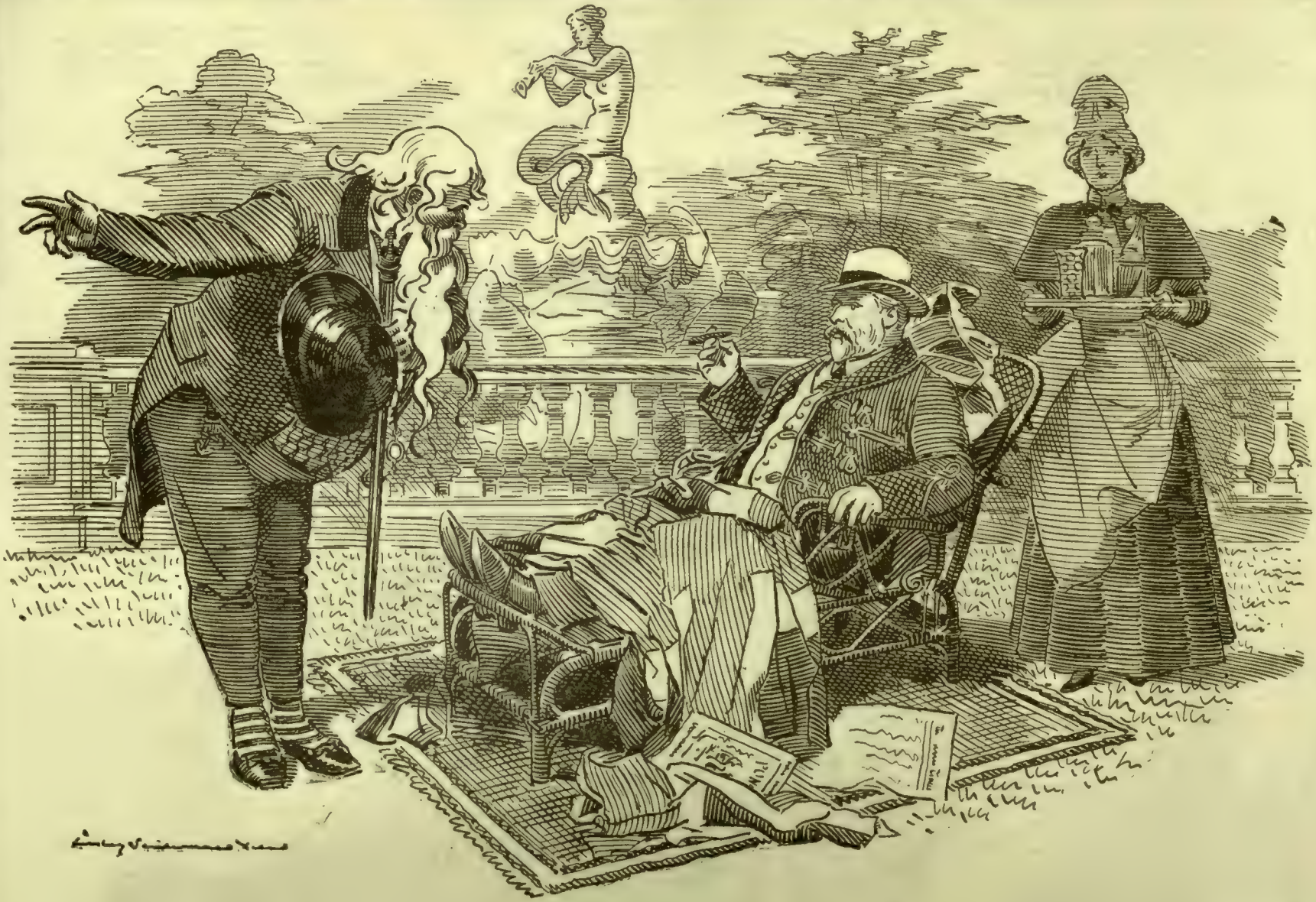
THE VIGIL.

[The KING'S Coronation, fixed for June the 26th, 1902, was postponed on account of his serious illness.]

SILENT it stands, the shrine within whose walls
He was to give his kingly gage to-day;
And silent on our hearts the sorrow falls
Which only faith may stay.

Not for ourselves we mourn the moment's loss,
Our pleasure darkened and our sun gone down;
All thoughts are turned to where he bears the cross
Who should have worn the crown.

So keep we vigil; so a Nation's prayer
Humbly before the Eternal Heart we bring,
That of His grace and pity God may spare
And give us back our King!



July 16, 1902.

THE RESTORATION.

DR. NEPTUNE. "THE LAND DOCTORS HAVE DONE THEIR WORK SPLENDIDLY. NOW, YOUR MAJESTY, A WHIFF OF MY BRINY WILL PUT YOU ALL RIGHT."

[On the 15th of July the KING was so far recovered as to be able to be moved to his yacht in the Solent.]

TO HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD.

A CORONATION ODE, 1902.

My Liege and Sovereign Lord,
First of your line whose legend marks the might
Of Britain's Ocean-wide domain!
Ere yet to-morrow's light
Beholds you leave her high memorial fane,
By that irrevocable rite
Of solemn oath and lifted sword,
Of holy oil and sacramental cup,
Crowned and anointed King;—
Before the dazing splendour blinds our sight,
And in our ears the gathered shout goes up
Of homage won from half the world;
And back from bended skies,
Flecked with the countless ripple of flags unfurled,
The shattering echoes ring and ring;—
While still our suppliant breath may rise
Like incense on the waiting air,—
For you what vigil shall we hold to-night!
With what compelling prayer
Importune Him, the King of Kings,
To grant you health and years' increase,
Wisdom to keep your people's love,
And, other earthly gifts above,
The long-desired, the gift of Peace,
Alway to shield you with her shadowing wings!

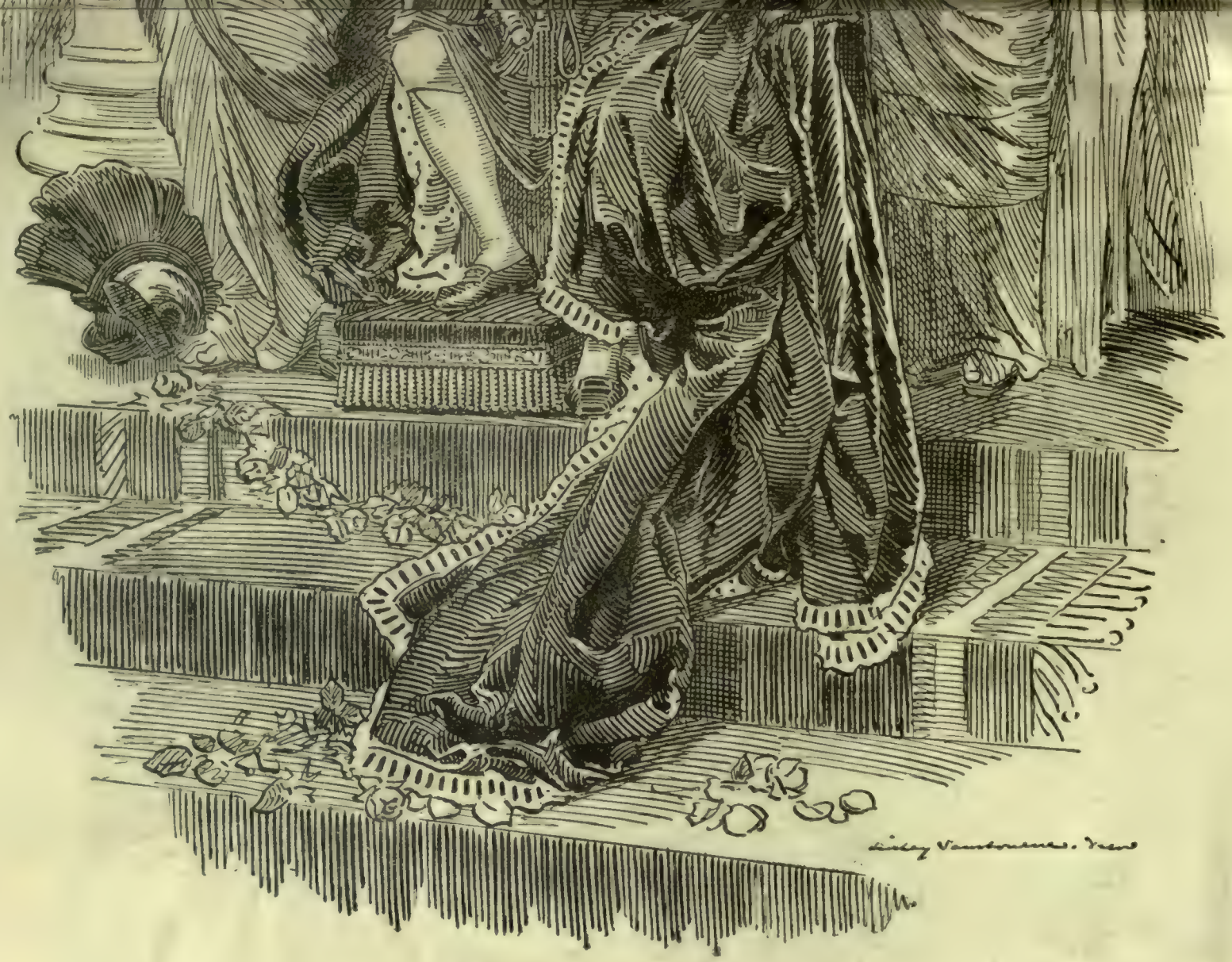
Little he dreamed, the last who bore your name,
Our boy-King Edward, dying ere the prime
Of that adventurous age
That fixed his royal sister's fame—
Little he dreamed how fair a heritage
Should fall to England's crown in after time.
Beyond the seas that ringed his island realm
Scarce any owned him Lord;
Great kingdoms stood that yet should reel
Beneath the clash of English steel,
Instant to overwhelm;
Far lands were yet to win from out the waste
By patient courage strong to tame
Wild natures, earth's and man's, and make
On rude inhospitable shores
New English homes for the old England's sake.
And of their toil who lightly faced
Danger and death for this their best reward
To-day the garnered fruit is hers and yours.

So stands your Empire; over such a race,
Fearless and proud and free,
Whose hands have laid your Kingdom's base
Upon the outmost edges of the sea,—
Loyal all times and now
Fresh-proven in the fierce assay of war,
You take the seal of lordship on your brow.

Small seems the labour, light the task
Of empery over lands that crave no more
The meed of conquering arms, but only ask
For silent annals after storm and strain.
And yet not easy is the weight to bear
That claims your kingly care.
To guard, unsullied still, that dear renown
Our fathers handed down;
To help us hold, through peace, our warrior-rights
Won in a thousand fights,
And sacred by our blood and tears;
To see we use, against the coming years,
Before its memory fade,
The lessons of the past, and draw
Knowledge from failure, and from loss a gain;
To humble arrogance, the curse of ease;
To make their consciences afraid
Who bid your England fold her hands in sleep;
To be of truth the mirror, and a law
Of honour unto men of all degrees;
To champion the Faith and keep
The fear of God before your people's eyes;—
Such royal service we, who gladly bring
Our own to greet you on your festal way—
We ask in turn of England's King!
And, so your heart be set on this,
Then let whatever need arise,
And come what perils may,
Be well assured you cannot miss
God's and your Country's love to be your stay!

O. S.





EMPIRE AND PEACE.

August 13, 1902.

[On the 9th of August, 1902, the KING was crowned in Westminster Abbey. The scene was one of great solemnity and magnificence, and the occasion, made still more significant by the recent termination of the long war in South Africa, inspired new hopes for the Empire and for Peace.]



October 22, 1902.

"THE KING OVER THE WATER."

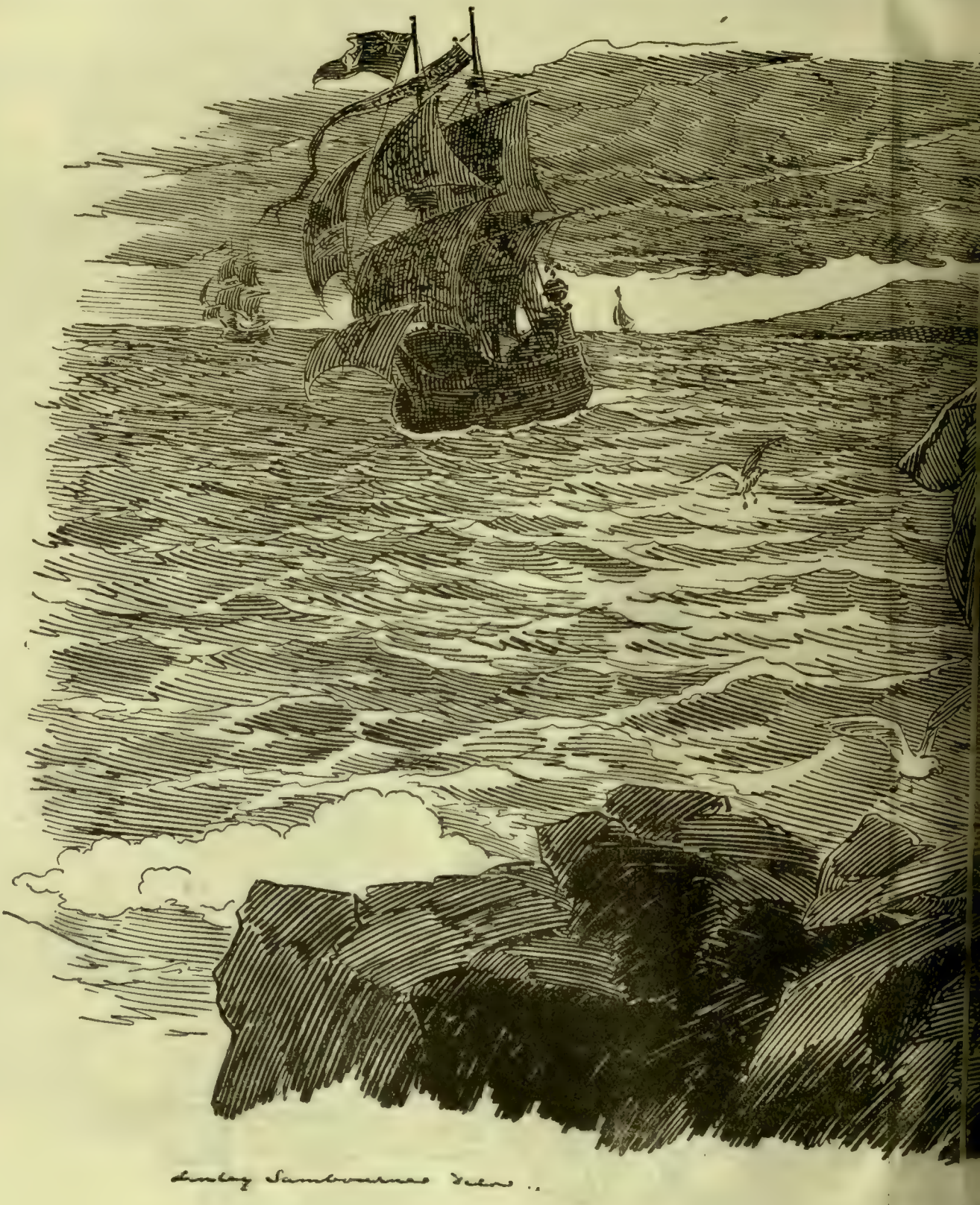
[On October the 25th, 1902, the King and Queen made a Royal progress through the streets of the Capital, driving from Buckingham Palace to the Guildhall, and subsequently over London Bridge and back by the South side of the Thames. Their Majesties were everywhere received with the utmost loyalty and enthusiasm.]



April 29, 1903.

THE CHAIN OF FRIENDSHIP.

[In the early part of 1903 the KING visited in succession Portugal, Italy, and France.



"An Arc

[In July, 1903, the King and Queen paid a State



July 22, 1903.

E.

AGIC SAILS."

ard, and were welcomed with the greatest cordiality.]



July 8, 1903.

FRIENDS!

[In July a return visit, paid to His MAJESTY by President LOUBET, helped to cement the *Entente Cordiale* upon which the KING's heart was set.]



April 27, 1904.

ERIN'S WELCOME.

"He loves the green isle, and his love is recorded
In hearts which have suffered too much to forget."
Moore's Irish Melodies—"*The Prince's Day.*"

[In April, 1904, the King paid a second, and less formal, visit to Ireland.]



June 22, 1904.

A MOMENTOUS INTERVIEW.

Kaiser Wilhelm. "Delighted to see you, Uncle, at Kiel. And now, as there are neither Cabinet Ministers nor reporters present, I think I might perhaps mention that—the sea is calm, and it is splendid weather for the yacht races."

[In June 1904, the King went to Kiel, where he was entertained by the German Emperor on board the *Hohenzollern*.]

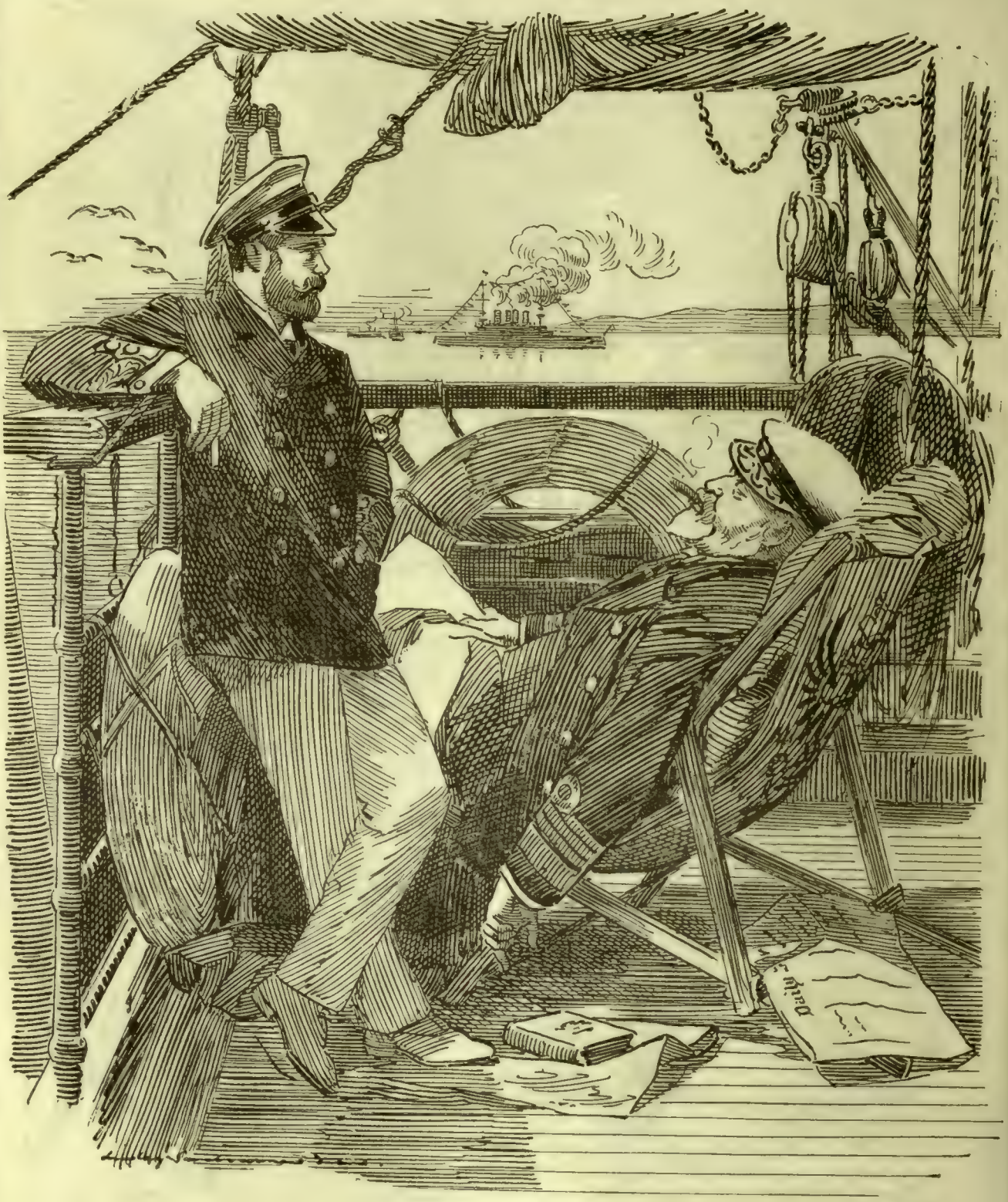


June 7, 1905.

A WELCOME INVASION.

SHADE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH. "ODDS MY LIFE! A KING OF SPAIN IN ENGLAND! AND RIGHT COUSINLY ENTREATED WITHAL!"

[In June, 1905, the young King ALFONSO visited England.]



June 10, 1908.

FRIENDLY RELATIONS.

The Tsar. "Delightful seeing you again after all this time. I suppose your Labour Party wouldn't mind our talking over a few family matters."

[In June, 1908, the King journeyed to Reval, to meet the Tsar of Russia.]



EUROPE'S TRIBUTE.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE MAKER OF PEACE.

[King EDWARD died May 6, 1910.]

TO HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE.

SIRE, while the heart of grief is not yet dumb
For him we loved, how well can scarce be said;
While still the music of the muffled drum
Rolls in the solemn requiem of the dead;
For you, on whom the instant duties lie
Which were ordained of old for Kings to bear
And may not pause for death—we lift our cry,
"God keep you in His care!"

It had to be that your first steps should fall
Within the dreadful shadow thrown across
The path you take at Destiny's high call,
Lonely alway, and lonelier by your loss;
Yet if our prayers, where Hope and Memory meet,
If loyal service laid before your throne,
Can lend you comfort and confirm your feet,
Then are you not alone.

Nay, there is set beside you, near and dear,
Your Queen and ours, the gentle, brave and wise,
Fit Consort by the claim we most revere—
Her English love of home and homely ties;
And there is that Queen-Mother, who is fain
Through bitter tears to bless your work begun;
To whom, though King and Emperor, you remain
Just her beloved son.

Nor comes it strange to you, this realm of yours;
Your eyes have seen it, crowned with large increase,
Have ranged the circuit of its seas and shores,
Canopied by the covering wings of Peace;
Such is the gift he guarded close for you,
Your royal Father, such his fair bequest,
Who saw the promise of his task come true,
And so lay down to rest.

Yet may we pay for Peace too dear a price
If, lapped in confidence and careless ease,
We let the summoning need of sacrifice
Find us with sinews soft and feeble knees;
Sire, it is yours to lift the nation's life
Out of its languor ere it be too late,
And make her win from Peace that nobler strife
Which keeps a country great.

The ancient splendour falls upon your brow!
Take up your heritage with both your hands!
Call us to shake ourselves, betimes and now,
Free of the snare of slumber's silken bands!
See, we are true men still, a patriot breed;
Still to our storied name and fame we cling;
Give but the sign, we follow where you lead,
For God and for the King!

O. S.



HAIL, KING!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.

House of Commons, Wednesday, May 11.—Less than a fortnight ago House broke up with jubilation to enjoy a real holiday, a real four weeks' holiday in May-time.

Members hurried off by land and sea, the Speaker to distant Constantinople, Prime Minister (in keeping of First Lord of the Admiralty) to Gibraltar. The rest, Ministers and private Members, scattered far and wide over Continent and Home islands, trying not to think of the date that would recall them to Westminster for the grim fight with the Lords.

To-day, a fortnight before the appointed term, Members assemble. With strange silence they re-people the old familiar scene. Everything is changed, even the motley of work-a-day garb. The King is dead, and the faithful Commons have come to pay a tribute to his memory and swear allegiance to his Son.

The universality of King Edward's sympathies was especially shown in connection with House of Commons. In the stirring days and nights of the early Eighties his gracious presence, his smiling countenance, were familiar in the seat over the clock in the Peers' Gallery. During times of storm and stress, on one occasion extending over a period of twenty-six hours, he was as constant in attendance in his allotted seat as was the Speaker in his Chair immediately facing him.

On an afternoon in April thirty-five years ago he played passive part in historic scene. Accompanied by a number of Peers whose faces were well known at Epsom and Newmarket, he came down to hear his friend Harry Chaplin move a Resolution affecting the breed of horses. It was a great occasion, to the height of which the then Member for Sleaford was prepared to rise. He had forgotten Joseph Gillis Biggar, whom a few days earlier he had ruffled by stately rebuke. But Joey B. remembered, and saw his opportunity.

As soon as Chaplin, called by the Speaker, rose to declaim a cherished oration Mr. Biggar "spied strangers." In those good old days a single Member, however obscure, was master of the situation. The Speaker, tied and bound by time-honoured ordinances, was obliged to order strangers to withdraw. Accordingly the Heir Apparent to the British Throne, the German Ambassador, who sat at his right elbow in the Diplomatic Gallery, and a group of Peers representing the bluest blood in England, withdrew at the bidding of a Member of the lower middle classes.

H.R.H. accepted the situation with the impregnable good humour that sweetened his long and busy life.

Another accident, personally more startling, befell His late Majesty whilst yet a Peer of Parliament. In course of debate Young Wemyss rose from his favourite coign of vantage on the Second Cross Bench in House of Lords. Commanding full view of congregation on both sides, glowing with his own eloquence, swinging his sword arm about as if he were again at Bannockburn, Wemyss, in course of driving home an argument, brought his clenched fist down upon crown of hat of Prince of Wales seated immediately below and in front of him.

On another, less familiar occasion, chance was run of similar disaster. Lord Teynham, who had lately succeeded to peerage, presented himself to make maiden speech. By accident or design he strayed upon bench whence Young Wemyss is accustomed to discourse. In the corner seat was the Prince of Wales. Few, if any, knew the Peer whose plaintive voice rose from the Cross Bench. Glancing in that direction their Lordships beheld a white-haired gentleman with pallid face flushed by excitement of oratory—a tall, swaying figure with peculiar habit of occasionally turning its back upon audience and addressing imaginary friend in recess of Strangers' Gallery. Among other convulsive movements the orator frequently, with sweeping gesture, brought his hand in perilous contiguity to the hat of utterly unconscious Royalty. At the end of quarter-of-an-hour of painful apprehension, disaster was averted by Motion made "that Lord Teynham be no longer heard."

In common with other Princes of the blood royal, his late Majesty never joined in debate. With one exception, he refrained from taking part in divisions. This was found in connection with that once hardy annual, the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill. When it came on for Second Reading in the Lords H.R.H. frequently presented a petition in its favour, and invariably voted for it. He lived to give his royal assent to its addition to the Statute Book.

One other of the Peers' privileges claimed by his late Majesty was that of introducing new Members. Twenty years ago, the Earl of Fife being elevated to a Dukedom, his royal Father-in-law took part in the quaint procession which accompanied his re-introduction. In this same year the Duke of Clarence, taking his seat in the Lords, was introduced by his Father and the Duke of Edinburgh.

Three weeks ago the corner seat on the Front Cross Bench, where through the long reign of Queen Victoria the late King was accustomed to sit, was occupied by his Son. Next time the new King appears in the House of Lords he will take the vacant chair under the royal canopy.

For several days the Commons have been crowding round the tables set on the floor of the House, repeating the oath of allegiance taken as recently as January. There is a new name inserted in the formula. Members, momentarily undivided by political faction, know with sorrowing hearts that King Edward, beloved by the Commons, "will come back to Lochaber no more."

Eloquent tributes have to-day been paid in the House to his late Majesty; an address voted to King George, assuring him of loyalty; and a message of sympathy sent to the Queen-Mother.

CHARIVARIA.

"I HOPE," says the Rev. Dr. CLIFFORD, "to be able to throw up my hat when the Church of Wales is disestablished." We have not seen the Doctor's hat, but it is quite possible that the offer may, from an æsthetic point of view, be worth closing with at once.

* * *

"I have something like a mortal fear of a paper constitution," declares Mr. KEIR HARDIE. Naturally, we should all prefer to have iron constitutions.

* * *

"An article," announces a contemporary, "by the editor of *Old and New Japan*, pointing out that Japan was a civilised country when Britons were painting themselves with wood (*sic*), appears on page 4." "Wood" is clearly a misprint for burnt cork.

* * *

One of the "Tableaux of British Dress" at the White City represents, we are told, "The Lawn of the Garden Club after Dinner." Visitors are recommended to see this rather than the original, which will be found, we fear, to be but a feeble and disappointing parody of the copy.

* * *

Another attraction is "Japan in the Four Seasons." A companion picture, "England in the Four Seasons," can also, owing to the marvellous versatility of our weather, be seen on most days.

* * *

One of the Formosan head-hunters at the Exhibition, we read, menaced a photographer who wanted to include him in a picture, and, had he not been restrained, would have attacked the white man then and there with an improvised club. Those people, who have already been victimised by press snapshooters, consider that the officious persons who interfered incurred a grave responsibility by preventing an elementary act of justice.

* * *

Asked whether Halley's Comet affected the weather, Dr. LOCKYER answered, "Not a bit. Weather variations are due to changes in the sun, and the comet is a mere flea-bite in comparison with that." Still, those spots on the sun, which were puzzling the experts a little while ago, may have been caused by the mere flea-bites.

* * *

Meanwhile the tail of the comet is said by some observers to be getting smaller. Apparently the comet has now approached sufficiently near to the earth to see that long trains are no longer worn.

The horrors of duelling again! After a contest between a French journalist, M. GUNGL, and an Italian fencing master named CARLETTI, M. GUNGL, we are told, kissed Sig. CARLETTI.

* * *

Herr RUDOLF MARTIN, in his book, *Deutche Machthaber*, gives a list of the favoured advisers of the KAISER. These include Herr VON GAMP. The KAISER, with that thoroughness which is so characteristic of him, evidently believes in preparing for a rainy day.

* * *

A lady has been fined ten shillings at Eastbourne for committing an assault at a wedding by throwing rice and flour at the bride's mother. The Bench was no doubt anxious to prevent the introduction here of the quaint Irish custom of throwing rice mixed with shillelaghs at the bridegroom.

* * *

A German waiter, accused of obtaining money by false pretences, was said to have appeared at various dates as a man of many callings, including those of a doctor, a professor, a matrimonial agent, and a Baron. This bears out the old adage that Everything comes to him who waits.

* * *

It looks as if the libraries' boycott of flippant literature is at last having an effect on the publishers. Messrs. MACMILLAN, at any rate, are determined to take no risks, to judge by the title of a book they have just issued. We shall be surprised indeed if *Totemism and Exogamy* should turn out to be unfit for our daughters.

* * *

A gentleman writes to *The Daily Mail* to state that it is not a fact that Mr. CARTER, "the hairdresser to the Bar," never employed a foreigner: there used to be an old Pole at his shop. We seem to have heard of this Barber's Pole before.

* * *

A new cookery book, giving "365 seasonable dinners," purports to make provision for an entire year; but an anxious eater writes to point out that he presumes that a special edition will be published in Leap Years.



"VERY WELL THEN, *STAY THERE!*"

NATURE NOTES.

A. L. M.—The way to find out if the bee is mad or not is to offer it a drink. If it refuses it is mad and had better be killed. If it takes it you had better insure your life at once.

B. K.—If as you say the bird has not only built but hatched out in your hair, my advice is to visit the barber at once.

F. L. G.—The flower you send is not a scarlet pimpernel, as you suppose, but an Orczy daisy.

P. J. W.—It was stated the other day, after Yorkshire's opening match, that by giving one's hens HIRST'S toffee they would lay duck's eggs; but I have not tried it.

K. F. A.—No, it is useless to plant a London back garden with rubber trees. Washing-poles are far more profitable.

MRS. WIGGS.—I have had the cigar analysed. It is a pure cauliflora di Cuba.

H. H. T.—I wish you would not send live jumping things without putting some kind of warning on the outer wrapper. My heart has always been weak, and to open a box and have a great frog leap out brings on palpitation.

"Another important by-product is malt-culms, the feeding properties of which have long since been known to the farmer, who uses them for milking cows, and ewes in the lambing season, which endorses the high opinion that experts have of such a malt food as a food for poultry, and it may be added that scientists state after experiment that the cow requires the same material to produce her eggs."—*Ormskirk Advertiser.*

However, it is rather a difficult subject and we must refer to it again later.

The World Missionary Conference publishes a "draft programme for Parallel Meetings in Glasgow." We always thought Parallels couldn't meet.

ADVERTISEMENT BY PERSONALITY.

Composed by the Publisher.

The Regeneration of Cora Marigold. By Samuel Pippleswick.



Mr Samuel Pippleswick.

Mr. Samuel Pippleswick is already a household word in two hemispheres, and his new work bids fair to extend his fame to the remaining third. In the realm of theological romance he has long reigned supreme, and his benevolent tyranny over the minds of the cultured million has been attended with countless spiritual boons. Never before has he asserted his dæmonic talent with such superlative force as in his new book, "The Regeneration of Cora Marigold." It is not only his longest but his strongest novel. Yet it may safely be placed in the hands of the most *blasé* man of the world, while no harm can possibly accrue from it to infants of less than two years old.

On my Ten Toes. By Uther Pelleas Baggs, author of "The Man with the Blue Chin," "A Sanctimonious Sinner," "In Quest of Crime," etc.



Mr. Uther Pelleas Baggs.

Uther Pelleas Baggs has long been a name to conjure with, but the magic of his genius has never been exerted with a more potent spell than in his latest creation, "On My Ten Toes," which has the freshness and fragrance of new-mown hay. In it Mr. Baggs transports his reader on his magic cloak from Battersea to Benares, from Clacton-on-Sea to Calcutta. In a word it is the work of a thorough artist who combines the demands of poetic justice with the relentless claims of realism, and for the reader who desires to steal a few hours' oblivion from mundane preoccupations no better soporific can be recommended than this bewitchingly sedative romance.

"Self-Help for Smiles." By Jonah Doldrum, author of "The Silly Ass," "How to be Funny though Married," etc.

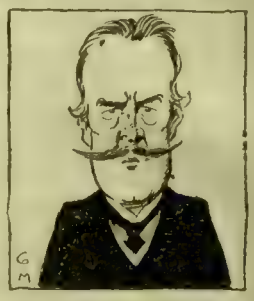


Mr. Jonah Doldrum.

It has long been a commonplace among literary men that there are more laughs to the square inch in Jonah Doldrum's stories than in those of any other author living or dead. His stories are the favourite reading of the Ex-Sultan Abdul Hamid, Lady Cook (*née* Tennessee Claflin) and Mr. Henniker Heaton, M.P., thus showing the wide humanity of his outlook. His new book "Self-Help for Smiles," is one prolonged guffaw. But the work is not all comedy. "The sense of tears in human things" occasionally emerges with poignant insistence, and amid the most breezy or facetious surroundings we are suddenly confronted with the horrors of elemental passion. In a word Mr. Doldrum has once more scored a resounding and prehensile success.

The Conquest of Cowes. By Alfonso Diggle.

As has been justly said, what Mr. Hall Caine is to the Isle of Man so is Mr. Alfonso Diggle to the Isle of Wight. His new story, "The Conquest of Cowes," is an account of the invasion of the island in question by a horde of Amazons from Dahomey, and tells how it was repelled by a corps of Girl Scouts. But the book is not all carnage. Amid the crash of arms and the rattle of Winchester repeaters is heard the tender pipe of sentiment, on which Mr. Diggle performs with a limpid bravura which is all his own.



Mr. Alfonso Diggle.

Little Miss Mephisto. By Hilary Bardolph, author of "The Perfect Cure," "No Earthly Use," "The Wicked Week-Enders," etc.



Mr. Hilary Bardolph.

Hilary Bardolph is already a veteran, having no fewer than forty-five novels to his credit. But he preserves the ingenuous charm of the eternal child, and his new story, "Little Miss Mephisto," is the sort of book which braces the fibre of a nation to nobler aims and doughtier deeds. The character of the heroine is a wonderful study of infrahuman cruelty. Indeed the perusal of these thrilling pages accelerates respiration and keeps off somnolence. Finally the book is written in good grammatical English, with very few split infinitives, thus showing the author to be both well educated and fastidious.

Jessica's Jamboree. By Joskin Vamp, author of "Tiffany's Wedding," "Angels on Toast," etc.



Mr. Joskin Vamp.

Among the younger generation of penmen few have leaped to fame with a more confident stride than Joskin Vamp. He is the writer of five novels, each more vivid and vital than its predecessor. In the fifth, "Jessica's Jamboree," there is a subliminal religiosity in the conception of the hero which is little short of sublime. In a word Mr. Joskin Vamp has once more proved himself to be a benefactor of the deepest dye.

Diana the She-Devil. By Julian de Vere Cooney.



Mr. Julian de Vere Cooney.

Mr. Cooney's new novel—like all its predecessors, a novel with a purpose—is designed to expose the appalling wickedness of the fox-hunting set. "Diana the She-Devil" is the charming name of his new venture, which describes the conversion of the Master of the Pytchley Buckhounds from a career of unimaginable depravity to a life of self-sacrifice in the slums of Monte Carlo. It has been well said of him by his publisher's reader, "No writer since Juvenal is so superbly moral as Julian de Vere Cooney."



THE GREAT AMATEUR.

AVIATOR. "MARVELLOUS FLIER! AND DOES IT FOR LOVE!"





ANOTHER TRIUMPH OF SCIENCE. 1910.



MISS ELSA PODDLE.

HERODIAS OF HANGER HILL: A GOLFING ROMANCE. By ELSA PODDLE.

Miss Elsa Poddle has long been regarded as one of the most inspired delineators of ultra-smart society. Her new romance easily eclipses the steepest exploits of her rivals and will probably win for her the sobriquet of "Casanova Rediviva."

A HOLY HORROR. By MESSALINA TIBBITTS, author of "A Saint in Cerise."



MISS MESSALINA TIBBITTS.

Miss Tibbitts had no reason to complain of the reception of her first book, "A Saint in Cerise." Her second venture, however, is a far more serious undertaking, and, being imbued with that subtle current of magnetism which is the sign-manual of genius, will electrify Bayswater and titillate Pimlico.

CHEOPS AND TOMATO SAUCE. By MARMION BRUMFIT.



MR. MARMION BRUMFIT.

Mr. Marmion Brumfit has written a superb historical romance of the days of Cheops, under the fascinating title of "Cheops and Tomato Sauce," and, as historical facts have been adhered to as much as possible, a wonderfully realistic notion is given of the Court life of a great Pyramid-builder, with all its splendour, ferocity and callous disregard for human life. Indeed Mr. Brumfit thinks that it is the finest thing he has done since "The Love Affairs of Cato of Utica."

EVE IN QUEST OF COPY.

A Warning to those with Literary and Artistic Lady Friends.

BY A VICTIM.

LITTLE I thought as I frivolled with Vera,
And in her light atmosphere struggled to float,
That I should be potted in *Eve and her Era*,
And purchased (with pattern) for less than a groat!
My ball-room inanity
Labelled: *Man's Vanity:—*
Is he a Sane Enough Creature to Vote?

Little I knew when I nodded benignly
To Ruth (with the floor coming promptly to grips)
That she, as she sympathised, dimpling divinely,
Had mentally snapped me for *Snippity Snips!*
Sketching me afterwards,
Legs waving rafter-wards:—
Rinkery Revels; or, *Percival Slips!*

Little I dreamed when, a prey to my passion,
And seizing my chance while her chaperon dozed,
I pressed Helen's hand in no niggardly fashion,
Looked deep in her orbs and the incident closed,
That one so ethereal,
Hot on material,
Would move men to mirth with *How Percy Proposed!*

"In her evidence plaintiff said defendant swore 'by the liver of his father and mother'—a sacred oath."—*Evening Argus.*

It certainly should only be used on very special occasions.

"We send to you 3 lbs. of the finest tea in the world for P.O.O. for 5s.—that's all."—*Advt. in "The Scottish Chronicle."*

They might send you a banana as well.

The Wedding Breakfast.

COUPLE, getting married, WANT FISH and CHIPS."

Advt. in "Daily Dispatch."

A CITIZEN'S DUTY.

"You are hereby summoned," said the notice, "to attend and serve as a Juror in this Court, at the hour of eleven in the Forenoon upon the trial of any Action or Actions to be then and there tried by Jury; and in default of attendance you will be liable to a penalty of Five Pounds, under sect. 102 of the County Courts Act, 1888." So of course I went.

* * * *

10.45. Though I have never been on a Jury before, I feel that it is as well to be punctual. Is this the County Court, policeman? Thank you. First come, first serve, is the juryman's motto. If I am sworn in for the opening action I may yet be down at the Oval for lunch.

10.55. Upstairs there seem to be a lot of jurymen about, most of them without collars; I wish I knew the etiquette. And where do I go now? Perhaps if I show somebody my summons . . . In there? Thank you very much . . . Oh, is this the dock? Thank you. Oh, yes, over there. Thanks.

11. In the jury box. Evidently I am very late. We are in the middle of the action, and I haven't taken an oath of any kind. I ask the juryman next to me for a rough synopsis or *résumé* of the case as far as it has gone, so that I can give a right and trusty verdict. He explains that our action hasn't begun yet, and that this one is being tried without jury. Most sensible—that 's how all actions should be tried.

Having nothing else to do I listen to counsel. As far as I can make it out, "We" (by which, I take it, the little man in the wig means himself and his friends) have been unable to obtain reasonable access to the bathroom of our lodgings for the purposes of bathing, the landlady having pocketed the key of the same. No wonder we are annoyed. On the other hand, as the fat man in fancy dress rightly points out, "We" (meaning him and the landlady) have only locked the door between the hours of 11 A.M. and 8 P.M., the fact being that his learned friend was in the habit of washing his clothes in the bathroom. (*Disgraceful.*) We are only too delighted to allow him to bathe in the morning and at night, but it must be fair bathing.

His Honour thinks this reasonable.

The Little Man says he will undertake not to wash his clothes in the bathroom; but suppose he wanted a warm bath in the afternoon?

His Honour thinks that any reasonable man or woman might want a warm bath in the afternoon—say between three and four.

The Fat Man says that if his learned friend *really* wants a warm bath in the afternoon, say between three and four, he is prepared to allow access to the room for that hour.

His Honour thinks this noble.

The Little Man urges that he might possibly want his bath at five. (*True.*)

After much argument His Honour suggests 4.30 as a reasonable compromise. Agreed that the Little Man shall be allowed to bathe from 8 P.M. to 11 A.M. and from 3 P.M. to 4.30 P.M.

Now for *our* action.

11.45. We stand up in twos to take the oath. Having read all about germs I decide to kiss my thumb, instead of the book which I and the man next to me are holding together. In my nervousness, however, I kiss the other man's thumb. I hope he won't mind.

Before our case begins the usher announces that all the other actions have been settled out of court and that the rest of the jurors summoned are therefore dismissed. This is *very* annoying. If I had only come late enough I needn't have come at all. And they 're just beginning at the Oval.

12.0. Matthew Pringle kept a small fishmonger's shop in Commercial Road. One day he was horrified, gentlemen, to see a motor car come into the shop. A week later, having recovered from the shock to his system, he estimated the damage as follows:

Damage to shop	£20	0	0
Do. to fish	2	0	0
Do. to bicycle (which was leaning against shop) .	5	0	0
Loss of business . . .	3	0	0
Total	£30	0	0

I make a note of the figures and yawn, and wonder what on earth the defence can be.

12.45. Counsel for Defence is cross-examining. Roughly his line seems to be that the damage to shop was fourpence, damage to fish tuppence, damage to bicycle an improvement, and loss of business *nil*.

"Now take the fish," he says. "What sort of fish had you in the shop? Had you salmon?"

Mr. Pringle admits that he had no salmon.

"No salmon, gentlemen," Counsel says to us scornfully.

It occurs to me that salmon was out of season at the time of the accident, but as it doesn't seem to occur to anybody else I say nothing.

Counsel continues. Under relentless cross-examination witness confesses that he had also no sturgeon, red mullet, trout, octopuses, whales, sardines, or dog-fish in his shop at the time of the accident.

"Well, what *had* you got?" asks Counsel, absolutely at a loss.

"There was kippers and——"

"Kippers!" sneers the Defence.

Having had a couple of kippers for breakfast that very morning, I resent the sneer and decide to give a verdict for the plaintiff.

2·30. We have adjourned for lunch and resumed, and are still at it. I expected to be locked up and given lunch at the expense of the county, but had to go out and pay for it in the usual way. The Defence is now concentrating on the bicycle, which is in court. Counsel is prepared to admit that it *is* a bicycle, but produces an engineering expert (without a collar) to tell the whole truth about its past.

"You see that—*bicycle?*" Counsel says contemptuously, as if it had had no right ever to have been a bicycle. Certainly it doesn't look much like one now.

"I do."

"And for how much would you be prepared to mend it?"

"'Arf-a-crown." (*Sensation.*) "And I'd give 'im a new one as good as that was for five shillings." (*More sensation.*)

3.30. The man next to me is very conscientious. He has been putting down all the figures in the case. As I feel that I have been rather inattentive, I ask him to let me refresh my memory by studying them. After all, I *have* kissed his thumb, so we are not altogether strangers.

He has added them all up so as to save me bother.

Fish in shop	250
Breadth of road at scene of accident	27ft.
Gear of bicycle	84
Average cost of kipper . . .	1d.
Number of motor . .	LC 97896
Train I want to catch	4.6p.m.
Total damage .	LC 98262.6 ftdpm.

"Thanks very much," I said, "but I doubt if you catch your train."

4.15. We retire. We are all very indignant. One stout bald man explains that he was going to have been married or christened or something this afternoon, and now he has missed it. He must try again to-morrow. We are all agreed that it is perfectly wicked that a whole day should be wasted in this manner. We are all busy men. I am (I say) a particularly busy man. "Plaintiff, of course?" says the bald man casually. Of course. "Damages? He claims thirty—say twenty-five?" Our confidence in the bicycle being a little shaken, we all say twenty-five with alacrity.

4.30. Justice is done. But it is too late now to go to the Oval. A. A. M.

ROYAL ACADEMY. SECOND DEPRESSIONS.



Photographer. "NOW STEADY, AND ALL LOOK PLEASANT" (185).



Lady in the Corner. "I KNOW IT MUST BE VERY DISTURBING TO HAVE ALL THESE PEOPLE DROPPING IN WHILE YOU 'RE DOING MY PICTURE. BUT, NOW THEY *ARE* HERE, I SUPPOSE YOU MIGHT AS WELL PAINT THEM" (484).



The Bathers. "OH, I DO WISH HE 'D GO AWAY AND LET US GET AT OUR CLOTHES!" (325).



MISS ——, THE WELL-KNOWN CLASSICAL DANCER, SAYS: "YOUR TOOTH-STUFF IS A BIT OF ALL RIGHT" (603).



EVERY PICTURE TELLS A STORY.
BLIND MAN'S BUFF, OR HOW BABY DISCOVERED THE SIGNATURE (746).



FROM THE GEM ROOM—
THE LITTLE WIFE-BEATER (543).



GOLF IN THE TROPICS:
A HOT FINISH (167).



THIRST (213).



SITTING OUT A DANCE AT A FANCY DRESS BALL (379).



A BOON TO ARTISTS.
SUGGESTED SKELETON SCHEME FOR PORTRAITS OF NEW PEERS.

"T. P." AMONG THE POETS.

THE gentleman who dispenses "Literary Help" in *T. P.'s Weekly* was recently asked by "B. (York)" to criticise an original musical setting of Canto cxxx. of "In Memoriam." By a stroke of superb luck the poet's name was omitted from the score, with the following captivating result:—

"I do not know whether the verses are original, but I have been wondering what the song is all about. The song says 'I cannot guess,' and I am inclined to agree. I do not catch the meaning of 'Though mix'd with God and nature thou,' and there is apparently a syllable missing in the line 'I have thee and I rejoice' at the foot of page 4."

It is when our Literary Helpers thus fail us—and delight us—that we realise that we have not lived in vain. The missing syllable, by-the-by, is "still." Perhaps the critic will turn to his *Tennyson*, and, applying a wet towel to his head, try to get a glimmering of the crystal meaning of four of the most beautiful stanzas ever written.

Meanwhile we shall look confidently in our *T. P.* for the following:—

H. (Lincoln).—Your blank verse is undoubtedly blank. Let me tell you once for all that to invert the true order of words is not poetry, though too many tyros think it is. You begin:—

"Of Man's first disobedience and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, heavenly muse . . ."

Now, there are two glaring faults here. One is to begin with a preposition, which no good writer would do, and the other to be so long in coming to the point. The point is that the heavenly muse is invoked to sing of all these things; but if you count the words before we arrive at that invitation you will see that there are thirty-eight. How much better to have begun, "Sing, heavenly muse," and so forth.

M. H. (Brighton).—Your lines are not altogether bad. I like the description of the marigold as going to bed with the sun; it is pretty and poetical. And the epithet "bold" for oxlips is good, and "pale" for primroses—undoubtedly they are pale.

"Violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes"

is far-fetched; but there is a certain courage in it. But what to make of

"Daffodils
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty,"

I cannot think. What does "take" mean? Surely it is a misprint, but I cannot imagine for what. How can you take a wind with beauty? You can take a walk, you can take a cup of tea, you can take cold; but how can you take a wind with beauty? This is, of course, if not a misprint, sheer affectation, and I advise you to discontinue it.

Lastly you write:

"Beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks
And death's pale flag is not advanced there,"

This will never do. "Ensign" is far too technical: "banner" would be better. Then "crimson" is a crude and violent word. The last line doesn't scan. Besides, you don't "advance" a flag; you hoist it.

TERMINOLOGICAL EXACTITUDE.

[*Witness.* "He is under the L.C.C."
Judge Bacon. "What is that?"
Witness. "The London County Council."
Fragment from a case in the Whitechapel County Court.]

So different from the elder BACON
Whose cryptograms were horrid hard
(And thus his verses got mistaken
For those of BILL—a minor bard),
The namesake of that nimble beak
Repudiates the verbal freak,
He will not have the language shaken,
The wells of English marred.

To him abbreviated titles
Are crude as crimson to a bull,
He stipulates for long recitals
Because they are so beautiful;
The *nom de guerre* or name for short
Annoys him like a legal tort;
Contractions corrugate his vitals
And nicknames warp his wool.

Suppose a felon, forced by famine
To pilfer crumpets for his tea,
Were brought before him to examine,
How pained his gentle heart would be
To hear that solecistic use,
Whereby, in circles sadly loose,
A shop for eating bread and jam in
Is called an A.B.C.

Where other men would come a cropper
By asking how to reach the Zoo,
He 'd buttonhole the nearest copper
And bid him state a case (or two)
On travelling by the Underground
To Regent's Park (the Northward bound),
And bridle (as is only proper)
At words like Bakerloo.

Then, England, while you have such judges
The *toupet* and the robe to don,
Whoever fakes, whoever fudges,
The law shall not be put upon;
'Tis men like these in every sphere
Who still uphold by acts sincere
The British flag that never budges,
The glorious Union John.

EVOE.

A VISIT TO MR. PUNCH'S FARM.

WE feel bound to say that of all our adventures in the wider journalism—and we have gone pretty far afield at times—none has been crowned with so conspicuous a success as the sporting enterprise of *Mr. Punch's* Farm. Nothing has pleased us so much as the triumph of our now famous fifteen acres. It is no small achievement to have revolutionised British agriculture—as we claim to have done—in the course of a couple of years; and you can have no idea how jolly it is to feel that we are landed proprietors. There is always a pleasant stir and bustle in the office when rent-day comes round.

But the farm has proved its value—quite incidentally, you will understand—in yet another way. And this is the beauty of it. It furnishes us with a continuous supply of first-class copy. Of course we feel some compunction in exploiting the farm in this manner. But what would you have? We cannot bring ourselves to disappoint the burning curiosity of our readers. Nothing goes quite so well as a little column of accounts. Our readers love to know the cost of the garden rake, and to deduct it from the price that was obtained for the Brussels sprouts. They discuss all the bearings of the fact that sixpence each is allowed for empty superphosphate bags, if returned in good condition. It is our claim—and we are justly proud of it—that our fifteen acres provide food not only for the body but for the mind.

Last Tuesday our representative dropped in quite unexpectedly. He has lodgings in the village, as we found this cheaper and more satisfactory than always paying for railway tickets. He remarked, to his surprise, that it was washing day, and noted the fact, of obvious interest to all small holders, that the amount of soap used for the wash should depend not so much on the heat of the water as on the number of the clothes. In spite of the bustle incidental upon this weekly festival there were already several visitors on the premises. Our cattle expert was measuring the new calf with a tape, and a high official of the Beekeepers' Association might be seen delicately skirmishing round the hive with what looked like a toasting-fork. The Simple-Life reporter was knocking off a poem under the apple tree, and a market-gardener, specially imported from Holland, was grubbing about with a note-book in the potato-patch. Our tenant's wife complained of being short-handed, as one of the photographers had turned up without an appointment, and the children were being taken in a group round the pump. While I was waiting, writes our representative, a parcel arrived from



A PROBLEM IN SOCIAL ETIQUETTE.

"I SAY, LAURA, WHEN YOU MEET A FRIEND AS 'AS 'AD MORE THAN IS GOOD FER 'IM, OUGHT YER TO BOW?"

the station which proved to be a new handle for the turnip-cutter. You will remember that I pointed out in my last report that a flaw had been discovered in the old one, and anticipated that some steps would have to be taken shortly.

Our tenant was at last discovered watering the honeysuckle at the gate. "Hullo!" he remarked. "Here we are again."

"Yes," said I. "Anything new?"

"Sparrer's nest in the water-spout," he replied without looking up; "put it down."

Taking a note of this new instance of the alarming increase of the sparrow pest in rural England, I proceeded to put a few leading questions to our tenant, according to my custom.

"Do you really think that we have succeeded in proving to the world at large that old pasture is not necessary for cows, or is it all spoof?"

Our tenant grinned.

"It must be a satisfaction to you that the accounts continue to show a balance on the right side."

Our tenant winked.

We were interrupted at this point by the arrival of the poultry expert with his egg-testing apparatus. Our tenant flung down his watering-can and picked up his coat, and I had only time for a final question.

"What do you intend to do at the termination of your lease?"

"I'm looking out," he replied firmly and calmly, "for a bit o' land on a desert island."

Answer to Correspondent.

"DISTRICT PASSENGER."—You complain that "neither of the platforms at Earl's Court station—that most popular of junctions—contains a single time-table of the Wimbledon service." We think you are hard to please. The Directors have very generously studied the convenience of passengers: they have provided them with two tobacco-shops, and a quarter of a dozen establishments for the sale of nougat, and you have no right to expect more than this from any railway company.

"Seven Signets were hatched in the Lawn, Dawlish, yesterday morning."—*Devon and Exeter Gazette.*

To be less technical, seven seals were born.

DANS LE MOUVEMENT.

[An entire French garden, soil as well as plants, has been moved from Reading to Birmingham.]

WHY Pay Rent? The International Removal Association can save you this recurring annoyance. Write for full particulars to our House-Shifter Department. Confidently recommended for Irish peasantry. Secrecy. Rapidity. Telegrams—"QUARTER DAY, London."

Are you a Duke? Do you suffer from Unearned Increment? We can move your town residences into the country cleanly and cheaply. Communications received in strict confidence.

Our Rus in Urbe Department (no connection with the Fresh Air Fund) brings air from all the principal health resorts to your door at a nominal charge. "A Revolution in Town Life"—*vide* Press.

Frontiers extended. Rivers deflected. Inland Oceans laid out at reasonable rates (we lately carried some of the North Sea into the Interior of Germany for secret naval manœuvres). Coast erosions arranged on commission. Volcanic eruptions a speciality.



"INTELLIGENCE" DEPARTMENT.

Company Officer. "IN WHICH DIRECTION CAN YOU SEE FURTHEST?" *Promising Recruit.* "THE WAY I LOOKS!"

DIMINUENDO IN FOUR BARS.

I.—AT THE AGE OF TEN.

The Written Word.

"Master William Porterhouse has much pleasure in accepting the kind invitation of Mrs. Brown to a dance on January 1st."

The Underlying Thought.

Buns; lemonade; trifle; more lemonade; possibly even ices; at any rate more lemonade. With decent luck, something in the food line to take away with me at the end. Hooray! Hooray!! Hooray!!!

II.—AT THE AGE OF TWENTY.

The Written Word.

"William Porterhouse, Esquire, has much pleasure in accepting the kind invitation of Mrs. Robinson to a dance on February 2nd."

The Underlying Thought.

First-class rag; top-hole supper, with champagne in buckets; all the prettiest girls in the county; band sure to play "*Kiss Me and Get It Over*" waltz. I shall be all over it, and may even cadge a day's ferreting off old Robinson to end up with. Hooray! Hooray!!

III.—AT THE AGE OF THIRTY.

The Written Word.

"Mr. William Porterhouse has much pleasure in accepting the kind invitation of Mrs. Jones to a dance on March 3rd."

The Underlying Thought.

SHE will be there. Hooray!

IV.—AT THE AGE OF FORTY.

The Written Word.

"Mr. William Porterhouse has much pleasure in accepting the kind invitation of Mrs. Smith to a dance on April 4th."

The Underlying Thought.

S'pose I must. D——.

"Scotchman wishes to meet German for improvement in respective languages."—*Edinburgh Evening Dispatch.*

Both languages need it.

SPRING SALMON.

IT 'S oh, but I 'm dreaming
Of grey water streaming,
Great rivers that go gleaming
Where brown the heather blows,
Ere May's southern graces
Rub out the last white traces
From high and mountain places
Of stubborn, storm-packed snows!

The chill wind that searches
The low-lying birches,
The old red grouse that perches
And swaggers in the sun,
I 'm fain for its blowing,
I 'm restless for his crowing,
And it 's I that would be going
Where the Spring salmon run!

And oh, were they bulking
Bright silver, or sulking—
In the snow-broth a-skulking,
I would care not at all,
I 'd hear the falls ringing,
I 'd see the pine-tops swinging
In a wind that 's filled with singing
When the green plover call!

TOPICAL SONG:—Ta-rubber-boom-de-ay.



THE SHIP OF STATE: A NEW EMPRISE.



AN ADDED TERROR.

A prominent Motoring journal announces that the touring department of the R. A. C. is arranging a scheme to supply motorists in touring centres such as Cornwall, etc., with guides well acquainted with the local objects of interest.

TOURISTS IN THE DISTRICTS MENTIONED—ESPECIALLY DRIVERS—HAVE *MR. PUNCH'S* SYMPATHY.

THE JOKE WITHOUT A POINT.

THERE was once a Joke. And the point of it was that it had no point; so that everybody could see it as well as his neighbour.

It was hatched by a Cynic with an established reputation for saying funny things. But the Cynic was furious with the world because it refused to take him seriously, regarding him as a Humorist and not as a Philosopher. So he determined to have his revenge, and hatched the Joke.

He let it loose upon the Town at a frigidly calculated moment, and it was received uproariously. It went the round of the Clubs, and no dinner-party was complete without it. After a time not to have heard it was to argue oneself on the wrong side of the Fringe. People were now more convinced than ever that the Cynic was a prince of Humorists; but the Cynic only laughed in his sleeve, now the left and now the right; which was bad for the fit of his clothes. At the summit of its success it was told to a young Colonial at one of the greatest gatherings of the Season. It was told to him within the hearing of a galaxy of distinguished men and women. They had all heard it before, and they now crowded round to see how the new arrival would take it. In anticipation of an accident, a young doctor was in attendance; many were prepared to see the Colonial leave the room on an ambulance.

But a strange thing happened. Not only did he fail to see the Joke, *but he said so.*

They told it him again and again, and still he didn't see it. He even asked them to explain it to him. Gently and with due consideration for his Colonial disabilities they explained that it was one of those Jokes that could not be explained; you either saw it or you didn't. "But what is there to see?" he asked.

They could not answer that, and they gazed at one another in embarrassment. Then one of them, whether stricken in his conscience or out of pure courtesy, confessed that he never had seen anything in it; and several others reluctantly testified to the same effect. To clear the matter up it was resolved to send a deputation to the Cynic. A select few of the bolder spirits waited upon him in the small hours of the morning and stated their case. The Cynic regarded them with a malevolent smile, and slowly answered:—

"The point of it was that it had no point. I made it like that on purpose. The Joke was mine. Good night."

The Cynic achieved part at least of his desire, for he ceased to be accepted as a Humorist. But when he found that he was no longer received in the best houses his philosophic stock-in-trade dwindled to nothing. So he became merely a Cynic; which is a dog's life.

TEMPORARY INSANITY.

I PICKED up the receiver and put it to my ear.

"Number, please."

"Double it, add seven——"

"Number, please."

"What are the Mayfairs like this morning?"

"I don't know what you're saying."

"Never mind. I think I'll have a Gerald. They're always safe."

"Gerald—what number?"

"Well, if I take a thousand, will you——"

"*What?*"

"I said a thousand—the number one followed by no fewer than three 0s."

"One 0 double 0, you mean."

"Very well," I said resignedly.

There was a pause. Then,

"We have no such number."

"Well," I said, "can you get it me?"

"I tell you there's no such number."

"What's the nearest you've got?"

"*What?*"

"What about one double 0 one?"

"Gerald one double 0 one."

There was another pause. Then,

"Hullo," said somebody.

"Hullo."

"Who is that?"

"What's your number?" said I.

"What number do you want?"

"Yours. What is it?"

"One double 0 one."

"That's right. Are you there?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

There was a choking noise in the distance and then I listened for a quarter of a minute while he was rude. When he had finished,

"I say," I said, "you do know some awful ones. Where were you at school?"

After stating on oath his failure to see what it had to do with me, he said he had been at Eton.

"Ah," I said, "I thought I knew your face. I was at Blundell's too."

"Eton, you fool," he roared.

"Where?"

"Eton," he yelled.

"Ah. It's a rotten word to roar, isn't it? One can't get hold of the E somehow."

"I'd give something to get hold of your throat."

"You haven't even told me where you are yet," I said reproachfully.

Again he lapsed into irrelevancy, and it was only after dealing viciously with my whereabouts, present and future, that he answered that he was at South Audley Street.

"South Audley Street," I said; "what makes you think that?"

The noise he made in putting back the receiver was almost indecent.

* * * *

After half-an-hour with the Post-Office and Telephone directories I found him. South Audley Street is not so very long. Then I took up the receiver and asked for Gerald one double 0 one.

"Damn the 'phone," said a voice I recognised. "Yes."

I answered in an assumed voice and threw all the officiousness I could into my tones.

"Excuse me, Sir, but are you Major Horsehair?"

"I am."

"I'm the inspector on duty at Bow Street."

"Where?"

"Bow Street, Sir. I've rung up to know if you've been troubled by anyone on the telephone this morning. We have received information which leads us——"

"Troubled!" indignantly broke in the Major,—"troubled! I've been insulted—insulted not half-an-hour ago by a blithering fool——"

"Blithering, yes, Sir. Can you describe him at all besides his being blithering?"

"How can I describe him, man, when I've never seen the fool?"

"Do you think you'd know his voice if you heard it again, Sir?"

He thought on oath that he would.

"You can't tell me at all what he was wearing, Sir, what sort of hat——"

"How the devil can I tell you what hat——"

"Squash hat, yes, Sir."

A hollow groan was the only rejoinder.

"Well, Sir, if he should trouble you again, Sir, if you just ring up four double four five four Central and ask for me——"

"All right," he said wearily.

* * * *

Ten minutes later I was on to him again.

The expletive that he used as he put the receiver to his ear was a bald and rugged one.

"Yes," he said savagely.

"I say," I said in my natural voice, "it *was* Eton where you were, wasn't it?"

He gave a roar like a wild beast in answer and began jabbing the hook thing up and down like a maniac.

"Exchange," he yelled, "Exchange, four double four five four Central—quick. Exchange——"

* * * *

I dropped into the Club in the afternoon and went to the telephone.

"I say, Exchange," I said, "can you tell me if there's such a number as four double four five four Central?"

"Just a minute, please."

I waited. Then,

"Yes, it's the advertising department of Motor Goggles, Limited. Shall I get them for you?"

"No, thanks," I said hurriedly; "I expect they've been bothered enough to-day."



THE HERBACEOUS BOARDER.
A VISION OF SUMMER ON THE MARINE PARADE.

"It is with joy I received news the other day of a new handkerchief which has appeared on the horizon, the handkerchief dainty, fine, and such as fastidious womankind has to pay through the nose for."—*Black and White.*

This seems all right.

A HARDY ANNUAL.

"You look very tired," I said.

"Yes," he replied, with a sigh. "But I shall get some rest now. It is all over for a while."

"What is over?" I asked.

"My work," he said. "It does not begin again with any seriousness till next February; but it goes on then till April with terrific vigour." He pressed his hand to his brow.

"May I know what it is?" I inquired.

"Of course," he said. "I name pictures for the Exhibitions. The catalogues are full of my work. Here, for example, is one of my most effective titles: 'Cold flows the Winter River.' Not bad, is it?"

I murmured something.

"Oh, I know what you're thinking," he replied. "You're thinking that it is so simple that the artist could have done it himself without my assistance. But there you're mistaken. They can't. They can just paint a picture—some of them—and that's all. You've no idea . . . Well, well."

"Really," I said.

"Yes," he continued; "it's so. Now turn on. Here's another of mine, 'It was the Time of Roses.' That sounds easy, no doubt; but, mark you, you have not only to know it—to have read Hood—but—and this is the secret of my success—to remember it at the right moment." He almost glittered with pride. "Turn on," he said. 'East and West.' That's a subtle thing. Why 'East and West'? you say. And then you see it's an English girl—the West—holding a Japanese fan—the East. But I'm not often as tricky as that. A line of poetry is always best; or a good descriptive phrase, such as 'Rivals,' 'Awaiting Spring's Return,' 'The Forest Perilous,' 'When Nature Sleeps,' 'The Coming Storm,' 'Sunshine and Shadow,' 'Waiting,' 'The Farmer's Daughter,' 'A Haunt of Ancient Peace.'"

He paused and looked at me.

"They all sound fairly automatic," he went on; "but that's a blind. They want doing. You know the saying, 'Hard writing makes easy reading;' well, it's the same with naming titles. You think it's nothing; but that's only because it means real work."

Again he held his head, this time with both hands.

"That last title," I said, "'A Haunt of Ancient Peace.' Surely I've heard that before."

"Very likely," he said. "But so far as I was concerned it was new. That is to say, it came to me spontaneously. The artist set the picture before me and waited expectantly. I looked at it, and made my mind a blank—that is my usual procedure—and this title came into it: 'A Haunt of Ancient Peace.' I don't know how to explain the gift—uncanny, no doubt. Kind friends have called it genius. But there it is."

"I hope the financial results are proportionate," I said.

"Ah," he replied, "not always. But how could they be? It's not only the expense of getting to the studios—taxis, and so forth—but the mental wear and tear. Still, I manage to live. Good-bye."



Country Vicar (visiting a family where a child has scarlet fever). "I SUPPOSE YOU KEEP HIM WELL ISOLATED?"

"LOR BLESS YOU, SIR, YES. HE KEEPS BEHIND THAT CLOTHES-HORSE, AND DON'T COME AMONG US BUT FOR MEALS."

"Mr. J. McAuley, who at the termination of the lecture entered the room, in proposing a vote of thanks to the fair lecturer said that he had never listened to a more practical or able lecture."—*Kerry Evening Post.*

This was probably true, if Mr. MCAULEY always delays his entrance till the psychological moment at the end of the lecture.

AT THE PLAY.

"CHAINS."

I HAD always kept a warm corner of sympathy in my selfish heart for the dull routine of those who drag out their lives on office stools in the City. I had imagined that

> "The noisy laugh
> And ill-bred chaff
> Of clerks on omnibuses"

was only a brave bluff designed to veil the thwarted ambition of adventurous souls. But I was wrong and my sympathy wasted; for I gather from ELIZABETH BAKER'S play that these poor slaves actually hug their "chains." You cannot persuade them to throw up a safe thing for the risk of enterprise in the open. Anyhow, the dashing intrepidity of *Fred Tennant*, who is resolved to break loose and try Australia, seems to have staggered his fellow-clerks. "Have you heard about Tennant's new departure?" says someone. "What, is he going to be married?" they all cry, conceiving of nothing else that could be expected to cause a convulsion in his ordered existence. When the thrilling truth comes out, they are divided in opinion; some holding him to be a madman, others a hero; but all agreeing that he is something *hors ligne*. Only one of his fellows, *Charlie Wilson*, is so bitten by his example that he is determined to follow it; but he is married, and this is another and more deadly "chain." All his wife's family, with a single exception, support her tears and regard him as an unfeeling brute. So the thing must be done secretly. He will make a show of starting for the office, and join *Tennant's* ship at Plymouth. Then comes a stroke of *force majeure*; his wife announces that he is about to be a father. The blow goes home, and he sallies forth to his toil, in silk hat and frock coat, a doomed man, destined to wear his "chains" for ever and ever.

I am not sure that I much care for this intervention of fate; but I cordially admire the author's courage in employing it for the further confusion of her original text. There are chains which are the handiwork of society, and there are those which are nature's, but it seems a mistake to confound the two kinds in one and the same homily. For the argument seems to be that the deliverance of his soul is stiffish work for a clerk without complications; for a married clerk it is appreciably harder; for a clerk who is not only married but lies under the threat of fatherhood it is hopeless. There may be a moral in all this, but it looks bad for the census.

However, moral or no moral, Miss BAKER has handled her *milieu* with an extraordinary sense of reality, to which the whole cast most loyally responded. It was not to be anticipated that a middle-class suburban atmosphere, properly unrelieved by farce, should afford much scope for humour; and the audience greedily seized on what spasmodic fun there was. I could wish that this had not included the apparent attempt to raise a laugh over the singing of "Abide with Me," a hymn which must at any time, and especially now, have its sacred associations. One other particular flaw I have to find in an excellent play. It was *Lily Wilson's* method of informing her husband that a child was to be born to them. It took one back to *John Halifax, Gentleman* and the false shame of mid-Victorian times. Surely we are clean-minded enough by now to treat such matters, even in fiction and on the stage, with the frankness which nature demands and the decencies of actual life approve.

I suppose that, like that other Repertory play of the imprisoned clerk, which Mr. DENNIS EADIE'S acting faintly recalled to me, *Chains* was designed to show the need of medicine for a social evil. But, once again, no good prescription was vouchsafed. There was little to show that the Colonial experiment, even if it was to be crowned with success, would entail less chain-work in the process. And there is much to be said for the contention that a bird in the hand is worth two in the Australian Bush. What was needed was not so much a plea for emigration as a demand for more colour and broader intellectual ideals in the hum-drum, third-rate existence which this play so admirably reproduces.

As ROBERT BROWNING says in *Shop*:

> "I want to know a butcher paints,
> A baker rhymes for his pursuit,
> Candlestick-maker much acquaints
> His soul with song or, lap ymute,
> Blows out his brains upon the flute!"

If Miss BAKER had it on her chest to present us with the social problem of clerkhood, she might have claimed our better gratitude by suggesting a remedy that should begin at home—and stay there.

O. S.



THE PRISONER AND THREE OF HIS CHAINS.

Charlie Wilson	Mr. DENNIS EADIE.
Alfred Massey (*father-in-law*) ...	Mr. EDMUND GWENN.
Mrs. Massey (*mother-in-law*)	Miss FLORENCE HAYDON.
Lily Wilson (*wife*)	Miss HILDA TREVELYAN.

Snubbed.

"Halley's comet was visible in the eastern heavens for the first time this morning. The Government Astronomer stated, however, that no official cognisance had been taken of its arrival."—*Sydney Daily Telegraph.*

If the comet has any spirit it will go back again.

Extract from letter of a native clerk in India: "Humbly request leave of absence in that I have been sadly bereaved of a friend's wife."

Fashionable Intelligence.

"The many friends of Cedric Toughy will be glad to learn that he is improving very favourably from a severe illness and will soon be able to return to school."—*The Daily Colonist* (*Victoria, B.C.*)

School is a desert without TOUGHY.

"In Salisbury, Rhodesia, last year there was only one day without sunshine."—*Daily Paper.*

That must have been the day we had it here.

Intuition.

"'Old and New Japan' . . . is written by Mr. George Lynch, whose knowledge of Japan comes from within."—*Daily Express.*

The Slump in Art.

"Splendid pianola, prime cost 50 gs. Take pictures, prime cost 50 gs. or 20s. cash." *Exchange and Mart.*



Mother (instructing little daughter to peel potatoes). "BE CAREFUL TO GET THE EYES OUT, BIDDY. I ONCE KNOW'D OF A SWORD-SWALLOWER AS WAS CHOKED WIV THE EYE OF A TATER."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE ought to be a statutory limit to the competence of heroes. *Raimbaut of Vacqueiras* was the most inspired and sweetest-voiced troubadour of his contemporary Provence; that much is permissible. He was also the most handsome youth of his time; that, too, may be forgiven him. He was a knight infallible and invincible in the joust; here is matter for complaint. He was further a model of chaste demeanour, not to be led astray by amorous châtelaines, proof against the open offers of *Bellisenda*, most attractive of them all; the thing is becoming intolerable. Add to all this the last remaining virtue of modesty, intense almost to the point of oppressiveness, and you have a grave public scandal, a crying need for a redistribution of merits. For the rest, I found *The Severed Mantle* (METHUEN) a charming book. Its plot, based on the paragon's search for the perfect love, is too vague to summarise, and not sufficiently memorable to reproduce *in extenso*. The author in his preface as good as confesses that he thinks little better of it than I. What we both like so much is its theme. "I have tried," says WILLIAM LINDSEY, "to picture Provence in the time of the troubadours, to show the land of the nightingale and rose when Idealism reigned supreme, with Love, Joy and Song her counsellors." He has succeeded, say I. Indeed, he carried me body and soul into France and Italy of the twelfth century, and left me thinking of Avignon and Ventimiglia as homes of music, the tourney and romance, instead of tiresome stations where officials wake me up to demand my ticket or my keys.

Many books have been written recalling pilgrimages in the footsteps of CHARLES DICKENS and some of his immortal creations. In *Rambles with an American* (MILLS AND BOON) CHRISTIAN TEARLE has achieved the distinction of producing one of the worst. Had he been content to tread the old familiar ways, more or less modestly describing his impressions, it would have been exacting to expect anything new; but the book might have been devoid of irritation. Mr. TEARLE invents the machinery of a pert, self-satisfied London solicitor and a client from Chicago, "whose countenance, though remotely suggestive of the Red Indian type, was refined and gracious; his more than fifty winters have dried him up rather than aged him, and his tall form was spare and willowy." This person, who apparently cannot be described in a single tense, is in the habit of producing from his waistcoat pocket a sheaf of notes containing extracts from FORSTER'S *Life of Dickens* and other accessible works. With this in

hand the couple visit Hatton Garden, the Marshalsea, and other quarters of London associated with DICKENS. When they come to appropriate spots the client pulls out the sheaf of notes and reads an extract, and the solicitor makes humorous and penetrating remarks. "'Richard and Francis Lovelace were both colonels,' said the American. 'Only two colonels!' I exclaimed with much sympathy. 'Dear, dear.' Good patriot though he was, a gleam of amusement sparkled in his eye." Well, it doesn't in mine. Nor does one beam in looking through other chapters dealing in the same airy fashion with SHAKSPEARE at Stratford-on-Avon, GOLDSMITH in Green Arbour Court, and SCOTT at Abbotsford.

Mr. CHARLES PEARS, known to the world as a delightful artist, is also a sailorman of high skill, resource, and courage. He owns a yacht "of registered tonnage 2·65, and of yacht measurement 4 tons—which means that she was 26 feet long over all, 19 feet upon the water line, and 6·6 feet wide." In this cock-boat he started last year from the peaceful haven of Hammersmith and sailed past Gravesend and out into the wild waters of the open sea, beyond Ramsgate, and so on to Calais, thence, with various rests by the way, to the Seine, and eventually from Fécamp back again to Hammersmith. This adventurous voyage he has now described in a handsome book, *From the Thames to the Seine* (CHATTO AND WINDUS), and has adorned it with a great wealth of most beautiful illustrations.



Uncle (taking niece for her first taxi ride). "WELL, GLADYS—HAD ENOUGH OF IT, EH?"
Gladys (much interested in fare disc). "OH, NO, UNCLE. LET 'S GO ON. I WANT TO SEE IF THE SHILLINGS CAN GO INTO DOUBLE FIGURES."

Mr. PEARS' account of his doings and of the admirable behaviour of his little yacht is a direct and graphic piece of work, breezy and briny as such an account should be. To be sure, he is occasionally, shall I say, a little impressionist in his dealings with French genders, but, on the other hand, his eye for colour is unfailing, and his renderings of the beauty he saw on sea and land are amongst the most brilliant and fascinating things ever done in this kind. Indeed, Mr. PEARS is an artist *enragé*—I use the word in a sense as highly complimentary as it can be made to bear. When he was suffering tortures from a toothache at Abbeville and was hunting elusive dentists through the streets of that city, he could stop in his vain and maddening chase in order that he might contemplate and admire and sketch the beauty of the Somme Canal, "a weird view of sombre still water reflecting gloomy trees, a mysterious bank upon either hand, and a few gas-lights . . . Looking into the water below it seemed as deep as the sky is high."

I congratulate Mr. PEARS on his yacht, his pluck, and his book.

If, as I'm led to understand,
The coming summer should be fine,
Myriads, *Baedeker* in hand,
Will wander forth to do the Rhine.

With *Baedeker*, it 's true, they 'll make
Certain of all the sights there are,
But I would have them also take
The Sword Maker, by ROBERT BARR.

BARR gives them the romantic side,
Dressed in a very taking way,
With thrills and love affairs to tide
Over the *ennui* of the day.

Indeed, the book (from MILLS AND BOON)
So pleased my jaded appetite
That, starting late one afternoon,
It held me far into the night.

You would not think that, after beginning his story with the discovery of an unknown baby girl, abandoned in a pew in "the little chapel in Maiden Lane," there existed an author capable of such restraint as to carry it through to the end with never another word about the foundling's identity. But there does. And his name, one you will recognize with pleasure, is E. TEMPLE THURSTON. At every fresh chapter of *The Greatest Wish in the World* (CHAPMAN AND HALL) I said to myself, "Now, surely, *Peggy* is going to turn out to be a long-lost somebody!" But she never did; and this is one of the many good points of a simple and tender little story. It is so simple that it can all be told in very few words. *Peggy*, thus left to the care of a delightful old Irish priest, *Father O'Leary*, is brought up by him and his housekeeper, *Mrs. Parfitt*, till she is old enough to fall in love with *Stephen Gale*, the sailor lodger in the house opposite. Then *Stephen* goes away in his ship and gets wrecked on a desert island with no posting facilities; and *Peggy*, mistaking grief for a vocation, is just about to enter a convent, when——. But naturally you guess what happens then.

Not that this is by any means the way in which Mr. THURSTON tells the tale; no synopsis of mine could do justice to a style of which the quaint irrelevancies and playful charm must be enjoyed for their own sake. I am not perfectly sure, though, that towards the end Mr. THURSTON has not permitted that same playful charm to run away with him for some little distance, to the extent, indeed, of giving possible offence to those for whom matters of religion are not amenable to such treatment, be it never so delicate. I hope not; for I should like everyone to find the book as pleasant as I have found it.

CHARIVARIA.

THE Bradford Chamber of Commerce is exhibiting at the Brussels Exhibition a series of tableaux illustrating our worsted industry. We fear, however, that foreigners are too well informed nowadays to believe that only one of our industries has been worsted. (NOTE.—This *jeu d'esprit* dates from the time of JOB'S comforters.)

* * *

An American gentleman who visited Paris at Whitsuntide failed absolutely to unravel the omnibus system, and is said to be still standing outside a shop which exhibits a notice, "*Stoppage*," wondering why the blamed things won't draw up.

* * *

Mr. JOHN CLAY, of Chicago, is about to undertake the mastership of the North Northumberland Hunt, and the hounds are said to be terrified lest someone shall give them the *sobriquet* of "The Potted Dogs."

* * *

A skating rink was opened at Chichester last week. It is the first place of amusement the town has had since the abolition of the old theatre more than half a century ago, and well-informed persons are requested not to tell the simple-minded inhabitants that rinking is now out of date.

* * *

"Outward appearances mean nothing," says Judge EMDEN; "nowadays they are more misleading than ever." Dishonest people with criminal faces are of the opinion that this great truth cannot be too widely circulated.

* * *

The coquettish straw roofs on the buildings in the Japanese Village at Shepherd's Bush have been greatly admired by lady visitors. There are dreadful rumours that a few smart people have bought options on them for next season's headgear.

* * *

Professor ADOLPHUS WAGNER considers that the immense hats now in vogue for women are a sign of decadence. We do not agree with the Professor. On the contrary, we remark with satisfaction the modern growth of that courage which is prepared to face any ridicule in a noble cause.

* * *

"Miss Emily Brown," we read in one of our well-informed newspapers, "has married Norman Provost, at Stamford, Conn., after a courtship which began before the American Civil War." A sex which is capable of such dogged perseverance and resolution as this is bound to go far.

* * *

In the list of contents of a Magazine devoted to the interests of the home, we notice the following item:—"Our New Baby—What is it like?" We can guess the real answer quite easily, but we dare not say it aloud.

* * *

Two more men appeared the other day in the police-court for being concerned in a safe robbery. It really looks as if there is no such thing as an absolutely safe robbery.

* * *

We had no idea what a powerful (and old-established) institution is *Lloyd's Register* until we came across in a book, the other day, a reproduction of a painting by Mr. BRANGWYN which bore the following title:—"Queen Elizabeth going on board the *Golden Hind* (By kind permission of the Committee of *Lloyd's Register*)."

* * *

A sign of the times. Notice in a bookseller's shop:—

LIFE OF COBDEN
Reduced to 1*s.* 9*d.*



"I SUPPOSE YOU'RE ONE OF THOSE IDIOTS THAT TOUCH WET PAINT TO SEE IF IT'S DRY?"
"NO, I'M NOT. I TOUCH IT TO SEE IF IT'S WET."

AN APPEAL.

THE following Round Robin has, we understand, been received at Bow Street:—

To the Magistrate, Bow Street.

DEAR SIR,—We the undersigned Old Offenders have a request to make, which we trust you will consider in the spirit in which it is proffered. For some years past we have been in the habit of riding from Bow Street to Holloway and other places in Black Maria, as every self-respecting lawbreaker must be prepared to do some day or other; and the police and gaol attendants will bear us out when we say that we have done our best to be cheerful on the ride and have behaved ourselves like gentlemen and ladies.

But, Sir, although we are prepared to go on doing our best, we think the time has come for a change. Look at the progress of science all around us. Look at the aeroplanes flying the Channel and the Marconi wireless system; look at the cinematoscope and colour photography. Most of all, look at the improvements in traction; which brings us to our point, and that is, as we humbly submit, that the moment has arrived for Bow Street to fall into line with other high-class establishments and substitute petrol for horses. In other words, what we want and what we believe we are entitled to have, is a motor Black Maria.

The advantages are easily enumerated and are all on your side—

(1) We should get there quicker.

(2) In busy times one engine would cost less than two horses.

(3) In slack times, when there was nothing doing, the engine would not be eating its head off.

We are ready to disregard the consideration that by performing the ride more rapidly we should have more time in prison. We do not want more time in prison, but we are proud of Bow Street and jealous of its good name, and we don't like to see it lagging behind like this.

Accept, Sir, our apologies if we have been too presumptuous or too long; and believe us to be, Yours faithfully,

[*Here follow ten signatures.*]

"MAMMOTH REMAINS AT FILEY."
Daily News.

As long as it does, we don't mind.

TO MY LADY ROSEMARY.

[NOTE.—Rosemary, from *ros marinus*, dew of the sea. The name is here used to signify the Unseizable, though the author admits that he has not had an opportunity of consulting the famous specialist, M. MAETERLINCK, as to the propriety of this symbol.]

MY Rosemary, or sea-dew
(Observe the note above),
How very much I need you
When I indite of love!
You are to me a mental prop,
A sort of guiding star,
And, but for you, my brain would drop
Some distance under par.

Precisely as the tom-tit
(I take a simple type),
Without a theme to prompt it,
Neglects to tune his pipe,
So it would be with this poor breast;
Without you, I should hush
My twittering larynx, or, at best,
Throw off the saddest slush.

Yours are the feet I follow;
Your beauty, none but yours,
Can fill, in me, the hollow
That Nature so abhors;
And, if to other lips and eyes
I turn a rhyme or two
For courtesy or exercise,
I mean it all for you.

Some women I could mention
Might easily have erred,
Misreading my intention,
Taking me at my word;
But you, thank Heaven, are not of such,
Not of their foolish brand
Who miss the light Platonic touch,
And *never* understand.

I speak as if I knew you,
But that is not the case;
Merely my thoughts pursue you
Content with just the chase;
I may not realise my dream,
Not in this tearful Vale,
But anyhow I have a Theme
When other topics fail.

Unlike the sailor's *Nancy*
Palpable on the quay,
You flit through realms of fancy,
Dew of a fairy sea;
And I may safely sing and sing
Your charms that cannot pall,
Because you are The Perfect Thing,
And don't exist at all!

O. S.

Conscription.

We draw the attention of middle-aged spinsters to the cheering statement of a witness before the Divorce Commission that "he would make it compulsory for everybody to be married at a registry office."

THE TARIFF THAT WAS REFORMED.

THERE was once (there was indeed) a Commercial Traveller who believed some things (not, of course, all) that he was told. There was also a Firm which, because it was an American firm, was the Greatest Ready-made Clothes Firm in the world. The beautiful suits, which the Firm sold wholesale to the retail tradesmen, were eventually bought by lucky and grateful individuals at 20 dollars apiece. Sometimes there was a discount for cash, but that discount was always small even for a discount, and as often as not a little bit was added on to the price before the little bit was knocked off. In the end the individual paid his 20 dollars, whether he knew it or not, and his friends, relations, female admirers, and business acquaintances never failed to hazard a guess that that suit was a very, very beautiful suit and darned cheap at the price.

The Firm sent the Traveller forth to book orders, warning him that the retailers were a rapacious class and that the suits could not be made with profit at less than 15 dollars. That price was to be the minimum he should accept in booking orders. There need be no maximum. Thus instructed, the Traveller set forth and, after some negotiations of a minor sort, he came to a Big City, where he was offered an order for 500 suits at 14 dollars apiece. "Your offer," he said, "is an absurd one. It leaves no margin of profit for the firm." Nevertheless, after a long argument, consisting of false deductions from inaccurate facts, he was persuaded to wire to his Firm. The Firm wired back, not after the manner of men incurring a heavy loss, "Accept offer."

At the next Big City he was offered an order for 700 suits at 13 dollars apiece. "We may," he said, "sell suits at cost price, but we are not philanthropists." Yet, upon wiring for instructions, he was again told to accept, and no mention made of philanthropy. And so, as he passed from Big City to Bigger City, the price fell from 13 to 12, from 12 to 11, and from 11 to 10 dollars, and all the while his private letters from home continued to refer to the Members of the Firm as prosperous, well-dressed, overfed men, very happy and given to continuous smiling. Finally, when in the Biggest City of all he received instructions (unaccompanied by foul language or even mild complaint) to accept an order for 1,000 suits at 8 dollars apiece, he walked out into the street in a mizmaze and was run over by a car.

The hospital doctors said his case was hopeless and asked him if he had any last wish he would like to mention, supposing that he might have some domestic affair with which he would like them to deal. "Wire to the Firm," said the Traveller, "and ask them to tell a dying man, who won't give the show away, what is the lowest price they really would take for those there twenty-dollar suitings."

Signs of the Times.

DECLINING REVERENCE FOR POTENTATES.

"MASTER OF THE HORSE.—Fresh smart man, recently twelve years with Prince ——; would entertain financial interest in any similar small concern where his abilities could be utilised to advantage."—*Advt. in "The Globe."*

It is only fair to Lord GRANARD to state that he knows nothing of the advertisement.

"A doctor, called as a witness, expressed the opinion that alcohol taken regularly in small quantities is much more dangerous than when taken in larger quantities at frequent intervals."
Sunday Chronicle.

However, as there is no conceivable opinion (idiotic or otherwise) which some doctor has not expressed, we shall continue to take our weekly glass of elderberry wine in preference to the more healthy half-hourly basin of gin.

"N. FILBURY (Southwark).—1. We prefer Brawn. 2. Arnold Warren, the Derbyshire Cricketer, is not Ben Warren, the Chelsea footballer."—*Athletic News.*

Additional Answers:—1. There's a good deal to be said for Pressed Beef. 2. Nor is he Arnold Ward, the Member for Watford.

"The rate of infantile mortality last year was 11 per thousand below that of the previous year, and was lower than in any year on record. Nothing could be more satisfactory."—*Westminster Gazette.*

With great respect, we beg to differ. We have worked it out, and believe that 12 would have been "more satisfactory."

"In the front of the vestibule is a window which can be raised on December 28, 1908, and April 14, 1910, while lowered."—*Glasgow Herald.*

As luck would have it, we were out of Glasgow on both those occasions.

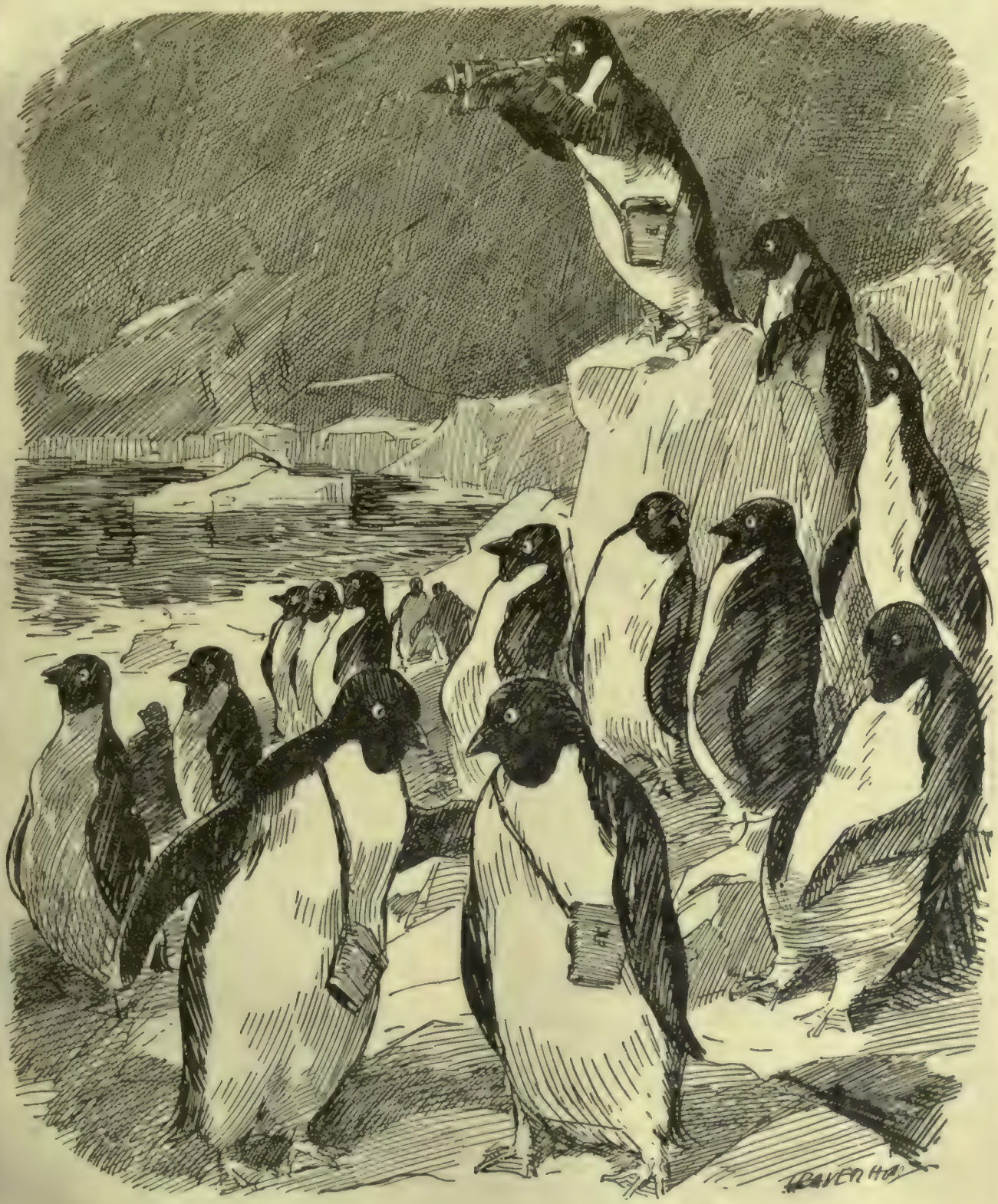
"The dancing season is upon us, and to quote the penny-a-liner the 'light fantastic toe is,' etc., etc."—*Buenos Aires Standard.*

"Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour."

From the Marriage Column of the *Yorkshire Observer*:—

"Boyce—Boys."

Ah, well, Boyce will be Boys.



THE START FOR THE POLE.

THE ANTARCTICS. "GREAT SCOTT, THEY 'RE OFF!"

[The *Terra Nova* is announced to sail from London on the South Polar Expedition on June 1.]



"SO YOU 'VE LOST THE TOSS, CYRIL?" "YES, BUT I WASN'T TRYING MY HARDEST."

"QUANTUM MUTATUS AB ILLO . . ."

[Halley's Comet has proved a bitter disappointment. All that could be seen of it in most parts of the world was an insignificant object, fainter than an ordinary star, surrounded by a slight filmy haze.]

CELESTIAL vagabond, you 've come at last,
Preceded by long columns of advertisement
That told us, pointing to your lurid past,
That by your visit some unlooked-for hurt is meant.

We took your splendours willingly on trust,
And read religiously those chatty articles
In which expectant scientists discussed
The composition of your caudal particles.

And now we 've seen you in the flesh; but, oh,
The bitter tale of Time's relentless ravages!
Candidly speaking, Sir, your present show
Should not alarm the most untaught of savages.

Where is that fiery "dagger in the sky"
That could so thrill the ancients and bamboozle 'em,
That once (unless the annal-mongers lie)
Spoke far from comfortably to Jerusalem?

Where is that blaze that hovered o'er the ship
Of Conquering BILL when, gazing at the heavens, he
Discerned a helpful omen for the trip
That landed him one fateful morn at Pevensey?

Must we believe that you are getting old
And past your work? Or have you been meandering,
Since last we saw you, in some amorous fold,
With countless bright-eyed planet-loves philandering?

Or, dallying in some Rum-and-Milky Way,
Or where the Three Stars make one chronic night of it,
Have you come staggering from the festal fray
Back to the Sun, but blinking at the sight of it?

Go, seek some skilled physician of the skies
And tell him what an awful state your head is in;
Show him your furry tongue, your bleary eyes,
And drain a brimming bumper of his medicine.

Then do another seventy-five years' slope;
And when your health is in its normal state—if I've
The fortune to be living still—I hope
To see you quite yourself in 1985.

"An incident which shows the continental temperament took place quite recently, when it is said that a large crowd which assembled in a public square at Turin to look for the new comet grew so impatient when it did not appear that they began to kiss."—*Townsville Evening Star.*

Townsville (Queensland) is not, as you might think from its name, a river or a mountain, but a city. And what it doesn't know about the "Continental temperament" it can guess.

"At the Hippodrome Mlle. Olga Preobrajenskaia is supported by twenty other dancers."—*Illustrated London News.*

Now at the Coliseum there are moments when M. THEODORE KOSLOFF supports Mlle. BALDINA all by himself. But then she hasn't such a big name.

"The high-collar (says the 'Globe' fashion writer) is quite gone, and every dress must end at the base of the throat."—*Yorkshire Evening Post.*

Which, really, is just about where you would expect it to begin.

GOSSIP OF THE WEEK.

"WE live in stirring times," said Charles as he folded up his paper. "ROOSEVELT has received a degree at Cambridge——"

"That 's nothing. So have I," interrupted Algernon.

"Edwardes Square is in a state of siege, Northamptonshire has made a record score of three hundred, and *The Daily Mail* publishes a special article urging the young men of England to emigrate."

"Is it called 'The Flight from Free Trade'?" asked Algernon innocently.

"That was last week—how very old-fashioned you are, Algernon. By the way, do you realise that there must have been a meeting at Cambridge yesterday as noteworthy as that between LIVINGSTONE and STANLEY, and that the papers say nothing about it?"

"I remember when I met my creditors for the first time——"

"I refer to the historic meeting between Colonel THEODORE ROOSEVELT and Mr. A. C. BENSON. What volumes they must have had to impart to each other after all these years! What a comparing of copy-books! How very, very plain the obvious must have become after they had thrashed it out together!"

"It reminds me of my efforts to bring HENRY JAMES and BART KENNEDY together," said Algernon. "I wanted them to collaborate in a novel, but there was a little difficulty. HENRY suggested that they should write alternate sentences, but BARTHOLOMEW thought that he ought to be allowed thirty-eight to every one of HENRY'S. So it fell through."

"I always suspect BART of being *Bradshaw*, and JAMES of drawing up leases and things for solicitors; but I may be wrong."

"Of course," said Algernon magnanimously, "it 's very easy to rag ROOSEVELT, but if one goes about making speeches all over the world one can't say anything very new each time."

"On the other hand, it is quite possible only to make one speech, and yet for that one to be very old."

"I suppose I 've got to hear about it," said Algernon resignedly.

"You have. It was at my private school. We had what was called an Impromptu Debate; each boy in turn drew a subject out of a hat and addressed the school upon it."

"Upon the hat?"

"Upon the subject. I drew 'Gymnastics,' and stood up absolutely speechless; until the boy next to me, who thought he knew what 'Im-prompt-u' meant, well, he — er — whispered to me, 'Gymnastics strengthens the muscles.' So I said very distinctly, 'Gymnathticth thtrengthenth the muthleth,' and sat down with the air of one who has disposed of the question."

"How interesting. Did they give you one good mark for neatness?"

"I 'm not quite sure. I rather fancy the whole school had potted meat for tea . . . . I did tell you, didn't I, that Northamptonshire had made three hundred? An episode for the Northampton Pageant of 2,000 A.D."

"Yes, but think of the Kensington Pageant of 2,000 A.D. 'Episode VIII.—The Battle of Edwardes Square. The Mayor of Kensington leads his troops to victory with the battle-cry "A Phillimore!" Major Derry's retreat. Gallant sortie by Captain Toms.' They 're sure to get it all wrong."

"I wish I lived in Edwardes Square," sighed Charles. "Or Marloes Road, or near the Mayor, or absolutely anywhere within a walk of Edwardes Square. Oh, how I 'd stare and stare and stare!"

"It 's very rude to stare," said Algernon. "But your little song reminds me of something. I don't know if you ever happen to talk about me to any of our friends——"

"Never. I think it would bore them."

"Well, if my name should happen to come up——"

"It 's all right, we should laugh it off somehow."

"I wish you 'd say that when you first knew me I had a house in Edwardes Square. Because I've been telling everybody that I used to live there. I find it gives one a sort of position."

"Is that quite as true as—as some of the things you say?"

"It isn't a question of truth, but a question of manners. You know that story of you and Lord ROSEBERY?"

"You mean that one about the pheasant, when he and I——"

"Yes. Well, whenever I tell that story I always tell it as of *me* and Lord ROSEBERY. It seems such impertinence to drag *your* name into a story told to somebody who has never seen you and has expressed no desire to hear about you. I can't insist on introducing my stray friends to everybody I meet."

"I may be your friend, though I shall have to re-consider the matter seriously after what you have just told me; but I am certainly not stray. And anyhow, what have these dredgings from the past got to do with Edwardes Square?"

"Why," said Algernon, "there is such an intimate note about the little stories of the Square which I tell, that they can only be assigned to some resident who knows every stone and blade and leaf in the place. And, as I object to dragging an absolute stranger into a private conversation for no better reason than that he lives at Edwardes Square, I have to assign them to myself."

"Overcome as I am by your confession," said Charles, "I have still strength left to ask you, who is the resident at Edwardes Square whose stories you are stealing?"

"In this case," said Algernon, "nobody; I make them all up myself."

A. A. M.

THE PENINSULA.

[The second crossing of the Channel in a monoplane, this time by M. DE LESSEPS, has revived the painful reflection that England is no longer an island.]

So you are spoofed again, Poseidon!
The barrier of bounding blue
That DRAKE and FROBISHER relied on,
That satisfied a NELSON'S view
(How much there was HORATIO never knew!)—

This has been vaulted twice. The tripper,
Returning from Dieppe or Rome,
No more shall murmur (o'er his kipper)
About "the sanctity of home,
The shores of England padlocked by the foam!"

The Cockney, when he eyes the billows,
Shall cease to feel his ancient trust
In men with hides like armadillos
(The triple bronze and oaken crust),
Who simply rule the deep because they must.

What boots it that our fleets are whopping
And *Dreadnought* types the ocean gird,
If aviators keep on popping
Across the Channel like a bird?
This is the second time the thing 's occurred.

In vain we arm the island fences
With sea-dogs, in the place of spikes,
For when this sort of joke commences
We need another brand of tykes
To hold the Olympian trough, the airy dykes.

Where we shall get them from I know not;
Whether a breed of boyish scouts
With angel wings (instead of bow knot)
Shall ease Britannia of her doubts
And stir the pathless air with eldritch shouts,—

Or something else; but one thing 's needed,
The ocean bulldog to assist,
When iron walls are superseded
And boundaries are mainly mist:
Sky-terriers of England, please enlist!

THE EQUALISER.

I WAS struck by his crafty little face and the interest which he showed in my friend's conversation. My friend was talking about the difficulty of getting level with life: with the people who charge too much, and with bad management generally; the subject having been started by a long wait outside the junction, which made our train half-an-hour late.

"How," my friend had said, "are we ever going to get back the value of this half-hour? My time is worth two guineas an hour; and I have now lost a guinea. How am I to be recouped? The railway company takes my money for a train which they say will do the journey between 11.15 and 12.6, and I make my plans accordingly. It does not get in till 12.36, and all my plans are thrown out. Is it fair that I am not recompensed? Of course not. They have robbed me. How am I to get equal with them?"

So he rattled on, and the little cunning eyes opposite us became more cunning and glittering.

After my friend had left, the little man spoke to me.

"Why didn't he take something?" he asked.

"What do you mean?" I said.

"Something from the carriage, to help to make up?" he said. "The window-strap for a strop, for instance? It 's not worth a guinea, of course, but it 's something, and it would annoy the company."

"But he wasn't as serious as that," I said.

"Oh, he 's one of them that talks but doesn't act. I 've no patience with *them*. I always get some, if not all, of my money back."

"How?" I asked.

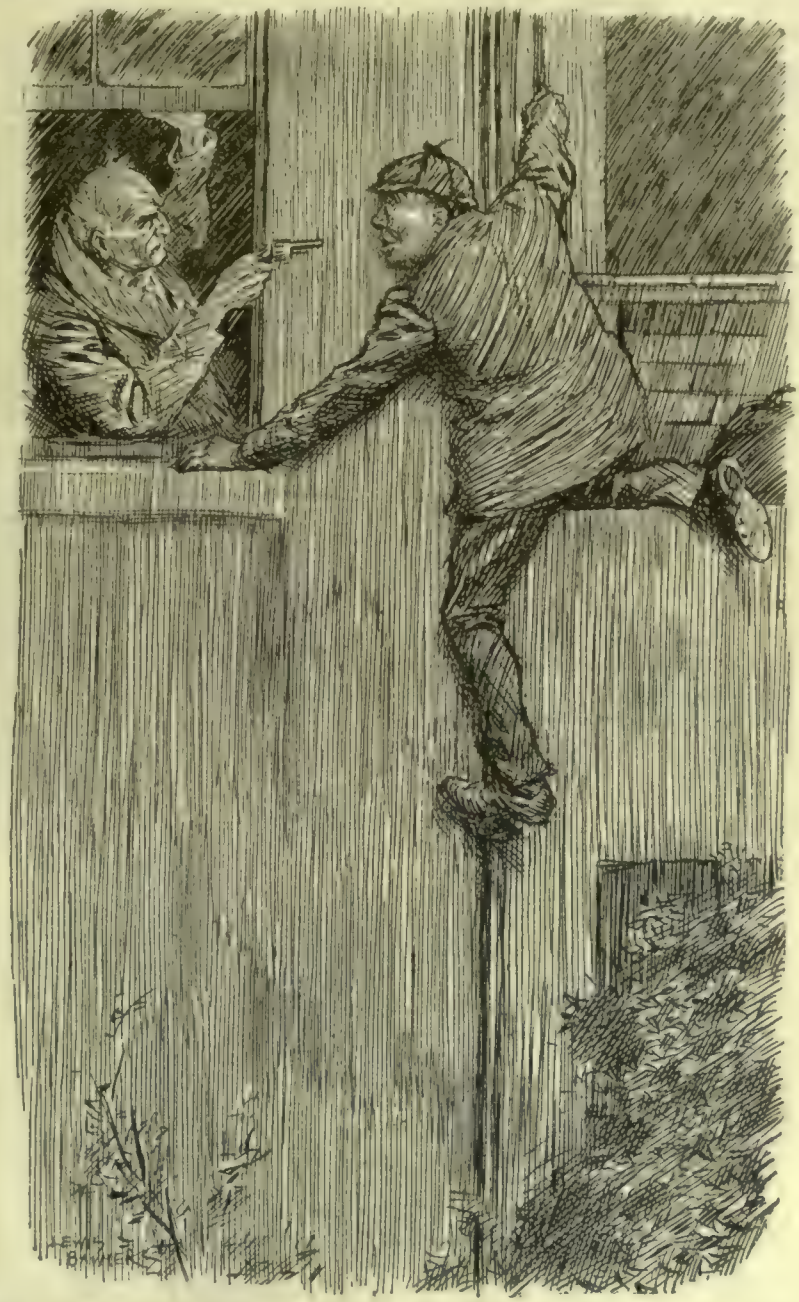
"Well, suppose it 's a restaurant, where I have to wait a long time and then get only poor food. I calculate to what extent I 've been swindled and act accordingly. A spoon or two, or possibly a knife, will make it right. I am scrupulously honest about it." He drew himself up proudly.

"If it 's a theatre," he went on, "and I consider my time has been wasted, I take the opera-glasses home with me. You know those in the sixpenny boxes; I 've got opera-glasses at home from nearly every theatre in London."

"No!" I said.

"Really," he replied, "I 'm not joking. I never joke. You tell your friend when you see him next. Perhaps it will make him more reasonable."

A LAST WORD ON HALLEY'S.—No further comet is needed.



Burglar (with sudden enthusiasm for astronomy). "'SCUSE ME, GUV'NER, CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE I CAN GET A VIEW OF THIS 'ERE COMET?"

THE FIRST FISHERMAN.

BESIDE a vast and primal sea
A solitary savage he,

Who gathered for his tribe's rude need
The daily dole of raw sea-weed.

He watched the great tides rise and fall,
And spoke the truth—or not at all!

Along the awful shore he ran
A simple pre-Pelasgian;

A thing primeval, undefiled,
Straightforward as a little child,—

Until one morn he made a grab
And caught a mesozoic crab!

Then—told the tribe at close of day
A bigger one had got away!

From him have sprung (I own a bias
To ways the cult of rod and fly has)
All fishermen—and ANANIAS!

Colonial Preference.

Seen in a shop window at Montreal:

ON VEND ICI À DEMI PRIX	Prices reduced 25 TO 30 PER CENT.

AVE, CÆSAR!

FULL in the splendour of this morning hour,
With tramp of men and roll of muffled drums,
In what a pomp and pageantry of power,
Borne to his grave, our lord, King EDWARD, comes!

In flashing gold and high magnificence,
Lo, the proud cavalcade of comrade Kings,
Met here to do the dead KING reverence,
Its solemn tribute of affection brings.

Heralds and Pursuivants and Men-at-arms,
Sultan and Paladin and Potentate,
Scarred Captains who have baffled war's alarms
And Courtiers glittering in their robes of state,

All in their blazoned ranks, with eyes cast down,
Slow pacing in their sorrow pass along
Where that which bore the sceptre and the crown
Cleaves at their head the silence of the throng.

And in a space behind the passing bier,
Looking and longing for his lord in vain,
A little playmate whom the KING held dear,
Cæsar, the terrier, tugs his silver chain!

* * * * *

Hail, Cæsar, lonely little Cæsar, hail!
Little for you the gathered Kings avail.
Little you reck, as meekly past you go,
Of that solemnity of formal woe.
In the strange silence, lo, you prick your ear
For one loved voice, and that you shall not hear.
So when the monarchs with their bright array
Of gold and steel and stars have passed away,
When, to their wonted use restored again,
All things go duly in their ordered train,
You shall appeal at each excluding door,
Search through the rooms and every haunt explore;
From lawn to lawn, from path to path pursue
The well-loved form that still escapes your view.
At every tree some happy memories rise
To stir your tail and animate your eyes,
And at each turn, with gathering strength endued,
Hope, still frustrated, must be still renewed.
How should you rest from your appointed task
Till chance restore the happiness you ask,
Take from your heart the burden, ease your pain,
And grant you to your master's side again,
Proud and content if but you could beguile
His voice to flatter and his face to smile?

Cæsar, the kindly days may bring relief;
Swiftly they pass and dull the edge of grief.
You too, resigned at last, may school your mind
To miss the comrade whom you cannot find,
Never forgetting, but as one who feels
The world has secrets which no skill reveals.
Henceforth, whate'er the ruthless fates may give,
You shall be loved and cherished while you live.
Reft of your master, little dog forlorn,
To one dear mistress you shall now be sworn,*
And in her queenly service you shall dwell,
At rest with one who loved your master well.
And she, that gentle lady, shall control
The faithful kingdom of a true dog's soul,
And for the past's dear sake shall still defend
Cæsar, the dead KING's humble little friend.

R. C. L.

* It has been announced that Cæsar will henceforth be cared for by the QUEEN-MOTHER.

THE OLD GENTLEMAN.

I CAN hardly describe to you the queer shock of surprise it gave me to meet him—after all these years. Of course, in a vague way I had always expected it, as a thing that was pretty well certain to take place some time or other. I had even gone so far as to form an idle picture of what he would probably be like; a flattering picture, I see now, wherein a venerable and almost patriarchal benevolence was choicely blended with the good-humoured sagacity of the philosopher. As I say, the idea of our meeting was one for which I was not altogether unprepared. But to find myself at last actually in the same room with him—I think I could have encountered the Pope of Rome with less emotion!

The manner of it was thus. I was calling that afternoon upon Marjorie's Aunt. Not that the fact of Her being Marjorie's Aunt had anything to do with my visit. So far from it, indeed, that until about halfway through the call I was even unaware of Her very existence in that capacity. There were, however, a thousand reasons why I should call upon Her which (in view of what happened later) need not now detain us.

Anyway, at one point in the conversation She said, smiling,

"I don't think you 've met my little niece, Marjorie?"

I admitted the misfortune.

"She 's the funniest little person!" said my hostess, smiling again (I am obliged to mention this; in my place you would understand why), "and keeps us all in fits. She 's staying here at present."

"Indeed!" I said, thinking about something else.

"Yes, I hope she 'll come in before you go. She 's so delightfully quaint about the people she sees in the street. She 's only seven, you know."

"Of course," I said heartily.

"Only yesterday," continued Marjorie's Aunt, "she convulsed the household with a really wonderful piece of acting. You know how windy it was? Well, if you 'd seen her imitation of an old gentleman running after his hat! I do hope she 'll get back in time to do it for you!"

I said at once and fervently that nothing could give me greater pleasure. It was a lie, but I said it. Honestly speaking, the prospect bored me. Even then, before I had any suspicion that the subject of the promised performance was *the* Old Gentleman himself. (Perhaps, to avoid misapprehension, I ought rather to have called him *my* Old Gentleman.) However—

"I know it would appeal to you," said Marjorie's Aunt. "You have such a keen sense of humour."

And then, before we could discuss this really interesting topic for more than a few precious minutes—

"Why, here is Marjorie," exclaimed her Aunt, to my extreme disappointment, as the door opened.

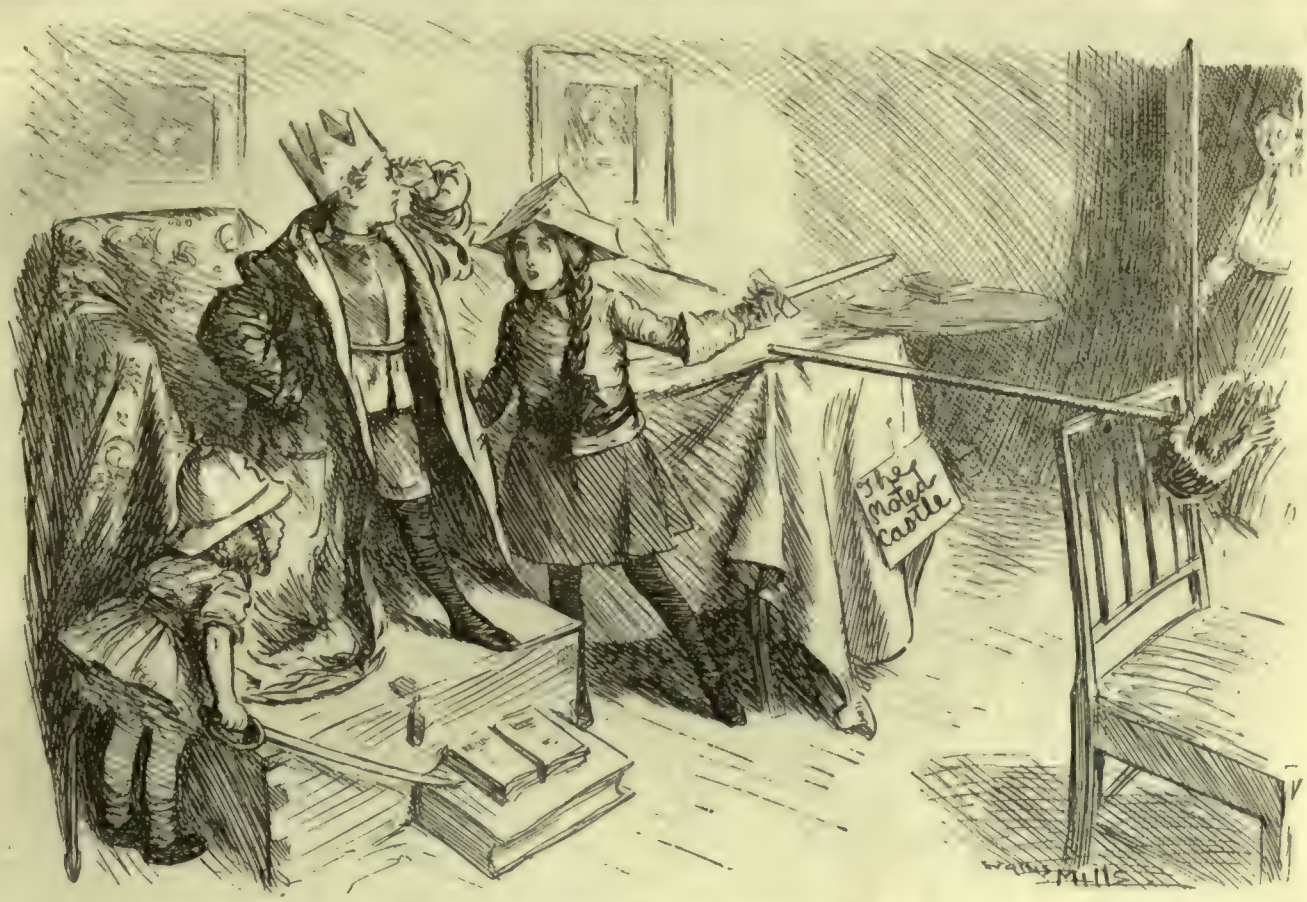
I am prepared to accept Marjorie's age at seven years, as stated. She gave me further the impression of consisting largely of white fluff, balanced upon a pair of black silk legs slightly too long for her. But I may be prejudiced.

"Well, darling," She said (not Marjorie, of course). "Had a nice walk? Come and say 'How-do-you-do?' to Mr. Smith."

Marjorie came forward at once. She may be an obedient child, but her smile is not a patch on her Aunt's.

She did not say, "How-do-you-do?" She said, speaking very distinctly, "I saw you in the street yesterday. You didn't see me. You did look funny running after your hat!"

So that is how I first met the Old Gentleman.



Bobby (feudal baron). "MINION, WHO COMES HITHER?"
Betty (enthusiastic vassal). "METHINKS, MY LORD, 'TIS THY SWORN FOE."
Peggy (younger ditto ditto). "MY LORD, *ME KNOWS* IT IS!"

WHAT CAMBRIDGE MAY EXPECT.

(*An Anticipatory Review from "The Daily Donald," Nov.* 5, 1910.)

CAMBRIDGE, like Oxford, is a many-facetted gem, and while other writers have dwelt on its spiritual and intellectual charms it has been reserved for Mr. Frank Screever in his *Chatter from Cambridge Commonrooms* to reveal to us a wholly unsuspected but none the less delightful aspect of his *Alma Mater*.

Good as he is in other respects, Mr. Screever is at his best in his accounts of the vagaries of those members of the University who afterwards became distinguished members of the Church. Truly exquisite are the account of the collection of door-knockers made by MILTON in his unregenerate days, and the humorous but little-known sonnet to his "gyp," which begins:—

"Jenkins, of frowsy parents frowsier son."

The episode of MILTON'S rustication, again, is told with a minute particularity which is quite bewitchingly sloppy. Anyone can write of dons and deans in their official and ceremonial aspects, but to present a true picture of them in mufti, or in the delicious dishevelment consequent on prolonged potations of audit ale or '34 port—that is a task which calls for the tasteful and alluring pen of Mr. Screever. For, after all, these are the things that matter—not class lists or prizes or the cloistral seclusion of the student, but strings of jolly stories revealing the common humanity that pulsates below the mortar-board and palpitates beneath the gown. So Mr. Screever, with a sure instinct, tells us about ERASMUS and the tobacconist's daughter; why GRAY was ducked in the Cam; how many men TODHUNTER invited to share a bottle of grocer's sherry when he became Senior Wrangler; why WHEWELL threw LIGHTFOOT out of the window; how GRAY climbed back into Peterhouse after attending a masked ball at Audley End; and what THOMPSON (the Master of Trinity) said after reading Mr. HALL CAINE'S first novel. On all these points Mr. Screever is marvellously well informed, and, addressing himself primarily and frankly to an audience who want not archæology but apocryphal anecdotes, he caters for their needs with an assiduity and irrelevance that are truly and wholly admirable. Books like these are the great lubricants of life. As a noble master of unction has beautifully put it, "they oleaginise the bearings of our horribly complex mental machinery." Only a gownsman and a man of superlative taste and good feeling could have given us that memorable vignette of the late Professor CAYLEY'S first experience of a safety razor.

Extract from the Closer Settlement (Amendment) Act, 1909, of New South Wales.

"Where the value so determined is greater than the amount of the offer or valuation referred to in paragraph (a), but is less than the amount of the claim of the owner aforesaid, the Crown shall pay to the owner as costs the amount to be fixed by multiplying the owner's taxed costs by a fraction of which the numerator is the amount by which the value determined by the court exceeds the offer or valuation aforesaid, and the denominator is the difference between the amount of the claim of the owner and the amount of the said offer or valuation."

Now, whose idea was that?



CONSULTING THE ORACLE.

Artemis (gazing into the crystal). "I SEE ROLLING DOWNS—CROWDS—POLICE—HORSES. THEY ARE RACING. THE HORSES ROUND THE BEND—THE JOCKEYS LASH THEM. THEY NEAR THE POST—TWO LEAD NECK AND NECK—A DEAD HEAT—NO—ONE OF THEM DASHES AHEAD AND WINS!"

Client. "YES, YES, BUT WHICH? WHAT ARE THE WINNER'S COLOURS?"

Artemis. "ALAS, I CANNOT TELL YOU! I AM COLOUR-BLIND!"

MY AEROPLANE.

I would not be a butterfly;
I envy not the bird
The wings that lift him to the sky;
I hope to have some by-and-by,
But that may be deferred.

Mere wings, for all the poets say,
Would be more toil than gain;
But, when the thing has "come to stay,"
When it 's quite safe, I hope I may
Possess an aeroplane.

The stranger beating at my door
Whom I have cause to shun
Would not annoy me as before;
I should not shiver at the bore
Or tremble at the dun,

But lightly to my rooftree spring,
And on mine airy craft
Serenely from their presence wing,
Leaving them there to knock and ring
Till they were dead or daft.

And then, to sally far and wide,
To see, as from a cloud,
The haunts of Privacy or Pride,
Places one wants to see inside
Because it 's not allowed;

The grounds about the ducal Hall,
The parvenu's abode,
The park, the palace—most of all
The nunnery behind the wall,
So baffling from the road,

In truth 'twould be a dear delight
These hidden realms to see;
But, oh, it is the secret night
When the advantages of flight
Mostly appeal to me.

There is a certain man I hate.
With divers plot and plan
I have schemed early and schemed late,
Seeking a just and adequate
Revenge upon that man.

Yet one by one they came to naught;
Some were too gentle; some
Involved the risk of being caught
(Which wouldn't do at all); I thought
My chance would never come.

But now—some night I hope to go
In one of these machines,
Armed with a good stout bomb; and oh,
Rapture! with any luck I 'll blow
That man to smithereens.

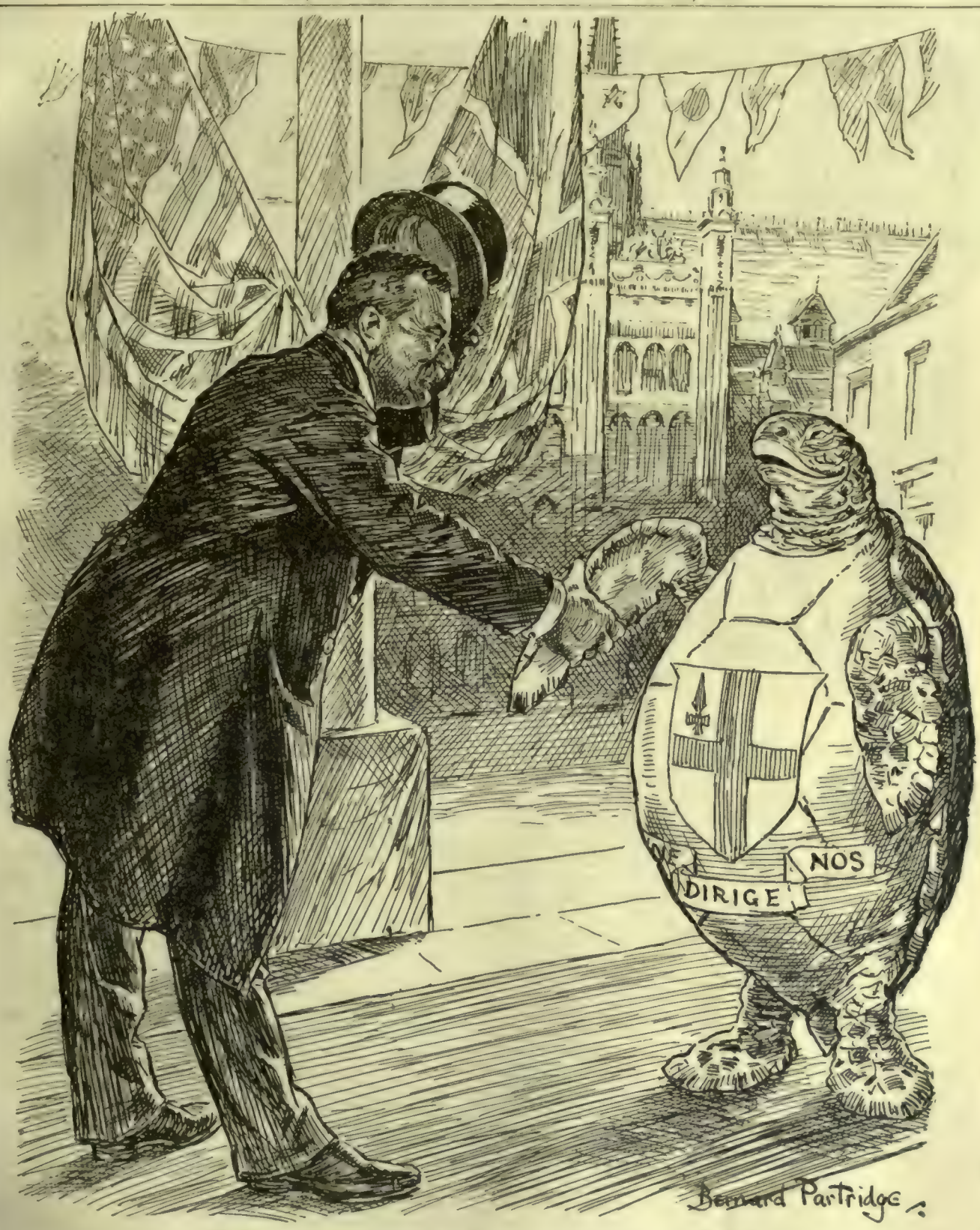
DUM-DUM.

The Slump in Cricket Enthusiasm.

From *The Morning Post's* account of the first day of the match between Surrey and Oxford University: "The weather was fine, but three was only a moderate attendance." If this total included *The Morning Post's* reporter, we certainly think that the time is ripe for a revival of interest in our great national sport.

"A London telegram says that a dispute has arisen between the Upper House of Parliament and the one down below."—*Chinese Daily Paper.*

We do not know who the gentleman is that is here described as "the one down below," but we regard the phrase as invidious.



THE "FREEDOM" OF THE CITY.

MR. ROOSEVELT. "MORNIN', BRER TERRAPIN!"
CITY TURTLE. "MORNIN', COLONEL! GUESS YOU AIN'T GOIN' TO LIE LOW AN' SAY NUFFIN'?"
MR. ROOSEVELT. "WELL, WHAT DO *YOU* THINK?"



FASHIONS FOR THE SEASON. No. 1.

IT IS RUMOURED THAT THE MAN ABOUT TOWN MAY POSSIBLY ADOPT THE PRACTICE, SO FASHIONABLE AMONG LADIES, OF CARRYING A DOG; BUT WITH A DIFFERENCE, THE RULE BEING—THE LARGER THE DOG THE SMARTER THE MAN.

THE "BACK TO THE LAND THEATRE."

WE are in the position of being able to announce the decision of a millionaire *impresario*, who for the present wishes to remain anonymous, to organise and finance a theatrical company on entirely new lines.

The Aldbourne Players are actuated by the noble desire of leading our urban population back to the sweet simplicity of rural life. The nameless millionaire is impressed with the necessity of supplementing this salutary process by educating the dwellers in remote villages up to the level of the most advanced and sophisticated metropolitan culture.

To this end he proposes to send out his Missionary Theatre to play the most emancipated dramas in villages of not more than five hundred inhabitants.

Interviewed by our representative at his noble mansion in Park Lane on Friday, Mr. X. thus briefly outlined his intentions.

"My repertory," he began, "includes the leading plays of TOLSTOI, IBSEN, ECHEGARAY, HAUPTMANN, SUDERMANN, D'ANNUNZIO and MAETERLINCK, all of which I propose to present in the tongues in which they were originally written. As the company embraces Russians, Scandinavians, Spaniards, Germans, Frenchmen and Italians, the claims of linguistic efficiency will be fully met."

"Will not this involve considerable expense?"

"Undoubtedly. I estimate that my salary list alone will come to £10,000 a week. Fortunately money is no object, and I am prepared to lose £300,000 in the first year of my enterprise."

"How do you propose to find suitable theatres in these small villages?"

"Very easily. I have already ordered a travelling theatre to be constructed capable of accommodating the largest audience likely to assemble in any of these centres. But even if the attendance is only a hundred or so I anticipate most valuable results as affecting the art of my company. To play habitually to large audiences is demoralising. As GIBBON says, solitude is the school of genius."

"Will any new plays form part of your repertory?"

"Certainly. I have commissioned Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT to write a play on the working man. Then I have been promised a Burlesque Tragedy by Mr. SHAW called *King Lear of Limerick*. I am also in treaty with Mr. ROOSEVELT for a Homiletic Extravaganza, and with Mr. GRAHAME-WHITE for a Comedy of the upper air."

"Will music enter into your scheme?"

"Oh, yes! I have retained the services of a German Conductor, an orchestra of 100 players, and a Russian *Corps-de-Ballet* headed by Mmes. Tchitchikoff, Goremykin, Ceritoski and MM. Bobolinski and Popoff. On this alone I expect to lose £15,000 in the first few months. But, after all, wealth has its duties as well as its privileges. To inoculate the down-trodden victims of our tyrannical squirearchy with a tincture of cosmopolitan culture is at least a noble aspiration, and my scheme has the approval, amongst others, of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, Mr. IMRÉ KIRALFY, PIERRE LOTI and Mr. JOHN PAGE HOPPS."

STORIES FOR SKIPPERS.

THE LEGEND OF GRAYLING TOWERS.

ON the edge of a forest, beyond the fair fringes of which a city's smoke curled like dream-vapours, separated from a sheet of rush-bordered water by three terraces and a sun-dial, its lichened wings facing all points of the compass, stood Grayling Towers. If the heroic eyes that lined its walls could have had their sight restored to them, they would scarcely have recognised the corridors through which, generations ago, they had been wont to roam. Sir Mostyn Merridale, resp'endent on his cream palfrey . . . . .

And here, in this woodland spot, Gertrude would weave her fancies and dream of her deceased ancestors, wondering whether the age of chivalry were truly as dead as they . . . . .

"Oh," cried Gertrude, before this sudden apparition.

"I hope I didn't frighten you," said the stranger. He was a light-headed, broad-shouldered man, and his honest features twinkled with good-nature.

"Oh, no," replied Gertrude, blushing despite herself. "My name is Gertrude Merridale. I live with my father over at Grayling Towers yonder. We are giving a big ball to-night. Sir Hugh is coming. I hate him. I must go."

"Gertrude," breathed the young man, softly. The woods . . . . .

Ah, how this handsome stranger filled her mind! Downstairs, in the great hall to which she must presently descend, she would laugh and sing and do her father's bidding; but her heart would be in the woods, beating wildly at memory of that one poignant moment. There, across the lake, rose vapoury visions of a forgotten past. There, across the lake, flitted faint forms, dim dancers in the twilight. There, across the lake . . . . .

"Oh, how could you, how could you!" cried the flushing girl.

"Gad, tempting butterfly, but I could again!" laughed Sir Hugh, chasing her round the summer-house.

"Oh," cried Gertrude, now thoroughly suffused, "*you cad!*"

"Sir Hugh Mapleson, baronet, gentleman, and blackguard," thundered a voice behind them, "may I show you a remarkable white poppy that grows at the far end of the lake?" . . . . .

Two shots rang out as one. A nightbird rose from the rushes, adding its weird music to echoing death. Then a stifled voice hissed, "Curse you!"

It was Sir Hugh's voice—the voice of the blustering braggadocio who, only a few hours previously, amid the . . . . .

There he lay, bleeding profusely by the once-white poppy, while his rival bent grimly over his writhing form.

"Do you know me at last, Sir Hugh?"

"Great Heavens! Gregory Mostyn Ford Maddox Price Carruthers Montmorency!" exclaimed the other.

G. M. F. M. P. C. Montmorency smiled, for it was indeed he. Then he turned and walked rapidly towards Grayling Towers.

But a figure rose from the earth and followed him!

A time comes in the life of every man when . . . . .

"Of course," said Wetherby, breathing upon the pan and polishing it, "the ways of 'igh life ain't all chocolate éclair."

The maid glanced fretfully from side to side. Would he never come back? He had pledged his word that only death itself would keep him from her, but his eyes had twinkled, and she knew that if he "got going" undisturbed among the left sweets she would have to do all the washing up herself. *Why* didn't Wetherby . . . . .

He was pale, but, thank God, alive.

"I have killed Sir Hugh," he said simply. "I, a stranger, have done your father's friend to death. What have you to say?"

"Oh, brave heart," she whispered, creeping close. "Do you think it matters to me what you have done or who you are? I love you for yourself alone."

"Joyous hour!" he cried, clasping her. "Now may I reveal myself, now that I know how you love me. I am your cousin, G. M. F. M. P. C. Montmorency!"

"Gregory!" she breathed. A soft light shone in her eyes, as a maze of memories, flitting like fairies through the vapoury vistas of the past . . . . .

"Be calm, dear heart," he answered. "Your father 's glad. He never really liked Sir Hugh, and I'm the youngest son of his favourite sister, though I always imagined that he cherished an unnatural prejudice against me. And I remind him of his mother. How mistaken we can be in these good old men, Gertrude."

A golden minute passed. It seemed . . . . .

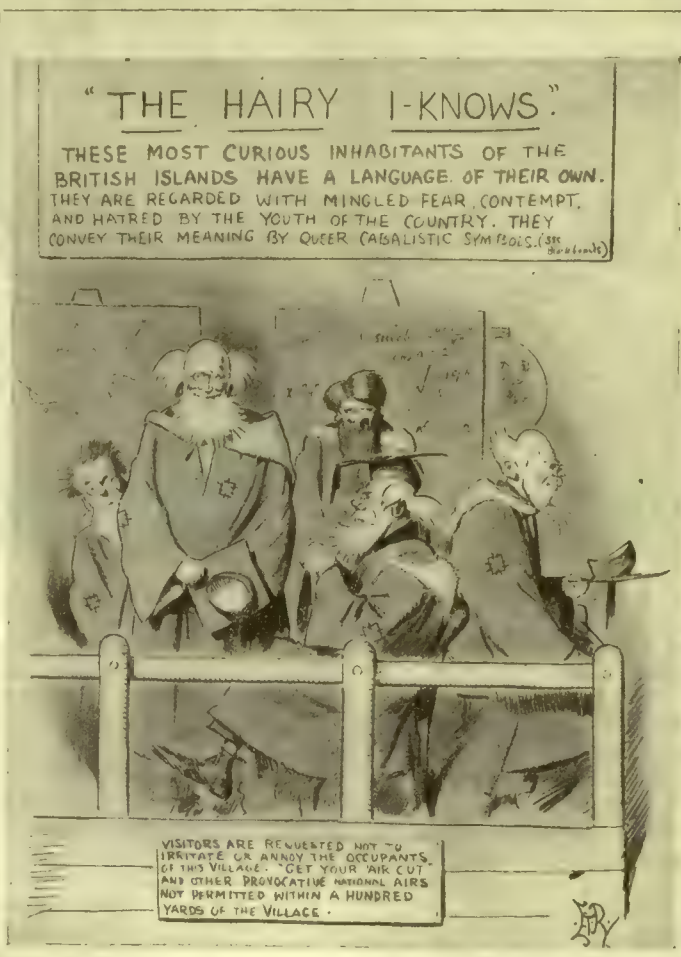
Suddenly she raised her queenly head. "Do you smell gas?" she asked.

"No. Yes, a little. A lot. Heavens, I choke! The door 's locked! Open the window!"

She did so, and Sir Hugh's body rolled in.

"You, you!" cried Montmorency, stamping on him.

"Stamp away, stamp away," gloated Sir Hugh. "The door 's locked. I 've



LOVELY ENGLAND. SIDE-SHOWS MERCIFULLY OMITTED FROM THE JAPAN-BRITISH EXHIBITION.

No. I.—THE PRIMEVAL VILLAGE.

eaten the key. It 's a drop of eighty feet from the window, and we 'll all be asphyxiated."

Gertrude ran round and round, and then swooned. Montmorency fell exactly by her side. Sir Hugh crawled over to them. A sudden change swept across his face.

"Did *I* do this?" he cried, aghast at what he saw. "So young—so fair—so tender!"

He stared helplessly around. Then, seizing a knife, he planted it in his flattened chest.

FOG GOLF.

[*Author.* When are you going to publish my fog story?

Editor. Too late. The fog season 's over.

Author. Well, why didn't you publish it during the season?

Editor. I was waiting for a fog, and there weren't any.

Author. Perhaps there aren't ever going to be any fogs again. So there 's no sense in waiting any longer.

Editor. Oh, very well.]

FOR this sport there are three essentials—a fog, a golf-course, and two enthusiastic lunatics. My uncle is neither a golf-course nor a fog, but—well, every Saturday morning he is accustomed to meet his old friend Bolter in a round of golf *à outrance*. Both are twenty handicap men, but the affair is conducted with the solemnity of a championship. The stake, half-a-crown, never varies, and forfeit is exacted if either combatant is absent.

One Saturday he remarked at breakfast, "I want you to help me with my clubs to-day, my boy." (My uncle does not care for professional caddies. He dislikes their manner of smiling, in which he traces a supercilious air. Mr. Bolter's must be either a greater nature or a more callous one.)

We were breakfasting by gaslight, owing to the thick yellow fog that rolled outside the windows. I seldom argue with my uncle, because he does not like it, but I looked my amazement.

"Yes, yes, I know!" he said testily. "There *is* a little mist. Well, it may frighten Bolter into paying forfeit. He is five shillings up!"

* * * *

The fog seemed to have thickened when we reached the clubhouse. It crept into your eyes and stung. My uncle found his clubs, and we groped our way towards the first tee. As we approached it, a muffled voice came to our ears out of the clinging vapour.

"I shall wait five minutes more, my lad," it said triumphantly, as though in answer to a protest. "After that, I shall claim forfeit!"

Two nebulous figures, a large and a little one, became discernible. They resolved into Mr. Bolter and a small, red-haired, shivering caddy. At sight of each other the faces of my uncle and Mr. Bolter fell. It appeared that both had hoped for forfeit. I know that *I* had, and I fancy that the caddy had been clinging to a similar wistful aspiration.

Our principals bowed coldly to each other. Off the golf-course they are old and dear friends; upon it they assume the bearing of duellists. Mr. Bolter took the honour. He is the untrammelled type of driver that rises slowly upon both toes, and then leaves the ground altogether at the moment of problematical impact with the ball. His wholehearted style tends to variety. Upon this occasion chance willed that he should hit the missile.

"It felt straight and clean," he remarked to his caddy with pleasant optimism. "We should have no difficulty in finding it."

The child answered unemotionally that Mr. Bolter had achieved a short high slice. He added that they might find the ball, and then again they mightn't. It struck me that there was probably Scotch blood in his puny body. Mr. Bolter appeared annoyed and disappointed.

My uncle relies for his drive (with perhaps misplaced confidence) upon a short, quick, powerful jerk. The tawny, remorseless fog engulfed his ball.

"A clinker, Harry!" he cried exultantly. "One of the very best, wasn't it?"

Silently I led my uncle away to the



NO, THIS IS NOT THE VICTIM OF A RELENTLESS CUSTOM HOUSE, BUT AN ABSENT-MINDED WEEK-ENDER, WHOSE RETURN TICKET IS SOMEWHERE IN THE SUIT HE WENT DOWN IN.

left. Both of us, despite his incurably sanguine nature, knew that in all human probability he had pulled. He *always* pulls—except when he clean misses, or when there is more danger in slicing. Before we had gone six paces Mr. Bolter and his small victim were invisible.

My instinct had not failed me. Unerringly, like some trained and patient hound, I led my uncle along the left-hand hedge, and there in the ditch we found his ball. He did not appear over-grateful to my instinct.

That first hole is always a long one. To-day it seemed somehow to have been lengthened. Sooner or later you should come to a pond across which you have to play. Everything looked altered and unreal in the fog. I will say for my uncle that we did not have much trouble in finding his ball after each stroke.

"Short, straight, steady play is needed to-day, Harry!" he kept saying . . . But somehow we did not come to the pond.

The next thing that I remember is finding ourselves upon a green. I removed the pin, and my uncle holed out and picked up with some quiet triumph. Nothing in the least offensive, you understand. But—"Where's Bolter?" he asked, with just a trace of superiority.

"Where's the pond?" I rejoined, for a horrid doubt had come to me.

"We must have gone right round it," my principal answered hopefully. "Good Lord! . . . I do believe this is the *sixth* green!"

It was, and my uncle had handled his ball and lost the hole. We made a wide cast to the right, my uncle frankly grumpy, and I more than ever convinced that a compass and someone who understood the use of it were essential.

"We must be near the pond," he said at last. "Do I or do I not hear splashing and violent language? Yes, by the Lord, there's someone in the water!"

It was Mr. Bolter. It appeared that he had walked straight into the pond. Fortunately, from a humane point of view to which Mr. Bolter neglected to give expression, his caddy had been warned in time by his first scream. Mr. Bolter cheered up on hearing that we had lost the hole; his caddy seemed to think that even tears were vain.

"You are very wet, Bolter," my uncle said solicitously. "If you would rather abandon the match and pay forfeit——"

"I am one up!" Mr. Bolter answered very curtly, and led the way vaguely towards the second tee. We found it quite by chance after a protracted search.

Both of them drove, apparently in the same direction, but we could not find my uncle's ball. Mr. Bolter, a being in whom golf brought out the basest instincts of humanity, made but a half-hearted effort to assist us in the search. He went back to his own ball and played it three times within a space of twenty yards. As we searched on, my uncle suddenly gave a short shriek of pain. A ball had sailed out of the fog and had struck him a stinging blow. A blurred shape came running towards us. It was Mr. Bolter.

"I am sorry for hitting you," he said triumphantly, "but I am afraid I must claim the hole! You were in front of me, and the rules are clear upon the point."

My uncle could only gobble with excusable rage. I, too, felt that the case was hard. Then his eye fell upon the missile that had struck him, and he gave a yell of triumph.

"By heaven, Bolter, you've played with my ball, more than once!" he howled. "It's my hole, after all."

Mr. Bolter's jaw fell. "I'm afraid you're right," he admitted dolefully. "That makes us all square, and—and I fancy my caddy has run home!"

"Mine is still here," responded my uncle, glancing at me with the complacence of a successful trainer of lions. "However, I will accept no advantage over you, Bolter——"

"Perhaps he can carry for us both?" suggested Mr. Bolter hopefully.

And it was then that I followed slavishly the example set by that intelligent, red-haired Scottish child.

Our Foreign Friends.

La Argentina heads its account of the re-played Cup tie (if you can remember as far back as that),

"EL NUEVO JUEGO DE BUSTLING"

—apparently because, in the report as cabled in English, it said that "Barnsley played a bustling game." The account ends up—

"Shepherd hizo un juego magnifico.
Burst, segundo, fué multado."

In case you have forgotten your Spanish we may say that this means:

"Shepherd played a magnificent game. Burst, second, was fined."

Burst, however, was not really fined for being second; the explanation seems to be that SHEPHERD scored the second goal with a fine burst.

It is now your turn to help us. In an advertisement in *The Boston Herald* we read:—

"A few whiffs of the poppy or a couple of jabs often turn the knob in such a manner that you think you see things in dope form."

Though we are always glad to translate Spanish for you, we confess to only a smattering of American.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

(Dr. POCOCK, rector of a Manchester college, blames bad cooking for the fact that many men take to drink.)

Do try, my dear "Intended,"
To grow exceeding smart
At all that 's comprehended
In "culinary art;"
Peruse the book of BEETON,
Therein becoming versed,
Lest later on I find the things I 've eaten
Provocative of thirst.

The pangs of indigestion,
Although they hit me hard,
Could never make me question
The depth of your regard;
'Tis no such terror haunts me,
From that I would not shrink,
But dipsomania, darling, really daunts me;
I do not want to drink.

A cooking course can clearly
And certainly be shown
Advisable, not merely
For my sake but your own;
For at some future time, love,
So logical folk are,
They 're almost sure to reckon yours the crime, love,
If I stand at the bar.

THE WEAKLING.

"THIS, Sir," said the Attendant, "is a stationer's shop, but we do not sell stations. Envelopes, paper-fasteners, gum, notebooks, calendars, and, if you desire it, more gum; but no termini."

"Ah," said George, "then I am afraid we shall not negotiate to-day. To tell you the truth, I looked in to enquire the way to the Town Hall. Born as I was of rich but humble parents and educated among congenial surroundings, it early fell to my lot to make the acquaintance of your fellow-townsman, William Taylor. I will not tire you with the details of his career; I will simply state that, fired as he ever was with a passion for Town Halls, he eventually took office in your Rate Collecting Department. Incidentally he always goes out to lunch at half-past one, and it is now twenty minutes past. Need I say more?"

"You need not, Sir," said the Attendant, "for you have already said quite enough to convince us that what you really need is a fountain pen."

George rose from the seat on to which he had been thrust, and requested silence. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, addressing himself to the staff in general, "I stand here for the liberty of the subject. I base my appeal to you upon those traditions of independence and self-government so dear to the hearts of Englishmen. I demand pro-



Cabby (to Motor-driver, who is slightly disorganising the traffic). "WHY DON'T YER BRING YER OWN YARD TO TURN IN?"

tection for the individual against the oppression of the fountain pen. Man, as I confessedly am, of few principles and unaccustomed to hard swearing, yet have I taken my oath that upon principle I would not be compelled by advertisement into the purchase or perusal of halfpenny papers, the buying of notorious tooth-pastes, the burdening of my person with never-to-be-sufficiently-overrated fountain pens. With shame I confess . . . I say, I confess with shame . . ."

"Fetch the gentleman a glass of water," said the Attendant.

George drank and continued: "I was weak. The hoardings were persistent and merciless. I bought the paper once. I bought it again, and then it took to coming of itself to my front door every morning. Finally I even read it. Did that concession to my weakness save me? Did I thus effect a compromise with the tyrant? No. That very paper, whispering insidious eulogies into my ear in my more genial and less vigilant moments, itself induced me to take the second step on the downward stage. Briefly, I fell again, and the teeth which I cannot mention without showing are now daily corroded with the compound in question. So far, so bad. But my waistcoat pocket is yet innocent of fountain pens. May it not remain so? Of the once false step which brought me into this shop shall the penalty be inevitable? Ladies and gentlemen, you, who are justly proud of the few among those New Year resolutions taken by you on January the first which were not broken on January the second, you I implore to let me leave this shop a self-respecting citizen, a man of my word, proud in the possession of nothing worse than a lead pencil, fitted with a reversible lead, made in England and patented abroad."

Amid a buzz of applause, the Attendant buttoned his coat to reply. "It is with the greatest pleasure and not a little feeling of personal unworthiness that I rise to thank our distinguished customer for his eloquent address. It is with increased satisfaction—and I am certain that I speak as well for my colleagues as myself—that I now proceed to show him a selection of those fountain pens which in happier circumstances he might already have bought and waited in vain for years to catch leaking. It would be an insult to his intelligence and an unnecessary reflection upon our own methods, were I to add that we make this display only for his entertainment and with no desire to force him into an unwilling purchase."

Thus, after a brief but shameful ceremony, George left that shop, forsworn and unprincipled, bulging, moreover, with ten-and-sixpence worth of vulcanite. Further, owing to the unnecessary length of the Attendant's speech, he arrived at the Town Hall to find William gone out to his lunch.

"Like Niobe, 'Captain' Falcon was all smiles."—*Athletic News.*

See the new popular version of *Niobe* with the happy ending. Happy FANNY FIELDS in the name part. Roars of Laughter. Box Office, 10 to 10.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN *Fortune* J. C. SNAITH has chosen an attractive title for a captivating tale, an adventure-story of mediæval Spain; and the allowance of fights, escapes, and general swashbuckling in his pages would be generous at three times the price (2*s.*). The hero, *Miguel Jesus Maria de Sarda y Boegas*, setting out in chapter one to conquer fate on a capital of ten crowns, an old horse and an older sword, is a figure assured beforehand of at least one easy victory—over the hearts of the reading public. His perils are legion, and all of the right breathless variety. Falling in by the way with two fellow-adventurers, a Cornish giant, *Sir Richard Pendragon*, and a mysterious *Count de Nullepart*, the young Spaniard journeys to the castle of *Countess Sylvia*, in whose service the three perform many strange exploits, amongst them the kidnapping of the King of Castile in a sack. Almost every chapter seems to begin with the comment, "We were now indeed in dire straits," nor do I think that the promise of these delightful openings is ever falsified. *Sir Richard Pendragon* himself is an entirely priceless person, and, as I am sure Mr. SNAITH'S love for him equalled my own, I have hopes that our parting at the end of the book is but temporary. Meanwhile, for author and publisher (NELSON), *Fortune* should be as good as its name.

There is, it appears, quite a number of nice people in this country, and they are all Roman Catholics. Most of them are just ordinary nice people, but a few, a very few, have a call for the life religious which they are bound to obey; as for the rest of the population of Great Britain it is either hopelessly stupid or hopelessly frivolous and shallow. Accept these premisses and I can guarantee that you will thoroughly enjoy *A Winnowing* (HUTCHINSON), which is the title of ROBERT HUGH BENSON'S latest novel; in any case you will admit the cleverness of the writer's descriptions, whether of scenes or psychological crises. Nor is there any lack of excitement, for in the first few pages one of the principal characters dies for a few moments as the result of a fall (it is this that leads him to fancy erroneously that he is fitted for monastic vows) and then comes to life again. I do not think that this has been done in a romance before. I feel compelled to state, however, that if you are as cantankerous as I am, and reject Father BENSON'S primary assumptions, you may be annoyed now and then at the bitterness with which he paints the portraits of unbelievers. Take, for instance, *Mr. Fakenham*. "He carried in his left hand a small silver match-box with 'Jim' engraved upon it in a feminine writing. I have no idea who gave it him; perhaps he bought it. His right hand held a small round Turkish cigarette"—which leaves me vaguely wondering whether good Catholics smoke large square Virginia cigarettes, and if so, where on earth, or even beyond it, they procure them.



BOOMING THE ATTRACTIONS OF COUNTRY LIFE.

SUGGESTED UNIFORM FOR TICKET-COLLECTORS ON THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAYS.

The Bolster Book (MILLS AND BOON), in offering itself for judgment, presents a difficulty. It is admittedly a "funny" book, containing forty-four prose articles, with here and there a rare—a too rare—verse. It is conceived in a vein of cheery sarcasm and naïve familiarity with great persons of the moment. It abounds in jokes, good, bad and indifferent. But who shall say which jokes are which? For instance,

> "Oh, wad some pow'r the gi'tie gie us
> To see some folks before they see us,"

made me laugh incontinently for a moment and smile amiably for a day. It may leave you comparatively cold. You may even say, "O heavens, the man is trying to be facetious." On the other hand, where I almost yawned, you may be dangerously convulsed. Captain HARRY GRAHAM, however, insists on being heard in his own defence: "This volume is primarily designed to minister to the needs of all who are strangers to the arms of Morpheus. Every chapter has been chosen on its merits as an aid to slumber." He demands, in short, to be tried by a jury of those "who toss feverishly upon wakeful couches, vainly wooing slumber throughout the interminable hours" of night. So I leave the case to a jury of insomniacs, strongly advising them, if they have an occasional doubt, to give Captain GRAHAM the benefit of it.

Let me confess that when I began to read *A Book of the Black Forest* (METHUEN) I did not expect to be either interested or entertained. I have never been to the Black Forest, I had also a feeling that I did not wish to go, and—as regards guide-books—I knew of only one living author who could at once saturate me with information and delight me with his humour. But now that the book is read I agree with the publishers that it is "an ideal companion," although when I set out upon my pilgrimage I shall want C. E. HUGHES in a pocket edition. Another country has been added to the lands of desire, and for this I offer my gratitude to the author. He is a collector of, and an epicure in, legends, and his remarks about them are invariably quaint and amusing. He knows well enough how to mix fact with fancy, and just as routes and roads are making you feel hot and weary you will find yourself wafted away to some cool and romantic spot. Two maps and numerous excellent illustrations add to the enjoyment of a bulky but delightful book.

CHARIVARIA.

THE war party in Germany, we hear, is now declaring that one has not had to wait long to see the deplorable effect of the expression by the KAISER of certain peaceable sentiments to M. PICHON. Had His Majesty's fist been mailed it would have been impossible for an insect to sting his hand.

* * *

Mr. JOHN GLOVER, a Socialist, was fined two pounds last week for taking a sun-bath in the public road. This discovery that luxuries are only for the rich is scarcely calculated to cure Mr. GLOVER of his Socialism.

* * *

From Lisbon comes the news that, during a bull-fight at Santarem, a bull leaped over the barrier and tossed a number of the spectators. Frankly, we like to think that every bull has his day.

* * *

One cannot but admire the happy thought of the enterprising manufacturer of fireworks who, since the Halley failure, has been advertising:—"Please note that my Comets are still the best."

* * *

"More than 6,000 season ticket-holders live at Southend," states a contemporary. It would be interesting to know what there is about this town which exerts such a peculiar fascination over holders of season tickets.

* * *

Are we getting less touchy? We noticed the following heading in *The Sunday Times* last week:—

ROYAL BOTANIC SOCIETY
FELLOW REFUSED A HEARING,

but have heard of no libel action as a result. Not so long ago to say to a man, "You are a fellow, Sir," would have been treated as a deadly insult.

* * *

The Cheshire nightingale which attracted thousands of persons each night last summer to a wood near Audlem has, *The Express* informs us, made a welcome reappearance at Aston, near Nantwich, and already many people are flocking to listen to its song. The local Sabbatarian party is said to be considering what steps should be taken to stop the concert on Sundays.

A medical contemporary gives particulars of what it calls a "Beauty Cure." This seems a pity. Beauty is not so common that one should try to find a remedy for it.

* * *

The question whether there were dentists in pre-historic days would now seem to be solved. A heap of teeth and tusks of antediluvian beasts has been discovered by men at work on the tube station under the Place de l'Opéra in Paris.

* * *

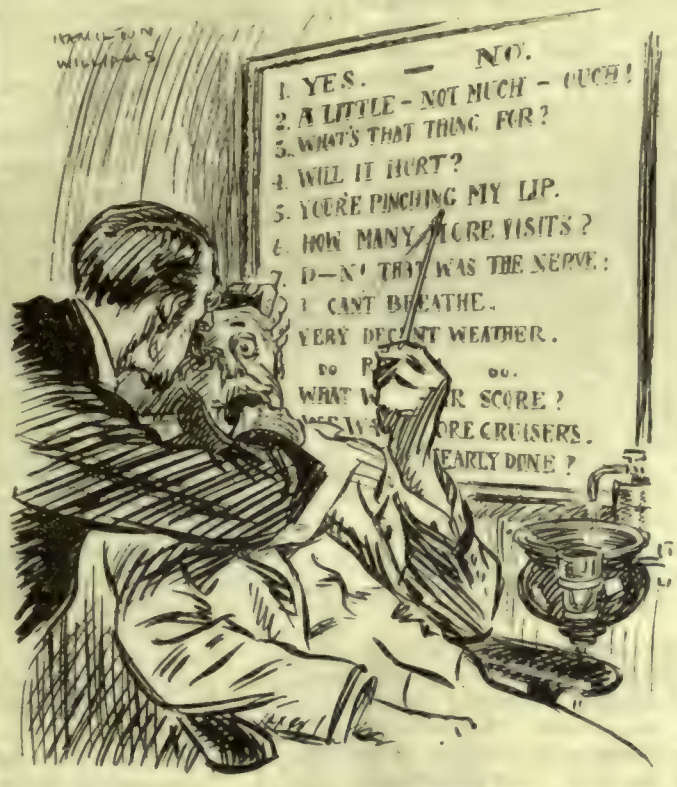
The serious shortage of meat in this country is attributed, in certain German circles, to the gradual supersession of the horse by the motor.

* * *

"Sir Eldon Gorst," *The Globe* tells us in a personal note, "is compelled by short sight to wear glasses on almost all occasions." A notorious American thinks that Sir ELDON would do well always to wear them.

* * *

Life's little comedies! An obvious husband was waiting outside a Bond Street jeweller's pawing the ground with impatience. His wife emerged from the shop. "They want a thousand guineas for it!" she said. "Thank Heavens!" cried the husband. "Now come along!"



SUGGESTED CONVERSATION CHART FOR THE GAGGED CLIENT OF THE DENTIST.

The desire of the German lady is to emulate the Parisienne in elegance, *The Daily Mail* informs us in an article entitled "Their Aim in Dress." If that be really the aim of the German lady, then it must be her marksmanship that 's at fault.

THE SUPREME TEST.

[The leguminotherapists are the latest diet specialists. Some of their beliefs are that green peas produce a tendency to flirt; that spinach develops constancy; and that beans are an ideal diet for poets.]

"THEY grew in beauty side by side,"
Twin sisters, *ætat* twenty-four,
And often (but in vain) I tried
To settle which impressed me more.
They both deserved the fervent phrase;
There never were such charming creatures;
Joan's were the more entrancing ways,
And Jane's the more attractive features.

By such a painful problem faced,
My peace of mind was wholly wrecked,
Until their proud papa embraced
The tenets of the latest sect;
And Joan was proved a flirt (the green
Peas plainly showed the fact at dinner),
While Jane's adoption of the bean
Announced the poet's soul within her.

Now Jane adorns my humble cot,
And, at our climate's milder times,
In some secluded sylvan spot
We sit and cap each other's rhymes;
No couple half so blythe as we
Exists from John o' Groats to Greenwich,
For nought can shake our constancy
(Except, perhaps, a dearth of spinach).

Dr. FLINDERS PETRIE, discussing in *The Daily Mail* the corruption among Egyptian officials, says:—"What the peasant endures is endless . . . . he must bribe the doctor or post-mortems will wear him out."

Of the many examinations to which we have been subjected, we have always found a post-mortem by far the most exhausting.

MR. ROOSEVELT AS ART-CRITIC.

WE are indebted to a contemporary for the statement that Mr. ROOSEVELT, on having his attention drawn to FRITH'S "Derby Day," at the Tate Gallery, exclaimed, "Ah! *Tempora mutantur*!"*

In connection with this alleged remark of the ex-President's, we are in the happy position of being able to furnish our readers with three appreciations of Mr. ROOSEVELT, two of a critical nature, favourable and unfavourable, and the third characterised by good-humoured impartiality.

I. APPRECIATION BY A STRONG PRO-ROOSEVELT.

[It is not pretended that the following criticism reproduces the actual style of that inexhaustible chronicler, Mr. SYDNEY BROOKS, but let us hope that it is animated by the same spirit of veneration.]

The man's driving-power is stupendous and unappeasable. It might have been thought that after his monumental and epoch-staggering speech at the Guildhall Mr. ROOSEVELT would have taken a day off, merely permitting his secretaries to read the newspapers to him, that he might gather the impressions which his speech had made upon the chancelleries of Europe, and the electric change it had produced in the basal principles of the Imperial Idea. Not he. Before lunching as the guest of the leaders of the Irish National Party—itself a prospect which might well have impaired the vitality of a smaller man—he insisted upon passing in review the whole range of British Pictorial Art. And it was in front of FRITH'S picture of Derby Day that his masterful criticism culminated in the memorable phrase—*Tempora mutantur* (Times change).

Envious natures—and greatness ever provokes envy—have traced an element of the platitudinous in some of Mr. ROOSEVELT'S world-orations. Yet the highest truths are the simplest; and it is the mark of genius to find the right word for the thoughts that seethe in the universal breast waiting for someone to give them articulate utterance. Thus, though the spirit of change is widely recognised as a feature of every age, it was left for Mr. ROOSEVELT to crystallise this feeling in the imperishable phrase, *Tempora mutantur*.

It is true that the words are borrowed from an ancient Roman writer, but this is only another proof, if one were needed, of Mr. ROOSEVELT'S modesty and repugnance to self-assertion, and further illustrates his instinct for tempering the Republicanism of the New World with the finest traditions of the Old. The fact that the words he chose are in Latin (one of the noblest of the dead languages) shows that Mr. ROOSEVELT'S culture is above that of the ordinary lion-hunter; at the same time they are not so recondite as to suggest affectation, for he is above all things a true democrat.

It will be noted that he did not extend his quotation so as to include the words, *nos et mutamur in illis* (and we change with them—literally, *in* them). It is characteristic of the Colonel that he always knows when he has said enough. He has the gift of speech, but he has also the rarer gift of reticence.

It was remarked as not without significance that Mr. ROOSEVELT uttered his great dictum before the picture of Derby Day, on the very morning of the great race for the Blue Riband of the Turf. The coincidence shows that he was not at Epsom. And for those who remember with what courage he set himself during his various Presidencies to exterminate the habit of gambling which was once so rife in Wall Street, it would be impossible to picture him as assisting at an event like the Derby. For there is no virtue preached by him in public which he does not practise strenuously in his private life.

Mr. ROOSEVELT is due in a few days to depart from our shores. We predict a great future for him. In any case, when we reflect upon those unassailable truths which he has told us, or has yet to tell, we may safely say that he leaves England a better country than he found it.

* We have it on the highest authority that Mr. ROOSEVELT denies having made any such observation. We cheerfully accept this *démenti*, and rejoice that our symposium will now stand on its own merits, without the trivial assistance of facts to support its main theme.

II. APPRECIATION BY A STRONG ANTI-ROOSEVELT.

[In the manner of Mr. WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST, editor of *The New York American*, and former candidate for the Governorship of New York State. See his recent letter to *The Daily Mail*.]

It was not enough that this windy swashbuckler, this self-appointed butcher of defenceless lions, should interfere in British politics, of which he knows nothing; he must now rush in and make another exhibition of himself on the subject of British art, of which he knows less than nothing.

And what was he doing anyhow, this so-called Trust-buster, this anti-gambling crusader, in front of a picture of Derby Day?

"*Tempora mutantur*," he says. In order to ingratiate himself with the brutal imperialism of a decadent nation that governs in the sole interest of the oppressor, he adopts the language of an effete Empire, reared upon the same ideals of blood and iron. If his own American tongue was not good enough for him, he might at least have employed that of the great sister Republic, France, and remarked: "*Autres temps autres mœurs*."

The fact is that this self-appointed representative of American institutions is not a true American at all. He repudiates the very creed which has made Americans what they are. That creed claims that a just government is based upon the consent of the governed. Why should we have massacred one another by countless myriads in the war of North and South unless for the purpose of proving the excellence of this Christian and American doctrine?

"Times change," indeed, and quickly. Yesterday, prior to luncheon with an English Lord Mayor, he was urging the British Government to throttle at its birth the budding passion for freedom among the down-trodden races of Egypt. To-day he lunches with the leader of the Irish National party and hypocritically professes a whole-souled sympathy for their struggles to emancipate themselves from the crushing heel of the same tyrannical Government. Why this volte-face on the part of our Rough-and-tumble Rider? The answer is obvious. He wants the Irish vote for his next Presidential campaign. The Egyptian vote is relatively negligible.

To be candid, yet without overstepping the limits of American political courtesy, ROOSEVELT is a born advertiser of himself—another characteristic wholly uncongenial to the national temperament. The sooner he gets back to Oyster Bay with his stuffed rhinos and giraffes the better for everybody. At home we know his value and are not to be bluffed. True and self-respecting Americans should give this posturing imperialist a warm reception.

III. APPRECIATION BY *Mr. Punch*.

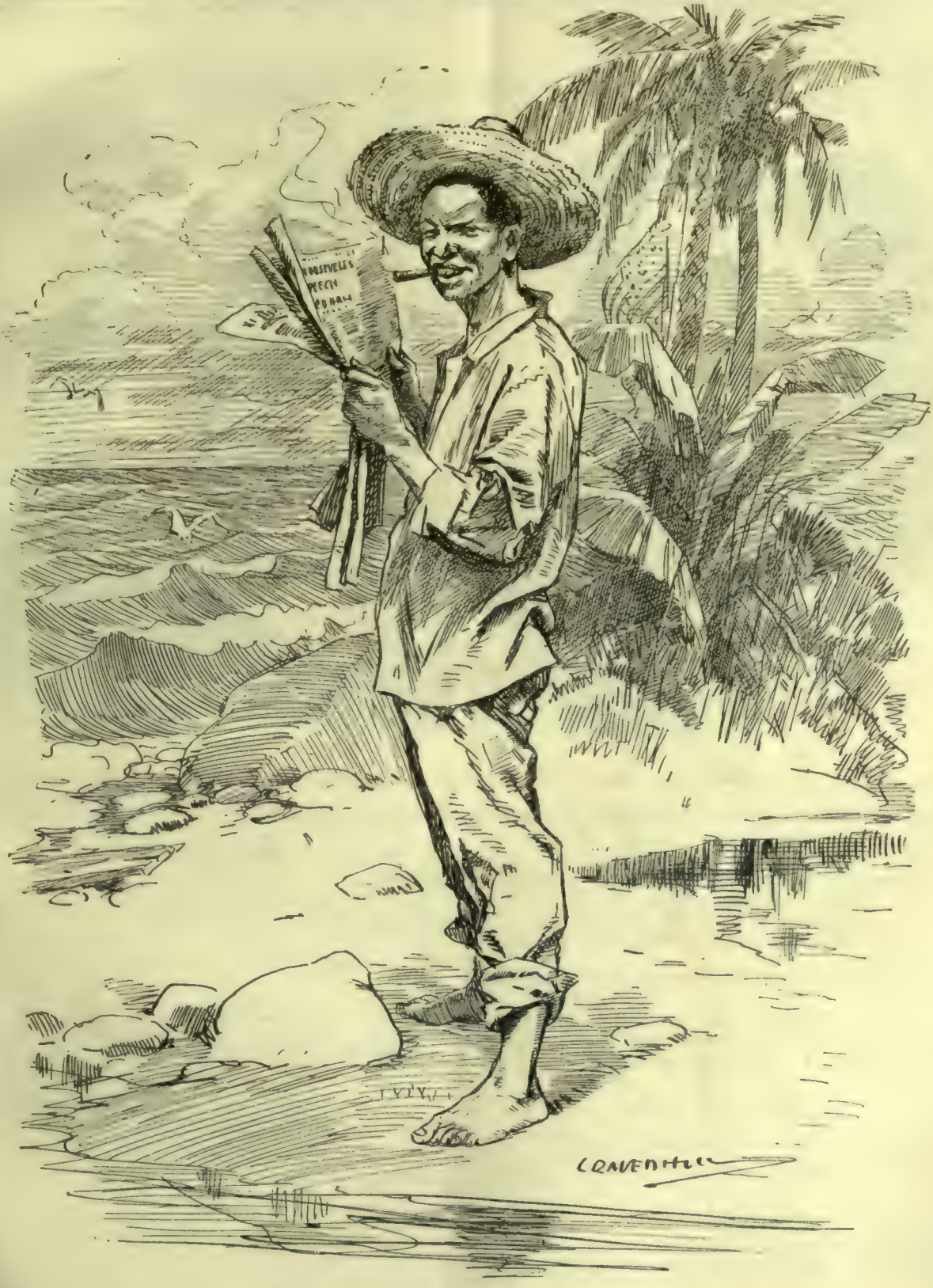
Good old TEDDY! O.S.

To our Best Ball.

The royal and ancient laurels fall
Once more around you, JOHNNY BALL;
Pray, mingle with your seventh bunch
This little spray from *Mr. Punch!*

New Patriotic Song.

Britannia Rules the Waves and ROLLS the Air.



MULTUM EX PARVO.

FILIPINO *(reading* MR. ROOSEVELT *on the proper management of Egypt)*. "SPLENDID! THERE'S NOTHING HE DON'T KNOW ABOUT EMPIRE! AND TO THINK THAT HE PICKED IT ALL UP FROM ME!"

["I advise you only in accordance with the principles on which I have myself acted as American President in dealing with the Philippines."—*Mr. Roosevelt at the Guildhall.*]



Ethel (who, calling at the Vicarage with her Mother, has sighed for some time at a bowl of app'es—without result). "I SAY, MR. BROWNE, LET'S PRETEND I'M EVE AND YOU'RE SATAN."

MOON-FLOWERS.

THE moon-flowers, the moon-flowers, to sleepy splash of fountains
They open—grey and silver—when the stars come overhead,
And if you 'd go to Fairyland and find the Peacock Mountains
You 've got to pick the moon-flowers before you go to bed.

Oh, would you go to Nineveh of ancient pomps and palaces,
Or see the towers of Ascalon lift spire on aching spire,
Or sup with Montezumas—golden plate and jewelled chalices—
Or dip your pocket-handkerchief in purple vats of Tyre?
Would you sail, a swart Phœnician,
On a buccaneering mission
(Dig and drive and swing of oar-blades as the plunging triremes go!)
Till the sea-rim gives the highlands
Of the fern-fringed Happy Islands?
Ah, you 've first to see the moon-flowers blow!

You 've missed the Peacock Mountains through the pearl-pink sea-fog shimmering,
The turkis-blue and opal that they bind about their brows;
You 've missed the magic moorings where the flying fish go glimmering
And painted dolphins, leaping in the tide, race round the bows;
For the bit of wedding-cake, you
Said was certain sure to take you,
Never got you any further on the road that you should go
To the sapphire peaks and gorges
Than St. Peter's or St. George's,
And you 'd never heard of moon-flowers—No!

The moon-flowers, the moon-flowers, when first the twilight changes,
They open—grey and silver—as the stars come out a-row,
So if you 'd go to Fairyland and see the Peacock ranges,
You 've first to face the twilight and watch the moon-flowers blow!

Stage Personalities, by those who know.

Among the publishers' announcements we read the following:

How to know the Trees, by HENRY IRVING (CASSELL).

We understand that this appreciation of the BEERBOHM TREES by the late HENRY IRVING is to be followed by other similar treatises, including

Practice at the Butts	By	WILLIAM ARCHER.
Where Waller Rules	„	GEORGE ALEXANDER.
How I discovered Bourchier	„	A. B. WALKLEY.
In the days of Marie Löhr	„	PHILLIDA TERSON.
Ne Sutro ultra Crepidam	„	A. W. PINERO.
The Importance of being Alexander	„	HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE.
At the Court of King Wyndham and Mary	„	SAM SOTHERN.

SUPERSTITION.

"SUPERSTITION," said the night watchman, spitting thoughtfully——

[EDITOR. *Is this story by W. W. Jacobs, or you?*

AUTHOR. *Me. I made a mistake. May I begin again?*]

They had been telling each other tales of Derby winners and lucky bets all night, and the quiet man in the corner had sat silent but engrossed, drinking it all in. At last the flow of stories ceased. With one accord they turned enquiringly to him, as if waiting for his contribution. He sighed, and then in a melancholy voice began to speak.

"I never have any luck myself," he said. "I drew a horse called *Kensington* in our club sweep this year. I had never heard of *Kensington* before, nor had anybody else in the club; in fact, I don't know how his name came up at all. The most positive information I ever got about him was that there had once been a horse of that name who had died. I even went so far as to take a bus down to Kensington to see if they knew anything about him there, but they didn't. Finally I put him up to auction, but when the bidding had gone slowly up to ninepence I withdrew him. Sentiment has always been my curse. . . . .

"Funnily enough, my young brother drew *Lemberg*. The first prize was fifty pounds, and he sold half of him to Travers for ten pounds. When *Lemberg* won by a neck they had a great argument as to *which* half Travers had bought. My brother said it was the end or tail half, which had been beaten, and insisted that he had kept the front or winning half for himself. I forget how they settled it. . .

"Some of you were talking just now about dreams coming true. Thinking of that and of my poor horse, *Kensington*, reminds me of a very curious dream which a superstitious friend of mine had some years ago. His name was Willson, and he knew nothing about racing at all, except that there was a contest called the Derby which horses went in for. In fact he seemed to think that it was the only race in the year, or else that they ran it every week—I am not quite sure which. Well, he had this dream one night a week before the Derby, and next morning at the office he was extremely thoughtful and mysterious. At last he took one of the other men into his confidence.

"He said casually: 'Is there a horse called *Armadillo* running in the Derby?'

"'I don't think so,' said the other man. 'Anyhow, he isn't one of the favourites.'

"Willson was silent for a long time, and then he said in quite an ordinary voice: 'I think of putting my shirt on *Armadillo*.'

"The other man was extremely surprised, because Willson had never talked like this before. Willson's lunch was generally a small dry ginger ale and a nut cutlet, followed by half a non-throat cigarette. So the friend took him on one side and begged him to ease his mind by confessing all.

"Well, it appeared that Willson had had a very vivid dream about a horse called *Armadillo*. He had seen the horses cantering past, and he had picked out one of them and asked his companion (who was the Sultan of Zanzibar) what its name was. And the Sultan had said '*Armadillo*—put your shirt on him.' And then Willson had found to his horror that he had been in such a hurry to catch the train that he had only got his night-shirt on; which so appalled him that he woke up. Coming up to the office next morning he found out from an acquaintance what the expression 'putting on your shirt' meant; and he had already given instructions to his stockbroker to sell out everything, so that *Armadillo* might be properly supported.

"'Of course, there *is* a good deal in dreams,' his friend admitted. 'I've no doubt you're right, if—— What was this horse like?'

"'Just an ordinary horse. One of those brown ones.'

"'Oh! You didn't happen to notice the colours of the jockey?'

"Willson hadn't. He had a sort of impression that the jockey was the King of the Belgians, but he couldn't say what he wore. It was all rather hurried. Still he was absolutely certain that *Armadillo* was going to win the Derby.

"'And I've got two thousand pounds, and that means twenty thousand when he wins.' He had a vague idea that all horses started at 10 to 1.

"Well, he made a lot of inquiries, but nobody had ever heard that *Armadillo* was starting or had even been entered for the Derby. For two or three days he pottered about riding-schools and stables, and talked to ostlers and people, in the hope of hearing something about this horse. He was not always successful in making them understand what he wanted, for in the course of the week he was offered on ridiculously cheap terms several horses which were called *Armadillo*, and several more which could be so called if necessary, and one genuine armadillo from South America which would answer equally well to any name . . .

"The day before the Derby he had another talk with his friend at the office.

"'I have been thinking it over,' he said, 'and I have come to the conclusion that it is just possible I did not catch the name with complete accuracy. The Sultan spoke rather rapidly. What horse has a name most like *Armadillo*?'

"They got a *Sportsman* and went through the list of starters. There were two hopeless outsiders called *Armiger* and *Zenatello*, and it really looked as if Willson would have to put his shirt on one of these. They had a long argument as to which one's name was most like that of the dream horse, and finally decided on *Zenatello*, which Willson thought was *some* kind of animal itself, but which Willson's friend felt was either a flower or a musical instrument. Anyhow, whatever it was, it carried two thousand pounds of Willson's on the next day. . . .

"Well, most of you will remember what happened on that Wednesday afternoon. I don't quite know how to explain it. Sometimes I think that dreams do go by contraries, and that the fact of *Zenatello* coming in absolutely last justified Willson's faith in the reality of his vision. Sometimes——"

The quiet man paused for a moment.

"Yes?" said everybody who was awake.

"Well, Willson had never been on a racecourse, and he seemed to have, as I said, a sort of idea that the Derby was the only race that was ever run. This race that he saw in his dream may not have been the Epsom Derby at all. For we discovered afterwards that there *was* a horse called *Armadillo* which in a field of two had won the Steeple Bumpstead Stakes on a foul at the Little Yeldingham Summer Meeting."

"Then Willson was right, after all?"

"Ye-es. Except, you know, that the Little Yeldingham races took place just a week before he had his dream. It was a good dream, but I 'm afraid there was never any money in it."

A. A. M.

"One of the common temptations is that of remarking on the flight of time or the suitability of human affairs."—*Daily Mail.*

Not to say the mutability of words.

"Mr. Jager driving against Mr. Pollock from the first tee pulled his ball into the press tent, and ran under the flooring."—*Dundee Courier.*

Coward!

NO SMALL BEER.

DEAR SIR AND COMPANY, LTD.,—Let us respect each other's anonymity. I am concerned to make public less who you are than what I am not. Forgive me, but I do most emphatically deny that I am or ever have been "a small lager." Small, possibly; light or dark, probably; small light (or dark) lager, most certainly not.

Let us get the identities clear to start with. You are the proprietor of most of the brightest and best feeding houses in the City and County of Bondon (we will not let the real names leak out) and I am your customer. The matters complained of took place in one of your restaurants a year ago last Saturday. I have allowed that interval to elapse before declaring myself, so that all coffee-stains and other important clues might be removed by competent laundry-women in the meanwhile. You must, therefore, give up all hope of tracing the affair to its origin, and I am left with a free hand to deal with the narrative as I see fit, without fear of detection or correction.

Right in the middle of the Grill Room of this restaurant there is a very pleasant table, meant to seat four appetites. This table is deservedly a favourite, because from it you can see everything that is going on and yet not hear too much of the, pardon me, music. I know, and the Superintendents know, that, if a solitary feeder once gets seated there, nothing will induce others to join him. Nevertheless, on the Saturday night in question, I made up my mind to occupy that table alone. The waiter didn't like it; the Superintendents didn't like it. Lots of jovial quartettes didn't like it. I, however, did like it, and there accordingly I stayed.

We will not revive the memories of that very happy meal, but we will note that what I was treating myself for was not thirst but hunger. When, therefore, the drink question arose, I inclined to water, but to drink that in a public restaurant is to court universal suspicion and hatred. So I thought of the cheapest fluid consistent with dignity and popularity, and ordered beer. Moreover, because I love my country less than my liver, I chose the German brand and ordered a small Pilsener.

As the meal neared completion, in came the most important man ever made, a Plenipotentiary Autocrat (I gather) of your Company's Board. He came, not for noise, people, food or merriment, but business. He came to see that the old place was going along all right and to stir up the Staff. Gathering the latter round him in degrees of humility varying from the Spare-me-O-King to the Very-Good-Sir, this great man in the victuals and drink world started to criticise things and their arrangement. I was the first, because the nearest, thing on which his eagle eye alighted, and in one lightning glance I was gauged at my worth as a nourishable article. Every man is entitled to his opinion, and every other man is entitled to hear it if he can.

"Good heavens," he said, "what on earth have you been doing with our most valuable table? We ought to have a two-pound lot here, drinking No. 28." (When my ship comes in, I shall say to the waiter in a loud and penetrating voice, "A barrel of No. 28, please," or, "A barrel of No. 28, of course, idiot, and here's a sovereign for yourself." At this present my ship is still on the very high seas, so I waited lowly to hear what particular sort of a wastrel I was going to be.) "Don't you know," he continued, "that this is the most paying table in the whole room? Fancy wasting it, on a Saturday night too, on a Steak and Chips. Couldn't you see when It came in at the door that It was only a . . .?" But I ask you, Sir. Do I even look like a small lager?

Your humble PATRON.



FASHIONS FOR THE SEASON. No. 2.

THE EAR-GUARD HAT, WARRANTED IMPERVIOUS TO ALL MOTOR NOISES, TO BE WORN WITH A SPIKED TRIMMING FOR SKIRTS. AN ABSOLUTE DEFENCE AGAINST TAXI-CABS AND SUCH STREET DANGERS.

M. or N.?

"There will be a good lot of damming to be done before these alluvial tin properties in Northern Nigeria reach an industrial dividend-paying stage."—*The Financier.*

It will be done, never fear.

A LOCAL LAUREATE.

I.

(*From T. Hatherley, Barton Lodge, Dilston Magna, to Augustus Bond, Esq., J.P., Reppington Hall, Dilston Magna.*)

DEAR SIR,—I hope you will pardon what may, but I trust will not, appear an intrusion upon your domestic affairs, but the rapidly approaching wedding of the daughter of our High Sheriff (yourself) with Sir Mallaby Boxley, Bart., is an event of such universal interest to Dilston and the surrounding districts that I cannot forbear myself from sending you the enclosed tribute to the auspicious event in verse. Pardon me if I have made a mistake as to the number of the bridesmaids.

Yours ffly, T. HATHERLEY.

(*Enclosure.*)

ODE IN CELEBRATION OF THE MARRIAGE OF MISS ROSAMOND BOND TO SIR MALLABY BOXLEY, BART.

On the Fifteenth of July of this present year
It is most earnestly hoped that the sky will be clear,
And that the Sun in bright effulgence will cast down his ray
On the pair who will walk to the hymeneal altar on this day.

May Heaven shower blessings on fair Rosamond
Whose honoured sirname is known to be Bond.
With her husband beside her, that ancient Baronet, Sir Mallaby,
May she have all the joys which, alas, have been denied to me.

A proud man and glad is Sir Mallaby Boxley, Bart.,
At any rate he ought to be at having won her heart.
And our noble High Sheriff and his matronly wife,
Though parted from their daughter, will look after her life.

We will all of us shout just as loud as we can
When the bride and the bridegroom issue forth in the van,
And the six (?) lovely bridesmaids, like a herd of young deer,
March out covered with blushes and bring up the rear.

At the Church of St. Matthew's the ceremony will take place;
It is the Parish Church of this celebrated place.
Every pew will be filled with beauty, rank and grace
To do all the honour that can possibly be done
To the two whom the Vicar will marry and make one.

T. HATHERLEY.

II.

(*From Augustus Bond to Major-General F. Hatherley, D.S.O., Barton Park, Dilston Magna.*

DEAR GENERAL HATHERLEY,—I can assure you that we have all been deeply touched by your kindness in sending us your beautiful Ode in celebration of Rosamond's approaching wedding. Both my wife and the young people themselves have read the charming lines with sincere gratitude and appreciation, and Rosamond bids me say that the Ode shall always be preserved amongst her most valued family records. I was not aware that your busy career had left you leisure to cultivate the Muse to such good purpose. If I might express a preference where all is admirable, it would be for the third stanza. We shall indeed feel the parting from our daughter, but the thought that she will not be far from us and that we may still be able, as you so well put it, to "look after her life," will sustain us. With renewed thanks, I am, dear General Hatherley, Yours very truly, AUGUSTUS BOND.

III.

(*From Major-General Hatherley to Augustus Bond, Esq.*)

DEAR MR. BOND,—I have received your letter, but you must forgive me for saying that I am totally at a loss to understand it. I have never written an Ode in my life. Of course you have my good wishes, but I prefer to express them in honest prose.

Yours very truly, F. HATHERLEY.

IV.

(*From Augustus Bond to Major-General F. Hatherley.*)

DEAR GENERAL HATHERLEY,—Your letter has astonished me. I enclose herewith the letter which I supposed to be from you, together with the Ode, so that you may see that I had some warrant for a mistake which is most annoying. On re-reading these documents I notice that the handwriting is quite different from yours, that the signature is slightly different (T. instead of F.) and that the letter is dated, not from Barton *Park*, but from Barton *Lodge*. There is some mystery here.

Yours very truly, AUGUSTUS BOND.

V.

(*From Major-General F. Hatherley to Augustus Bond, Esq.*)

DEAR MR. BOND,—You are right: there is some mystery. I need hardly say that I am in no way responsible for the Ode, nor have I the remotest knowledge of the writer who has presumed to masquerade in my name. If I can discover him I shall certainly bring the law to bear upon him. I do not profess to be a poet, but I cannot help thinking that if I tried I could produce something better than the preposterous and impudent rubbish which has been so falsely attributed to me. I cannot agree with you that the Ode is beautiful or the lines charming.

Yours very truly, F. HATHERLEY.

VI.

(*From Augustus Bond to Major-General F. Hatherley.*)

DEAR GENERAL HATHERLEY,—I owe you my apologies for having supposed that you were capable of writing what you truly call preposterous rubbish. You will admit that while I was labouring under this mistake it was natural that I should invest the lines with merits which they do not possess. I have made enquiries of the Dilston postmaster, and have discovered that the personage calling himself T. Hatherley came here two years ago. He was originally known under the name of Spraggs, but a few months ago he changed it to Hatherley and at the same time converted his semi-detached cottage from "The Minchins" to "Barton Lodge." I fear this imitation is likely to cause you great inconvenience, but as he holds his cottage on a long lease from Bottrill, the Radical millowner, I do not see that anything can be done.

Yours very truly, AUGUSTUS BOND.

VII.

(*From T. Hatherley to Augustus Bond, Esq., J.P.*)

SIR,—More than a week has passed by since I sent you my Ode on the approaching marriage of Miss Bond, and I have not heard from you in acknowledgment of same. I am sure it arrived, as I sent it by hand. This is not the conduct that one gentleman has a right to expect from another. I do not wish to stand upon punctualio, but may I press for a reply or a return of the poem. Otherwise I shall know what to think, for High Sheriffs are not everybody. Yours ffly, T. HATHERLEY.

"WANTED, Man to Melt (dry steam), take in fat."—*East Anglian Daily Times.*

"Take off fat" we should have expected.

TOBACCO AND ALL ABOUT IT.

To the young man about town starting upon the thorny path of life, nothing is more important than to know from the first the true inwardness of tobacco. Many a City clerk has worked his way through his ten fags without the faintest idea who the young lady may be whose photograph accompanied the packet. I even count among my acquaintances a middle-aged man, of otherwise stainless character, who has coloured three meerschaums without knowing how to spell one of them.

Having no acquaintance amongst the poets or their well-fed descendants, I can yet say this much without fear of contradiction. Tobacco is like the poet in that it is born and not made. (*Nascitur, non fit.*) Otherwise their methods differ, and the distinction is all in favour of tobacco. Not a word of complaint; not a sign of impatience; not a movement of disgust or insubordination. The plant stands quietly there, handing out tobacco with unfailing precision and courtesy, modestly unconscious of the joy it is conferring on humanity.

The chief object for which tobacco was discovered was to keep the mouth occupied between meals.

Once past the age limit, you may smoke a pipe, a cigarette or a cigar. You may even, if you are an unscrupulous person, smoke a calabash. Your pipe may be of cherry-wood, briar, clay or the unspellable ware of foreign origin, but you cannot hope to get on in life if it has not a piece of silver on it somewhere. Given that passport to gentility, you may without fear of a scandal smoke it in the broadest of daylight. I do not absolutely prohibit your smoking in the dark, but I suggest to you that you will not enjoy it or, at any rate, know that you are enjoying it. To get rid of dark, buy a match and rub it lightly on the trousers.

Cigarettes may be bought by number or by weight, may be purchased in packets or tins. They cannot be hired. When you borrow a cigarette from a friend, he will not take offence if you do not return the bit at the end for which you have no use. As for the proper disposal of the ash, that is one of the most keenly debated subjects in the world. Some say it should be thrown on the carpet, arguing tentatively that it is good for the carpet, and asserting with more conviction that at any rate it shows by its absence or presence next morning whether or not the room has been swept since last night. Some say it should certainly not be thrown on the carpet, adducing no arguments, but generally prevailing nevertheless. You must decide for yourself between the two points of view. The former is backed by the authority of men who have the largest experience of cigarettes, the latter by the authority of women who have the largest experience of carpets. The practical solution of the difficulty is to *drop* your ash on the carpet, but to avoid ostentation and, as far as possible, detection in so doing.

As to cigars, there are four degrees of strength: the claro, the colorado claro, the colorado, and the no-thanks-I-think-I-will-smoke-a-pipe-if-you-don't-mind. Be ever on the alert.

There remains only the question of feminine smoking. Much has been said in private and written in public on this burning question. For my part, I do not object to ladies smoking. It would make no difference if I did.



THE RULING PASSION.

Fair Bridge Enthusiast (as nervous Curate shuffles his notes before giving out the text). "I'M AFRAID, DEAR, HE'S GOING TO MAKE IT SPADES."

A Short way with the Opposition.

"Hutchison was pitched into the bunker at the sixteenth, and Hilton secured the hole and the match by three and two."—*Edinburgh Evening Dispatch.*

From an advt. in *The Field*:—

"Every corridor in the Hotel answers to Euclid's definition of a straight line."

Not altogether, we hope, for that would make it very uncomfortable and congested.

"Shuravleff is known to have committed at least seven murders, and to have been concerned in 15 armed robberies, 12 church thefts, and 200 other crimes. He is only 3."—*Bath Herald.*

So young and so untender!



THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.

Reveller. "AT LARST! I 'AVE THE BLUE BIRD!"

[The search for the Blue Bird in M. MAETERLINCK'S play of that name is alleged to symbolise the pursuit of happiness.]

RUS IN URBE.

WHEN roses first begin to bud
And twigs grow green and sappy,
A raging fever fills my blood
And I become unhappy.
"Back to the land!" is then my sigh,
"A curse on chains!" I always cry
About this season of the year
When dew-dipped roses first appear.

But when my spirit thus is spurred
To fly from smoke and houses,
Then is the voice of wisdom heard—
It is my prudent spouse's:
"Our private income figures out
At five pound ten, or thereabout,
So if you leave your office, John,
What shall we have to live upon?"

Inexorable prosy truth!
My chains must e'en continue
Till the last drop of dried-up youth
Has left each creaking sinew.
I frown and fretfully complain
Until the voice is heard again:
"If you desire the land, why not
Begin upon the garden plot?"

The mower from its shed is drawn
And to and fro I travel;
Most carefully I plant the lawn
With weedlets from the gravel.
I hose each individual root
In hopes that it may learn to shoot,
And on each drooping plant I try
The finest guano cash can buy.

I dig until the blood o'erflows
My apoplectic cranium,
And here I plant a rambler rose
And there a pink geranium.
Aching and sore at length I stand
To view the labour of my hand,
And as I take my well-earned rest
Hope springs eternal in my breast.

But, though with richest fare I feed
My precious plants and pet them,
I cannot make them take the lead
That cheerful Hope has set them.
They still refuse to spring; they choke
Amid the petrol-laden smoke,
Till, beaten by the smutty mob,
The very chickweed chucks his job.

So, after weary weeks of toil
And planting many a seedling,
I gaze upon a patch of soil
That cannot boast a weedling.
And yet, no doubt, when next year's spring
Once more the earth-desire shall bring,
Still hopeful, up and down I'll go
Trundling the mower to and fro.

"Then Dr. Buck played a Basso Obstinato by Arensky—which is all in 5.4 time, except the Basso Obstinato, which is in 6.4 time."—*The Harrovian.*

Evidently one of those Double Bassos.

"He was suffering from the after effects of a cough at Doncaster, and when defeated by a short head at Newmarket recently he seemed a trifle backward in comparison with the winner."—*Daily Mail.*

It is a great mistake to let the judge get that impression.

"To cure damp walls make a varnish of one part of shellac to two parts of naphtha, and cover the damp part thoroughly with it. This varnish has a disagreeable smell, but it soon wears off."—*Leek Times.*

So that it comes rather expensive in the end.

"LADY R. X.—By sending us the colour you desire your white hair tinted we shall forward a small sample bottle to be tried on a piece of your hair inside the head to make sure of the result and avoid any surprise."—*The Queen.*

But it is bound to be a bit of a surprise for the lady's friends some time.

Mr. Punch, in wishing *bon voyage* to Captain SCOTT'S ship, *Terra Nova*, which will soon leave its last English port, expresses the hope that her crew may land safely on Terra Scotta.



THE VETO GAME.

MR. ASQUITH (*to* LORD LANSDOWNE). "WHILE YOU'RE THINKING OUT YOUR NEXT MOVE, I'LL JUST SEE TO A FEW LITTLE DOMESTIC DETAILS."



IN THE SCULPTURE ROOM OF THE R.A.

She (after tiring day with the pictures). "DO THEY CHANGE THESE STATUES *EVERY* YEAR?"

THE ART OF FAINT PRAISE.

(Dedicated with deep sympathy to the Musical Critic of "The Times.")

MR. ARGYLL MULLET'S CONCERT.

A NOTEWORTHY feature of Mr. Mullet's concert on Thursday last at the Broadway Hall was its linguistic versatility. To sing songs by such diverse composers as Monteverde, Lully, Napravnik, Smetana, Sinding, Vincent d'Indy, Gomez, Wagner and Stephen Adams is in itself no small achievement. To sing them in the languages to which they were originally composed is something of a miracle, and, as a matter of fact, it proved rather too much for Mr. Mullet's powers. His somewhat glutinous tenor voice has been diligently trained, and there are moments when he produces a comparatively agreeable tone. But his technical equipment is still inadequate to the demands of such *bravura* songs as Napravnik's "*Chanson de Phagocyte*" or Stephen Adams's "*Serenade to Mrs. Eddy.*" Here the articulation was indistinct, whereas the one thing needful in such songs is that every syllable should be enunciated with perfect distinctness. Nor again was Mr. Mullet above reproach on the score of intonation; indeed it was only occasionally that he deviated into tunefulness. This last remark also applies to Miss Vinolia Turtle, who assisted in the recital, singing songs by Field (of Lambeth), Cyril Scott-Gatty, and Windsor-Brown, Senr. The programme also included recitations by Miss Vanessa Blurt, who has a powerful voice and vigorous gestures, but would be well advised to modify her methods. The bulls of Bashan were doubtless valuable on the pasture lands of Og, but they are out of place in a London concert hall. The accompaniments were played by Mr. Harry Jaggers with good intentions, but a far too liberal abuse of the loud pedal. There was a large but unimpassioned audience, of whom at least two-thirds were girls of between thirteen and seventeen years of age.

MRS. BINDONY TOSHER'S CONCERT.

The programme of Mrs. Bindony Tosher's concert at the Lovelian Hall on Saturday was entirely made up of her own compositions. A test from which the greatest masters do not always emerge unscathed is a somewhat severe ordeal, but it must in fairness be admitted that the majority of the audience enjoyed—or, at any rate, successfully simulated enjoyment of—this unmitigated succession of pseudo-oriental ditties. Three new cycles, entitled "*The Cobra's Courtship*," "*By Balmy Bangalore*," and "*In Spot Cashmere*," were introduced, with the composer at the piano, and Miss Silence Towers, Miss Pinkie Pilotelli, Miss Lenore Spink and Messrs. Kedger Rea, Horatio Tank, and Bungalow Dawkins as vocalists. The artistic quality of these songs, if measured by the number of artists engaged in their performance, must be considerable; and as a musical alternative for confectionery of the sweetest and most cloying kind they undoubtedly have their merits. Mrs. Bindony Tosher, who was arrayed in a white jibbah with esoteric Lama frillings, Afghan sandals and a Senussi turban, accompanied her songs with obvious zest.

JONAH QUIGLEY ORCHESTRA.

The programme of the Jonah Quigley Amateur Orchestral Society's concert at the Elephant and Castle Philharmonic Hall on Tuesday last had at least the merit of containing very few pieces which are frequently heard. Whether it is in the interests of art that they should ever be heard at all is another question. The most important work was Erasmus Rumpelmayer's fifteenth symphony (in F major), which, in spite of its inordinate length,



EXHIBITS MERCIFULLY OMITTED FROM THE "JAPAN-BRITISH EXHIBITION."

A DAMURAI, OR ANCIENT BRITISH WARRIOR, ATTENDED BY HIS NATIVE "WEAPON-BEARER."

(At the moment chosen for the group he has been throwing up earth-works, in a bunker, for thirty-five minutes or so.)

seldom, if ever, surpasses a level of blameless banality. A place was also found for Kosloff's piccolo concerto, the solo part in which was played by Mr. Chickering Pepys. Mr. Pepys is an agile performer, but the tone which he elicits from his instrument is occasionally disconcerting. The vocal part of the programme consisted of a group of Patagonian Folk Songs, arranged by M. Polydore Lalouette, and sung by Mme. Hilmi Pingouin. The songs are in themselves exceedingly insipid, but might have sounded better if Mme. Pingouin had delivered them more imaginatively and with a greater command of tone colour. These qualities, however, were unhappily quite lacking in her rendering, which combined with the indifferent ventilation of the hall to produce a state of somnolence in the auditors quite distressing to witness, M. Lalouette accompanied with an excessive self-restraint, for he controls his tone even in *fortissimo* passages. We venture to suggest that it would become more weighty and dignified if he developed the muscles in his upper arm, which are obviously deficient in fibre.

THE NEW AERATED BREAD.—Hot Cross-Channel ROLLS.

LIGHT ON THE EMINENT.

AT a time when no detail of the lives of successful persons is considered superfluous, especially in connection with the grandest of English sports, it is well to set down all that can be collected concerning some of the more remarkable of the winners of Derby sweepstakes all over the world.

The great Calcutta Turf Club sweep fell, as every one must now know, to an officer of the Indian army now on leave in this country. It is also common history, since most of the papers have devoted space to the matter, that he sold half of his chance to a London syndicate for £7,500, and that *Lemberg* thus brought him only £33,000. We are in a position to state that with this sum the lucky speculator has bought a radium safe.

The Motherland Club sweep at Melbourne was won by Mr. Michael Swinton, a prominent Australian sheep-farmer well known for his love of sport. Little did he think that the five-pound note that he flung down so carelessly some few weeks ago would be bringing him in ten thousand of the very best—or to be exact 9995. Mr. Swinton is fifty-three years of age and has four sons and two daughters. The sons are still under age. The eldest is intended for the Australian Bar and ultimately politics. The second is going into his father's business. The others will probably come to England to be educated. The daughters, Cicely and Gertrude, play and sing with great spirit. Mrs. Swinton (who gets a new bonnet out of this windfall) is a favourite in society at Ullalongville, where their home is.

Captain Fossetter, who drew *Lemberg* in the Grey Watch sweep, is an active soldier of thirty-two, keen and ambitious. From Sandhurst he went to Aldershot and thence to South Africa, where he was shot right through the head (at Paardeberg), without, however, any permanent damage. On the anniversary of the injury the wound is said to open again, so that one can see right through the gallant officer's brain; and both in 1907 and again in 1909 a committee of medical men visited him and reported on the phenomenon to *The Lancet*. Captain Fossetter is unmarried.

On drawing *Lemberg* in the Jermyn Club, Mr. "Ronny" Withers was naturally the centre of an excited crowd, and he received many offers of sums varying from £5 to £100 for his chance. He had, however, the good sense to stick to his ticket, and is now the richer by £699. Mr. Withers is one of the most versatile young men in London. He plays the balalaika with much taste and feeling, is an expert golfer, can handle the bat, dines out with skill and discretion, and reviews fiction for *The Literary Post*.

Lord Arthur Way, who drew *Lemberg* in the sweep at the Newmarket, is said to have devoted a cool fifty of it to the evening's entertainment, beginning with the Empire and passing on to a restaurant in the Strand, outside of which he was to be observed, in the small hours, delivering an admirable Romano's lecture to his friends and a number of unattached spectators.

Quite different was the course of action followed by Miss Hilda St. Just, who won the sweep at the Ladies' Grille Club. On hearing the glad news of *Lemberg's* victory she is said to have at once taken a taxi and driven to the studio of M. Sigismund Goelzi, her favourite artist, and commissioned him there and then to paint a picture in green, purple and white, symbolical of the cause of women's suffrage, to which her young and charming life is for the moment devoted.

Sam Briggs, who won the first prize in the sweepstakes at the Union Arms, Lad Lane, Hoxton, called all his mates to join him in a feast and spent the whole five shillings on winkles and beer. Mr. Briggs is a fine, well-made

man of forty-two, and though he has been gambling in a small way all his life this is the first success that has come to him. He was educated at the Board School in Ivy Place, but he did not take a degree. He then entered a grocer's as errand boy, but becoming dissatisfied with the quality of the sugar he left, and, after a roving life of four or five years, he married and became doorkeeper at the New Road Empire, where he has remained ever since. His hair is dark to medium.

THE ADVANTAGE OF A PAST.

[The Coal Exchange in Thames Street closed its gates on Derby Day, "in memory of Lord Howe's famous naval victory on the 1st of June."]

IF unromantic types there are,
Or men of niggard mind,
Who take no stock in Trafalgar,
To NELSON'S prowess blind,
Who gird at DRAKE, the gallant tar,
And flout *The Golden Hind*;—

If HAWKINS, RALEIGH and the rest,
If RODNEY, HOWE and HOOD
Have failed to stir some island breast
As deeply as they should,
Here is a proof, a final test
Of glory's end and good.

What chance have they, whose fame is short—
The breed of lesser states—
Whose sires have sacked no foreign port
And stormed no harbour gates,
What hope of holidays for sport
On well-remembered dates?

For us, the salt surrounding seas
And half their shores as well,
Where Britain's flag has braved the breeze
And Britons fighting fell,
Are charted with historic pleas
For knocking off a spell.

With what despair the Teuton eyes
A race that knows to keep
The memory of a sea-won prize
By entering for a "sweep"!
That still asserts in Derby guise
Its lordship of the deep!

Too idle was the poet's taunt
That deemed us men at play;
Have we not battle flags to flaunt?
Our clerks can always say,
When reprimanded for a jaunt,
That Sluys was fought to-day.

Myself (of patriots not the least),
When any scroll records
A bout of English tars (deceased)
With pirate Danish hordes,
I don't intend to miss the feast,
I mean to go to Lord's. EVOE.



A FLIGHT OF FANCY AT EPSOM.

Maria. "NAH THEN, HON'ABLE ROLLS, LOOK WHERE YER FLYIN'!"

PROGRESSIVE WHIDGE.

LUCKILY for me there were two men in the hat-and-coat room whose hair parted down the middle. They spent so long over the mirror that I had time to learn the rule on the back of the card, expressed in simple yet nervous English: "When partners or no partners the Lady with the highest score moves up and the Gentleman with the highest score moves down—but should two Ladies or two Gentlemen score an equal number of tricks in a no partners' deal they shall cut—the lowest to win and move." By the time that the bald man, who nipped in just in front of me, had satisfied himself once more that two parallel wisps of hair, being produced ever so far at right angles to their common paths, will never meet, I was word-perfect. So I moved up to the hair-brushes and then moved down to the drawing-room, which seemed just large enough to hold seven card tables or twenty-eight people, but not both.

"Good evening," said Mrs. Pomphrey. "Delighted you could come."

"Thank you very much," I answered. "'But should two gentlemen score an equal number of tricks in a no partners' deal they shall cut—the lowest to win and move.' Would you mind telling me how the lowest can make sure of winning? There's some catch about that rule."

"Oh, we've dropped that rule. It seemed rather complicated. Wasn't it scored out on your card?"

"No; and I've learned it by heart and don't believe I can ever forget it."

"Never mind," said Mrs. Pomphrey. "We're going to progress just in the ordinary way. This is your first partner,

Mrs. Tarbut, and she will tell you all about it."

Mrs. Tarbut said it was very cold outside, but quite warm in here, and that she was glad I knew the rules for Progressive Whidge, because she didn't, but that she had been to *The Blue Bird*, and thought it quite as nice in some ways as *Peter Pan*, but not perhaps quite so nice in others. At the same time both were nicer than *Elektra*, the story of which was hardly quite nice. Recalled to business, Mrs. Tarbut said she believed that we were to progress just in the ordinary way, winners to move on, and either change partners or keep the same partner all the evening. Mrs. Pomphrey had said which way it was to be, but Mrs. Tarbut never had had any head for figures. But we could see what the other people did.

"Let's find our table and sit down, and that will make room for other seven or eight people. Here it is. Will you sit with your back against the fire-guard or your elbow in that pot of hyacinths? Yes, you will be more comfortable there. Now I wish you would explain the inside of this card to me: 'Total number of tricks taken to be scored.' Is that meant as a hint against cheating?"

"No," said Mrs. Tarbut. "It means that you score all the tricks you take, and not just the ones above six—or is it eight?—the way you used to do at whist."

"But this isn't whist. It's Progressive Whidge."

"But some of it's whist with variations."

"So it is," said I, consulting my card. "I say, you know, this first thing is rather serious. It says, 'Auld Lang Syne: Ordinary Whist'—and I haven't brought my music. And if we sing 'Auld Lang Syne' now, it will break up the party."

"Yes," said Mrs. Tarbut. "This card doesn't seem very well arranged. 'Auld Lang Syne' should come at the end instead of 'Wealth.'"

"Wealth! I haven't come to that yet—I mean, it hasn't come to me."

"'Wealth,'" said Mrs. Tarbut very impressively, reading from her card, "'Wealth, Partners, count all tricks, no trumps, each trick taken by hearts counts 2, other tricks count 1 as usual, each trick taken by clubs counts 4, each trick taken by diamonds counts 6, each trick taken by spades counts 8. Copyright; entered at Stationers' Hall.'"

"Perhaps that very last bit you read isn't in the game."

"Well," said Mrs. Tarbut cautiously, "there *is* a line drawn just above it, but that may be for adding up the score."

"I wish we were adding it up now."

"That's not very polite, when we are partners."

"I know, but the fear of losing you spoils everything. You see I was never taught Progressive Whidge at school, owing to the craze for athletics, and after we lose the first hand we change partners, and after I lose the second hand you move on, and I shall never see you again."

"Except at supper," said Mrs. Tarbut consolingly. "You've to take me down."

"Even if I lose? Good. But I may win all tricks. You lose her at one table if you lose, and you lose her at the next table if you win. If *we* could play together right through the evening, I feel we should really do something rather good. Now if *I* were arranging for Progressive Whidge——"

"If you were arranging," said Mrs. Pomphrey, thrusting two people by force into the other two chairs, "you'd want to get begun as soon as possible."

At supper Mrs. Tarbut was rather preoccupied. She had scored 54, and the highest lady's score was 61. And the man on the other side of her wanted to discuss whether, when you are playing "Defeat" and hold the Queen of Spades and three others, you should play it in the second round or hold it up on the chance of throwing it away. It seems to require a special kind of mind to play Progressive Whidge, for nobody quite normal would hold a thing up just to throw it away. After supper we had to play again until a bell rang, and then we were all allowed to stand up and try to move about the room, till the prizes were distributed. Mrs. Tarbut was an easy first, which meant that Mr. Tarbut had a large flower-pot full of daffodils to carry home. I got into a corner, where there was a good view of the clock, but Mrs. Pomphrey found me out there and presented me with a brass donkey. I thought it was a piece of rather crude symbolism, but when Mrs. Pomphrey explained that it was really a paper-weight I felt quite happy.



IF THE RUBBER BOOM CONTINUES—THE LOST GOLF BALL.

"Perhaps that very last bit you read isn't in the game."

"Well," said Mrs. Tarbut cautiously, "there *is* a line drawn just above it, but that may be for adding up the score."

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"Except at supper," said Mrs. Tarbut consolingly. "You've to take me down."

"Even if I lose? Good. But I may not be here then. Do you see the third thing on the card—between 'Defeat' and 'Robbery'?"

"What is it?"

"'ESCAPE.' It can't be true, though. Nobody ever gets away so early as ten."

"No. It's just another way of playing. If you score the odd trick you get nothing and your partners get 7, and if you score more than the odd trick each side scores all tricks."

"That's quite simple. Suppose we score 8, then each side puts down 13 and nobody moves. That will be jolly, if we get to a really comfortable table, with nice people."

"I don't think that's quite what it means," said Mrs. Tarbut, doubtfully.

"Perhaps not. But we mustn't take the rules too literally. For instance, look at 'Defeat.' 'Whoever holds Queen of Spades when game is finished loses all tricks (no partners).' That's nonsense, for if you lose all tricks you lose your partner, just the same as if you win all tricks. You lose her at one table if you lose, and you lose her at the next table if you win. If *we* could play together right through the evening, I feel we should really do something rather good. Now if *I* were arranging for Progressive Whidge——"

"If you were arranging," said Mrs. Pomphrey, thrusting two people by force into the other two chairs, "you'd want to get begun as soon as possible."

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TO TERESA—AN ENTREATY.

TERESA, some lovers in anguish
Would raid pharmaceutical shops,
Or depart for the Tropics to languish,
Or seek consolation in hops;
Your Rupert is saner and stronger,
He won't make a mess of his brains;
Though you flout him and love him no longer,
It isn't of *that* he complains.

Though tears at your faithlessness trickle,
I still can forgive and forget,
Since the maiden who *couldn't* be fickle
Has never by mortal been met;
I yearn not for Percy to perish,
I'm used to these amorous knocks,
But—*can't* you induce him to cherish
Some sort of refinement in socks?



FORCE OF HABIT.

Little Girl. "MUMMY! (*No answer*). MUMMY! ARE THOSE SWALLOWS?" *Mummy* (*deep in her book*). "YES, DEAR. DON'T TOUCH THEM."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN his new book, *The History of Mr. Polly* (NELSON), H. G. WELLS seems to have set out to do two things not easily compatible: to present honestly a certain pitiful phase of life, and to be funny at all costs. I would not question his success in either effort; but the result of both is this, that, when we have followed the career of his hero from draper's to publican's assistant, through its varied stages of shopkeeping, arson, and tramphood, and gratefully appreciated the author's fidelity to human nature, in the end we are left with a suspicion that the whole thing is a fantastic and even farcical caprice. The pathos of a romantic nature struggling vainly against the banality of its environment was too obvious and trite for Mr. WELLS; so he invented, in *Mr. Polly*, a character who, for all his yearning after the colour of life and the sound of high phrases, remains so much a figure *pour rire* that the tragedy of the contrast between what is and what might have been is almost hopelessly lost in the absurdity of things. So vague and futile is his ardour for expansion that it takes him fifteen years of monotony with the dullest of women in the dullest of shops to discover that you can "change the world" by the simple process of burning down your establishment, deserting your wife, and taking to the open road with a light conscience. Mr. WELLS' attitude towards his hero is no doubt sympathetic, but the chance of communicating this sympathy is sacrificed at times to a wilful and persistent humour. Still, it was worth while, for he has given us some extraordinarily good scenes of low comedy; but some of his fun is rather forced (I could seldom get a laugh out of *Mr. Polly's* verbal malapropisms), and too often he relies, in the old-fashioned manner, upon a wealth of epithets. Somewhere he tells us, incredibly, that *Mr. Polly* had little taste for cheap fiction, because "*there was no epithet*" in it. Of course *Mr. Polly* had not heard of his author's own contribution to Messrs. NELSON'S admirable two-shillingsworths; but, even so, his views are against common experience.

Mrs. C. A. DAWSON SCOTT, the author of *Madcap Jane* (CHAPMAN AND HALL), has reversed the usual practice, and treated a farcical theme in the manner of high comedy. *Jane* was the new wife of *Sir Julyan George*, an elderly widower; and Mrs. SCOTT wishes me to believe that her heroine, having quarrelled with *Sir Julyan*, runs out of the house and incontinently takes service as third housemaid in the establishment of a pious neighbour, whom she had offended at an afternoon call that very day, and who happens moreover to be the first mother-in-law of her husband. Also that she remains in this situation, unsuspected by the autocratic *Mrs. Angel*, for the space of three days. Well, frankly, I can't manage it. But the skill with which the atmosphere and intrigues of the

servants' hall at Egremont are described, is wonderful; so clever, indeed, that, instead of the farcical puppets which so wild an argument leads you to expect, you presently find yourself among a collection of very real human beings, in whose actions you must take an almost breathless interest. At least, that is how I felt about them. Of course, *Madcap Jane* being married already, there could be no *Young Marlow* in this modern version of *She Stoops to Conquer* (one of the footmen did look upon her with an approving eye; but it came to nothing), and the adventure ends, inevitably, with her restoration to the arms of her adoring husband. I can only hope that other people will be as sorry when this happens as I was myself.

When I was very young they made me read *Les Mémoires d'un Âne* (I think it came after *Les Malheurs de Sophie*) and I am also pretty well up in the history of Balaam's Ass, but it is evident from *The King of Four Corners* (HUTCHINSON), which would seem from the fly-leaf to be G. B. BURGIN'S thirty-seventh novel (so he ought to know), that, for all-round literary and rhetorical talent, donkeys are a mere back-number compared with mules. Anyone opening this volume, at whatever corner, is sure to light upon some preternaturally wise repartee uttered ("implied" is the word the author generally uses) by *Miss Wilks*, who was not, as you might suppose at first blush, a young lady, but the hybrid fourfooted companion of *the Old Man* who camped out alone on the banks of the Ottawa River. One of *Miss Wilks's* most remarkable feats was to wade out into this stream for the purpose of catching fish with her mouth, and so augmenting *the Old Man's* larder. Her own diet, by the way, seems to have consisted mainly of whisky and tobacco. For the rest the book is chiefly remarkable for the sane and breezy humour that we expect from stories of the Dominion, and for a rather ultra-conventional kind of romantic sentiment that contrasts queerly with the emancipated behaviour and almost Shavian intelligence of the principal heroine.



THE LITTLE WORRIES OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

A KNIGHT OVERHAULING HIS STOCK OF DOUBTFUL COINS PRIOR TO A DISTRIBUTION OF LARGESSE.

If I am to meet a villain (in fiction) I like him to be so unlimitedly wicked that I can hate him to my heart's content. The man who wastes precious time in wavering between crime and repentance is not depraved enough for me. Gladly I award full marks for villainy to *Colonel Ribera* in *A Prisoner in Spain* (GREENING). As he proceeded steadily from crime to crime he became the dominating figure in the book, and, like a true artist, he kept his most original and outrageous crime until the end. I congratulate WILLIAM CAINE upon the creation of such a very perfect monster. *Hilario* was also as vicious as his weak knees would allow him to be, but, though his intentions were the worst in the world, the *Colonel* could still have given him a stroke a crime. Two little love-stories help to clear the criminal atmosphere; yet, amiable and well drawn as these lovers are, I was so exhausted with hatred of the arch-villain that I had no emotion left in reserve for them. Should your taste in villains be the same as mine, I commend this novel to you.

Mr. H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON describes his hero as "*Richard Ryder*, otherwise *Galloping Dick*, sometime Gentleman of the Road;" the publishers advertise him as "a tobyman with a reckless, cheerful spirit and a generous heart;" my own opinion of him is that he is a passably good fellow with a most ingenious tongue and an amazing gift of getting into and out of impossible scrapes; his rivals and victims declare him to be "a swashbuckler," "a tavern knight," "a gamecock," "a bully captain," "a rat that would gnaw his betters," "a windbag," "a Beelzebub," "a belly-crawling, oath-mincing Southron," and "a Bobadil." Speaking as a critic, I affirm that his adventures on *The King's Highway* (MILLS AND BOON) are far fetched, almost absurb, at any rate utterly unlike life, even life at its brightest and best under the Merry Monarch. I cannot believe that Beauty was so consistently lenient to, and Justice ever so easily outwitted by, Robbery with Violence. I take exception to the monotonous triumphs of his one lonely sword over every well-armed majority, and blame the regularity with which the legally wrong is shown in each event to have been on the side of the morally right. But, speaking as a man—real life and morality be hanged! I am going to have another look at these twelve rollicking and exciting stories.

A yarn about a gardener—
If any one a week ago
Had told me that should make a stir,
I would have said politely, "No,
A man must use, to catch the town,
Bait of a more seductive kind;"
But now I've met with VINCENT BROWN,
And altogether changed my mind.

His book, *The Glory and the Abyss*
(CHAPMAN AND HALL), is really fine;
Yet in effect it 's simply this,
A yarn of—see my opening line.
It 's told with strength, refinement, charm,
And, if the public doesn't buy
(Six bob won't do them any harm),
The public is an ass, say I.

CHARIVARIA.

THE Duke of CORNWALL, it is stated, is to be made Prince of WALES at an earlier date than was originally intended. According to a usually ill-informed Continental journal the reason for the alteration is the fact that certain ardent admirers of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE have been urging that gentleman to seize the vacant post.

* * *

Free Traders are now pointing out that in Protectionist Germany even the KAISER is unable to make both ends meet, and it has become necessary to grant him a further annual subsidy.

* * *

It is again asserted that two German *Dreadnoughts* which have not proved a success have been offered to Turkey. Turkey, however, is said to have replied that Switzerland's need was even greater than her own.

* * *

The Daily Chronicle has been complaining of the fact that the statue of Dr. JOHNSON in Fleet Street has not yet been unveiled. If it is anything like the average London statue our contemporary had better leave well alone.

* * *

According to *The Daily Mirror* a well-known doctor's latest recipe for beauty is pork. Another handicap in favour of the Christian!

* * *

A new play by the author of *The Merry Widow*, entitled *The Doll Girl*, is to come ultimately to London. There should be no difficulty in finding an actress to fill the title *rôle*.

* * *

Prince GEORGE of Servia has left Belgrade for the benefit of his health—and that of his father.

* * *

"The Nanking Exhibition was successfully opened this morning. . . . The Exhibition is as yet incomplete." In spite of Mr. KIPLING, East *is* West sometimes.

* * *

Messrs. PATHÉ, who have conceived the idea of showing the news of the week on films at the cinematograph theatres, have informed an interviewer that it is not their intention to chronicle murders, but to confine themselves more especially to the passing pageant of life. We think that the decision is a wise one. Many murders would undoubtedly be spoilt if notice had to be given beforehand, and, in any event, the presence of the cinematograph man would tend to make the murderer horribly self-conscious.

* * *

A homing pigeon, a resident of Little Drayton, has returned there after being away for two years. The bird is strangely reticent as to the reason of its long absence, and locally it is believed that it is keeping up two establishments.

* * *

The Kent magistrates having held that winkles are wild animals, private and cultivated grounds in Kent and Essex are being over-run by winkle-pickers, and the owners are now in the same category as their winkles.

* * *

The latest boom is in timber. A scarcity of wood is predicted, and many foolish persons, it is said, will shortly be losing their heads in this new form of speculation.

* * *

There seem to be rival claimants to the distinction of having invented the pneumatic tyre, and the proposal to erect a memorial to Mr. DUNLOP has evoked a proposal to erect one to Mr. R. W. THOMSON. Would it not be possible, we wonder, to compromise by making a rubber bust, with an inner lining: the features of one hero to be on the outside, and those of the other on the inside, accessible by means of a puncture?

* * *

Reuter's Nicaraguan representative cabled last week:—

"General Rivas, commanding the Madrizist forces, holding Bluefields Bluff, having threatened to stop forcibly any vessel entering the harbour, the commander of the U.S. gunboat Dubuque replied: 'On the first shot being fired at the American flag an American vessel will level the Bluff.'"

It sounds a little like Poker.

* * *

It is becoming quite a common occurrence for theatrical novelties to be first produced in the provinces. *The Liverpool Echo*, the other day, contained an account of

"SIR H. BEERBOHM TREE AS 'TRILBY.'"

Versatile Sir HERBERT!

* * *

We are not surprised that we did not have to wait long before "the silent woman" who was found wandering on Cleethorpes golf links was identified. There can't be so very many of them about.



Grandmamma. "GOOD-BYE, DEAR. GO STRAIGHT HOME."
Modern Youth. "SO LONG. BE GOOD!"

"Stop!!!"

"Why pay more? All plants are A1 quality, and all have been transplanted, not, like some firms, drawn from the seed beds."—*Advt. in "The Daily Mail."*

We always suspect a firm that has been drawn from a seed bed.

"It's an ill wind," &c.

"A WIDOW'S THANKS.—'My husband took out an accident policy with your company, and in less than a month he was accidentally drowned. I consider it a good investment.'"—*Testimonial in "The Finance Union."*

Still, it seems a bit of a gamble. One can never be certain of these accidents.

"Mr. C. S. Rolls in Wax."
Heading in "The Western Mail."

We don't know who "Mr. C. S." is, but he must have found it very uncomfortable.

THE MOOD OF CONCILIATION.

[*The Daily Chronicle's* Parliamentary Correspondent, while admitting that "it is the duty of the Government of the day in a grave constitutional struggle to exhaust all possible measures of conciliation before unsheathing the sword," says that "Liberal Members are asking what their leaders can have to give away, and if there is nothing to concede what possible good can come from a conference except to conjure up illusive hopes."]

In really grave and pungent crises,
Such as are apt to crease the patriot's brow
(And I suppose the dullest eye sees
That something of the sort is on just now),
Whoever truly loves his land,
Whose thoughts, like ours, are solely for the nation,
Is almost bound to take a hand
In pouring oil upon the situation.

A Government that knows its duty,
That has the finer conscience which can feel
A solemn, sacrificial beauty
In self-effacement for the common weal—
A Government, I say, like that,
Eager that Peace should stand secure and stable,
Will rightly call a parley at
A Round (or, anyhow, an Oval) Table.

So let us now proclaim a truce full
Of rosy promise for the public good,
One that (by Heaven's aid) should turn out useful,
But, be it very clearly understood,
Be it regarded as a cinch
That, though our appetite for Peace is hearty,
If anybody yields an inch
It won't be *our* side, not the Liberal Party.

We may assume the glove of velvet,
But, should the foeman show a naughty pride,
We shall not hesitate to shelve it
And loose at large the mailéd fist inside;
'Tis well to wear a gentle cheer
And let our talk be sweet as sugar-candy,
But we must have our fighting-gear
Hung in the neighbouring cloak-room, nice and handy.

O. S.

LOCAL COLOUR.

I ONCE knew a man who was engaged in writing a novel. There 's nothing very surprising in that, of course. Lots of men constantly write novels, and lots of other men go on knowing them. The remarkable thing about this particular novel was that the scene of it was chiefly laid in the Malay Peninsula. Garfield—let us call my novelist Garfield—had never been nearer than Yarmouth to the Malay Peninsula, but he was very obstinate about it. He said he wanted to describe the clash of civilisation and barbarism, and the consequent changes and developments in various characters; and the Malay Peninsula, about which he knew nothing, was the only place for him. Besides, he said, he liked the sound of the name, and saw his way to some tremendous situations which would make his publisher and the public sit up. "If," he continued, "I can only get some of the real local colour—the place must be simply chockful of it—I shall have letters from all the present and retired Malayans in the Empire telling me how marvellously true my descriptions of life in the Peninsula are, and asking me how many years I spent there, and if I 'm any relation of the Garfield who suppressed a native rising there in 1882." Anyhow, he refused to abandon the Malay Peninsula. Novelists are often like that.

Now at Brillstone-on-Sea, where both Garfield and I happened to be spending some of the so-called summer weeks, there was resident at this time a man called Borden. A queer-looking party he was. His battered panama was always cocked jauntily on his bald head; his clothes were shabby. He had only two fingers on his right hand; his walk was a curious mixture of a shuffle and a swagger, and there were permanent traces of a somewhat blood-shot youth in his face and eyes. I got to know him, while Garfield was cooped up in his lodgings with his nose to the grindstone of his novel, and one day I chanced to mention to him that I had a friend who was busy on a book destined to be immortal.

"One of those writing johnnies, hey?" said Borden. "What 's he writing about?"

I said it was the Malay Peninsula.

"Funny place to write about. I spent ten years there, and——"

"You spent ten years there?"

"Yes, more 's the pity, ten blessed eternal years, and I never thought there was anything to write about. All I wanted was to get away from the mouldy place."

"Why, you 're the very man," said I.

I then explained to him that Garfield required local colour, and when he understood what local colour was he undertook to supply it in buckets. "He 'll find that what I can't tell him about it ain't worth writing about," was what he said. So I undertook to bring Garfield and Borden together.

When I told Garfield about this he was very enthusiastic. He had been mugging up a great many books about the Peninsula, but he said they didn't give him just those little intimate touches that he wanted, and he thought he could get them from Borden. So Borden was asked to dine with us at Garfield's lodgings—you know the kind of dinner: fried sole with paste-sauce, beefsteak, and something called lemon pudding. Garfield was very tactful with his guest. He didn't want him to think he had been asked merely from motives of self-interest. During the fish they talked about London theatres, and Borden got off a long story about an actor he knew twenty years ago. It wasn't until the middle of the beefsteak that they started on the Malay Peninsula.

"I hear," said Garfield, "you 've been good enough to promise to tell me something about the natives. I 'm writing a book, you know, about them."

"Well," said Borden contemplatively, "to tell you the truth I never had more truck with the natives than I could help—a rascally lot. I remember old Dick Tozer—you 've heard of him, of course, Dick Tozer of the Police, rum old cock with one eye—I remember him getting hold of one of the chiefs—quite a civilised chap, the chief: wore a top hat and a pair of shepherd's plaid trousers, and took in brandy as if it was swipes. Well, you couldn't beat Dick for a yarn. He told me some of the best I ever heard. There was one about his uncle and a broker's man. The uncle rigged the broker's man up in a footman's livery and made him wait at a dinner. That was in Chelsea. Not a bad place, Chelsea. Poor old Dick! Cards settled him. He couldn't keep off 'em."

"I suppose," said Garfield anxiously, "he couldn't play cards much in Malacca?"

"That," said Borden, "is just where you 're wrong. Not play cards? Why, we started at ten o'clock one night and we didn't get up till nine o'clock on the next morning but one. There was Dick and myself, and old Cornford of the



A CERTAIN LOSER.

COD (*eaves-dropping at the Hague*). "I DON'T KNOW WHY I SHOULD TAKE ANY INTEREST IN THE RESULT OF THIS CONFERENCE. IT'S DEATH TO ME ANYHOW."



THE EMBARRASSMENTS OF WAR.

Outpost Sentry and Enemy's Scout (simultaneously). "HALT! HANDS UP!" *Sentry.* "'ERE! I SAID IT FIRST!"

Bodyguard, and Tom Harfield of the Education Department. That was how I lost my fingers"—he held up his claw—"fell over a doormat coming out in the morning and cut my hand on the scraper. Blood-poisoning set in. Yes, it does look as if I 'd had 'em chopped off with a kris, but it was only a rotten scraper."

Garfield was beginning to be a little desperate. "As to the seasons, now," he said; "I suppose they 're very different from ours, aren't they?"

"I don't know," said Borden. "All seasons are good for a drink anywhere. That 's what smashed up Tom—that and the Government. They never know when they 've got a good man. Tom woke up one morning—no, I 'm wrong; he never woke in the morning; kept it till the afternoon. Well, he woke up and found they 'd put a mere boy from Oxford over his head. You can't expect decent fairness from a Government: they 're all the same. Tom never recovered from it. Got D.T. and went off in a day. It 's just the same here in England. Why, I 've been at the Colonial Office about once a week for five years now, and a precious poor job I 've made of it. They owe me over a thousand back pension, and if I cared to throw in my fingers I could make it up to fifteen hundred; but I 've as much chance of getting it as I have of winning the Derby."

And that was practically all the local colour that we got out of Borden. He talked till close upon midnight, and I 'm sure he thoroughly enjoyed himself. "Don't mention it," he said to Garfield. "I 'm only too glad to give a chap a lift. Of course I 've been there and you haven't, and that makes all the difference." Garfield had to finish his book as best he could, and Borden speaks of *Kris and Cartridge* to this day as "the book I helped that johnnie to write. He didn't know a thing about the Malay Peninsula, and I put in all those bits for him"—which is partly true.

A CRICKET CRI DU CŒUR.

I AM aweary of the frequent blob,
Sick of the fours that follow as I bowl
A length o'er which I cannot keep control,
And make the batsman's task an easy job.
His are the hefty smites that please the mob,
While I, whose "egg" remains for ever whole,
Would find a "single" soothing to a soul
That shrinks in terror from the merest lob.

Oh, waft me where (if such a place exist)
Each ball is pitched securely off the stumps,
Where catches are invariably missed,
And I can safely make my favourite clumps;
There, when my century at last is won,
Put me on bowling in a rabbit run.

Mr. THOMAS BEECHAM, who has been doing some very sporting work in Opera, announces, on large posters, a "New Mis-en-Scène." This is the right English feeling. We would always sooner see a Miss (even with one *s* short) than a *Mademoiselle-en-Scène*.

THE LATEST FROM CLUBLAND.

A FEW unimpeachable facts concerning the Spartan severity of the new Royal Automobile Club (on the site of the old War Office) in Pall Mall seem to be called for in every properly regulated paper. Very well, then.

Since it has been decided to make it a palace rather than a club, a palatial bearing will be *de rigueur* in its members. No one will be admitted a member who (1) does not pay super-tax, (2) has not been educated at Eton, (3) does not possess ten fur coats.

After prolonged negotiations, His Grace the Duke of —— has consented to act as Secretary, at a salary considerably in advance of his rent-roll.

The Hall Porter is a reduced Earl, and many of the waiters are old public school boys proud of their new and exalted position. Sound claret *à discrétion* will be served to all the servants at their dinner, and champagne on Sundays.

Mr. Prüger, late of the Savoy, has come straight from the Millionaires' Restaurant in New York to control the commissariat for a consideration that might tempt even a comic singer.

The kitchens will be under the direction of a *chef* lured away from an Imperial Palace by a bribe which we hesitate to name. All his utensils are either of pure gold or platinum. The kitchen-maids, it is understood, will in every case be daughters of bishops, deans or archdeacons.

The dining-room services will be entirely of gold, and the meals will be served to a constant accompaniment of ravishing music supplied by the Spotted Dalmatian Band of one hundred and fifty performers, conducted by Prince Igor Bobolinsky, the hereditary Voivode of Lompalanka, whose exclusive services have been retained at a stipend of £T§‡‡ϕ^2.

The Club cellars are stocked with an incredible quantity of Imperial Tokay, Johannisberger and very, very old Clos. No wine will cost less than £1 1*s.* a bottle, but pearls for dissolving in the club's golden goblets will be furnished at special rates.

Negotiations are on foot with the Right Hon. LEWIS HARCOURT, M.P., with a view to converting the ornamental water in St. James's Park into a turtle tank for the exclusive benefit of the Club. Green fat for lubricating purposes will, it is hoped, be provided at exceptionally favourable terms.

The Club notepaper will be made exclusively of the bark of trees from Windsor Forest, and special issues of all the daily papers, with gilt edges and rubricated headlines, will be printed for the members.

In the card-room the lowest points at which it will be possible to play Bridge will be a sovereign. No cigars will be provided costing less than two-and-sixpence each, and any member seen in or outside the Club smoking a Borneo cigar will at once be expelled in circumstances of the utmost contumely.

The billiard balls, for the many tables, have all been turned from the tusks of the regal elephant accredited for many years to the court of the Maharajah of Roadogojee, and purchased by the Club at enormous expense.

On the roof will be a superb aviary for flying members, and a troupe of Russian dancers will be permanently installed in the Saltatorium, a spacious apartment hung on C springs and draped with diaphanous silken hangings imported from Samarcand.

A new and delightful feature of the establishment will be a special dormitory on the ground floor for aged members, richly furnished with lounges, hammocks, and other incentives to stertorous repose.

A Lethal Chamber de Luxe will also be provided so that if members have fatally injured any person on their way to the club they can provide them with euthanasia on the premises.



Mabel. "I WONDER HOW OFTEN THEY HAVE TO BE INFLATED."

TO-DAY IN THE PAST.

[With compliments to the enterprise of "The Daily Mail."]

FIVE thousand nine hundred and ten years ago NIMROD was entertained at dinner at Nineveh by the Society for the Preservation of the Fauna of Babylonia.

Three thousand and nineteen years ago the intrepid airman, ICARUS, essayed to fly the Ægean in a Dædalus bi-plane, but fell into the sea and was drowned. His father, however, safely performed the feat, and thus won the prize of 10,000 drachmæ offered by the 'ο καθ' ἡμέραν Ἄγγαρος.

It is exactly two thousand four hundred and ninety years since NEBUCHADNEZZAR entered on his historic experiment in vegetarianism.

DIOGENES, precisely two thousand two hundred and forty-five years ago, told ALEXANDER THE GREAT to get out of his sunshine.

Two thousand one hundred and thirty years ago HANNIBAL ate his first Spanish onion on the back of an elephant.

Eleven hundred and ninety years ago the Venerable BEDE suffered from his first attack of influenza.

Four hundred and three years ago LEONARDO DA VINCI put the finishing touches to a wax bust of Flora, which he had carefully modelled upon a rolled-up waistcoat which he borrowed for the purpose from his life-long friend, Riccardo Chiocciola Luca.

Three hundred and seventy-two years ago His Majesty King HENRY THE EIGHTH attended the Royal Commission on the Divorce Laws sitting at Westminster, to furnish expert evidence.

Two hundred and fifty-nine years ago the Spanish painter VELASQUEZ

added the last of thirty-five hieroglyphic signatures to his painting of Venus and Cupid now hanging at the National Gallery.

Thirty-eight years ago Mr. F. E. WEATHERLY wrote his immortal lyric, *Nancy Lee.*

Thirty-seven years ago Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON composed his thirteenth Funeral March after visiting the grave of JOHN MILTON.

Equipped with a small hand-bag, Mr. HALL CAINE came to visit DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI thirty years ago, and stayed till the poet-painter's death.

Thirteen years ago, being then only six years of age, Miss MARIE CORELLI began to play on the mandolin.

Ten years ago Mr. KEBLE HOWARD assumed with superb restraint the title of *Chicot the Jester.*

Nine years ago Mr. BERNARD SHAW registered his last blush.

Exactly two thousand nine hundred and fifteen years ago, THERSITES published an offensive article on the death of King AGAMEMNON.

T. PUBLIUS CLODIUS, precisely two thousand and sixty-eight years ago, being employed in negotiations with a view to reconciling CICERO and MARK ANTONY, was observed to enter the villa of CÆSAR by the front door, shortly afterwards emerging from the back door of that of POMPEY.

OUR FLYING COLUMN.

A FLIGHT OF IMAGINATION.

[Passages by aeroplane under the conduct of Mr. GRAHAME-WHITE have been offered for sale by auction.]

WEEK-ENDS WITH ROLLS, a Thousand Feet above the Sea. As patronised by the aristocracy. Paris and Back while you wait.

TRY OUR "ALIEN IMMIGRATORS," complete with disguises. No official fuss or inspection routine. Interpreter carried. Plying direct from Poland.

"THE SMUGGLER." Capacious airship, property of a gentleman leaving the country shortly. Lectures given in the air on Free Trade.

"THE BOMB LINE." "Ingenious, entertaining."—*Vide* Anarchist Press. Reductions made for parachute descents *en route.*

"SHOOTING THE MOON." Our airships start on this trip from the suburbs of London every quarter-day, stop to pick up at Carey Street, and are licensed to carry furniture and other heavy articles. Invisible at night. *Mem.*—Fares payable strictly in advance. Address, in strict confidence, "Hookit," London.

"THE BLÉRIOT STONY-BROKER." Australia by Air. We do a great deal of business in this excellent line with company directors, turf commission agents, outside stockbrokers and others requiring privacy and freedom from annoyance. Bidders must submit full aliases, finger-prints, and two last convict stations.

Buy our Publication, "Hundred Best Ways out of England."



Booky (from whom Old Gent has just received five sovereigns at four to one). "NOW THEN, SANTA CLAUS, WHAT ARE YOU BITING 'EM FOR? DO YOU THINK I'D GIVE YOU WRONG 'UNS?"

Old Gent. "NOA, LADDY, IT'S NO THAT; I'M JUST MAKKING SURE THAT I HAV'NA GOT THAT ONE BACK WHICH I PASSED OFF ON THEE!"

DEGREES FOR BRIDES.

A CURRICULUM of household management for married women was advocated by Mrs. ST. LOE STRACHEY in a discussion upon a "University Standard in Home Science" at the Women's Congress at the White City on June 8. We are left in the dark as to the syllabus, and as to whether the fair aspirant for matrimonial honours will try it on the dog or a dummy husband. Should degrees be conferred on successful candidates, we hasten to enter a *caveat* against some familiar initials obtaining the following acceptation:—

B.A. = Blatantly Argumentative
M.A. = Moderately Affectionate
B.C. = Barely Connubial
Sc.D. = Scarifier of Domestics
Litt.D. = Litter Distributor
LL.B. = Loves Lots of Bridge
Mus.D. = Musically Defective

And we hope that the young ladies who achieve a Poll Degree will understand that this does not mean a pa[ss] for Loquacity.

A CORRESPONDENCE WHICH WENT WRONG.

I. LITERARY NOTE.

"INSPIRED by the success of those recently published books, *Letters to a Salmon Fisher's Son* and *Letters of a Modern Golfer*, a well-known firm of publishers will bring out in August a realistic work on the same lines, by Mr. SAMUEL WITHERS, entitled *Letters to a Porcupine-Hunter's Nephew*, in which will be found set out in genial form the whole art of Porcupine hunting; interwoven, for the sake of the ladies, with a charming and entrancing love story. One of the most delightful characters in the book is Stanley Mertens, the recipient of the letters. . ."

II. THE LETTERS.

MY DEAR STANLEY,—It is a long time since you had a letter from me, but I have been so busy writing to another of my friends, a certain Lionel Blathers, whose second cousin plays water polo for Wiltshire—(*Letters to a Water Polo Player's Second Cousin*, 6/-)—that I have scarcely had time to think of you at all. Now at last I have a few months to spare, and I cannot doubt that you will be glad to hear from such an old friend of your uncle's as I am. But what, I ask myself, shall I write to you about?

Your uncle, as you cannot fail to be aware, was one of the greatest sportsmen of his age. Equally agile in the pursuit of the jerboa, the dromedary and the mountain goat, his most superlative skill was shown in his dealings with the porcupine. It occurs to me that a few hints to you upon his methods, such as may lead you eventually to emulate his skill and equal his reputation, may be of service; for I assume that your ambitions, too, have always lain in this direction.

I shall write to you, then, from day to day, putting down such scraps of advice as occur to me, and discussing any points which you may care to make in reply. I do not, however, insist that you should answer my letters; I should go on writing just the same however impenetrable your silence—a duty which I owe not only to you but to my publishers. But, of course, I should welcome any criticism, if you see fit to make it.

One word more. In case you should find the reiteration of sporting technicality wearisome I have decided to introduce into these letters from time to time the story of my very latest love affair; hoping that in this way your zeal for big-game and your passion for romance may equally be stirred.

Your affectionate friend,
SAMUEL WITHERS.

DEAR STANLEY,—You will be surprised at hearing from me so soon—that is until you get used to it; but you understand that if I am to make a book of these letters by the beginning of August, I must write to you every day.

I have been thinking over what you said in your last—what I mean, you would have said if there had been time for a reply—and I have come to the conclusion that where you are wrong in your method of catching porcupines is in your carelessness. If they are to be tickled successfully they must be tickled in the right place—at the back of the neck where the quills are short; and you must exercise discretion in your selection of a victim. SHAKSPEARE speaks of the "fretful porcupine," and some of them are *very* fretful. These should be stroked with care or you will find that much of them will "come away in the hand," as the expression is. All the same, having once made a start you should continue. Your dear uncle always used to say that it is better to bear those quills we have than fly to others that we know not of.

Speaking of this reminds me that I was introduced to a most charming girl last night. Henrietta—it is a pretty name, I think. Am I in love? I can hardly say as yet.

Yours ever, SAMUEL WITHERS.

MY DEAR BOY,—I am afraid I cannot take your telegram seriously. You *must* want to hear all about porcupine hunting. There is simply nobody else left to whom I can write about it. Blathers made himself impossible over the last book, when he claimed half the profits on the ground that he had had to give the postman an extra large gratuity at Christmas. Of course, if you really don't care a —— if, I mean, you are really not interested in the porcupine, I am only too ready to talk about some other branch of sport. Have you any feeling for hippopotami or silkworms? Your dear uncle had a way with these that I have never seen equalled. He used to take them between the finger and thumb (I am referring now to the silkworms) and transfer them to his collecting box with an imperturbable calm.

If you don't take any interest in *any* animals, for Heaven's sake and that of my publishers at least keep silence about it. I can go on writing with practically no encouragement at all, but I cannot put up with a flow of insulting opposition. Let me therefore beg you as a favour to remain passive in the matter. In return for this I will, if you like, insert your photograph in my book as a frontispiece. I had, of course, intended to put my own—but no matter.

To continue. I saw Henrietta in the Park to-day. How lovely she looked! She blushed when she saw me—I wonder if her little heart was beating!

I shall make a few points about the Wart Hog in my next.

Yours, SAMUEL.

DEAR MERTENS,—I was disgusted by the brutality and profanity of your repeated messages to me yesterday. For some time I considered whether I should not punish you by ceasing to write to you, though I felt that this would perhaps be rather a severe line to take. After consultation with certain friends in the publishing business in whom I have implicit confidence, I have decided to go on with this correspondence; but in future I shall write from the point of view of a modern athlete, assuming you to be as interested in the game of Halma as I am. *The Letters of a Modern Halma Player*, in this case, may be looked for in September, and I am sure you will be proud even to take only a sleeping part in the great work.

To-morrow, then, I shall give you a short account of the history of the game, and at the same time recommence the story of my little love affair with the captivating Henrietta.

Yours sincerely,
SAMUEL WITHERS.

SIR,—Kindly return me my letters at once. S. WITHERS.

III. LITERARY NOTE.

". . . a well-known firm of publishers will bring out in October a realistic work on the same lines, by Mr. Samuel Withers, entitled *Letters to an All-round Sportsman's Brother-in-Law*. . . . One of the most delightful characters in the book is Ernest Beauchamp, the recipient of the letters. . . ."

A. A. M.

According to a contemporary, the British Ornithologists' Union's Expedition to Papua was joined at Singapore by "ten pickled Ghurkas." No doubt a misprint for gherkins.

From a Parish Magazine:

"The Rev. —— will start for his annual holiday on June 13th. He therefore asks that the Missionary Boxes should be returned to him not later than June 10th."

We hope he will have a good holiday.

"Her Second Time on Earth."

"Will Friends and Acquaintances of Mrs. H. T——, late of St. James's Cemetery, Please Note Present Address: 3, BINDON COTTAGES, etc.?"—*Devon and Somerset Gazette.*

THE ANNIHILATOR OF ANECDOTES.

MIDWINTER, the man with whom I share chambers, is a very good fellow, manly, straightforward and extremely sane. But he has the defects of his qualities. He is unimaginative, severely logical and altogether steeped in dry light. One of his peculiarities is the rooted conviction that all anecdotes are apocryphal. Personally I have a weakness for anecdotes and cling to my belief in their veracity. But most of them have been pulverised by his analysis. For example, the other night we were talking about the inconsiderateness of railway travellers, and in a moment of expansion I started out on a story about SOTHERN *père*, the creator of *Dundreary*.

"SOTHERN arrived at a London Terminus one night just as the train was starting, and was bundled into a compartment with one other occupant. This gentleman, it appeared, had specially engaged the compartment for himself, and was extremely indignant at his privacy being disturbed. SOTHERN expressed his regret most courteously, explaining how important it was for him to catch the train, and how he never had the slightest intention of trespassing on the privacy of a stranger, and so on; but the other man refused to be mollified. On the contrary, he continued to make the most injurious and offensive remarks about SOTHERN'S behaviour. This SOTHERN stood for a while without saying anything, but at last he jumped up, lifted his dressing-bag down from the rack, opened it, took out a razor and began stropping it with feverish energy. The stranger dried up in a moment, and hurriedly quitted the compartment at the first stop, leaving SOTHERN in undisturbed possession. Of course the other man took him for a maniac. Rather smart of SOTHERN, wasn't it?"

"No," said Midwinter; "extremely idiotic, *I* think."

"Why?"

"Well, to begin with, if the other man had engaged the compartment, the railway people would never have put SOTHERN into it. However, that's a mere trifle. But about that razor. If the other man really thought SOTHERN was mad, he would have grappled with him, if he was a fool. And if he wasn't he would have humoured him until the train stopped and then quietly informed the railway authorities. In that case SOTHERN would have been collared and locked up, instead of being left in undisturbed possession of the compartment. No, it won't work, your story. Besides, SOTHERN probably used a safety razor."



Platelayer (to passenger who has jumped from the London-Plymouth Non-stop Express). "JUMPED AHT? DID YER.—WOF FOR?"

Passenger. "CROWD OF GOLFERS IN THE CARRIAGE—COULDN'T STAND *ANOTHER* TWO HOURS OF THEIR SHOP."

"My dear Midwinter," I exclaimed, "SOTHERN died in 1882, long before safety razors were invented."

"SOTHERN," replied Midwinter, who has a diabolical memory for dates, "acted in the United States from 1852 to 1860, and I am pretty sure that the first patent for safety razors was taken out there in 1858."

Not having a hardware encyclopædia handy I went to bed.

"It might interest some of your readers to know that last week, after moving a holly some 15 ft. high from one part of my garden to another, a linnet was still sitting on her nest."
The Field.

The custom among linnets of rising silently for a few minutes whenever anybody moved a holly is now falling into disuse.

"K. L. Hutchings and Seymour in splendid foam."—*Evening News.*

It was a very hot day, if you remember.

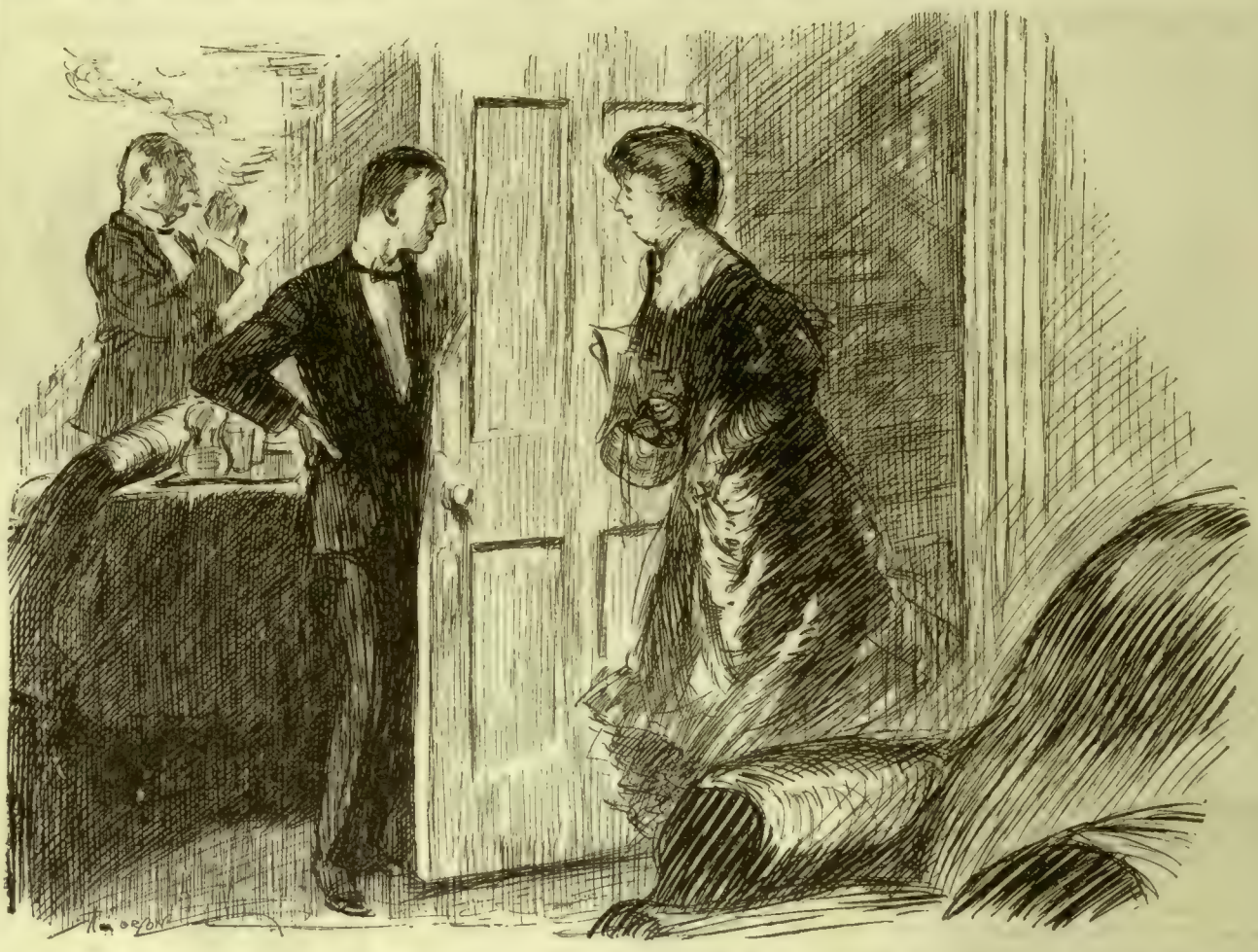
"But it is probable that the Press exaggerates the real public feeling, and the Socialist 'Vorwärts' is nearest to the truth when it suggests that the bulk of the population, like Galileo, cares for none of these things."
Daily News.

It wasn't that he was indifferent, but that he was so busy with his telescope.

"A fountain pen is only a little thing, yet it is said to spoil more carpets and tablecloths than all the nails in our boots."

The writer sounds as though he would be an unwelcome visitor in some houses. Still, it would be something if he kept himself off the top of the grand piano.

"It is estimated that there are 64,166,600 microbes in a cubic inch of grape," says the *Bristol Evening Times* carelessly, *à propos* of nothing in particular. We insist on a re-count.



Motherly Hostess. "OUR MODEST ESTABLISHMENT HAS ONLY ONE BATH-ROOM, SO WE ALL HAVE TO ARRANGE WHEN TO TAKE OUR TURN. WHAT TIME WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE YOUR BATH?"

Nervous Youth (who means well). "OH, *YOUR* TIME IS *MINE*, MRS. BROWN."

HANDS AND ARMS.

["Territorials need not apply."—*Recent Commercial Announcement.*]

I JOINED the Territorials; I saw the need was great;
And here the chance was ready to my hand
To learn to play the citizen, to hold a rifle straight,
And win the right to serve my native land.

My leisure was but little, but I did what in me lay,
While Dick and Tom and Harry wandered free;
My holidays were labour, labour, labour all the way,
While they were idly loafing by the sea.

They didn't see their duty, or they thought it well to shirk
The trouble and the discipline behind;
They knew—if they did nothing—there was none to make them work,
When I—who did do something—might be fined.

They hugged their independence, as the Briton only can;
Their freedom, which was far too dear to touch;
Forgetting that a citizen may be a better man
For learning to behave himself as such.

But I, the Territorial, said, those can laugh that win;
For if the time should come—as come it might—
When Britons have to battle for their country or their skin,
They 'll neither have the power—nor the right.

I 've left the Territorials. A little while ago,
The notice of a billet caught my eye;
I entered for the job, but the employer answered, "No;
For Territorials need not apply."

He owned that we had merits. But for purposes of trade
He liked a man of more pacific stamp,
Who didn't ask for Saturdays and evenings for parade,
And didn't want an extra week in camp.

He 'd take us on—and willing—if his rivals did the same;
But competition kept him on the run;
And Harry, Tom and Dick must have priority of claim
Till all were Territorials, or none.

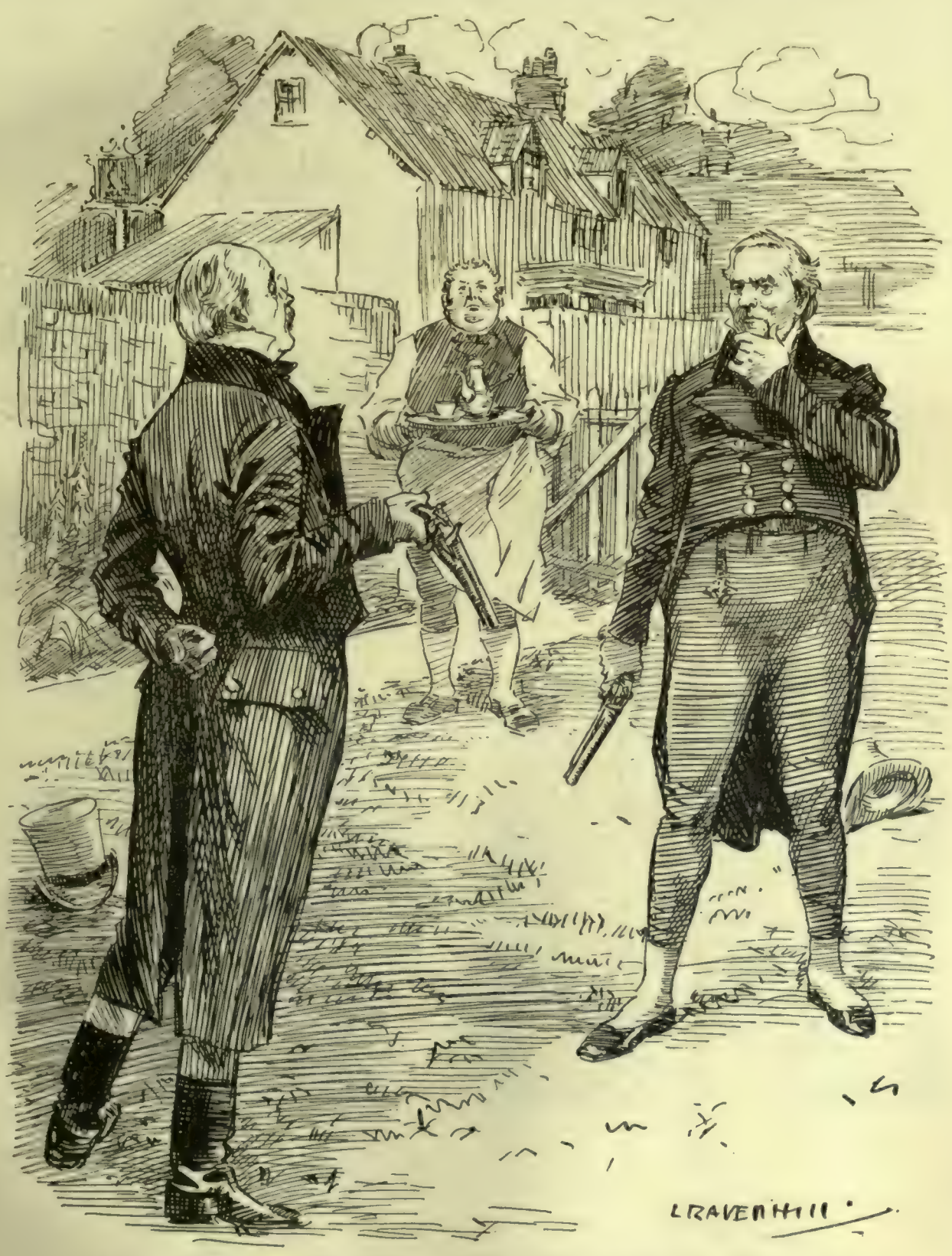
* * * * *

I 'm not a Territorial. I tried to do my best.
But, though I 'm just as loyal as before,
Till Tom and Dick and Harry do their duty with the rest,
I 'll be a Territorial no more.

For he that can't defend himself and won't defend his land
Will never lack employers to select him;
But gets the very billet from the patriotic hand
That loses it by learning to protect him. DUM-DUM.

Keeping Up the Two-Power Standard.

"A number of Navy Botes have been put down for to-day."
Devon and Exeter Gazette.



"PISTOLS FOR TWO AND COFFEE FOR ONE."

MR. ASQUITH. "SUPPOSE WE BEGIN BY SHARING THE COFFEE; THE PISTOLS CAN WAIT."



ARRIVAL OF THE IRISH AMBASSADOR.



UNDERGROUND INFLUENCES AT WORK.



PRESSURE FROM ABOVE.



PRESSURE FROM BELOW.

"TAY-PAY" AT DOWNING STREET.

"An interesting feature of the assembly (the Cabinet meeting) was the indirect part taken in it by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, the favoured negotiator of the Irish Party. Mr. O'Connor was constantly in and out of Downing Street. At two o'clock he called at the Chief Whip's office, which is next door to Mr. Lloyd George's. At half-past two he called again, and left the premises by Mr. Lloyd George's door – for the two houses are connected. Just before the Council ended he drove up once more, entered into conversation with the Lord Chancellor and Lord Carrington as they were leaving, and then passed into the house of the Chancellor of the Exchequer."—*Daily Paper.*

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Wednesday, June 8.—There is a fine restraint about House of Commons that endears it to looker-on. Met to-day under memorable circumstances. Since we parted for what was planned as brief Spring holiday, great things have happened. KING EDWARD is dead and a fifth KING GEORGE has come to the Throne. Only a week or two before adjournment the alert presence of the then PRINCE OF WALES surveyed scene from Gallery over Clock. Next time he appears on parliamentary stage he will take his place on the Throne.

Meanwhile men's minds full of concern as to next move in game for high stakes opened last year between the two Houses. When will the Veto Resolutions be taken? What will the Lords do with them? What will follow thereupon?

These are questions Members meeting in the Lobby or the reading-rooms eagerly put to each other. The public intently listens at the door. Reassembling of Parliament looked forward to with certainty that a sign would be forthcoming. The PREMIER expected to make statement indicating course of public business. Between its lines we should surely read how matters stand.

Thus the environment of the scene. On the stage itself scarcely any movement; certainly no turmoil; pretty full attendance, but no cheering or counter-cheering. The PREMIER enters unnoticed. PRINCE ARTHUR does not think occasion sufficiently important to claim his attendance. In his absence HARRY CHAPLIN gracefully drops into seat of LEADER OF OPPOSITION and regards show through single eye-glass. A pair would, you know, be making too much of it.

SPEAKER having read judgments upon election petitions, we take our coats off and get to business. First, we read a third time the Charnwood Forest Railway Bill. Next we pass through final stage the Farnham Gas Electricity Bill and eke the South Hants Water Bill. For a moment there seemed prospect of equable stream of legislation being ruffled by a breeze. ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS, rising from unfamiliar back seat, proposed to offer a few observations. Whether they related to the affairs of Charnwood, Farnham or South Hants no man knoweth. House did not desire to hear ALPHEUS on any subject, and unmistakably indicated lack of desire. CLEOPHAS showed disposition to insist. Storm rose to angry height; after brief struggle ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS bent his head before it.

Thereupon House read a third time the Standard Life Assurance Company Bill.

Above crowd at Bar waiting to be sworn in, head and shoulders of OWEN PHILIPPS, Chairman of Royal Mail Steamship Company, towered. Since House last met he has bought another fleet. 'Tis his custom of an afternoon. On the average pays a million-and-a-half sterling for goods received.

"My dear PHILIPPS," said CHARLIE BERESFORD, looking up to him as if he were a mainmast that might presently be swarmed, "there 's only one thing left for you. You must buy the British fleet."

"Odd you should mention it," said Sir OWEN. "To tell you the truth, I *had* been thinking of it. If the deal comes off I 'll ask you to take command."

"Done with you," said CHARLIE, hitching up a pair of trousers preternaturally wide over the foot.

Business done.—Parliament reassembled after Spring Recess.

Thursday.—Both Houses met again to-day. Gravely proceeded to do business as if nothing had happened outside or was in process of happening. A poor make-believe not long kept up. The Lords, approaching Orders of the Day at 4.30, adjourned at 4.35. Shutters up in the Commons at 25 minutes to 6.

Meanwhile JAM MACDONALD had buttonholed SEELY on subject of subsidised bananas. Alleged that, in spite of subsidy of £20,000 a year paid to steam-fleet owners, Jamaica bananas drifted to the broad bosom of the United States, leaving England forlorn.

SEELY pleaded things weren't quite so bad as that. Ministerial crisis averted only by promise that before contract is renewed House shall have opportunity for fully discussing it.

All this done with delightful gravity, as if no one knew anything of the talk that fills the crowded Lobby, that throbs through the Tea-room and hurtles over the Terrace. All about a Conference in course of arrangement, designed to avert battle-royal between Lords and Commons on Veto Question.

"Very nice indeed," said MEMBER FOR SARK, peeling one of the bananas SEELY sent round by way of additional rejoinder to MACDONALD'S attack upon Colonial Office, "but I 'm old enough to remember the Round Table Conference that took place 24 years ago, with SQUIRE OF MALWOOD presiding. It was designed to bring DON JOSÉ back to the GLADSTONE fold. What I don't remember is his return."

Business done.—Navy Votes passed Report Stage.

THE BRITISH SUFFRAGETTE.

AIR—"*The British Grenadiers.*"

[Suitable to be used as a Marching-Song for spectators who accompany the great Votes-for-Women Demonstration on Saturday next.]

SOME talk about GRACE DARLING and
FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE,
JEANNE D'ARC and other women whose
deeds can never pale,
But of all the world's brave heroines
there 's none has made as yet
Such a row, row, row, row, row, row, as
the British Su-uffra-a-gette!
Chorus—But of all the—etc.

Those heroines of old times to us look
rather small;
They never used a dog-whip to slash
their foes withal;
But our brave girls can use 'em with a
thumping epithet
In a row, row, row, row, row, row of a
British Su-uffra-a-gette!
Chorus.—But our brave girls—etc.

Whenever they 're commanded to raid
the House at night,
They march out with their banners of
purple, green and white,
And smack policemen's faces—for that 's
the etiquette
In a row, row, row, row, row, row of the
British Su-uffra-a-gette!
Chorus—And smack policemen's—etc.

And when the raid is over and some to
gaol are sent,
They say that they are martyrs and
never will repent,
And should their scorn of prison food
with feeding tubes be met
There 's an awful row, row, row, row
from the British Su-uffra-a-gette!
Chorus—And should their scorn—etc.

Then let us fill a bumper and drink
"more sense to those
Who don't behave like women though
clad in women's clothes;"
We may admire their principles, but
what we *do* regret
Is the jolly row, row, row, row of the
British Su-uffra-a-gette!
Chorus—We may admire—etc.

Save us from Our Friends.

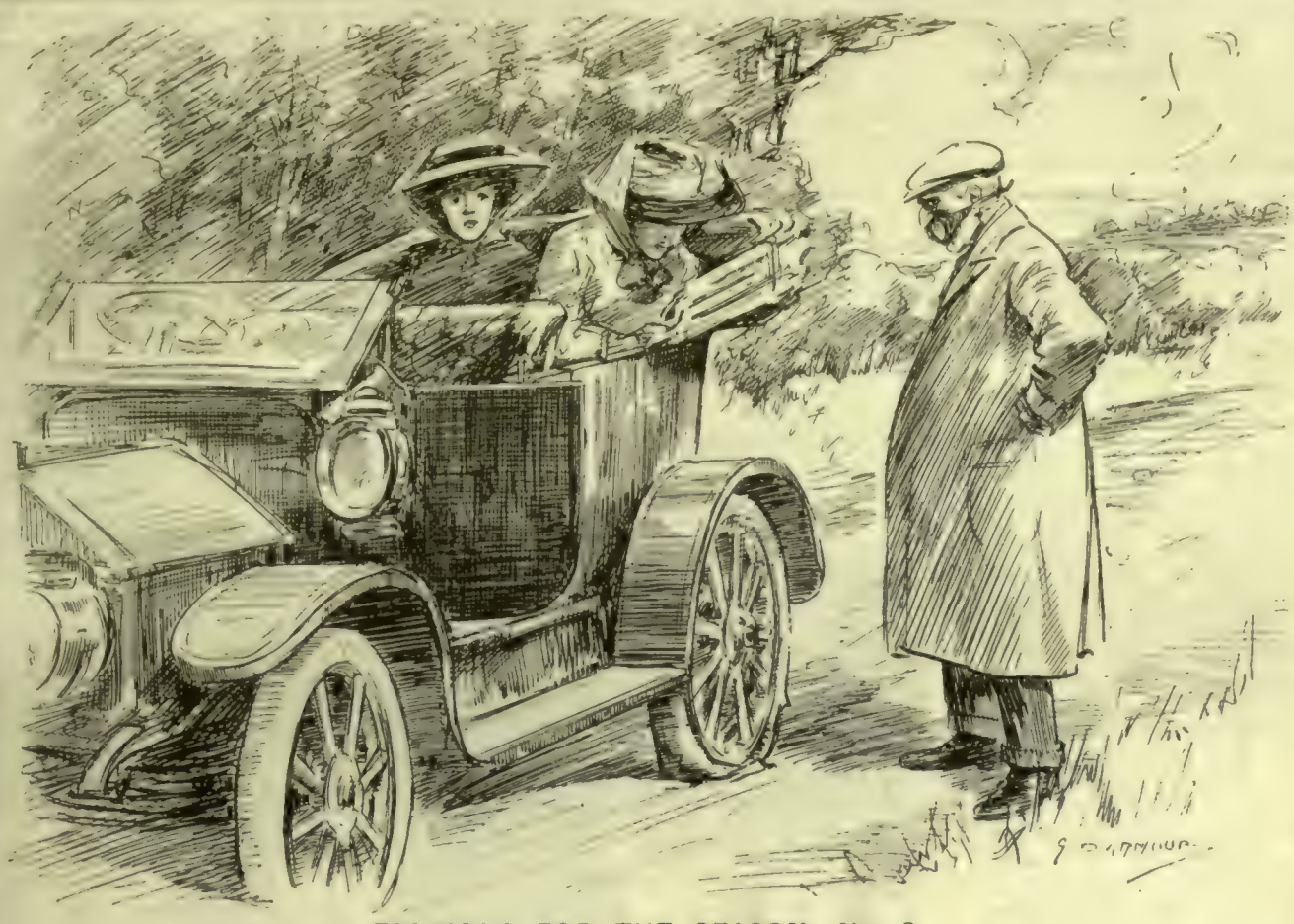
"It is reported that the Mullah is fleeing with only 400 followers, and pursued by 11,000 friendlies."—*Belfast News Letter.*

The subsequent report of the MULLAH'S death is now explained. He must have been killed by kindness.

The Tyranny of Fashion.

"Not long ago a party of ststesmen—it seems fashionable to call them that—were down in Porto Rico."—*South Wales Echo.*

Perhaps our contemporary would kindly give us a hint as to the fashionable way of pronouncing this word "ststesmen."



FASHIONS FOR THE SEASON. No. 3.

A NEW INVENTION LIKELY TO BE MUCH WORN—"THE GOGGLYGAG." LOOKS LIKE ORDINARY GOGGLES, BUT CAN BE WORN OVER THE MOUTH WHEN REQUIRED, ENABLING MOTORISTS TO EXPRESS THEIR FEELINGS (AS IN THE ABOVE CASE OF A BURST TYRE) WITHOUT GIVING OFFENCE TO THE MOST SENSITIVE PASSENGER.

ATHLETES ALL.

[The news that three thousand spectators followed a tie in the recent Amateur Golf Championship is supposed to have given rise to the fear that Golf may become a game of mere vicarious enthusiasm.]

NAY, not as when the wild mob, making feast,
  Tramples the turf and, tipped by sporting dailies,
The townsman bets upon the noble beast,
  Untaught which end his head and which his tail is;
Or when some football concourse crowds to see
  (All skill-less in the art, but earnest backers)
The triumph of their own pet galaxy
    Of hardly-purchased hackers—

Not thus we follow round in regal state
  The heroes of the craft, whose high approaches
Flop on the sunburnt green inanimate,
  Limp as the breakfast eggs that Susan poaches;
Whose drives are longer than the dreams of youth,
  Whose putts go down unerringly as rabbits—
Have we not also striven after truth
    And straightness in our habits?

Have we not wandered in the sandy dunes
  Morn after morn, each moment growing pinker,
With armouries of cleeks and shining spoons
  And now and then got in a perfect clinker?
And sometimes, as we hacked the futile sods
  And strove to make some beetling bunker porous,
Been haunted in the rear by Hoylake gods,
    And bade them pass before us?

And, when we watch them play, with due applause
  We greet them, and with adulating glances,
Not for themselves alone, but most because
  They teem with useful tips for style and stances;
Theirs is the help we want, when you and I,
  With many a (dash between inverted commas),
Halve in about a hundred, wet or dry,
    Each Saturday, my Thomas!

Others may like to view an alien sport,
  May lounge at ease, their gladiators hiring;
But we who constitute the champions' court
  Have worked as they, with twice as much perspiring;
Not one, I trow, of that devoted band
  But sometime toiled at bay with temples sheeny,
Toiled till the niblick clave unto his hand
    On strenuous *arenæ*.

The Spartan Foster Mother.

"THE YOUNG LIBERAL is on its legs: our bantling is cast on the rocks. We, the midwife and nurse of this great venture, will do our part towards its development to a sturdy and vigorous manhood."
The Young Liberal.

If they keep on casting it on the rocks a sturdy manhood is assured.

AT THE PLAY.

"GLASS HOUSES."

IF Smith Tertius were asked to translate "*Connais-toi*," and gave the answer "Glass houses," he would almost certainly receive correction on the ground that his rendering was too free. Mr. KENNETH BARNES, who is grown up, has a perfect right to take liberties with his French original, but I do think he ought to be required to attach the right meaning to an English copy-book phrase. Most of us have been taught to believe that the proverb about people who live in glass houses can only mean that those who are themselves vulnerable (in a moral sense, for instance) should be careful how they attack the faults of others. Yet this is not the main idea in Mr. BARNES'S play. *General Sir Paul Carteret*, apart from a little habit of brusqueness, has no vices to make him vulnerable. He cherishes strict views, in the abstract, about conjugal infidelity (whether of thought or deed) and the proper treatment of erring wives. In a case that is brought before his notice he recommends that the woman should be treated as an outcast, and that the "officer and gentleman" who compromised her should make the only possible amends by marriage. When the "officer and gentleman" turns out to be his own son, he modifies his views. The woman is still to be an outcast, but the co-respondent is not to sully himself by marriage with so contemptible a person. Later still he finds his own wife unfaithful (in thought only), and his views are still further modified in favour of reconciliation, after the reflection that he might have been a gentler husband. All this merely illustrates the obvious truth that we are apt to readjust our abstract opinions as the personal element enters more and more deeply into the concrete case. The original play may have been well suited with the title *Connais-toi*, but the adaptation has very little to do with a conservatory.

The play is one of those familiar comedies which become really tragic when one pictures the state of things that is bound to ensue after everything has been temporarily cleared up against the fall of the curtain. Not that I cared a brass button what became of any one of the characters. I took at first a fleeting interest in *Captain O'Brien* (played by Mr. NORMAN TREVOR with a most determined immobility), but after he had been wrongly suspected of being a villain and then wrongly suspected of being a hero, I took no further interest in his career.

I confess, too, that I prefer to have my comic relief supplied by subsidiary characters, and not by protagonists in whose tragic emotions I am expected to find a poignant interest. Everybody in this play seemed to be a protagonist. The whole cast (always barring the butler, a negligible figure) consisted either of illegitimate lovers or injured husbands. Even for a military station (on the stage) this seems in excess of the average. Then, again, I was disturbed by the medley of English and French sentiments. Your Frenchman takes his *cocu* lightly; your Englishman is serious over a breach of the marriage-covenant; and the audience was invited to be dispassionate and assume both attitudes in turn.

The dialogue did not do much to relieve matters. I can only recall one happy phrase, where Mr. BOURCHIER remarks, "If I've said anything that I'm sorry for, I'm glad." But he had given us this very phrase only the other day in *Parasites*. I don't know if he deliberately retained it as a pious souvenir of the past. Certainly there were moments which were reminiscent of his farcical manner in that unfortunate failure. For the rest his acting was very sound. Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH'S performance as *Lady Carteret* showed nice feeling: but, as with Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER, I could wish that she would confine herself to light comedy, where regular employment might be found for the smile which it costs her so much to repress. Mr. BEALBY was rather amusing in his anxiety to get the right advice from the head of the family as to the proper line of conduct for an outraged husband. But Miss MURIEL BEAUMONT found little to suit her (except her gowns) in the part of this gentleman's erratic wife. She looked much too healthy and honest.



A FRESH SITUATION.

Puzzle: To find the injured husband.

General Sir Paul Carteret ... ... Mr. BOURCHIER.
Captain O'Brien ... ... Mr. NORMAN TREVOR.
Lady Carteret ... ... Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH.

Proceedings were opened by a rather unusual type of curtain-raiser. *The Trap*, by the ARTHURS ECKERSLEY and CURTIS, is melodrama that comes very near to drama proper. But it seems just to miss the desired touch of irony. A burglar, closely tracked, persuades the girl he lives with to go out into the street and accost the detective (known to be weak about women) and bring him into their garret, where he is to be gagged and bound and so clear the way for escape. The ruse fails; the girl is killed by a motor; and the detective ultimately overpowers and captures his man. The trapper ought somehow to have been shown as caught in his own trap; but I gathered that the detective would have marked him down anyhow, and so this point of irony was lost. But as a mere study in the Grand Guignol manner the little sketch was not ineffective. Miss MAY HOLLAND was a very passable low-comedy gossip, and Miss DAISY MARKHAM as the girl *Nell*, her heart torn between loyalty to her man and the horror of sharing in his crime, played her tragic part with a nice discretion.

O. S.



CRŒSUS JUNIOR.

"A FIVER FOR YOUR THOUGHTS, NURSE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

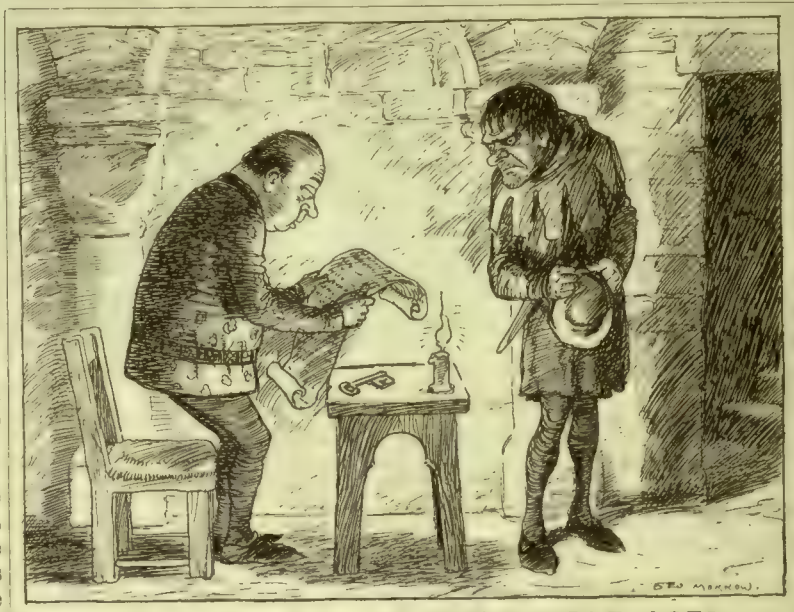
(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

DORSET is not, I believe, one of the first-class cricket counties. But, to judge from some of the novels of Mr. THOMAS HARDY and "M. E. FRANCIS," in the sterner game of life, in which the implements are not bats and balls, but love and jealousy and sudden death, its rustics must be well in the running for championship honours. *The Wild Heart* (SMITH, ELDER), Mrs. FRANCIS BLUNDELL'S new book, touches the same note of tragedy as *Far from the Madding Crowd*. It begins with a manslaughter and ends with a murder, all because a many years ago certain long-tailed birds were introduced into Europe from the neighbourhood of the river Phasis, since when they have had their revenge by bringing many a promising youth to the gallows. They did not quite do that for *David Chant*, of the wild heart, but one shining night he was so unlucky as to kill a keeper who would otherwise have brained one of his fellow-poachers, and got twenty years' penal servitude as his share of the bag. Within a few months he was an escaped convict with a price upon his head, and three years later returned to his native village, disguised in a beard and a false name, and married the girl-farmer who had helped him to escape. Then, unluckily for them both, just when he was beginning to yearn once more for the delights of poaching, the widow of the man that he had killed guessed his secret, and in a fit of jealous rage, because he had refused her offer of her heart and hand, first betrayed him to the police, and then, to save trouble, with her own fair hand pulled the trigger that stilled the beating of his wild heart. The story, though its plot may sound melodramatic, is told in the quiet pastoral manner which Mrs. BLUNDELL has made her own.

Before we start bone-picking, let it be clearly understood that *The Heart of Marylebone* (HUTCHINSON) is no amateur story of North-Western love, but an expert study, subtly developed and most ably written, of husbands and wives and even third parties in health and in sickness. *Leila Gaythorne* (even if she was a Celt, she need not have shouted so much about the Celtic merit) and *Henry Palmerston*, whose manners are so exquisite as almost to have eliminated his manhood, marry in haste and fall in love at leisure. *Mrs. D'Arcy Vaux* and *Captain Vandaleur* love each other all the time, but are married, as ill luck will have it, otherwise. Sickness brings *Leila* on the one hand, and the *Captain* on the other, to a nursing home in Marylebone, and from that point of vantage their respective situations are reviewed by themselves, their nurses, their doctor, and their anonymous author, "HANDASYDE." All hold bright and diverse views on love and the other emotions as they should be, and express the same in a manner most attractive and convincing. Now for the bones. I suggest that a little more movement is needed to justify a novel of three hundred and forty closely printed pages. I deny respectfully that the Scot, with all his virtues, is quite the paragon of quick imagination and perfect understanding that he is here said to be. I assert positively that, when "Sheridan" furniture

is mentioned, something else is meant. There are, besides, a thousand moot points in the book; but that, perhaps, is its charm. It makes you think and pine for discussion. Yet, however argumentative you may be, you will not dispute the warm tribute paid to the personal devotion as well as technical skill of the medical profession, a tribute richly deserved and long overdue.

Anna and *Astrid Avelan*, the heroines of Mr. PAUL WAINEMAN'S new novel, *The Wife of Nicholas Fleming* (METHUEN), resembled each other so closely that even their own mother could scarcely tell them apart. It was therefore not to be wondered at that *Count Nicholas Fleming*, a Finnish nobleman with more money than intelligence, after falling in love with *Anna*, should commit the pardonable error of marrying *Astrid*. One morning, however, the two sisters happened to go down to the sea-shore for a swim. *Astrid* confided her wedding-ring to her sister, while she practised some high diving, and in a momentary absence of mind *Anna* slipped it on to her own finger. Scarcely had she done so when a terrific storm overwhelmed the boat from which they were bathing, swept *Astrid* out to sea, never to return, and left *Anna* to be rescued in a semi-conscious condition by a passing peasant. When *Anna* was carried up to the Count's castle, with *Astrid's* ring upon her finger, he assumed that she was his original spouse. *Anna* was too weak to explain matters. When, however, a son was born, and the Count was killed by a fractious horse, she realised that it was wrong of her to deprive the rightful heir of his property. It was really very fortunate that he should chance to be none other than her old flame, *Captain Renford*, a hero of the Russo-Japanese War. She was thus able to marry him with a clear conscience, and to spend the evening of her days in his society in Kent. Mr. WAINEMAN writes with skill and sympathy of the Finland which he knows and loves, but he taxes the reader's credulity somewhat severely if he expects him to believe that even the wildest of "backwoods" peers would be only able to distinguish his wife from another lady by the clothes she wore. The fate of *Nicholas Fleming's* first wife will undoubtedly strengthen and confirm that old-fashioned British prejudice (which still survives at so many of our fashionable watering-places) for regarding a wedding-ring as an inadequate bathing-costume.



LITTLE WORRIES OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

THE HIRED ASSASSIN CALLS TO COLLECT HIS MONTHLY BILL.

We are told—on a red wrapper—that *Tower of Ivory* (JOHN MURRAY) is "a large tapestry of modern life, dealing with things as they are, human nature as it is, with eternal characteristics, not passing phrases," and this announcement is, I venture to think, as redundant as the "r" in the last word of it. But although I have to record my vote against Mrs. ATHERTON'S book my admiration for the cleverness of the author is undiminished. Indeed the great singer, *Margarethe Styr*, and several of the minor characters are drawn with such brilliant skill that I am reluctant to say that from my masculine point of view the hero, *John Ordham*, is thoroughly contemptible and uninteresting. *Ordham's* fascinating manners failed to fascinate me, and as—until nearly the end of the book—he seemed unable to show any durable feeling except hatred of his elder brother and his young wife I longed very sincerely to kick him. He was fortunate, perhaps, in spending nearly all his time with feminine admirers, but I wish that we had been given more opportunity to see what men thought of him. While recognising the remarkable ability with which parts of *Towers of Ivory* are written, I cannot recommend the book to the squeamish. In the description of Munich society Mrs. ATHERTON might, on one occasion, have been more reticent without being less effective.

On Fads (CHAPMAN AND HALL) is divided into three parts—ethical, literary, social—and may be recommended to anyone who likes such subjects as "Moral Education in the Home," "Modern Humour in Modern Literature" (with little slaps at Mr. CHESTERTON), and "The Increase of Luxury." As the author, Lady GROVE, states that "critics" often read nothing but prefaces, I wish to say that I have not confined myself to the preface here (for there is none), nor have extracted the title of these essays from the list of contents, but from the body of the book, of which I have read every word. Lady GROVE is most satisfactory when she does not try to be entertaining. While sympathising with many of her opinions, I protest both against her anecdotes and her manner of relating them. The reproduction of such an ancient tale as that of the biggest liar taking the kettle may be partly excused on the ground that the story is old enough to be almost new, but when Lady GROVE spoils a tale of a girl's first Royal ball by adding "I was more fortunate in my partner, for he happened to be a friend of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales," I feel a creeping sadness.

"BRITISH RAINFALL.
TRUSTEES TAKE OVER WORK OF ORGANISATION."
Evening Standard.

"BRITISH RAINFALL.
GIFT BY DR. MILL."
The Times.

It has been very kind of Dr. MILL, but he overdid it last year, and we are glad that there is to be a change of management. If the new trustees can arrange for the rainfall to come in the middle of the week or during the *other* people's holidays we shall be grateful.

"Collier c Rector b Floissac b Elliott c Rector b Floissac 0."
Manchester Guardian.

Better luck next time.

CHARIVARIA.

A DEAR old lady having read of the intended fight between JEFFRIES and JOHNSON is said to have cabled to America begging them rather to lay the matter in dispute before the Hague Tribunal.

* * *

Lord ROSEBERY'S allegation that we are less thrifty than we used to be has been brought to the notice of the Controller of the Post Office Savings Bank, who has expressed the opinion that nowadays the Englishman puts money by for the fine day, not for the rainy day. But this, in our climate, surely means more thrift, not less?

* * *

"It is the man who wears the cloth cap who is the ruler in the country," says the Archbishop of YORK. This news as to the headgear affected by Mr. REDMOND is most interesting.

* * *

"As a patron of the theatre in London," says Sir HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE, "Mr. LLOYD GEORGE is an asset." There! We always thought that there must be some good in him.

* * *

A representative of *The Daily Chronicle* has interviewed Dr. RUTHERFORD on the subject of Sir CHARLES HARDINGE'S appointment as Viceroy of India. "I think," said the dear doctor, "this appointment is a fatal blunder. . . . If I were asked whom I would suggest I should say unhesitatingly, Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL. . . . I feel that we over here hardly realise the position in India." This last sentence may explain but does not excuse the previous one.

* * *

An article in *The Daily Mail* on "The Waste of Great Men" opened with the following words:—"Three of the most distinguished men living and working to-day are without opportunity for the public exercise of their talents." Judge of the surprise of Mr. GRAYSON, Mr. LUPTON, and Mr. HORATIO MYER, of the late Parliament, upon reading on, to find that the article referred to Lord KITCHENER, Mr. ROOSEVELT, and Herr DERNBURG!

* * *

For the following Charivarium we are indebted to the Johannesburg correspondent of *The Daily Chronicle*:—"The appointments made by General BOTHA as permanent heads of departments are fair and efficient, and of a non-racial character. Transvaal officials have secured most of the places."

* * *

Exception has been taken in Berlin to the KAISER'S testimonial to the effect that he reads the Bible often and with pleasure. It is felt that it would have shown a more Pan-Germanic attitude if he had said something to encourage contemporary Teuton literature.

* * *

"The discovery of the North Pole," says Commander PEARY, "means that the last of the great primary problems of the North Polar work is solved, and it is now a matter of filling in the details." That, however, was just what Dr. COOK found the most difficult part of the business.

* * *

Professor J. H. B. MASTERMAN hopes that the Workers' Educational Association may bring back to London the habit of dreaming beautiful dreams. The reaction against the "Wake up, England!" movement has apparently come sooner than we had expected.

* * *

The Carlton Hotel system for the abolition of cab-whistles was inaugurated last week by Madame PATTI, and there is some dissatisfaction in musical circles that the famous *diva* should not rather have used her influence for improving the musical quality of the whistles. Supposing, for instance, that the Hotel had retained Mr. CAPPER for the job?

* * *

We hear, by the by, that locally the nuisance, which is mainly due to persons who have been supping, is known as the Pig and Whistle Nuisance.

* * *

Meanwhile, although a beginning has been made in the abolition of the cab whistles, and quieter motor omnibuses are promised, there is no immediate danger of London becoming too dull owing to the silence of the streets.

* * *

A canary which, by its fall from its perch in a house at Long Acre, saved the lives of several persons by warning them of the presence of poisonous gases, received the honour, last week, of a post-mortem examination at Charing Cross Hospital. The proposal, said to emanate from Our Dumb Friends' League, that the bird should also be accorded a public funeral, would appear to have been dropped.

* * *

Mr. KETTLE, M.P., has been objecting in the House to Sir EDWARD GREY'S having taken Mr. ROOSEVELT'S advice in regard to Egypt. "As for Mr. ROOSEVELT," declared Mr. KETTLE, "he does not seem to be a person of very great importance." This is not the first time there have been differences between a little Kettle and a big Pot.

* * *

The ROOSEVELT example is evidently infectious. "Your Aliens Act is a farce," said another foreign critic, this time at the Guildhall Police Court. And he knew what he was talking about. "I have already been deported twice," he added.



Guardsman. "HULLO, JIM, WOT'S YER GAME?"
Friend. "I'M GOING FOR A SOLDIER!"
Guardsman. "YOU DON'T SAY SO. WHAT REGIMENT, JIM?"
Friend. "I DUNNO; 'E'S BIN A-WALKING AHT WIV MY LIZ."

A DREAM OF PLAIN WOMEN.

[MRS. CARL MEYER, responding to the toast of "Fair Women" at the Grafton Galleries, is alleged to have stated that all women in their hearts consider that they ought to be classed under that category.]

How many women, far from fair,
I have observed and wondered why
They challenged with a conquering air
The homage of the passer-by;
Or else assumed a modest mien,
Shunning with shy averted glances
The outrage of a gaze too keen,
Too full of vernal fancies.

Untouched I 've sauntered through the spell
And kept my eye serene and cold,
Having no flattering tale to tell,
No hint of ardour overbold;
And still the marvel grew and grew
Why women, built with hopeless faces,
Won't rest content to worry through
With just the moral graces.

But now I know. By instinct taught
The homeliest woman likes to think
(The wish is mother to the thought)
That she is beauteous as a pink;
From this obsession all in vain
Her bosom-friends conspire to free her,
She *will* not see herself as plain
As other people see her.

Ah! Harriet, you remember how
I overlooked your lack of charms,
Ignored your narrow spotted brow,
Your tilted nose, your tawny arms;
Moved by the fate that marred your life
(And Love is Pity's near relation),
I meant to let you be my wife
By way of mitigation.

But if, of course, by Nature's light
You felt that beauty from you shone
Almost too perilously bright
For naked orbs to gaze upon,
I see exactly why you sniffed,
Treating the golden chance like pewter,
Gave to your nose an extra lift,
And lost a priceless suitor. O. S.

Procedure.

Barrister's clerks regulate the whole professional actions of their masters, and further type their letters, prepare their afternoon tea, caddy for them on circuit golf links, and as often as not become the most intimate of their confidants.

"William," said I, "this is a matter of extreme delicacy and importance. The great text-books of the law are silent on the point and give me no advice, so I turn to you. I am about to engage a cook. There is an applicant for the post. She has written to me and I have written back. I should have liked to engage her without further to-do, but I am told that a preliminary interview is essential. Under pressure I have made an appointment for four o'clock this afternoon. It is now a quarter to, and I am still in complete ignorance on all matters domestic, menial, economical, purveyoral and culinary. What shall I say to her?"

"Ask her, Sir," said William, simply,—"ask her if she can cook."

THE AVERAGE-ADJUSTER.

SOMEHOW his appearance seemed quite familiar to me, but for the life of me I couldn't say where I had met him before. There was a curious look in his face—something which struck me as being both indefinite and universal. It didn't make any one special impression, but seemed to be trying to make all sorts of impressions at the same time. His clothes were of no particular age or cut. Nondescript clothes, I should call them. He wore a bowler hat, a black tie and a pair of brown lace-up boots. During the whole of our conversation, which, by the way, took place in the Strand, he was smoking a briarwood pipe, or, rather, his pipe was always going out, and he was continually lighting it again. He must have spent at least fifty wooden matches in ten minutes.

It all began with the blowing off of my hat. He was good enough to capture it and restore it to me.

"Pray don't mention it," he said when I thanked him. "If it hadn't been yours it would have had to be mine."

"What do you mean?" said I.

"Well, you see," he answered, "our people are compiling statistics about hats for a private investigator, and if there hadn't been one more hat blown off in the Strand at this very moment, all his tables would have been wrong. I was ordered to watch, and if somebody else's hat hadn't been taken mine would have had to go. It had to be an actual hat: we never fake our results.

"You 've done me a good turn to-day—nothing makes a man more ridiculous than running after his own hat—so I don't mind telling you who we are and how we work. Our people are Average-Adjusters, the greatest organisation in the world. There 's nothing in America to match it. They don't know everything over there, not by long chalks. How do we work? Well, I 'll give you an example. I daresay you 've noticed paragraphs giving an account of the things left by passengers in railway carriages—so many umbrellas, so many handkerchiefs, so many babies' feeding-bottles, so many cuckoo-clocks, etc. Then there 's a statement of the total number of passengers carried by all the companies, and from that they calculate the forgetfulness per thousand. Most of it 's our doing. We work for the companies, of course. Last year, for instance, they wanted something striking, so we had two hundred of our best men told off to litter the rolling stock of the United Kingdom with dogs, pictures, mowing machines, kangaroos, musical boxes, boots, bangles and purses stuffed full of sovereigns. We were at it for a week. There was an article about the whole thing in *The Moonbeam*. You wrote it, did you? Well, I couldn't have done it better myself.

"I daresay you 've wondered why the consumption of beer and spirits has been going down. No, it isn't the Budget: it 's our organisation. Two of our Directors have turned teetotalers, and the consequence is all the employés have had orders to give up alcohol and drink water or dry ginger-ale. You can't cut off a couple of hundred thousand steady drinkers without making a difference. I forget the exact decrease in gallons per head of the population *per annum*, but it 's something pretty substantial. Personally I don't like the change. My imagination doesn't seem to work so well on ginger ale; but I daresay it 's a good thing, take it all round.

"Then there are the traffic accidents. We do a lot in that; it 's one of our best lines. Not the deaths, you know—we don't touch them, except now and then on very



FOUR HANDS THAT BEAT AS ONE.

THE "PROTECTING POWERS" PROCEED TO "REGULARISE THE SITUATION" IN REGARD TO CRETE.



The Villain of the Piece. "AND SO, EUSTACE GOODHEART, I LEAVE YOU TO YOUR FATE, FIVE HUNDRED MILES FROM ANY POSSIBILITY OF HUMAN AID. ESCAPE IF YOU CAN—CURSE YOU!" [*And he does escape—twice nightly, too!*

special terms—but the ordinary accidents, where people are knocked down or slightly run over. If it wasn't for us, there wouldn't be any average worth mentioning. The motor-cars have made people so careful. We 've got twenty picked men and women out in London to-day on that kind of job. Do you see that old lady there in the middle of the street? She 's one of our champions. Ah! she 's running back now. It 's not a bit of good their all shouting and blowing their horns. She 's bound to be into that motor-bus just as it stops. There! She 's done it as neat as ninepence. I must go and help to pick her up and identify her. She 's my aunt, you know." And with that the Adjuster plunged into the crowd and I lost him.

"These . . . . omnibuses will revolutionise town traffic, and they will certainly tend to soothe, instead of irritate, the jaded nerves of the poor dwellers in cities by their gliding smoothness and lack of sound. I hope that we shall hear more of them ere long on the streets of London."—*Standard.*

Thank you, we have heard enough.

"We are supplying thousands of Families throughout the kingdom with various kinds of excellent Fruit all the year round for 2s. Write to us and we will do the same for you."—*Advt. in "Liverpool Echo."*

It sounds cheap enough.

"Apperley batted first, and compiled 101 for six months."
Gloucestershire Echo.

Yorkshire must look to its laurels.

POTTED POETS.

I STOOD at midnight on the bridge which bore me
Forwards, forwards o'er the starlit sea:
The winds were high on Helle's wave and stormy,
And Mary called the cows across the Dee.

The Curfew tolled between the dawn and day-time;
The deep sea moaned; the vessel puffed her sail;
I could not hear the children in their playtime
(Oh, prithee, lover, why so wan and pale?)

The happy tree was planted in December;
A thing of beauty ever is a joy:
The house where I was born I can't remember,
For on the burning deck there stands the boy.

And from the golden bar the blessed maiden
Leaned out: she dwelt half hidden from the eye
Upon the Grampian Hills in distant Aidenn;
Drink! for you know not whence she came, nor why.

But Linden saw another sight next morning;
His comrades left him there a little while,
His starved lips gaping wide with horrid warning;
Oh, Mary, come! I 'm sitting on the stile!

"Laccetta sang love songs in a good tenor voice, and the widow succumbed."—*The Star.*

It wasn't always as fatal as that, however. Survivors were frequent.

THE PENALTY OF GENIUS.

(An Interview in the grudging manner of Mr. Bram Stoker.)

SIR GULLIVER STODGE, who on Sunday entered his sixtieth year, was sitting in the picturesque pagoda in his garden at Edgingham, the residential suburb of Brumchester, wherein he often works when the weather is fine. Contrariwise, when the weather is inclement, he prefers to exercise his mighty brain in the seclusion of his own sanctum. The day being somewhat chilly, Sir Gulliver wore a heavy "caped Munster" coat. But his cloth cap had been laid aside and revealed the noble proportions of his superb cerebellum in all their opulent immensity. Sir Gulliver Stodge is a huge man—even huger than I am. Six feet three inches he stands in his stocking vamps, to use a picturesque Hibernianism pardonable in one who has made a special study of vampires, and he is strongly built, though not fat. His general appearance impresses, carries conviction with it; but his head is Olympian. It is a massive cupola, high and broad and long, with all the great phrenological faculties seemingly well developed. Naturally with a man of such deep study he is rather bald; what hair remains is fine and close-growing. His features are somewhat massive, as becomes the greatness of both body and mind. He wears a beard now streaked with white and grey, conveying the impression of a colossal humanised magpie, endowed with preternatural sagacity. This magpie simile, by the way, never occurred to BEBBIE, who once also did his worst with Sir Gulliver. It is there that I get the bulge on the saponaceous HAROLD.

Sir Gulliver's grandfather, who had twenty-four children, was domiciled for several years in Co. Tipperary, famous for its big men, but Lemuel Stodge outbulked them all. He was six feet eight in height, weighed thirty stone and wore a number nine hat. The epithet "stodgy," Sir Gulliver assures me, was first coined to designate the massive and monumental corpus of his eminent ancestor. Ultimately the Stodges migrated to Bootle, and finally settled at Chowbent, where Sir Gulliver first honoured the light.

Since then his life has been one long carnival of transcendental intellectuality. Indeed, it is hard to understand how a man who has launched the new Brumchester University on its dizzy career of prosperity could ever have found time for such a constant succession of strenuous mental efforts. He is interviewed on an average three times a day. Casts of his head are taken almost hourly, and there are times when the click of the camera, snapshotting his Olympian features and his wonderful magpie beard, is heard continuously from morn till dewy eve.

Now, as he sits in his garden-house looking out over the emerald lawn, all glistening with late rain, with fine trees and luxuriant shrubs budding everywhere and flowers in rich profusion, it is hard to realise that this serene, big-browed man is talking of things of which the very thought is still in a state of inchoate semi-adumbration in the untrodden limbo of the future. Over the wet grass walks daintily a gorgeous peacock, waking strange echoes with his strident voice. Two tall, beautiful young daughters, straight as lances, sprint gracefully across the lawn to their handsome mother who is picking a bunch of flowers. The air is full of music; thrush, blackbird, nightingale, peacock, owl and chiff-chaffinch sing emulously, and their pellucid piping seems to give resonance and flavour to the far-off roll of wheels on the roadway beyond the belt of beech and flowering alder. Somehow eye and ear alike yield themselves in this cosmic background to the thoughts of the great student of the mysteries of life and nature.

I must premise the record of our conversation by stating that though in places I try to give Sir Gulliver's actual words, it must be understood that I aim at the general effect of the conversation produced upon myself. "I notice," I said, "that in your book, *Subliminal Switherings*, you state that the conjugation in very great masses of conglutinative gladiobes conduces to aplanatic as well as contrapuntal modifications of the *medulla oblongata*. Are we to take it that the centrifugal consciousness exerts a reciprocal action on the metatarsal bascules?"

He assented with a grave nod of his Olympian occiput.

"Then," I queried, "if memory and individuality remain, and if in virtue of your claim of sentience for the grouping of groups, the collocation of atoms can be indefinitely postulated, are we not already on the way to produce at will an astral body?"

"Pardon me," interjected the bulbous-browed philosopher, gently agitating his massive dome of anything but silence, "I didn't use the expression 'grouping the group.' Such a process is only fit for astral acrobats. What I do assert is that we are each of us only a part of a larger personality than is here displayed—of a bigger Me!"

"A bigger You," I exclaimed in a fit of abject incredulity. "Why, Sir Gulliver, that is simply inconceivable!" and in a brief monologue, lasting for some three-quarters of an hour, I placed before him the conclusions of the ancient Egyptians, the primitive Peruvians, and the aboriginal Australians



Mother (to Po'iceman). "SHURE, DENNIS ISN'T A BAD BOY AT ALL AT ALL, BUT HE 'S THROUBLED NOW AN' THIN WID A RUSH OF MIND TO THE BRAIN."

on the subject of concrete cosmopolitanism, abject asceticism, and kindred topics.

* * * *

In the twilight, in the rain-sweetened garden, and later on in the silence of the study, wherein we talked when the others had gone to bed, the train of thought continued. And still the peacocks raised their Melba-like sopranos in celestial strains. At last one piercing top note reminded me of other duties, and I tore myself reluctantly away from my huge but gentle-hearted host. At any rate, I said to myself as I committed the results of this monstrous day to paper (not made in Newfoundland), I have out-Harolded BEGBIE, I have out-blathered BLATHWAYT.

LETTERS FROM TRADESMEN.

I.

DEAR SIR,—A time of year has now arrived when it is desirable to exchange thick underclothing for something more light. We therefore venture to take this opportunity of drawing your attention to the enclosed samples of our famous "Airloom" material, the popular substitute for wool, which combines all the advantages of a woollen fabric with the durability of chain-armour, at half the price. Trusting to receive the favour of your kind patronage,

We are, Yours humbly,

—— & Co.

II.

DEAR MADAM,—We take the liberty of drawing your attention to the accompanying tin, which contains a sample of "Bredsmeer," the new and wonderful substitute for butter. For a long time some of the most distinguished chemists in the country have been at work endeavouring to solve the problem how to make a butter which, while preserving all the more popular characteristics of butter, shall yet not be butter, and thus neither make the severe inroads upon the purse which butter makes, nor subject the consumer to the numerous ailments incident to bovine life. Trusting you will see your way to ordering a sample firkin,

We are, Yours cordially,

—— & Co.

III.

DEAR MADAM,—As you are no doubt only too well aware the price of meat is not only exceedingly high at this moment, but is likely to rise still higher. This being so we have decided to come forward as public benefactors, and have placed upon the market our great substitute for beef which we call "Square Meal." The ingredients of "Square Meal" are naturally a secret, but we may say that the best analytical chemists that money can buy have found in a pound block of it enough nutriment to sustain twenty Territorials on a long and fatiguing march and twice that number of Boy Scouts. The price of a pound block is only eightpence, which we venture to think compares favourably with the price of even indifferent brisket at the present moment. Trusting you will retain the accompanying block and give it a fair chance,

We are, Yours faithfully,

—— & Co.

IV.

DEAR SIR,—Feeling confident that you, as well as ourselves, and indeed all sensible persons, must deplore the systematic inflation of the price of wine, we make no apology for bringing to your notice a champagne of our own devising which we are confident will



SLAVES OF FASHION.

Ethel. "LEND ME YOUR HANKY, MABEL." *Mabel.* "HAVEN'T YOU ONE IN YOUR BAG?"

Ethel. "GOOD GRACIOUS, MY DEAR GIRL, DO YOU THINK I SHOULD PUT ANYTHING IN THIS BAG? IT'S AS MUCH AS I CAN CARRY EMPTY!"

yield the most satisfactory results at a figure less than a third that which is asked for the well-known brands. Our substitute for champagne, which we have called "Veuve Groseille," is a perfectly pure product of fermented fruit, and so skilfully is it compounded that blindfolded experts have been utterly at a loss to detect which was the imitation and which the (so-called) real. We do not claim that a gourmet would not be deceived; but for all practical purposes "Veuve Groseille" does the trick. We can offer it at 24/- a dozen, and beg your acceptance of the accompanying quarter-bottle.

We are, dear Sir,
Yours to command,
—— ET CIE.

V.

DEAR MADAM,—You may not perhaps have seen a recent number of *The British Medical Journal*, in which attention is called to a new and subtle danger of domestic life, the irritation to the lungs caused by inhaling minute particles of pungent dust that arise from the canister whenever a spoonful of tea is taken out. So fine as to be almost imperceptible, this dust is none the less a violent irritant, and many a cook and parlour-maid, and even lady of the house, have suffered in consequence, all unconscious of the insidious cause.

Taking this serious matter into consideration, as also the high price of tea, we have placed upon the market a perfectly satisfactory substitute for the famous and fragrant, but dutiable and dusty, Chinese herb, which will be known, we trust, in every family in the United Kingdom as "Cad-Ton" (Caddy Tonic), a product of natural growth which, however, while smelling like tea and looking like and tasting like tea, contains no tannin, does not unduly excite the nerves, makes no poisonous dust, and, being non-dutiable, can be sold for sixpence a pound and still yield a just margin of profit to all grocers.

Trusting that the enclosed ounce sample will give you joy,
We remain, Yours hopefully,
—— & Co.

From a letter in *The Daily Chronicle*:

"A clergyman once complained to me that nine-tenths o his parishioners went away from Saturday to Monday, one-fifth of the remaining tenth took advantage of the Sunday trips, one-fifth remained at home, and the remainder made up the congregation. I am glad to say there are some exceptions. Fortune guided my steps past the Carmelite Church last Sunday. . . ."

That, we gather, is the complaint.

PAT-BALL.

"You'LL play tennis?" said my hostess absently. "That's right. Let me introduce you to Miss—er—um."

"Oh, we've met before," smiled Miss—I've forgotten the name again now.

"Thank you," I said gratefully. I thought it was extremely nice of her to remember me. Probably I had spilt lemonade over her at a dance, and in some way the incident had fixed itself in her mind. We do these little things, you know, and think nothing of them at the moment, but all the time——

"Smooth," said a voice.

I looked up and found that a pair of opponents had mysteriously appeared, and that my partner was leading the way on to the court.

"I'll take the right-hand side, if you don't mind," she announced. "Oh, and what about apologising?" she went on. "Shall we do it after every stroke, or at the end of each game, or when we say good-bye, or never? I get so tired of saying 'sorry.'"

"Oh, but we shan't want to apologise; I'm sure we're going to get on beautifully together."

"I suppose you've played a lot this summer?"

"No, not at all yet, but I'm feeling rather strong, and I've got a new racquet. One way and another, I expect to play a very powerful game."

Our male opponent served. He had what I should call a nasty swift service. The first ball rose very suddenly and took my partner on the side of the head. ("Sorry," she apologised. "It's all right," I said magnanimously.) I returned the next into the net; the third clean bowled my partner; and off the last I was caught in the slips. (*One, love.*)

"Will you serve?" said Miss—I wish I could remember her surname. Her Christian name was Hope or Charity or something like that; I know, when I heard it, I thought it was just as well. If I might call her Miss Hope for this once? Thank you.

"Will you serve?" said Miss Hope.

In the right-hand court I use the American service, which means that I never know till the last moment which side of the racquet is going to hit the ball. On this occasion it was a dead heat—that is to say, I got it in between with the wood; and the ball sailed away over beds and beds of the most beautiful flowers.

"Oh, is *that* the American service?" said Miss Hope, much interested.

"South American," I explained. "Down in Peru they never use anything else."

In the left-hand court I employ the ordinary Hampstead Smash into the bottom of the net. After four Hampstead Smashes and four Peruvian Teasers (*Love, two*) I felt that another explanation was called for.

"I've got a new racquet I've never used before," I said. "My old one is being pressed; it went to the shop yesterday to have the creases taken out. Don't you find that with a new racquet you—er—exactly."

In the third game we not only got the ball over but kept it between the white lines on several occasions—though not so often as our opponents (*three, love*); and in the fourth game Miss Hope served gentle lobs, while I, at her request, stood close up to the net and defended myself with my racquet. I warded off the first two shots amidst applause (*thirty, love*), and dodged the next three (*thirty, forty*), but the last one was too quick for me and won the cocoa-nut with some ease. (*Game. Love, four.*)

"It's all right, thanks," I said to my partner; "it really doesn't hurt a bit. Now then, let's buck up and play a simply dashing game."

Miss Hope excelled herself in that fifth game, but I was still unable to find a length. To be more accurate, I was unable to find a shortness—my long game was admirably strong and lofty.

"Are you musical?" said my partner at the end of it. (*Five, love.*) She had been very talkative all through.

"Come, come," I said impatiently, "you don't want a song at this very moment. Surely you can wait till the end of the set?"

"Oh, I was only just wondering."

"I quite see your point. You feel that Nature always compensates us in some way, and that as——"

"Oh, no!" said Miss Hope in great confusion. "I didn't mean that at all."

She must have meant it. You don't talk to people about singing in the middle of a game of tennis; certainly not to comparative strangers who have only spilt lemonade over your frock once before. No, no. It was an insult, and it nerved me to a great effort. I discarded—for it was my serve—the Hampstead Smash; I discarded the Peruvian Teaser. Instead, I served two Piccadilly Benders from the right-hand court and two Westminster Welts from the left-hand. The Piccadilly Bender is my own invention. It can only be served from the one court, and it must have a wind against it. You deliver it with your back to the net, which makes the striker think that you have either forgotten all about the game, or else are apologising to the spectators for your previous

exhibition. Then with a violent contortion you slue your body round and serve, whereupon your opponent perceives that you *are* playing, and that it is just one more ordinary fault into the wrong court. So she calls "Fault!" in a contemptuous tone and drops her racquet . . . and then adds hurriedly, "Oh, no, sorry, it wasn't a fault, after all." That being where the wind comes in.

The Westminster Welt is in theory the same as the Hampstead Smash, but goes over the net. One must be in very good form (or have been recently insulted) to bring this off.

Well, we won that game, a breeze having just sprung up; and, carried away by enthusiasm and mutual admiration, we collected another. (*Five, two.*) Then it was Miss Hope's serve again.

"Good-bye," I said; "I suppose you want me in the fore-front again?"

"Please."

"I don't mind *her* shots—the bottle of scent is absolutely safe; but I'm afraid he'll win another packet of woodbines."

Miss Hope started off with a double, which was rather a pity, and then gave our masculine adversary what is technically called "one to kill." I saw instinctively that I was the one, and I held my racquet ready with both hands. Our opponent, who had been wanting his tea for the last two games, was in no mood of dalliance; he fairly let himself go over this shot. In a moment I was down on my knees behind the net . . . and the next moment I saw through the meshes a very strange thing. The other man, with his racquet on the ground, was holding his eye with both hands!

"Don't you think," said Miss Hope (*two, five—abandoned*) "that your overhead volleying is just a little severe?"

A. A. M.

The Fatal Spot.

"The week also supplied the inevitable charging rhinoceros, this particular one charging the camp during lunch and creating the most indescribable confusion and noise until his career was cut short by a bullet near the dining tent."—*The Standard.*

The writer puts it very delicately; though we always thought that a better place was just behind the shoulder.

From a letter in *The Scotsman*:

"I was informed recently by a worthy member of the kirk-session of West Linton that he knew *for a fact* that Kemp was born in the neighbourhood of Biggar, and that his mother had been present on that auspicious occasion, being a relative of the family."

About the second part of the worthy member's assertion there is certainly the ring of truth.



Basil. "MOTHER, NURSE HAS SENT ME IN TO SAY I'M SORRY I'VE BROKEN THE WATER-BOTTLE IN THE NIGHT NURSERY—(*with ferocity*)—MEANING TO."

For the Truthful Organ-Grinder.

A correspondent who has recently been making a study of the inscriptions displayed on street-pianos sends us the following suggestion as suitable for the use of the honest organ-grinder:—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I am a young fellow of only twenty-four years of age. I am not a British workingman, neither am I a clerk who has sought in vain for employment, nor a bus-driver who has been driven off the road by the motors. In short, I am an organ-grinder.

I am not driven to this occupation as a last resource; I have chosen it as the means most attractive to me of earning a living. I do not possess a starving wife or nine little children; indeed, I am a bachelor. I am in excellent health, suffering from neither cataract in the eyes, nor cancer, nor injuries caused by a boiler explosion on H.M.S. *Handel.*

I do not expect you to spare a copper if you don't want to, but my mate will pass round the hat in case you do. Anyway, don't worry about me; I make more at this job than any bus-driver and many a clerk, and though my face may be sad my heart is light.

Your obedient Servant, etc.

Remarks which have averted Panics.

"Not a Frenchman in possession of his wits dreams that Alsace will ever be restored to Turkey."—*The Bystander.*

There are probably very few things a Frenchman doesn't dream about, but this is one of them.



LITTLE WORRIES OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

AN UNFORTUNATE SPORTSMAN INCURS THE DISPLEASURE OF A WITCH.

THE POACHER'S PARADISE.

["In the Blue-Book on the preservation of wild animals in Africa just issued, a despatch from the Acting-Governor of Uganda mentions: 'Four bull elephants shot in error' and 'two cow elephants shot in error.' How the 'errors' arose is not explained, but 'in no case was it considered that a fine was necessary.'"—*Daily Mail.*]

PARRITCH for breakfast an' parritch for dinner,
Parritch for supper an' parritch for tea!
Whiles there are days when the wame o' a sinner
Sets him protestin', "Nae parritch for me!"
Whiles he 's a habit o' thinkin' a rabbit
A pleasin' divairsion frae sic a dull fare,
Whiles a bit pheasant he doots would be pleasant,
Whiles a bit pairtrick or mebbe a hare.

I 'll no be denyin' that aince in a blue mune
A thocht sic as this may have entered ma head,
I 'll no be denyin' the licht of the new mune
Has lured me awa' mair than aince frae ma bed.
I 'll no be denyin', when white tails were flyin',
Wi' ferrets ahint them, I 've made some mistak's,
An' it may hae sae happit my stick has been drappit—
Of course accidentally—doun on their backs.

Noo, errors like these may be weel comprehended—
I' the dark ye can scarcely tell rabbit frae stoat,
An' ye arena surprised gin, afore the fun 's ended,
Ye find a bit game in the tail o' your coat.
When the nicht 's dark an' chilly the pairtricks seem silly,
An' fly in your face just as fast as ye please,
The pheasants grow feckless an' rocket sae reckless
They drap at the feet of ye plump through the trees.

But when a man says he has shot accidentally
Muckle great beasties as big as a house,
Ye wunner if onything 's wrang wi' him mentally—
Whether he thocht 'twas a rat or a mouse.
Did he doot 'twas the figures o' cannibal niggers
Waitin' to kill him an' chop him in chunks?
Or had be been drinkin', and micht he be thinkin'
'Twas snakes when the beasties were wagglin' their trunks?

An' gin it is strange that a body should dare to
Invent an excuse ye can only ca' tosh,
It 's mair o' a wunner that ony should care to
Pretend to believe that they thocht it wad wash.
Gin the keeper had found me wi' pairtricks a' round me
An' I had explained 'twas in error they fell,
Do ye think that ma fiction would carry conviction?
'Twould no to the Bench, though it micht to mysel.

"There is an old lady living in Bathurst Street, Grahamstown, who enjoys the distinguished record of having lived under the reign of the last six British Sovereigns. Born in George II.'s reign, she has witnessed the changes of Government as represented by George III., George IV., William IV., Queen Victoria, Edward VII., George V."
Eastern Province Herald.

Even now she is only a hundred and fifty.



THE MALTESE WALL-FLOWER.

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT (*aside to* LORD KITCHENER). "GOT MY HANDS PRETTY FULL. YOU 'RE STANDING OUT, I SEE."

LORD KITCHENER. "YES, SIR. I MIGHT HAVE HAD YOUR LATE PARTNER, MISS MEDITERRANEA, BUT—WELL, YOU KNOW WHAT *SHE* 'S LIKE."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 13.—High comedy founded on projected Conference on Veto Resolutions carried a stage further. Only two characters in the piece. There is the British Public, represented by House of Commons, burning with desire to know all about it; and there is the PREMIER, who cannot conceive why anyone should be interested in a matter so infinitesimal in importance that it would never occur to him to mention it.

House crowded in anticipation of "a Statement." Papers full of the subject; where two or three are gathered together, in Clubs, at street corners, in the Lobby, the Conference is sole topic of conversation. Buzz of excitement runs along crowded benches when PRINCE ARTHUR strolls in, flushed with the June sun and victory on the golf links at Sandwich. The PREMIER, earlier in his place, sat sorting notes, doubtless presently to be elaborated in the momentous "Statement."

Scores of questions printed on paper. With exception of one group their slow progress impatiently watched. Exception relates to arrangements made for Members to view procession at Funeral of late KING. LOULU, brought to task in his capacity as First Commissioner of Works, takes cover behind EARL MARSHAL. Naturally manœuvre inadequate. A good deal of LOULU seen above head and shoulders of his Grace of NORFOLK, whom he describes as being "in sole control of arrangements."

Very well; House not pedantic about details. If it were the EARL MARSHAL who arranged position of Parliamentary stand where little could be seen, if it were he who forbade ex-M.P.'s, albeit Privy Councillors, to enter Westminster Hall during the Lying in State, then let the EARL MARSHAL'S head be brought in on a charger. Clamour of supplementary questions having this object in view was rising to dangerous height, when SPEAKER interposed. Consequently EARL MARSHAL still lives.

At last, in response to enquiry from PRINCE ARTHUR as to course of business, PREMIER on his legs. A hush falls over impatient House: now all shall be told, rumour laid to rest, conjecture silenced. Referring to notes, PREMIER commences to appropriate particular work to successive days of week. Mentions Consolidated Fund Bill; alludes to Census Bill, Small Holdings (No. 3) Bill, the Civil List, a Regency Bill, "and on Friday we will take a Local Government Board Bill."

Then, positively, he sits down! Not a word about the Conference. House gasped with astonishment. In another second SPEAKER would have called on Orders of the Day. Happily DALZIEL is on his watch-tower on back bench below Gangway, to see that Liberal Party is being run straight, and that, speaking generally (as BROWNING did in quite another connection), "all 's well with the world."



"LOULU TAKES COVER BEHIND EARL MARSHAL."
(The Duke of Norfolk and Mr. Harcourt.)

"Does the PRIME MINISTER," he asked, leaping to his feet, "contemplate making any statement in regard to certain reports as to negotiations proceeding between the two Front Benches?"

Delightful non-committal vagueness about terms of question. For moment PREMIER sat unresponsive; evidently turning them over in his mind and wondering what specific matter they might allude to.

Ah! the Conference, of course. It must be that. Suppose he must say something in reply.

This he did in two sentences. In the first chaffed the omniscient newspapers for "their illuminating revelations;" in the second confirmed this particular one.

Poor realisation this of extravagant expectation of dramatic disclosure. But it served.

Business done.—Miscellaneous. In opposing issue of writ for East Dorset MARKHAM gave welcome new turn to hackneyed figure of speech. Represented Lady WIMBORNE, in anticipation of Mr. GUEST standing for the constituency, saying to herself, "My son has fought and lost three elections. Now at last he has come down to fight under my own doorstep." Quite time the old fig-tree was uprooted.

Tuesday.—A pretty episode varied prosaic course of business. Questions disposed of, the DEPUTY-SPEAKER (presiding in place of Dr. LOWTHER, who has business at Cambridge today) called on "Mr. BURT." From the bar, where he had stood unobserved, the Member for Morpeth responded.

"A message from QUEEN ALEXANDRA."

House long known respected and esteemed colleague whose proud record is written in the pages of *Dod:* "Commenced working in the coal mines at ten years of age." Has watched with pleasure his advance to Ministerial office, his promotion to the Privy Council. Never imagined it would behold him as a Queen's Messenger, the authorised medium of communication between the QUEEN-MOTHER and the faithful Commons. Yet here he was in his Sunday suit, reciting with broad Northumbrian burr her MAJESTY'S words: "I thank you with all my heart for the address of condolence you have presented to me."

Having read the document, the representative of Royalty made due obeisance, advanced to Table, and laid it thereon. Here it seemed was end of scene watched with keen interest by crowded House. BURT might have wheeled to left or right, or turned about to regain his place by the Bar. Whenever he takes a matter in hand



The Professors. "My dee-ar Burt! that 's simply *perfect!* You 've an absolute gift for it. We couldn't have done it better ourselves!!"

is accustomed to do it thoroughly. During thirty-six years' membership has had many opportunities of observing the uniformed Envoys of the Sovereign discharging duties akin to that committed to him. Has often seen BOBBY SPENCER, when Vice-Chamberlain, supported by native dignity and highly starched collar, advance and retire with his "Message from the QUEEN." In later years has had the advantage of studying the MASTER OF ELIBANK on the same errand, performed with equal grace and skill.

As successive Black Rods have learned, it is no easy task (not being a crab) to make a bee-line backwards from Table to Bar, conscious of the critical scrutiny of four hundred pair of eyes. But Thomas, "son of Peter Burt, miner," did not spend boyhood's years among devious turnings of Northumberland coal-pit for nothing. Having delivered his message he, to consternation of House, began to walk backward. As with sure foot he made his way, consternation changed to admiration. When he reached the Bar and made final obeisance to Chair, a hearty cheer burst forth from both sides.

Incident rather spoiled opportunity of PRIME MINISTER and CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER. As it chanced they also were charged with Royal messages. LLOYD GEORGE came first with one from the KING, concerning the new Civil List. The PREMIER, bearing a second dealing with Appointment for Regency, attempted to exalt his mission by mentioning that *his* message was "signed by the KING'S own hand." BURT took the shine out of all, and the House does not care for more than one sensation at a sitting.

ASQUITH is above mean jealousies. He knows now where, in case of vacancy in the Household appointments, he can find a suitable Treasurer or Vice-Chamberlain. We may yet see THOMAS BURT uniformed, belted, epauletted, carrying the white staff of office, the bearer of yet unwritten "Message from the KING."

Business done. — Several Bills advanced a stage. In respect of one of them order made that without consent of Urban District Council Portrush shall not play golf on Sundays.

Thursday.—Towards close of busy week Members still asking themselves, Who is DOBE? and what his well-known case? Introduced to notice by WINTERTON. Question arose upon appointment to desirable position in India Office. Members behind Front Opposition Bench have heard that CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER, a "sort of" Lord HALSBURY, has marked the prize down for a *protégé*. Hence the quickened and sustained interest in the affair.

Several questions put and answered, up gat WINTERTON with searching enquiry, addressed to UNDER-SECRETARY, "Will the honourable gentleman bear in mind the well-known case of Mr. DOBE?"

House stared in blank amazement. "Who 's DOBE?" men asked each other, and there was no reply.

The MEMBER FOR SARK fancies WINTERTON was thinking of DOWB and the famous message transmitted by the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR to the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF of the hapless army in the Crimea, "Take care of DOWB." Disclosure of this domestic injunction convulsed the nation with sardonic merriment, DOWB being a young kinsman of the WAR MINISTER. Half a century ago, when WINTERTON was at Eton, it was still the talk of town and country. Out of rich store of historical erudition he brings up the old catchword and applies it to modern instance, with effect partially marred by mispronunciation.

Business done.—A good deal, and House up at 7.40 withal.

The right word at the right moment.

Habeas Corpus was a dull-looking chap, not over-shaven. Once he walked into a shop, stole some boots, walked out again, but was unfortunately overtaken by the shopman, to whom he remarked, "It is a fair cop." At the Police Station he was duly cautioned and asked if he desired to make any statement. "It was a fair cop," he said, and was eventually committed for trial at Quarter Sessions. It was when the Clerk of the Peace had said, "Habeas Corpus, you are charged for that you on the first day of this month feloniously did steal, take and carry away one pair of boots of the value of seven shillings and sixpence, the property of Archibald Stone. How say you, are you guilty or not guilty?" it was then that Habeas Corpus summed up the whole situation in one priceless remark. "It was," said he, "a fair cop."

Corrected Notice for the Tube.

Present Version. A lift descends to connect with each westbound train.

Suggested New Version. A lift condescends to connect with every other westbound train.



AT THE ACADEMY.

Enthusias' (*who has come very early to avoid the crowd*). "PRETTY DULL SHOW."
She (*from the country*). "HORRIDLY! NOTHING TO SEE BUT PICTURES."

THE KIND RED LIONESS.

I WILL admit that my head ached and I looked tired; but I was not so depressed as all that. None the less she thought I was, and being a good soul she did what she could to help me, and since I knew her to be a good soul doing all she could to help me I had to acquiesce.

"Let me bring you something to cheer you up!" she said. "Of course it's lonely staying in a country inn all by yourself. I know it must be. But I've got something that will make you laugh. I'll fetch it in."

I feared the worst as Mrs. Tally hastened away; and I knew the worst when she returned bearing the Visitors' Book.

"There," she said, "I often have a good laugh over that of an evening. Such funny bits there are in it. Some of the gentlemen we get here are such wags. Look at this"—and she placed her fat finger on a drawing of a young man in a straw hat, leaning against the bar while he blew kisses to an enormous figure behind it.

"That's me," she said, pointing to the enormous figure. "I remember that young gentleman so well. He came with two others, on bicycles, and they stayed from Saturday to Monday. So bright they were, and so full of jokes. See what he wrote underneath."

I read: "Dook Snook, Lord Bob, and the Hon. Billy came and saw and were conquered—to-tally!"

"Do you see the joke in that last word?" she inquired. "Rather smart, wasn't it? But they're full of fun, all of them. Here's another amusing one. I remember that gentleman very well. He was always so witty."

I looked and read: "I was sent to the Red Lion by my doctor for change and rest. The waitress got the change, and the hostess the rest."

"Isn't that good?" the Red Lioness inquired.

I said it was. How could I dash this enthusiast's spirit by telling her its age?

"This is a bit of poetry," said my hostess, proceeding to read it:—

"'Of all the girls that are so smart,
There's none like Mrs. Tally,
She is the darling of my heart,
And lives in our alley.
Signed X (BILL BAILEY, his mark).'

"He was a jolly young fellow. I wonder what's become of him; he hasn't been here for months. Here's some more poetry:—

"'There's nothing like a Lion that's Red
For pleasant food and comfy bed.
I mean to come and stay again,
But now must run and catch my train.
ALGE NON MULL,
296, Broad Walk, Ealing.'

"Don't you think it's wonderful to be able to make up poetry"—she called it poytry—"like that?" Mrs. Tally continued. "I do. I've tried, but I never could do anything worth repeating, and as for writing in a Visitors' Book! . . . Don't you agree with me?" she asked.

"Most cordially," I said. "It's a real gift, there's no doubt about it. A gift."

"Yes," she said, "a gift. That's what it is. Here's another funny one," she added.

I read: "The Ten Thirsty Tiddlers visited the old Red Lion for the fifteenth time. Everything A 1 as usual."

"But of course," said Mrs. Tally, "although these are amusing and make the book such good reading, it's the serious compliments we like the best. All comic wouldn't do at all. Some people, indeed, actually dislike it. There were two lady artists here not long ago who asked me to remove the book from the room, as it was so vulgar. Fancy that—'remove the book!' No, it's the serious things that do the most good in the trade, of course. Like this, for instance"—and Mrs. Tally pointed to the following, one after the other:—

"Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Flower, of Dunedin, N.Z., spent a week here very pleasantly in July. The cooking was excellent and everything was most comfortable. They hope to return on their next visit to the dear old country.

"Comfortable rooms, good attendance, perfect cooking and the best of landladies. In short, a home from home. H. A. MARTIN,
St. Swithin's, Sydenham, S.E.

"My daughter, Mrs. Crawley, and myself have spent a very agreeable week-end here and hope to come again. J. MURRAY PHIPPS,
Member of the Committee of the Royal Musical Society.

"We have received every kindness from Mrs. Tally and her very efficient staff.
MR. AND MRS. J. ARBUTHNOT GILL,
Wood Dene, Pinner."

"Well," said Mrs. Tally, "I must go now; but I'll leave the book with you. And there's an earlier volume if you like to see it. It'll cheer you wonderfully, and you'll just die of laughing."

The honest kindly soul! There are moments when one is more ashamed of what is called culture than any one can ever be of ignorance.

POMP.

WHEN Arthur John Robinson, Esquire, was made a borough J.P., and appointed to sit and dispense judgment in a court of summary jurisdiction, he determined to do the thing properly. So, before his first appearance on the bench, he attended all the accessible assize courts and studied with great attention the methods of the Judges of the High Court. Particularly was he impressed with their manner of sentencing convicted murderers, but not so impressed as to doubt that he could do it as well himself, when occasion arose.

The first matter with which he was called upon to deal was a charge of theft, a first offence and not a very ambitious one at that. Bearing himself with great dignity and decorum, he discussed the sentence with the Magistrates' Clerk, and suggested a longish term of penal servitude. But the Clerk, who knew not only his business but also his limitations, tactfully pointed out that the most that could be done for the prisoner by that court was three months' hard.

The next case was a summons against a father for not sending his child to school, for which offence Robinson, J.P., without consulting anybody, ordered him to be imprisoned in the second division for six months. But the Clerk arose again, and declared in a useful whisper that, though the father deserved every day of his sentence, the law did not permit of his being imprisoned at all. So the sinner was recalled and his sentence commuted by a lenient Bench to a mere fine. "I do not know," said Robinson, J.P., to himself, "which I find more tiresome, the interference of magistrates' clerks or the incompetence of the law. Next time I *will* have my go."

The next item was a "drunk and disorderly," and the Bench prepared itself to deal with this in its most judicial manner. This time, however, the Clerk was consulted first as to the maximum sentence; which done, the utmost silence was commanded throughout the court and sentence thus delivered:—"Prisoner at the bar, you have committed one of the most serious and most dastardly offences a man may commit. You have been guilty of one of the worst crimes possible against your country, your borough, your family and yourself. Justice must exert, unremitting, its every effort to suppress you and your abandoned kind, that so the State may be rid of its most dangerous enemy. I sentence you to twenty-one days' imprisonment with hard labour; and may the Lord have mercy on your soul!"

IMMUNITY BADGES.

OWING to somebody's bright idea, a long-suffering section of the community—those generous souls who are inveigled into bazaars—may now breathe again, and continue to do so on and after July 1, when the "Please don't ask" badge is to be introduced at the "Country Fair" in the Botanic Gardens in aid of Our Dumb Friends' League. A large bright red disc labelled "Immunity Badge," at a cost of a mere ten shillings, will warn off all stall-holders, bran-pie merchants, and raffle-mongers from the wearer, who will then be enabled to take a dispassionate view of the proceedings, and even have to beg for a cup of tea at the market price from the presiding duchess at the counter.

This brilliant invention might with advantage be carried a stage further. A laborious and crowded afternoon would be saved if "Absentee Tickets" were issued, say for a guinea, by the purchase of which those who figure on Charity Patrons' lists would be enabled to stay away altogether from any particular Fancy Fair.

By a further extension, stall-keepers might be excused from exhibiting any wares whatever, and, if this privilege were universally and quite reasonably taken up, the whole show could be omitted. This would effect a marked economy in time, temper, postage and printing, while the funds of the approved institution would be proportionately enriched. It would be a matter for skilled actuaries and determined philanthropists to settle between them. In fact the logical deduction seems to be, that bazaars may now be entirely eliminated from the social scheme.

THE GREEN GRASS.

My garden 's my pride and my glory,
It gives me employment from dawn,
But the part that is turning me hoary
Is the bald-headed state of the lawn.

With grass I proceeded to sow it
And longed, unsuspectingly blithe,
For the time when I shortly should mow it
And looked up the price of a scythe.

Though I rolled it, and watered it daily
With tears and the sweat of my brow,
Discomfiture shadowed me greyly,
The grass wouldn't grow *anyhow*.

My dogged endeavours were routed,
My patience was shattered to shreds,
The seed on the lawn never sprouted,
But came up in weeds on the beds.

Then I scattered the seed, growing wary,
Round my bedded-out seedlings at night,
Convinced that, still being "contrairy,"
It would grow on the lawn out of spite.

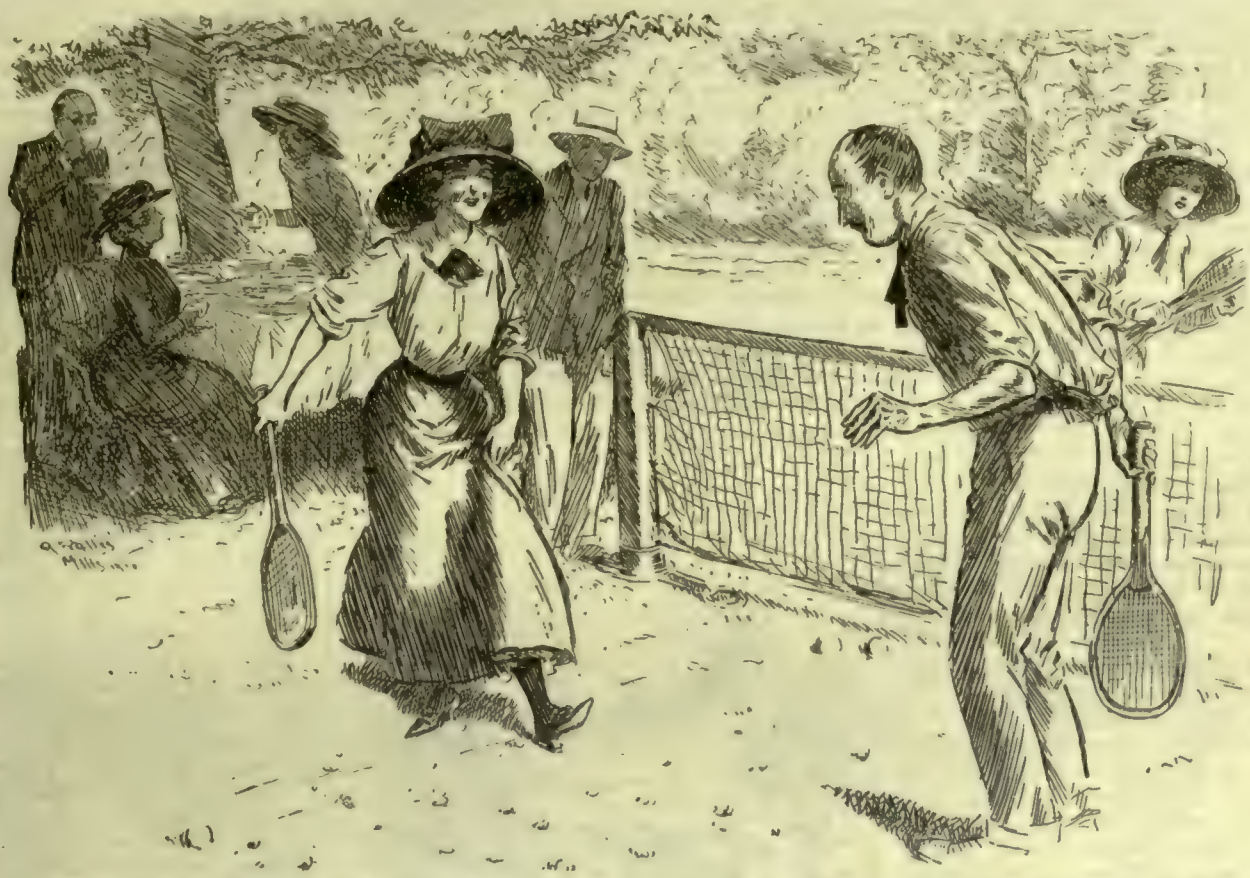
Not a chance! The bed fostered its powers,
It grew with an impudent growth
And rooted so strong round the flowers
I had to pull neither or both.

So I think this well-proved information
Should be added to gardener's books
For the amateur's edification:
"*Grass isn't as green as it looks!*"

Stop Press News in an evening paper:—

"Vine not 574."

This match must have been going on for years and years and years.



Host (to Guest who is ruining court by playing in high heels). "I'M *so* AFRAID YOU MAY TWIST YOUR ANKLE WITH THOSE HEELS. DO LET MY WIFE LEND YOU A PAIR OF TENNIS-SHOES."

Guest. "OH, NO, THANKS I'M *quite* ALL RIGHT; THE GROUND'S SO SOFT THAT MY HEELS SINK RIGHT IN, AND I GET A SPLENDID FOOTHOLD!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

To the rich and popular *Simon de Gex* life was a comedy at which he looked on with a smile, for all that he was troubled with a little pain inside. One day he consulted a doctor about this pain—after which he realised that even comedies come to an end some time and that this one had only six months more to run. Thereupon he started out to play Providence for the short time that was left to him; very confidently setting himself the task of earning happiness by making others happy. Somehow it did not seem to be as easy as he had expected; he brought only unhappiness to those whom he thought to befriend. So when his time was come, and he realised bitterly that even as a Good Fairy he was a failure, he was glad to die. But Fate denied him even this—he recovered. Then, penniless and friendless, he began again; helping others humbly this time, not in his own way, but in theirs. It was by this means that *Simon the Jester* found happiness. You must read Mr. W. J. LOCKE'S story (LANE)—a novel of wit and wisdom and tenderness and understanding. My task, you see, is easier than *Simon's;* I have only to recommend this book to earn my reward.

The Outliers are a forest race, skilled in woodcraft, nomad, and all the better for not being civilized. The Far Folk, though they prefer the bleak hills, are just such another race, equally brave but not quite so honest. The House-livers (you and I are House-livers) are beneath contempt. Now the Outliers once held The King's Treasure, which the Far Folk wanted very badly. And because the latter wanted it so badly and had been guilty of no little treachery on its behalf in the past, the Outliers determined that they should not have it. So they buried it in a secret place and set as ward over it one of their young maidens, changing the same periodically. As each maiden came off duty, she was made to drink the Cup of Forgetfulness, for even in *Outland* (MURRAY) women are not expert secret-keepers. Over the winning and losing of the Treasure by divers means, not omitting the use of the romantic side of the fair ward's youth, Mr. GORDON STAIRS has contrived a dainty yet exhilarating romance, told in a simple eloquence which becomes an atmosphere so little complex. He would not have had any truck at all with the despicable House-livers, had he seen his way to telling his tale without them. As it is, he only admits one of either sex, and those not too civilized. I suspect him of being a bit of an Outlier himself, from the way in which he bursts into the middle of his delightfully impossible tale, as who should say, "Don't let us bother with houses and reasons and surnames and probabilities and all the other tiresome by-products of polite society." And, when I had got used to doing with quick movement, lots of fresh air and no explanations, I came to wish heartily that I, too, had been born an Outlier.

The book entitled *George Meek, Bath Chair-man, by Himself*, which is published by Messrs. CONSTABLE, with an introduction by Mr. H. G. WELLS, has made me feel

rather proud of myself, because I am certain that I am the only critic who will resist the temptation to describe it as a human document. GEORGE MEEK is a real living man who has pursued many callings with indifferent success. He was a shoeblack, a baker's assistant, a club servant, a political registration agent—to select at random from the list. Finally he became a bath chair-man at Eastbourne. As by-play during many of these occupations he tried his hand at writing, and Mr. WELLS, to whom he applied for advice, seems to have urged him not to worry out schemes of Utopian Socialism, which he was rather inclined to do, but to tell the story of his own life. Mr. WELLS says he thinks he remembers writing something to this effect: "You must know no end of things, and have felt no end of things, I, as a writer, would give my left hand for. Try and set them down." Well, Mr. MEEK has done it, with a good deal of frankness, and the result is undeniably interesting. I have only to express the hope that Mr. WELLS will be satisfied with the written record, and not go bartering one of his hands for a chance of the actual experiences. At any rate I am glad he is not prepared to amputate the hand he writes with.

According to Maria, the whole duty of woman is to climb. If you start, as she did, from the dead level of Brixton, and going round by the safe and easy Bayswater Road mount steadily upwards, with your eyes glued on the shining peaks of Park Lane, you may get there or thereabouts in time, provided that you are not overburdened with a sense of humour and have a large enough reserve force of innate vulgarity. Those are the Alpha and Omega of the great gospel of Getting On. Also, you must not be unduly sensitive about the smiles and pin-pricks of your dearest friends and rival mountaineers. In all these respects *Maria* was admirably equipped for the enterprise. The story of her struggles with society and her ultimate triumph (as told by Mrs. JOHN LANE), and her Brixton-cum-Bayswatery views on marriage, wedding-presents, etiquette, charity, art, and all the common objects of the wayside on the well-worn track by which she travelled, makes up a clever and amusing satire. The book is like a composite photograph of all the Marias that ever were; a merciless *exposé* of all the wrinkles and blemishes of their suburban souls. Not one of them has escaped Mrs. LANE'S eagle eye. And yet the result is not—what shall I say?—not quite up to *The Champagne Standard* which she set herself. It is a good, sound-bodied, wholesome wine, but, considering that it comes from the cellars of that famous hostelry, The Bodley Head, and bears the Mrs. JOHN LANE label, it seems to me to lack the sparkle and freshness that I should have expected. For Mrs. JOHN LANE has a very pretty wit of her own. But so many people have written about *Maria* before her that, on this occasion only, her remarks and her humour run the risk of appearing to be too obvious.



Sandy. "DOCTOR, MAN, THERE'S A WEE BIT ERROR I' THIS BILL O' YOURS. YE'VE CHAIRGED ME FOR ADVICE. AH NEVER TUK IT."

If you like to search for improbabilities in *The Girl with the Red Hair* (CASSELL) you will find a whole crop of them; but, although I do not believe in MAX PEMBERTON'S undergraduates—and least of all in the one who tells the tale—I swallowed their adventures at one sitting. The trouble is that the author (late of Caius) has learnt a lot since his Cambridge days, and meanwhile has forgotten how ignorant a Varsity man can be. But if Mr. PEMBERTON likes to handicap himself by writing as an undergraduate it is no concern of mine; for his business is with intrigues, plots, perils by land and sea, and hair-breadth escapes, and his art is to make us believe the incredible. So when he gets his characters away from Cambridge and shuts them up in an old Swedish castle, I am with him (and them) wholeheartedly. At various times the hero is in danger of being drowned, starved to death, murdered in his bed (no marks for that), and shot, and my only regret is that he had not time to do a little flying. Still something must be left for the next hero, and in all truth this one did enough to satisfy the greediest appetite for incident. But to enjoy *The Girl with the Red Hair* you must have a good digestion.

When you open your *Printers' Pie* you will find many more than four-and-twenty black-and-white birds (and birds of the gayest plumage, too) ready to sing to you for all they are worth, which is a great deal, though the charge for the whole concert is only a shilling. *Printers' Pie* is, indeed, a dish to set before a king. *Mr. Punch's* compliments to the Chief Baker, Mr. HUGH SPOTTISWOODE, and may he sit in his counting-house counting up great masses of shekels on behalf of the Printers' Pension, in whose good cause he has done this labour of love and loyalty.

From a letter in *The Glasgow Herald*:—

"Sir,—It may be interesting to you to learn that there, at the Faroe Islands, which belong to Denmark, and every day among others are visited by numbers of British trawlers, has been for some weeks, and still are, two German men-of-war practising gun shooting, etc., at one of the best harbours in the Faroe Islands, Vestmanhavn called, where the crew has leave to go ashore, and where the officers at the same time are taking up measurements of the harbour and coast near by. *What this means is not known.*"

Still, the writer must have had some idea in his head when he began. (N.B. The italics are still ours.)

Graphic Description.

From a feuilleton by C. N. and A. M. WILLIAMSON:—

"Always the walls were blank, save for a deep-set, nail-studded door, black as a big splash of ink, or a window no bigger than a square dark hole."

Pour, as we did, a bottle of ink over a sheet of white paper and you will get the idea of the walls at once. For the other effect, take an ordinary board, and cut out a square hole with a fretsaw; this will give you a rough impression of the size of the window.

THE HERO-WORSHIPPER.

IT was Saturday night in a train from Baker Street to Aylesbury, and the carriage was so full that since we had to incommode each other seriously we all felt we had the right to talk.

"You wouldn't guess what I've been doing," said the man who was pressed against me on the left. "I don't look like a first-class cricketer, do I? But in a manner of speaking I am. I've been fielding in the Middlesex and Yorkshire match. I've been throwing back the ball after some of HIRST'S boundaries. He sent about ten in my direction, and I was always the first to hop up and get them. I wouldn't have missed it for pounds.

"See here," and he showed me a very dirty hand. "I'm wondering whether I'll wash it till Monday. I should like the boys to see it, and I shan't have a chance to show it to all of them till to-morrow night.

"He's a champion," he went on, "HIRST is. I waited to see him afterwards. He's grey, you know. Limped, too. And I don't wonder—137 in that sun, with everything against him. Just think of that—137! And he's thirty-eight years old. I looked it up. He was born on September 7, 1871. I'm going to send him something on his birthday, just for fun.

"He was missed once by a substitute fielding for LITTLEJOHN. If it had been held Middlesex would have won, or, at any rate, not lost. But the fieldsman dropped it. I don't know who he was; but I heard from someone afterwards what HIRST said. 'Poor lad,' that's what he said, 'I wish he had caught me; he must feel bad.' That's the way to play cricket. That's a man, that is.

"Look here," he went on, extricating with infinite contortions a tin box from his pocket; "that's his toffee. HIRST'S toffee. A penny. They sell it all over the ground. I shall keep that tin as long as I keep anything. A souvenir, don't you know. Every time I look at it I shall remember that wonderful match and how I fielded and threw back his boundaries. They hurt too, some of them! He can hit. Why, he can't be more than five foot six, and thirty-eight, too! Marvellous.

"I threw them back quickly, I can tell you. Didn't waste any time. Every minute, every second, was important. Why, do you know there were only twenty seconds to spare when the winning hit was made? So you see, if I'd fumbled those returns the match might have been drawn, and all HIRST'S magnificent effort in vain!"

"So it was really you who won the match," I said pleasantly.

"Oh, no," he replied; "I shouldn't say that. Of course not. It was HIRST'S match. But another man might have thrown those boundaries back crooked, and then where would they have been? So I had a hand in it.

"Well," he said, "I'll never forget it, never. It's my first real county match. Good night!"



LITTLE WORRIES OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

THE JESTER.

"The two sides of the square were taken up by the men's tents, the end facing the officers' quarters being the gun park, and down the centre the officers not at work were tethered to pegs, contentedly browsing at the heaps of hay."—*Grimsby Daily News.*

We always thought they hushed this sort of thing up.

"Bowell was smartly stumped before a run had been scored. Perrin joined Bowell, and runs came freely."—*Westminster Gazette.*

Probably they had a game of stump cricket in the dressing-room.

"Trought caught in a Heavy Thunderstorm" is the heading of a letter to *The Fishing Gazette.* We are afraid they must have got a bad wetting.

WHERE'S WHERE?

OR, GUIDES TO BEAUTY SPOTS.

IT was just a fortnight ago, with barely two clear months in which to make up his mind, that my friend Raoul Trencham, of His Majesty's Civil Service, began to wonder where he was to spend his summer holidays. He is not easily satisfied. He wants a spot at once warm and bracing, in the neighbourhood of at least two golf courses, and preferably near the sea, for he likes his sand-bunkers to be the work of Nature; yet not too near, for ozone is unsympathetic to his digestion. He also hankers after inland woods and pastures, with a trout stream; and, at the same time, his heart is in the Welsh Highlands. The North appeals to his nerves; the South calls him with the call of the blood. He has a preference for privacy; yet he likes to see the Pageant of Life (as he puts it) passing before him.

You will guess the chaotic condition of his mind, when I say that he tells me he has been resorting to the study, on railway platforms, of pictorial advertisements of Beauty Spots, although he has a sensitive nature, quickly offended by crudity of form or colour.

The first to arrest his notice was a poster of Messrs. COOK, who offered to take him anywhere on a magic carpet. But he disliked the look of the people with whom he would be expected to share the carpet, some of them being dressed in the very loudest taste; and he also took exception to the moustaches of the genie.

He was at first rather drawn to a Swiss summer scene, but the only man in the picture wore a sort of semi-hunting kit, and Trencham makes it a rule never to ride to hounds in the Alps during August.

A trip on a Nord-Deutscher-Lloyd's Weekly might have had attractions for him, but he did not care for the colour of the tea which the hatchet-faced gentleman in the deck-chair was pouring out; and the slabs of bread-and-butter had a repellent aspect. The girl with the sad sea eyes wouldn't touch them.

The Kyles of Bute, again, were out of the question, for the steamer was nearly the same size as the islands, and seemed almost certain to get jammed in the narrows which abound in that neighbourhood.

The Norfolk Broads, on the other hand, were more roomy, but the moon in those parts is far too big and yellow. Yellow does not go with Mrs. Trencham's complexion.

From a distance his heart was moved by the portrait of a nice bright Irish girl, clearly anxious to give him a welcome. But when he drew closer he found that she was saying "Come back to Erin." Now, Trencham tells me he has never been to Erin, so he cannot go back there. If he went he would be deceiving the poor girl; and he would find that all the other visitors were old hands—since nobody is ever asked to go there for the first time.

He was very disappointed with the Golf Resorts. A Lincolnshire Spa offered him Salt Bromo-Iodine Waters, and this was a great temptation, for there is no brand of casual water that is more stimulating to the rubber-core: but he shrank from the girl in the bunker who was playing with her eye on her caddie instead of on the ball. This meant wild work, and if you are going to be knocked over on a golf-course it doesn't help you much to know that you have been hit in the "heart of TENNYSON'S country."

At Bridge of Allan you also get mineral waters; but there is a woman there with a bright blue skirt and scarlet coat (always a combination that is obnoxious to Trencham) who carries a driver with a head partly of wood, partly of iron. My friend has no club of that description and he does not care to be out of touch with local sentiment. He also had his doubts about the quality of the climate; for the legs of the young man in attendance went with rather a trailing movement.

At Boscastle he did not like the way in which fishing-tackle was left lying about the links. Otherwise he might have been persuaded by a printed quotation from Sir HENRY IRVING in favour of this spot. Trencham often admired Sir HENRY in tragedy.

Among popular watering-places Southsea was not to be thought of, if it contained any more women in yellow like the one in the seascape. Trencham tells me that he much preferred another woman in yellow that sits on a terrace near Harrogate, though the wreath of pink roses which she wears in place of a picture hat would have been better in the same *nuance* as her gown. But Harrogate, he says, has a choice of eighty different mineral waters, and this, to a man of Trencham's indecisive character, would have proved insufferable.

At Swanage he found the children far too noisy and united. No fewer than five of them were holding hands as they raced along the shore in an ecstasy of glee. Trencham, though a family man, is easily oppressed by excessive happiness in the very young.

Tunbridge Wells seems to have a good hotel; but the Cambridge Blue who shares the garden seat with a lady friend is clearly better placed than the solitary Oxford Blue in the background; and Trencham is a loyal son of Isis.

At Ryde the fatal feature was a mermaid. Strangely supercilious for so indifferent a figure, it was not only her contour that distressed my friend. Ever since he first read *The Forsaken Merman* of MATTHEW ARNOLD, he has steadily set his face against the female of that species.

And this reminds me that, in addition to his artistic sensitiveness (the gaudy colours of the people who punt at Staines nearly made him riversick), Trencham has a nice literary feeling, not less quick to take offence. Thus, he was hurt when he came to look at the little bathing boy who is being retrieved from the surf at Sunny Clacton by a paddling lady. It was not the harmless title—"A Morning Dip"—that annoyed him; it was the inverted commas. Trencham is very severe upon superfluous inverted commas.

Nor was he better pleased with "Bright, breezy, bracing, beautiful Bexhill." He told me that he thought that this example of alliteration was wanting in subtlety. True art, he said, should conceal itself.

On the other hand, the picture of the three rabbits on the Underground (only one of them is really underground; the other two are sitting out in the open) appealed to both his sporting and literary tastes. He was particularly pleased with the legend, that ran thus: "Fresh woods and pastures new." He tells me it is the first time he has ever seen this passage quoted correctly.

My friend saw a great number of studies of trains going at full steam, but got little inspiration from them. After all, as he rightly said, they are the means rather than the end. There was one that showed the footboard of a Great Central engine with the stoker stoking; but—and I can well understand this attitude—Trencham always prefers to travel in an ordinary compartment.

At present his mind still remains open. Two advertisements have impressed him favourably. One is of a washing-establishment in the suburbs, where two very lovable laundresses pass across a nice green field. He would rather like to stay there. He says you might almost call a laundry a watering-place, and he doesn't mind whether they use bromo-iodine or not. The other is of the Japan-British Exhibition; and there is some talk of his taking a furnished house in Shepherd's Bush for the month of August.

O. S.



THE LADIES' PAGEANT.

MR. ASQUITH. "THIS IS NO PLACE FOR ME!"

CHARIVARIA.

WE consider that Mr. JOHN BURNS has been unfairly chaffed for accepting a salary of £5,000 a year after stating that no man is worth more than £500. In making that statement he expressed no opinion as to what a superman might be worth.

* * *

We were not sorry to see Mr. BYLES, M.P., protesting against the upward tendency of Ministerial salaries. It almost looks as if he had resigned himself to the prospect of an unofficial career.

* * *

"Tory" writes that the general opinion about the Conference seems to be that the rank and file of the Liberal Party will never submit to a compromise. We have corrected "Tory's" spelling; "rank and file" should not be spelt with a *v*.

* * *

With reference to the hint that, in the event of the Government making any concession, Mr. REDMOND will kick the Government out, we suspect that the boot to be used for this operation is merely a shop-window boot. *Vide* "Boot Trade Tricks," in the Press.

* * *

Mr. ASQUITH, it is realised, displayed considerable wisdom in arranging to see the Suffragists and the Anti-Suffragists on the same afternoon. That no attempt to kidnap the PREMIER was made by the former is said to have been due to the knowledge that there was a powerful force of the latter within call.

* * *

The members of the Société d'Économie Politique de Belgique, upon the occasion of their visit last week to this country, were shown the grave of COBDEN, their hosts being members of the National Liberal Club. This is the first time that the National Liberal Club has admitted that COBDEN is dead.

* * *

Mr. CHURCHILL has explained that the young man who was reported to have been fined £1 for using the word "Damn" really made a stronger remark. While the actual expression has not transpired, we understand that it was really something of a bargain for £1.

* * *

From Geneva comes the news that a Swiss *curé* has forbidden members of his congregation to wear open work blouses during service in the church. We are not surprised at this. Open work on the day of rest is peculiarly unseemly.

* * *

"For the present it is the German Emperor who stands at the head of the family of monarchs," says *Asahi* of Tokio. "There is no question as to the peaceful intentions of the KAISER, but in him the new King of GREAT BRITAIN will find a strong competitor in his work for the maintenance of the peace of the world." Well, let us hope there will be no fighting about it.

* * *

The swing of the pendulum? The other day everyone was talking about the rise in the price of meat, and now from CHRISTIE'S comes the news that WEBSTER'S "Roast Pig," which fetched £3,727 10*s*. in 1872, has been sold for £262 10*s*.

* * *

Madame de THÈBES, the Paris "prophetess," has informed a representative of *The Daily Mail* that she has destroyed the influence of the pig as a luck-bringer, and that the elephant is now the real mascot. Superstitious ladies, it is said, are already having their boudoirs enlarged to take the new pet.

The Regent Street Polytechnic's steamer *Viking* met with what might have been a nasty accident last week when she ran aground in Geiranger Fjord, near Bergen. The two hundred passengers, who betrayed no panic, were having breakfast at the time, and it is thought that, if the impact had been a little harder, some of their coffee would have been spilt.

* * *

Some remarkable incidents were reported during the recent heat wave, the strangest being the case of a house in Great Ormond Street, Bloomsbury, which suddenly fainted.

* * *

Of interest to botanists:—"Cricket," *The Sunday Chronicle* informs us, "is, like the camelia, constantly changing."

* * *

Interviewed on the subject of the new coinage which he has been commissioned to design, Mr. MACKENNAL stated, "I cannot at present give any indication of the form the coinage will take." A little bird tells us, however, that their shape will almost certainly be round. In any case they are sure to be much sought after by art-lovers, and others.



LIFE'S EMBARRASSMENTS.

DISGUSTING POLITENESS OF SHORT-SIGHTED INDIVIDUAL WHO *WILL* RESTORE DROPPED 'BUS TICKET UNDER THE DUCHESS'S VERY EYES.

MORE ENTENTE CORDIALE.

"The French Ministry of Public Instruction has conferred the Order of Les Palmes Académiques on 'Little Tich.' The Order was instituted by Napoleon in 1808, and is conferred on literary men, scientists and all who advance education."
The Daily Express.

Le bon p'tit Tich
Is free to stitch
Upon his chest a decoration;
'Twas ever so
That prophets owe
Their honours to another nation.

"Half a loaf is not only better than no bread, but it is often more easily obtained."—*Birmingham Daily Post.*

We cannot agree. Possibly a music-hall comedian of inferior talent may have bread hurled at him, but the rest of us can always escape it.

Sidelights on Tyldesley.

"J. T. TYLDESLEY'S THOUSAND RUNS.
(Specially compiled for *The Sportsman*)."

JOHNNY, how thoughtful of you!

"J. Tyldesley left soon after being caught at the wicket for a patient innings of 69."
Evening News.

He should have left at once—even if he wasn't satisfied with the decision.



Physician. "AND WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE A DOCTOR, JACK?"
Mother (while Jack is still hesitating). "NO, NO! THE DEAR BOY COULDN'T KILL A FLY!"

TO WILLIAM (A TRAMP).

[*The Evening Standard* considers that the ordinary tramp is not worthy of his surroundings. He is not an artist. He has a soul which is not at one with Nature.]

WILLIAM (and shall I also dub you Weary,
As do those artists who are weekly hired
To limn you mated with a Bill that 's Beery,
Or with a Tim alliteratively Tired?)——

William, I say, the mug of your misconduct
Is filling up at an alarming rate;
Whipped at the post, or in the village pond ducked,
You 'd still have one offence to expiate.

We knew already how you fostered habits
Which honest folk consistently forswear,
Disdaining not to help yourself to rabbits
And other wildfowl which belonged elsewhere.

We knew that all the livelong day you pitted
Your wits against the law; and had no doubt
That in the night you brazenly committed
The last and greatest sin of "sleeping out."

But, having passed the usual moral stricture,
We might have schooled our judgment to condone
If only you had kept within the picture
And harmonised your tints to Nature's own.

Your clothes, for instance; where 's the touch artistic
In what you call by courtesy a "frock"?
Could anything be more antagonistic
To picturesqueness than your billycock?

Your customs, also, show you do not follow
The worship of the Beauty which is Truth;
No woodland herbs fill your recurrent hollow,
But salvaged mutton that has lost its youth.

And when the pangs of thirst assail your throttle
No crystal fountain serves for your carouse;
You soil the landscape with a blatant bottle
Filled at the last-encountered public-house.

In fact, friend William, it 's beyond denial,
And amply proved by other pens than mine
(See the above quotation), that on trial
You stand condemned both rogue and Philistine—

As out of tune amid the country's graces
As those egregious advertising bills
Which noise abroad, in ill-considered places,
The benefits of Someone's Liver Pills.

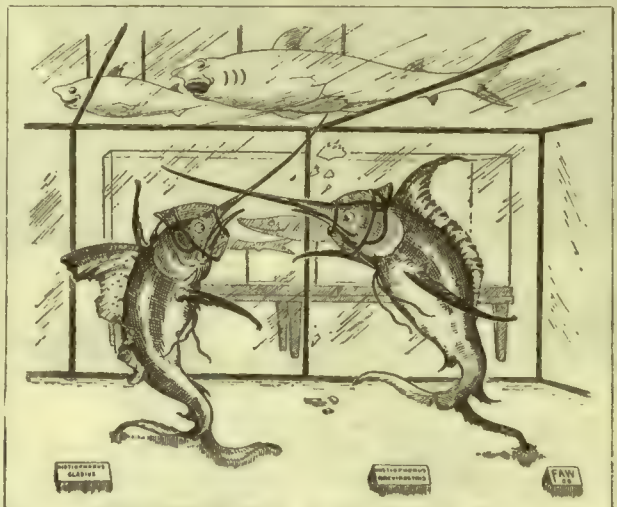
"For sale, fried-fish restaurant fittings; also kilt, plaid, no tops, and sporran, new; patent pump and cycle lamp, 5 pairs boys' trousers, new; a Planchete; double Albert, stamped on every link, silver."
—*Exchange and Mart.*

He must have been clearing up his study.

THE PAY 'S THE THING.

MY DEAR YOUNG MAN,—I am sorry to hear you are on your beam-ends again. There 's no doubt about it: publishers are a hard-hearted race and editors are no better. Between them they manage to clap an extinguisher on any spark of genius that may be doing its little best to twinkle and keep alive. The publishers return your novels, the editors send back your articles, and there 's no appeal against their infamous and immoral decisions. Your only satisfaction, not a very nourishing one, is to read the novels and articles that are actually printed and published, and to realise that your own were a thousand million times more brilliant and deserving. To praise yourself by comparison and to go on starving appears to be all that is left to you.

You say you 've tried everything from a golf-novel up to a historical essay on handkerchiefs. I 've watched your career pretty closely, and I 'm sure there 's one field of literary endeavour in which you have not yet set your plough. I propose to recommend it to you. I know you won't like it at first. You 'll put forward all kinds of pleas about good taste and decent reticence and honourable abstention from malicious tittle-tattle and that sort of thing. Pooh, my dear boy, pooh! Are you going to sacrifice the certainty of seeing yourself in print and receiving fat cheques to such silly, old-fashioned, exploded, early-Victorian scruples? You can't afford to do it, and when you 've looked at the business in an enlightened way you 'll see clearly that no sentimentalism must be allowed to stand between you and your income.



A SUGGESTION FOR NEXT YEAR'S NAVAL TOURNAMENT.

Here 's my suggestion, based on the reasonable assumption that there is a section of the public, depraved, you may say, but still considerable in number, which desires to have its palates tickled by brisk gossip about the private lives of distinguished people, chiefly about such *liaisons* and immoralities as may have been attributed to them. I advise you to select your distinguished people from foreigners who are dead. Tales about living Englishmen and Englishwomen would, of course, be very spicy and interesting, but libel actions and big sticks have to be taken into account, and, for the present at any rate, I advise you to abstain from your fellow-subjects. Foreigners don't matter. The essence of their being is that they have no real homes, that they hold family ties in abhorrence, make a practice of breaking the seventh commandment (of which they have never heard), and are altogether fit subjects for the virtuous indignation of any true-hearted and domestic English writer who may be minded to expose their alleged frailties in a monthly review or in book form.

Your best plan will be to begin in what I may call a general way. You might start, for instance, with *The Love Affairs of the French Queens*, and proceed, after an interval of six months or so, to trounce *The Indiscretions of the Archduchesses*. This you might follow up with *The Peccadillos of the German Poets*, devoting the greater part of the volume to GOETHE. For your style I recommend a mixture of tolerant contempt with occasional moral reproof. You will not exactly preach. To do that might alienate your readers. But you will show them, as it were incidentally, how un-English all these amatory adventures are, how poor and weak a thing is a French queen or a German poet, and what a high moral purpose you have had in showing them up under the cold light of the English language written by a master.

Finally, you may set to work on something more intimate but not less attractive. Write in brief the life-story of some celebrated foreign literary man. Show how, after having been buffeted by fortune, he at last found a refuge and a home in a family not his own and lived with them during the remainder of his life. Explain how, according to you, this association, far from having made him happy, actually dragged him down, seeing that he and the lady of the house in which he lived were, in all human probability, not merely friends, but lovers. The fact that the lady has recently died full of years and honours, that her children survive and may be pained by this attack upon her memory, that friends who loved and respected her may resent it—none of these trivial considerations must be permitted to interfere with your design. Be cold and lofty, logical, convincing and denunciatory. Remember that where you cannot prove you can always hint, and be sure that you will be rewarded by the approval of your editor and the interest of your readers—not to speak of the extra capital that you will be able to add to your store. Your article will be picked out by the critics as being "both entertaining and instructive," and all fear of a future of penury will be removed from you. There you have my suggestion. Try it at once, and you will live (in luxury) to bless me for having made it.

Lives of the Lowly, by Themselves.

Under this general heading we understand that a series of Autobiographies of the Obscure is to be published, with prefaces by the Well-known, on the model of that recent publication, *George Meek, Bath Chair-man, By Himself*, to which Mr. H. G. WELLS contributed an Introduction. From the preliminary announcement we extract the following titles:—

A Rabelais of the Rank. By John M'ld, Four-Wheel-Cabman, with an Introduction of 90 pp. by Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON.

From Potman to Publican. By William Neat, with a preliminary Panegyric by HILAIRE BELLOC M.P.

Confessions of a Young Man about Town (Kentish). Prefaced by other Confessions from the Note Book of Mr. GEORGE MOORE.

Fifty Years in the Maze. Revelations of a Hampton Court Attendant. Foreword by Mr. HENRY JAMES.

The Plain Tale of a Rural Tragédienne. By Sarah Nogood, with Critical Survey by Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER.

In the Service of the Smart Set. By a Tweenie, with Appreciation by Father VAUGHAN.

"The prisoner said he was driving a friend in the car on this occasion without the knowledge of his mater."—*Daily News.*

Naughty boy.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 20.—Great thing this hot weather to have in charge of Bill a Minister of artistic temperament. Such is EDWARD STRACHEY. Natural gift displayed to-night in manner equally striking and pleasing. Order of the day, Vote on Account. Debate arises on conduct of Board of Agriculture. Hottest day of the year. Outside, sun registers 122 degrees. With Amaryllis in the shade it is 81 degrees. Attendance moderate. PRINCE ARTHUR in retirement, meditating on possibilities and probabilities of Conference.

Questions sleepily put fail to stir emotion. ADMIRAL BURGOYNE afloat again; cruises round unresponsive MCKENNA. Fires occasional shot by way of question. BOTTOMLEY makes ghastly disclosure of foundation of the daily *menu* of the Salvation Army Shelter at Blackfriars. BARNSTON calls aloud upon Government to "deal in determined manner" with the proclivities of our neighbours in Holland who sell their cheese as prime Cheshire. 'Tis CANNING'S verse, with variation:—

In matters of commerce the fault of the Dutch
Is to palm off as Cheshire a compound called Kutch.

Mr. WING, fluttering over the North Sea, suggests that the Dogger Banks shall be re-stocked with fish.

"And torpedo-boats," honourable Member below Gangway suggests.

F. E. SMITH, producing bulky brief, discourses learnedly on home supplies of beef and veal, tripe and trotters. Draws gloomy picture of diminishing stock of frozen beef.

"Where," he asks, in voice whose genuine emotion touched the House, "is the chilled chine of yesteryear?"

This brings EDWARD STRACHEY to front as representative of Board of Agriculture. House in almost comatose state. Yearning for leafy lanes or cool sea breezes. Momentarily bucks up at sight of Minister.

"Mr. WHITLEY," STRACHEY said, addressing DEPUTY CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES, presiding in absence of Mr. EMMOTT, who has gone a-hay-making in Ennismore Gardens, "with the permission of the Committee I will now trace the history of foot and mouth disease in this country since 1839, in which year it was detected."

And he did. At a quarter-past eight debate stood adjourned, the few Members who survived being gently led forth and laid out to cool on the Terrace.

Business done.—Vote on Account discussed.

Tuesday.—Nice question, suddenly sprung on House, varied debate on Regency Bill and the Census. Is a man who, whilst riding a bicycle, is run over by a vehicle, with the result that his right ear is nearly torn off, his collar-bone broken, his legs badly bruised—is such an one within his right as a free-born citizen in remarking "Damn"?

It appears that, case being submitted to Ivybridge Sessions, magistrates ruled in the negative, adding a fine of one pound and costs to damages already sustained by the bruised bicyclist. It was MARKHAM who propounded question, addressing it to HOME SECRETARY. WINSTON, whose watchful eye sleepeth nor day nor night, had not overlooked the case; had indeed devoted to it prolonged consideration. Came to conclusion that the judgment should not be disturbed. Pressed for reasons, darkly hinted that there was more in the observations of the bicyclist than met the eye in the newspaper report.

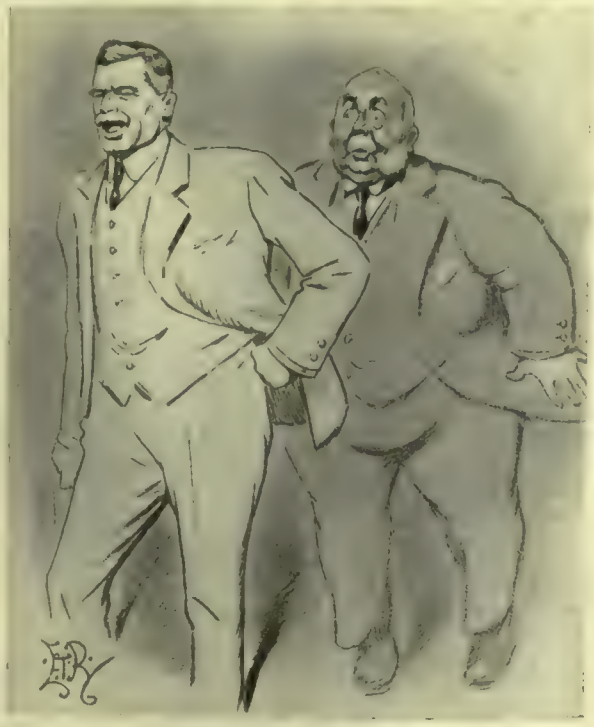
Decision not universally acceptable. Obviously the matter has wider range than is defined in question. There are golf links as well as king's highways. Temptation to expletive is, in certain circumstances, common to both. Cannot be one law for the battered bicyclist and another for the bunkered golfer.

Two leading cases may be cited. That of *Mr. Chucks*, the bo'sun with whom *Peter Simple* sailed. He, it will be remembered, conscious of infirmity in direction rebuked by the Ivybridge magistrates, gave a pleasing turn to expletive. "Bless your eyes and ears, you attractive son of a worthy widow," was with him an engaging form of remonstrance addressed to any of the crew who temporarily failed in discharge of duty.

A more modern instance is that of Lord MILNER, who, calculating possible result of the Lords throwing out Budget Bill, emphasised his patriotic contempt for the



THE PENALTIES OF RESPONSIBILITY.
Sir Edward Strachey prepares to give the entire history of foot and mouth disease, swine fever, etc.



STRANGE FISH FROM GRIMSBY.
The somewhat substantial Shade of Sir George Doughty (commenting on Mr. Wing). "Great Grimsby! It's horrible to see *him* representing the Dogger Bank in my place!"

consequences by use of the very word alleged to have wheezed through the broken collar-bone of the prostrate cyclist. There is no record of his Lordship being mulcted in fine and costs.

Question full of difficulties. Perhaps a Conference between the two Houses would be most convenient method of solving it. Viscount ST. ALDWYN might represent the Peers.

Business done.—Regency Bill read second time. In Committee on Census Bill.

Thursday, June 23.—Attempts to draw PREMIER on subject of Conference, rife at beginning of week, now intermitted. ASQUITH much less easy to draw than is a middle-aged badger.

Old stagers recall GLADSTONE'S manner when, for State reasons, mum was the word. Posed by awkward questions he briskly approached Table and answered "my honourable friend below the Gangway" or "the right honourable gentleman opposite" with bewildering mass of detail. So anxious was he that the honest searcher after truth should be satisfied that he prolonged explanation beyond customary limits. His sentences were interminably lengthened by qualifications, definitions and hypotheses. Effect heightened by his courteous bearing, his almost passionate desire that nothing should be hidden.

When at end of five or six minutes he resumed, his seat the mind of hapless enquirer was in such bewildered state that he was incapable of framing on spur of the moment a Supplementary Question. When, after gasping for breath, he had constructed a formula more or less suitable to the occasion, next Question on paper was called and his opportunity had sped.

ASQUITH says nothing in quite different fashion. When inquiring minds like those which animate the manly framework of DALZIEL or WEDGWOOD place on paper elaborate questions designed to pierce the secrets of the shuttered Conference room he in a sentence effectually waves them off. In addition to saving public time the stern brevity of reply is disheartening. There has been elaborate preparation of the trap, bold advertisement in all the morning papers, strained attention of crowded House as it is solemnly set and laid in full view of the innocent-looking



A BADGER THAT WEDGWOOD AND DALZIEL WILL NEVER DRAW IN THIS WORLD!

mouse on Treasury Bench. In due time mouse approaches, sniffs at the trap with chilling indifference, and passes on unhurt.

Business done.—In Committee of Supply.

Friday.—The dolour in which House is steeped by peculiar political circumstances of the hour has been deepened by a privation slight in itself, but portentous in an assembly to whom old traditions are dear. For more sessions than man remembers the Parliamentary scene has been lighted up by the glow of MARK LOCKWOOD'S carnation. Owing in considerable measure to MACAULAY, the white plume of HENRY OF NAVARRE is a prominent feature in reminiscence of fights and forays. The carnation in our Colonel's buttonhole, though its record is more modest, is ever equally prominent. Whatever Party be in power, whatever be the shortcomings and iniquities of hon. gentlemen on benches opposite, there is the carnation, blushing upon the just and the unjust.

With varied emotion Members remark that it has not been seen since sittings were resumed at close of Spring Recess. The first hurried rumour attributed omission to the Budget. It was said that, with super-tax staring him in the face, MARK LOCKWOOD could not be expected to go on cultivating carnations that bloom not only in the Spring but the year through. *Item*, there was cost of postage for their delivery in town every morning through Parliamentary session.

That a reasonable inference, adding heavily to crushing responsibilities of LLOYD GEORGE. Nevertheless it was on wrong tack. Simple explanation accounts for everything. We are still in state of mourning. In such case flowers are not permissible. So MARK goes about the Lobbies and sits in the House *sans* the illumination of his customary favour.

At first sight hardly knew him. Recognition comes with glance at the hat thrown back on head, deftly held at perilous angle that no pork-pie-capped messenger-boy dare attempt.

Business done.—Census Bill through Committee.



THE JOYS OF IRRESPONSIBILITY.

"The manly framework of Dalziel" doing his level best to capsize the Conference.

An Echo of the Army Pageant Rehearsals.

Sergeant. "Company, 'tention! You are ancient Britons. You will strip in tent nine, and put on anything you may be given—(*reading orders*)—'You will enter the scene tumultuously and gambol on the sward. Engage in ball play, axe play, stick play, club play. Now is heard in music the first clang of metal and the soft note of bronze. You will seize the women, hooking the adversary's Amazons by the hair and pulling them over to the winners' side.' Them 's your orders, and don't forget you 're on parade!"



Old Lady (turning to neighbour, during last Act of tragedy). "EH, MISTER, BUT THEM 'AMLETS 'AD A DEAL O' TROUBLE IN THEIR FAMILY!"

VAE VICTRICIBUS.

(To a Militant.)

[According to the opinion of its own leaders and several of the daily papers the size and seriousness of the last Suffragette demonstration indicate a speedy victory for the cause.]

WHEN I perpend on that display
Of purple, white and green,
The banners and the trumpets' bray,
The shouting and the sheen,
I cannot help it, lady mine,
These optics are suffused with brine
In memory of the days divine,
The dawns that once have been.

Not that I hanker, Clara dear,
To hold your sex in chain;
Out on the churl that did not cheer
That iris-bearing train!
The warriors' dress, the drums athrob,
The *tout ensemble* of the job—
They tear from me the heartfelt sob,
Because—well, I'll explain.

What if our Government should bow
At last before the gale?
Are we to lose the pavement row,
The padlocks and the rail?
The peeler with dishevelled coat,
The spectacles whereon we dote,
All for a tup'ny hap'ny vote,
A toy too apt to stale?

Can you suppose the Right to Plump
For men—mere men and blind—
Has half the glory of a clump
Fair in a copper's wind?
That polling days produce such fun
As landing WINSTON CHURCHILL one,
Or making pallid Premiers run
Fleet as a mountain hind?

No, when you've won your Suffrage game
And doffed the martyr's gown,
Soon as the vote is yours, how tame,
How trite will seem the town!
The butterfly, more blest in this,
Returns not to its chrysalis,—
But you, my Clara, how you'll miss
That rainbow-tinted gown! EVOE.

THE PETS OF THE MIGHTY.

["I am the owner of a very long-backed Aberdeen terrier."—Mr. COULSON KERNAHAN in *Dreams Dead Earnest and Half Jest.*]

THIS interesting revelation from the pen of the gifted author of *Wise Men and a Fool* has prompted us to make inquiries as to the animals possessed by other illustrious public characters. The results of our investigations we now hasten to lay before our readers.

The Editor of *The Spectator* (Mr. J. ST. LOE STRACHEY) possesses a fine private menagerie, which contains, amongst other specimens, forty-three Persian cats, twenty white mice, ten veteran Surrey fowls, thirteen macaws, two marmosets, two semi-Bombay ducks, one stuffed albatross, four jerboas, and a Mexican mastiff, all of which are fed exclusively on Quaker cocoa.

The POET-LAUREATE has a trained canary which drinks nothing but sack.

Mr. BERNARD SHAW has a lowbacked Dachshund which he calls "Barker."

Mr. GRANVILLE BARKER is the proud possessor of a magnificent St. Bernard, which he calls "Shaw."

Sir H. BEERBOHM TREE's inseparable companion is a humorous Great Dane, which he has aptly christened "Hamlet."

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE has a winsome Welsh rabbit, which he has wittily named "Super-tax." His motor-car, we may add, is called "Super-taxi."

Mr. BRAM STOKER has a tame buffalo with a cupola-shaped head, which answers to the name of "Oliver."

Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR has a double-breasted Fountain Penguin which takes sardines from its master's hand and is called "Brian Boru."



RUSTIC YORKSHIRE TAKES THE FIELD.

The Captain. "THOU TAKS FIRST OVER, CROFT, AND THOU STUMPS, BLACKSMITH, AND T'OTHERS SPREAD YERSENS ABOOT I' LOIKELY SPOTS."

"GENTLY, POTTER, GENTLY, PRAY!"

[Mr. Thomas Hardy has approved the production of a series of Dorset ware illustrating his novels. The various designs, including a sketch portrait of *Tess*, were provided by Mr. Hardy himself who wrote several couplets. Beneath a line drawing of *Tess* are the words—

"No girl in Wessex rivalled Tess
In beauty, charm, and tenderness." . . . .
The Times.]

OTHER novelists and public persons have not been long in following suit, and an enormous output of ornamental pottery may be expected. Among the new series in a forward stage of completion is a delightful set of Manx Mannikins from the famous Greeba red clay, depicting the better known characters in the charming stories of Mr. HALL CAINE. Each bears a couplet hot from the massive brain. Thus, under *John Storm* we read:—

"I win lost souls from deepest Hell;
Millions of readers love me well."

And under *Glory Quayle*:—

"Bewitching, candid, noble, free:
Not Shakspeare's self drew such as she."

From Stratford-on-Avon, which is already the home of statuettes and every variety of china and earthenware memento, is to come a new batch, not, as it happens, devoted to the trite Bard of Bards, but to the gifted author of some of the most successful tracts of our time, Miss CORELLI. Beneath these figures she also has placed suitable lines. Under an exquisitely dainty miniature of *Mavis Clare*, you may read:—

"'The World's Desire' is she indeed:
Ah! great your fortune, you who read!"

And under *The Master Christian*:—

"The past, ah, yes! 'twas great, we know,
But don't run down the present so.
Avon inspires her darling still:
This Hero grew beside her rill."

The Shorter Pottery will take the form of a number of statuettes of illustrious authors with definitive summaries of their achievements and position in the literary firmament from the pen of the famous critic. These statuettes have been made from a fine clay discovered by Mr. SHORTER (or, as he is now known by his intimates, "Bucksome Clement") in one of his rambles in Buckinghamshire.

Mr. G. B. SHAW has sanctioned the miniature reproduction of his bust by RODIN in a new kind of leadless glaze pottery to be known as Fabian Ware. These statuettes will each bear an inscription from the Master's hand consisting of the single word SHAW in facsimile autograph. "Thus," as Mr. SHAW wrote recently in ambiguous French to the promoters of the latest RODIN banquet (these meals have become so frequent as to resemble a *table d'hôte*), "thus will your great sculptor endure, linked to me, long after his own name would have perished."

A somewhat similar bust of Mr. HALDANE, made of the best black and Tanagra Terrier cotta, is also to be placed on the market. It bears the appropriate inscription:—

"I who once worshipped SCHOPENHAUER
Now own, Great Mars, thy sovereign power!"

An admirer of Mr. BELLOC has arranged with a pewterer for the manufacture of a large number of "Hilarious Tankards," each to hold a quart of the very best beer that Kent or its substitutes can produce, and each to bear round the rim a couplet or triplet from Mr. BELLOC's pen. Among those which have been already engraved on the pewter are these:—



THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

OLD BUDGET (*to* NEW). "AH, MY BOY, YOU 'LL NEVER BE THE BUDGET *I* WAS. IN MY TIME WE HAD TO FIGHT FOR OUR SKINS. I WAS OUT IN NINETEEN-NINE."



Visitor (looking at field covered with mole-hills). "WHAT ARE ALL THOSE MOUNDS?"
Visitor. "BUT WHAT ARE UMPTY TUMPS?"
Visitor. "BUT WHAT IS THE UMPTY?"
Native. "TOOMPS WHAT T' OOMPTY MAKES."
Native. "WHAT MAKES THE TOOMPS, YOU FOOL!"
Shropshire Native. "OOMPTY TOOMPS."

"He fears no enemy's assault
Who has the Faith and loves good malt."

"What chance for him who faints and stops?
Advance (like kangaroos) by hops!"

"No legislator e'er can fail
Who fortifies himself with ale—
Whether in tankard or in pail."

Meanwhile Mr. BELLOC'S twin brother, G. K. C., has arranged for a supply of "Chesterton China," reminiscent of the day when he played *Dr. Johnson* at the Chelsea Pageant and expressed the wish to consume eighteen cups of tea. In accordance with this aspiration the "Chesterton China" will be sold only in sets of eighteen cups; at the bottom of each will be found a sentiment or distich of the great man, among which are the following:—

"Go where you will the world to see
The tourist starts and ends with T."

"It is as impregnably and incontestably true to say that black tea is green as to say that green tea is black."

"There is nothing in the world more remarkable than tea-time, and there is nothing in the world so utterly commonplace as tea-time."

Birmingham, already so rich in manufactures, is about to add another to its artistic products in the new Lodge Lustre, which is being turned out in great quantities at Edgbaston. The favourite shape is a life-size replica of the great scientist's head, with the following inscription on the base:—

"Three interviewers in three seasons came
And guided me along the path to fame.
BLATHWAYT of bunkum had the largest share,
But BEGBIE'S trumpet had a louder blare;
Then Nature played her very grandest slam
And sent me STOKER, the portentous BRAM."

Yielding to the entreaties of innumerable applicants the leader of the Follies has made arrangements for the establishment of a Pélissier Pottery. (Mr. PÉLISSIER, it may be remembered, traces his descent from the famous potter, BERNARD PALISSY, the spelling of whose name varies greatly in different authorities.) Each piece of Pélissier pottery will bear the motto, "Laugh and grow fat," and an appropriate couplet or quatrain. Among them we may mention the following:—

"Some make their pile by 'striking Me,'
And some by fleecing jays;
The cueist scores by playing pots,
And I by potting plays."

"Figures as Illustrations."

From a letter in *The Morning Post*:

"A Suffrage argument: Ten thousand women and girls marching in the streets of London.

An anti-Suffrage argument: Eleven million nine hundred and ninety thousand women in their homes.

(The female population of the United Kingdom over fifteen years of age is estimated at eleven millions)."

The writer must try again. She will never succeed like this.

The Gentlest Art.

The following application for a place has been forwarded to us:—

"Dr Madmun have heard has you are in want of a Housemaid and has I am in want of a place has Housemaid would like to give you a trail."

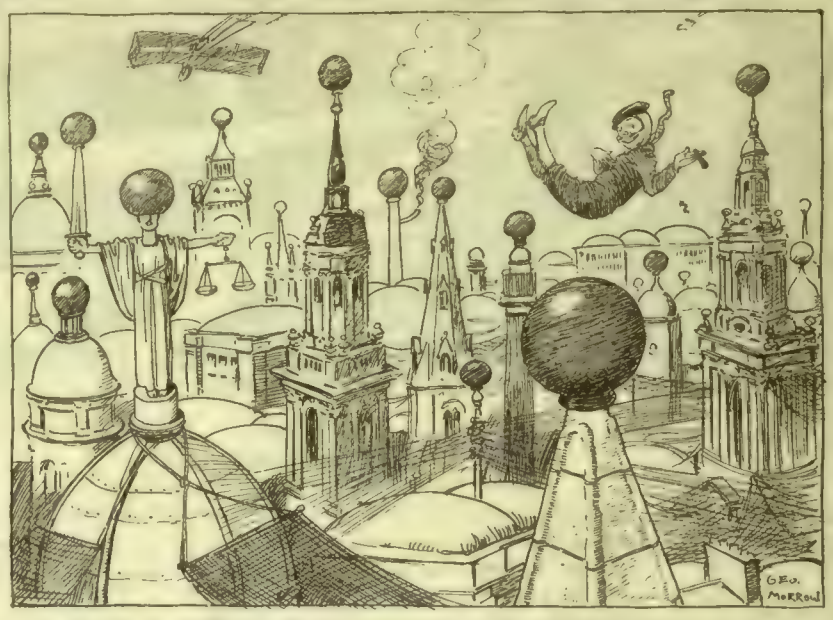
"On the other hand, the Tilbury ferry is much less inconvenient than the Woolwich, and therefore we have selected the latter as being by far the more convenient."—*The Autocar.*

Until the explanation is actually set down before one, it is often puzzling to know why people do things.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

EXCEPTING, perhaps, the conduct of the three hundred before Thermopylæ, and that immortal remark of the gentleman who proposed to treat the Persians' arrow-flights as a parasol, I do not know a finer thing in romantic history than the language and behaviour of the French aristocrats whilst awaiting the guillotine. And, though I sometimes think that more smiling heroes and beautiful heroines have ridden in the tumbrils of fiction than ever actually perished even in the orgies of the Revolution, I am always ready to hear of more. For half its length at least *A Marriage under the Terror* (MELROSE) does justice to the raging excitement of its period, and it would be hard to give it higher praise than that. But when PATRICIA WENTWORTH takes her aristocratic heroine out of Paris after her first rescue from *l'Abbaye*, and sends her hero, the *Deputy Dangeau*, to the South, she permits the plot to drag a little, since it is immediately obvious to the wary and bloodthirsty reader that there must be yet another hair-breadth 'scape from the knife's edge before the finale of happiness, and he is obliged to possess his soul in patience till it arrives. The authoress, however, partly atones for this by the insertion of a burning château and a fresh love-affair, so that, as I had plenty to look at whilst I was loitering about, and as the final scene of peril and deliverance was carried through with all the honours, it would be churlish indeed to complain. *A Marriage under the Terror* has been awarded a prize, I gather, by a committee of expert lady novelists, and, if it only won by a neck or so, there must have been a very talented field.



THE HUMANITARIAN DEVELOPMENT OF ARCHITECTURE IN THE AEROPLANING FUTURE. A POSSIBLE USE FOR SUPERFLUOUS RUBBER.

If you 've an idea at the back of your head
That life 's a blank and that thrills are dead,
That this year of grace one-nine-one-0
Is a milk-and-watery, one-horse show,
That you 've lost, if you ever had, the knack
Of getting a shudder all down your back,
And feeling your tresses stand up on end—
If this is your state of mind, my friend,
It 's fairly clear that you 've not yet struck
ROBERT AITKEN'S *The Lantern of Luck*.
For, unless I 'm wrong, which I know I 'm not,
ROBERT 'll touch the morbid spot;
He will alter your point of view;
ROBERT A. is the man for you.
How will he do it? Well, here and now
I haven't the space to explain just how,
But he spins a yarn of this dull to-day
And packs it with people from U.S.A.,
Who, forced by motives of love or cash,
Cut a pretty exciting dash,
Full of twists and surprises, planned
With such a masterly, forthright hand
(Our ROBERT'S, to wit) that you 're bound to wake
From your dream (see *supra*) if only to make
Sure that the things described aren't true
And liable daily to happen to you.
That 's, at least, how the book strikes me.
Buy of MURRAY, and read and see.

HUGH WALPOLE specialises in Cornwall, and although *Maradick at Forty* (SMITH, ELDER) does not entirely fulfil the expectations raised by his first book, *The Wooden Horse*, I can still ask all lovers of the Duchy to read it. Here he lays his scene in Treliss, a little seaside town with something in its air which made the stuffiest people "do things." Mr. WALPOLE describes the atmosphere of Treliss with remarkable subtlety, but I am not altogether on his side when he begins to show the effects of it upon his characters. *Maradick* was a dull, virtuous, wife-trodden man until the intoxicating air got into his head. Then he boomed, and there were incidents in his boom which were unpleasant. More stress is laid upon his sensual side than is necessary, and his philanderings with *Mrs. Lester* were, I feel, an insult to the atmosphere of Treliss. But in case wives with dull husbands should be frightened I must add that Treliss was eventually the salvation of the *Maradicks*, although their cure is not one which can be unreservedly recommended. I hope that Mr. WALPOLE will continue to write of Cornwall; and if he will devote more attention to the natives and less to the visitors I shall have no fears for him.

John Bull on the Conference.

"When Pack meets with Pack in the Jungle, and neither will go from the trail,
Lie down till the leaders have spoken—it may be fair words will prevail."—*Rudyard Kipling.*

Mr. John Redmond on the Same.

"And thus the native hue of (Veto) Resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."
Shakspeare.

"It is stated that on the Farne Islands there is a donkey which drinks beer and chews tobacco."—*Yorkshire Evening Post.*

He would be still more of an ass if he chewed beer and drank tobacco.



THEY had discussed the weather, the latest novel, golf, and the Army Pageant, until the resources of conversation seemed to be exhausted; and still they sat on.

"Well," said HERBERT, pulling himself together with an effort, "about this little—er—Veto business."

"Yes," agreed ARTHUR cautiously; "there 's that."

"There seems to be a feeling that if we *could* settle our differences in an amicable way, the country would not be sorry. I don't know if you have any suggestions as to how this could be done?"

"The idea," said ARTHUR, "has been adumbrated that something in the way of compromise——"

At the word "compromise" there was a sudden silence.

"Compromise," said HERBERT at last, after much thought, "in the result might be compared to two girls exchanging lovers. Each would feel that she had made a tremendous sacrifice, and yet the other wouldn't be happy."

"There were once," said ARTHUR reflectively, "a man and a woman who couldn't agree where to live—one preferring London and the other Manchester. Compromise suggested that they should buy a house at Rugby; which neither liked; but being sensible people they decided to spend alternate years at the two places. In politics that is called the Party system." He paused for a moment, and then added, "It works very well."

"No," said HERBERT firmly; "not with the present House of Lords."

"Ah," groaned ARTHUR, "now we 've begun."

"If this conference is to come to anything we must begin some time. And if we go on it can only be on the lines of compromise of some sort—which means giving up something. We may not like it, but there it is. There 's no harm in trying. Now then, tell me what *you 're* prepared to give up."

"That 's just what I was going to ask you," sighed ARTHUR.

"Pray begin," said HERBERT courteously.

The other yawned and stretched himself and began.

"I am willing to admit that you have a grievance," he said. "For some years I must confess that I never noticed particularly the composition of the House of Lords nor remarked that there were seven Conservatives in it to every one Liberal. Or, if I remarked it, I did not think that it could possibly be a matter for complaint. But now that my attention has been called to it I do see that this state of things may not be so satisfactory to your party as it is to mine. Suppose, then, I say," he went on slowly, "that I am prepared to agree to an equally divided and impartial House of Lords—suppose I am prepared to make this very great sacrifice, what will you on your part give up?"

"What do you want?"

"I want you to admit the principle of an Upper House which has real control over the Lower House; an assembly which has the right—and, more than that, the duty, to refer any important measure to the people; such right to be exercised, as I have said, impartially as between the two parties."

HERBERT was silent for a long time.

"Well?" said ARTHUR impatiently. "We must each give up something."

"But the two things are so different. You ask me to concede the right of a Second Chamber to refer any measure to the people. After all, that is a question which admits of argument. Some may hold that it is wise, some not; many will say that anyhow it should not apply to Finance; the further question as to how, and how often, this right is to be exercised arises out of it. Imagine a gathering of the most distinguished men in the five continents drawing up a constitution for a Model State—you may be sure that this question would at least be discussed. But is it conceivable that it would occur to anybody for one single moment to make the obvious suggestion that the two chief parties in the State should be treated alike? Surely *that* would be taken for granted!"

"Yet," said ARTHUR, "if one has enjoyed certain powers legitimately for a long time it is hard to lose them, however reasonably they be taken away. And, though it is one thing to start two competitors equally, it is another thing to level them up every time one gets a little ahead."

"Well, yes, that is true. And it may be that without either of us giving up very much we can find a way out in the manner you suggest. Another little idea *had* occurred to me, though, and what you say about referring important measures to the people emboldens me to mention it. Our programme was to refer our Veto Bill to the people, and, if it was approved, to obtain powers to pass it through the Lords. Now, however, there is a strong feeling in the country against our seeking such powers at this time. On the other hand, your party has suddenly taken up with the idea of leaving important measures to the judgment of the people. Well, then, why shouldn't *you* give us guarantees that if our Veto Bill is approved by the country, the House of Lords will accept it?"

ARTHUR assumed an air of detachment. . . .

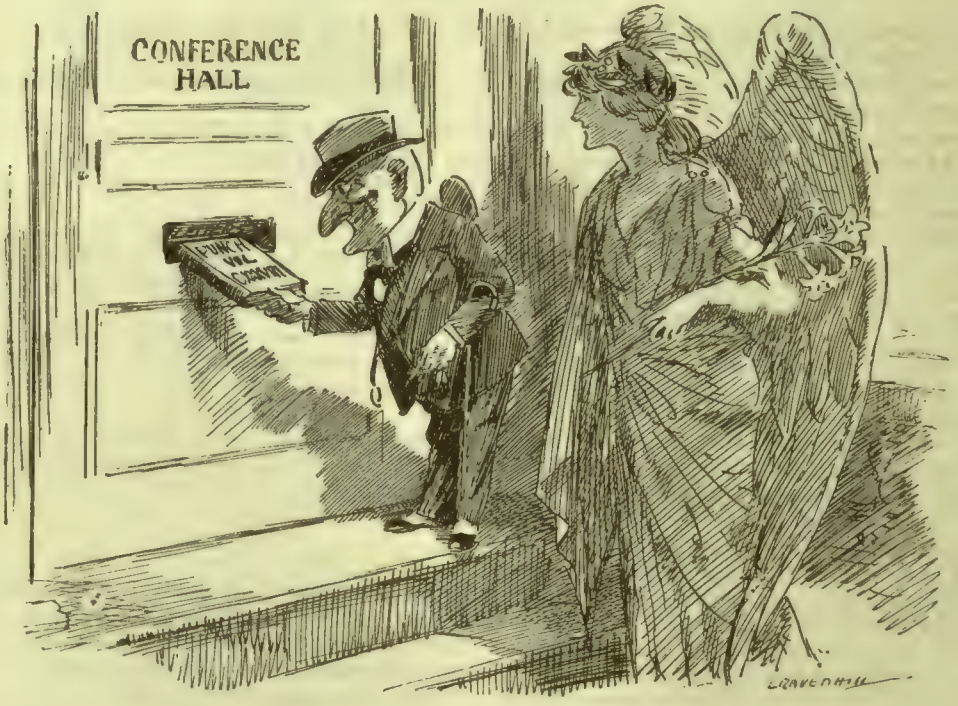
* * * * * * * *

Outside in the street Peace and *Mr. Punch* were taking their afternoon walk together. As they passed a certain closed door Peace stopped and listened anxiously.

"I wonder!" she said. "I'm afraid there's just a little *something* wanting——"

"Why, of course there is, dear lady," cried *Mr. Punch*. "I have it here!" And with that he pushed in through the letter-box his

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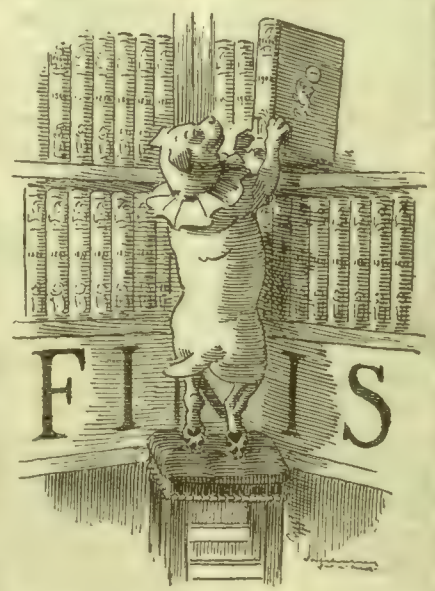
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King George and the Dragon.

OLD FRIENDS.

FEW things have given me such real pleasure as the recent announcement that plans have been made for the issue of a new coinage. This will meet a long-felt want, and however soon the issue is made it cannot be too soon.

Not that I wish to disparage the dear old coinage. I don't know as much about the subject as Lord ROTHSCHILD or ANDREW CARNEGIE, I must admit, but I think the time is opportune for a good word to be said about it and, as neither of these gentlemen has come forward (it is little to their credit, I consider), I feel no hesitation in attempting to fill the breach. Indeed, it is part of a journalist's daily work to write about things of which he has little or no experience.

What romance surrounds our old coinage! What thoughts are stirred up by it! Look through your pennies, if any. Is there one dated 1883? That was the year in which Lord WINTERTON also saw the light. Think of all the gladness that both have brought to many a heart. Have you one dated 1874? The thought inevitably comes, how thin it has grown in the service of man, while Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON, who came into the world the same year, has altered too.

Let us not slight the old coinage. Remember, an old penny will buy as many wax matches as a new one, and *The Daily Mirror* you receive in exchange for an old half-penny has quite as many pictures as the one you would obtain if you presented a new penny and the boy forgot to give the change. And the same rule obtains with shillings, and (as I have been told) with coins of higher value whose names I am not familiar with.

Yes, the issue of a new coinage fills me with joy; I only hope they 'll issue enough. But all the same I have a warm corner in my pocket for the old.

Overdoing it.

"A message from Marrakesh states that *five-quarters* of the business part of the city have been destroyed by fire."

You can't get the insurance people like that.

"CORDITE SUPPLY
ALARMING STATEMENT
COLLAPSE OF YORKSHIRE."—*Poster.*

Yorkshire is too sensitive. It should try HIRST'S Toffee for the Nerves.

TO SOPHONISBA, OF BEDFORD COLLEGE.

[The Duchess of MARLBOROUGH, in advocating a scheme for the removal of the Bedford College for Women from Baker Street to Regent's Park, is reported to have said that "it was difficult to comprehend why there should be such rooted objection on the part of Englishmen to the higher education of their wives. There must be some secret fear that, hard as they found it to understand a woman now, it would be absolutely beyond their ken were she highly educated." The way to conquer opposition was for women to be "tactful enough not always to worst their husbands in argument."]

ERE the vows at which the bravest falter
Make you my irrevocable bride;
Ere I feel the nuptial noose or halter
Round my throttle permanently tied;
While the hour is open for repentance,
Hear the following prayer which I despatch!
Else, before the priest pronounces sentence,
I propose to scratch.

I implore you not to be too sniffy
Should my lack of culture cause you pain;
Do not petrify your Albert if he
Fails to fathom your unusual brain;
Promise you will temper your ideas
To the taste of just an average man;
Promise, Sophonisba, not to be as
Clever as you can.

Fostered at the fount of higher knowledge,
You enjoyed a chance denied to me;
I was never schooled at Bedford College,
I was nursed at Balliol's homely knee;
Therefore make allowance for the mental
Lapses which invite your lips to laugh,
And, as you are strong, be very gentle
To your feebler half.

Epigrams, in private, I could swallow;
If you made my manly pride to flinch
From a wit too fleet for me to follow,
I could always smack you at a pinch;
But in public, when you take the trophy
For the finest table-talk in Town,
Do not knock me sideways, O my Sophie;
Let me softly down.

O. S.

AN EXAMINATION PAPER FOR JUDGES.

[A Bill providing for the appointment of two more Judges of the High Court is now before the House of Commons. *Mr. Punch* ventures to suggest that no barrister should be raised to the Bench unless he can answer the following questions satisfactorily. Knowledge of the world is, after all, as important as a knowledge of Law and the rules of procedure.]

I. WHO is HARRY LAUDER? Where and when and how often does he do what? Has he ever travelled abroad? If so, state where and how he travelled and how many bouquets of flowers were presented to him, by whom. What costume does he look best in?

II. Write short life-histories of G. B. SHAW, A. B. WALKLEY and G. K. CHESTERTON.

III. If Mr. SHAW, Mr. WALKLEY, Mr. CHESTERTON and Mr. BELLOC were locked up in a room together for an hour, what do you consider would be the probable result, on the assumption that all type-writing machines, pens, pencils, ink and paper had been previously removed and that only three gags had been provided for the four of them?

IV. What are the favourite drinks of (*a*) Mr. BELLOC, (*b*) Mr. CHESTERTON?

V. Give a short working definition of "back-chat," with examples of its use, (1) by a music-hall singer, (2) by three occupants of a box *plus* six bottles of champagne with liqueurs to follow.

VI. What, if any, is your theory of "chuckers out"? If A., a chucker-out, measures six feet four inches, and B., a noisy member of the audience, measures only five feet five, what in your opinion will be the upshot of a meeting between them on the top of a stone staircase leading to a granite pavement?

VII. Explain the meaning of the following expressions, giving examples of the use of each, and mentioning in every case the status, age and profession of those who use them:—

"Quisby, my boy"; "He's got all the fat"; "It's a perfect frost"; "Not 'arf"; "He's got bubbles in his think-tank"; "She's a fair knock-out"; "A sockdolloger on the jaw"; "The Field a monkey"; "Dormy two"; "None o' your lip"; "I'll push your face in"; "The spondulicks"; "'Arf a thick 'un."

VIII. "This Court is not a theatre." Examine the truth of this statement in the light of some recent trials. Give the names of four jocose Judges, with examples and brief analyses of their jokes.

IX. Can you quote Latin and French? If so, quote some of each and translate into idiomatic English.

X. State what you know about Dresden China; Dressmakers' Bills; Ladies' Hats; Turf Accountants; Journalists' Salaries; Publishers' Readers; Railway Porters; Mining Royalties; The Stock Exchange; The Price of Coals; Grammar; Deportment; and the Duties of Bishops.

THE CRYPTS OF CLAMOUR.

(*With acknowledgments to a widespread advertisement.*)

WHAT is more silent and lonely than the life of a bachelor? Even with married couples or in large families there are frequently moments of almost intolerable dullness, gaps in the conversation, hiatuses of sound. Buy the *Crypts of Clamour* and make your existence a melodious and a cheerful thing. What are the *Crypts of Clamour?* They look like the ordinary furniture castor; but are they? No. Every one of them conceals a miniature barrel-organ that plays in rotation all the popular airs of the day. Fit them to your tables and chairs, fasten them to your ottomans and settees, clap them to your bedsteads and your book-cases; let the sofa become tonic and the dumb-waiter burst into song. The pianola will be instantly superseded and the gramophone a thing of the past. Straddle across your chair and ride round the room, and you can enjoy all the finest music of the hour at a minimum of expense. Spring-cleaning becomes a vast orchestral symphony and the drawing-in of chairs to dinner produces the blare of a restaurant band. The little ones will love them. Fastest over polished boards and linoleum, they give an exquisite if softer rendering on Axminsters and Turkeys. Papa will never go to the Club now. Ten-and-sixpence each, they last for a lifetime, and can be procured of all pianoforte-dealers and ironmongers in the United Kingdom by enclosing a coupon from this paper. Notice our trade-mark, the rattle-snake, and hurry up and make your home a concert-hall.

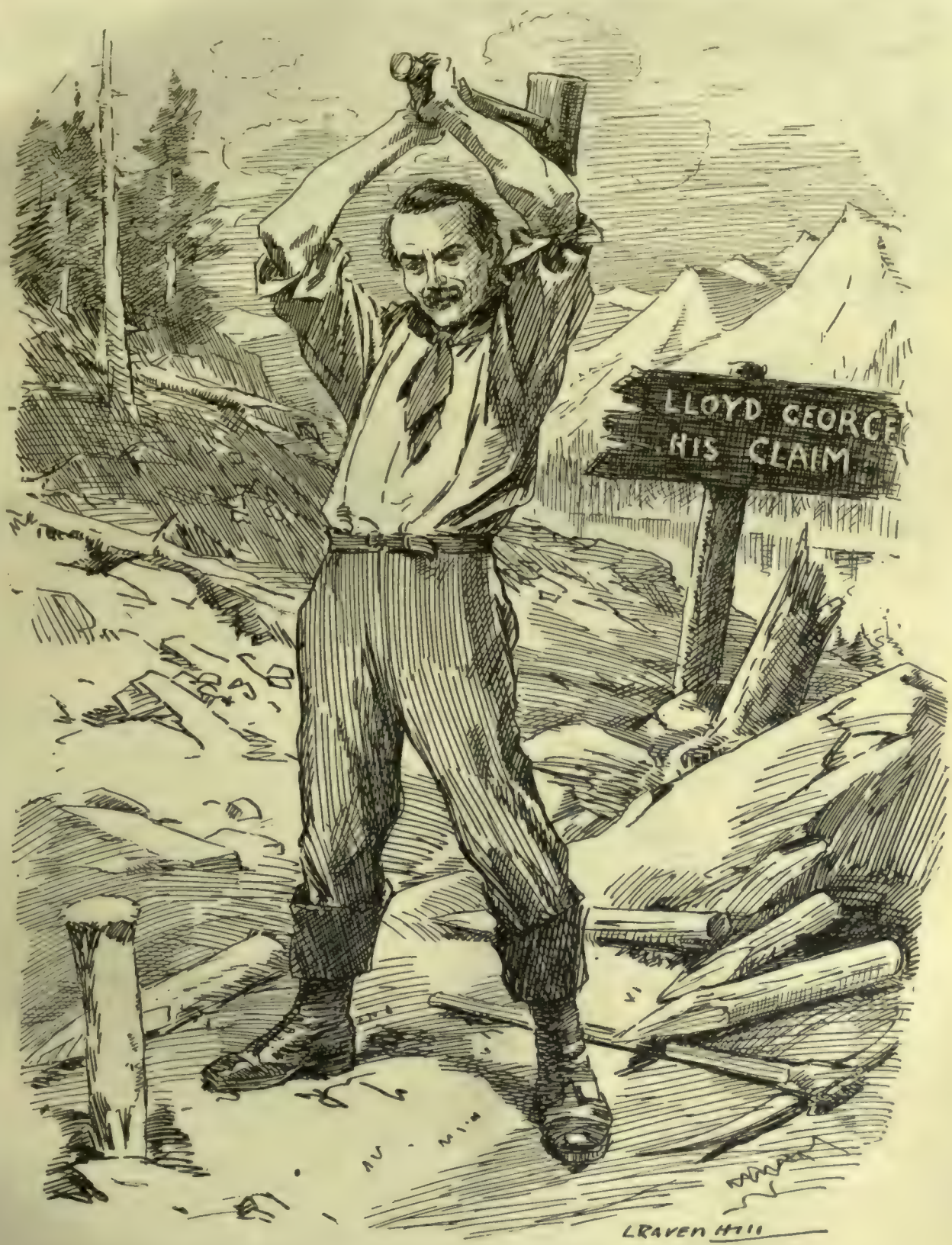
The Public School Touch.

"WANTED several good Caners for indoor work for six weeks.—Day work, not piece work."—*South Bucks Free Press.*

From *The Photographic Red Book:*

"ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS . . . Dark Room. Apply, Keeper of Wolves' Dens."

There should be some interesting developments here which we would be sorry to miss.



PEGGING OUT HIS CLAIM.

THE NEW GOLDFIELDS, BUDGET CREEK.



Extract from Aldershot Command Orders. "THE GYMNASIUM SWIMMING BATH IS FOR THE USE OF SOLDIERS IN UNIFORM ONLY."

GOLD!

["It is announced from Vancouver that the rumours of a big strike of gold at Bitter Creek have been confirmed." *The Daily Telegraph.*]

GOLD! 'mid the North's magnetic hush,
They 've struck it in the good old manner,
Not the beringed promoter's gush,
No trash of your prospectus-planner,
But the true kind that played its part
With bowies, "guns," and forty-niners,
When (by the magic of BRET HARTE)
You found no life excelled the miner's!

How often have you, beat but game,
Your old red shirt without a collar,
Toiled at the stiff, abandoned claim
You 'd purchased with your last half dollar;
Sure-armed, you swung your pick aloft
Through days of doubt and hours of danger,
Then, lo! the vein—dull, yellowy, soft,
And—"Sort o' think you 'd struck it, Stranger!"

And up the pass, through pine and snow,
You 've heard the river in the canyon
Shouting a thousand foot below,
The timber-wolf your sole companion;
With aching back you 've faced the hill,
You 've searched each likely ledge and dug it,
And whooped the eagle from his kill
When you acclaimed a ten-ounce nugget!

You 've swaggered into camp at night,
Bronzed, bold, a devil of a fellow;
You 've seen the windy dark alight,
Stern faces round the fire grown mellow;
And, where the fanged Sierras rise
Up through the moon's cold flooding crystal,
You 've lain and watched the opal skies,
Your head upon a loaded pistol!

Tap of the pick! it 's waked in truth
The kindly, half-forgotten fairies,
Friends of the camping fires of youth
That shone on Indians, trails, and prairies;
Whose sparks still through the darkness fall
In flashing showers of gold unstinted,
The purest metal of them all,
A finer ore than e'er was minted!

A LANCASHIRE FAMILY AFFAIR.

IN view of recent developments it is rumoured that a deputation of county cricket captains is about to present the following recommendations to the M.C.C. at headquarters:—

(1) That not more than seven TYLDESLEYS, whether related or not, shall be allowed to play at one time for any Lancashire eleven.

(2) That ERNEST TYLDESLEY and WILLIAM TYLDESLEY shall be appointed cricket specialists to *The Daily News* and *The Daily Express* respectively.

(3) That they shall always make a point of saying a few kind words about JOHN.

(4) That the pastime now commonly called cricket shall henceforward, when Lancashire is one of the contesting parties, be known as Tyldesley-winks.

AT THE PLAY.

"PRISCILLA RUNS AWAY."

YOU know the dear old story of the "Prince's Wooing": how he had to contract an alliance with a Princess whom he had never seen, how he disguised himself as an ordinary subject and made love to her in the ordinary way, and how, finally, when they met as Prince and Princess, they discovered that they had given their hearts to each other long long ago. It is one of the four magazine stories of the world. Well, I thought that this comedy of ELIZABETH ARNIM'S, which MR. TRENCH presents at the Haymarket, was going to be that story. It begins in the usual way with the official betrothal of *Henry, Prince of Lucerne*, to the *Princess Priscilla of Lothen-Kunitz*. *Priscilla*, who is as pretty and proper a girl as you will meet on a summer's day, refuses to be handed over like a parcel to *Henry*, and runs away to England; settling down in Creeper Cottage, Symford, with her maid, *Annalise*, and her old tutor, *Fritzing*. Act II. opens on the cottage, and of course I expected *Prince Henry* to turn up in disguise; he could have done this for all stage purposes by shaving off his diminutive moustache. But to my intense relief he didn't, and the reaction was so great that, had the remaining scenes been much less funny than they were, I should still have enjoyed them to the full and felt grateful to their author.

The Countess ARNIM, in fact, had a more subtle idea in her head. Her heroine was filled with the desire to do good—to dwell among the poor and help them at first hand. Living in a castle at home, she had amused herself by building cottages in the air; now was her chance of making her dreams come true. "Helping" went forward merrily at Symford. Money was showered on the villagers till there was none left to pay the real bills; the Symford Sabbath, as established by the Vicar's wife, was broken with a tea to the children; the ears of the Vicar's son were boxed and the heart of the young Squire captured. And so on and so on. By the end of a fortnight our dear *Priscilla's* well-meant chickens were coming home to roost. Sadly she began to realise that she could not get out of her class, that she could neither help nor be happy in her new surroundings. Instinctively her heart went back to home. . . .

And *then* the Prince comes in. You see he had guessed all along what would happen.

It is a pretty comedy, which drops perhaps too easily into farce. I am afraid that Countess ARNIM plays for the laugh; she is inclined to pursue a good joke just a little too long. She knew, I am sure, that the Fourth Act (at Lothen-Kunitz) was a mistake, but the temptation to be funny (and she was very funny) about the official influenza of the truant Princess was too strong for her. It is a pity; for much of the play was so good that one feels that it might all have been so much better.



PRINCESS PRISCILLA IN THE COURSE OF HER FLIGHT COMES TO THE GROUND.

Princess Priscilla ... ... MISS NEILSON-TERRY.
Prince Henry ... ... MR. CHARLES MAUDE.

Once again I am convinced that, whatever else they may tell me is wrong with England, there is nothing the matter with English acting. Nor with English beauty, I may add, when Miss NEILSON-TERRY is to be seen. For so young a leading lady she was astonishingly at ease on the stage; her success in a long part upon which everything depended was triumphant. Perhaps her face expresses her emotions rather too obviously—I make the suggestion diffidently, for where all is so pretty it were churlish to complain.

To mention all the other good performances is impossible, but one or two must be singled out. Mr. LYALL SWETE as *Fritzing* gave the play immense assistance; he was a tower of strength in the two English Acts. Mr. CHARLES MAUDE made a perfect German prince—he has acquired a habit lately of fitting perfectly every part he plays. Miss SYDNEY FAIRBROTHER has only to speak to make the elect laugh; it was an additional joy to find that the author had provided her with so many good things. But perhaps the best study of the evening among the smaller parts was the young Squire of Mr. DONALD CALTHROP—a name to be looked out for in future programmes. And, remembering appreciatively these and other performances, one must not forget how much of one's enjoyment was due to Mr. NORMAN MCKINNEL'S skill in casting the play. M.

"Sitting on the doorstep he cut it open fastidiously and read it, leaning against the lintel in the sunlight."
"Daily Mail" Feuilleton.

The context shows that he didn't really cut the doorstep open (fastidiously or otherwise); but there is nothing to explain how he got his head successfully on the lintel, unless he was a very tall man indeed.

From "Commercial Notes" in *The Dundee Advertiser*:—

"Strain whisky is slightly more cheerful, there always being a certain demand for this description, *but at best it is of a hand to mouth character.*"

[EDITOR: "I don't think you need rub this one in."

COMMENTATOR (*sadly*): "I don't often get such a chance, but of course if you wish me to spare them—well anyhow let me put it in italics.

EDITOR: Anything to escape.]

From a notice board set up by the S.E. and C. Ry.:—

"This Bridge is insufficient to carry a Heavy Motor Car the registered axle weight of any axle of which exceeds Five Tons or the registered axle weights of the several axles of which exceed in the aggregate Seven Tons or a Heavy Motor Car drawing a Trailer if the registered axle weights of the several axles of the Heavy Motor Car and the axle weights of the several axles of the Trailer exceed in the aggregate Eight Tons."

We can almost see the chauffeur stopping and working it out.

The Gal he left behind him.

"The Rev. C. R. L. McDowall has been appointed to succeed Canon A. J. Pin as Head Master of King's School, Canterbury."

As a matter of fact in most books of reference they put the Head Master of King's School among the "Gals." In short, his name is GALPIN, dear *Daily Telegraph*.

WHAT YOU MUSTN'T MISS AT HENLEY.



THE PIERROTS.



FAVOURITES OF THE FOOTLIGHTS.



THE OOFY GOLDBERGS' HOUSE-BOAT——



AND THE RACING (SEE RESULTS IN THE PRESS).

CHARIVARIA.

IN view of the admirable effect which the sitting of the Conference has had in quieting over-strung nerves, to the undoubted benefit of the affairs of the Nation, it is being asked, Why should the Conference come to any decision? why not let it become a permanent institution?

* * *

"The Persian cake," says the *Tägliche Rundschau*, "probably will soon come to be divided. What is it that Russia and Great Britain are still waiting for? Is it Germany's permission?" The answer is in the negative.

* * *

"The Royal Academy holds its own as one of the most attractive exhibitions of London," says *Black and White*. Yes, those persons who prate about our becoming decadent and soft forget the crowds of people who still go through every room at Burlington House without flinching.

* * *

It is good news that, after all, we are to see Sir JOHN HARE on the stage again. But he has said good-bye to long runs, he informs us. We hope that this does not mean that he is no longer quite himself. "To run like a Hare" had almost passed into a proverb.

* * *

"The methods of our telegraph service are remarkable," says Mr. HENNIKER HEATON, the apostle of cheap postal communication. "For instance, no one can understand why the words 'St. Pancras' and 'St. Giles' count as one word, while other words, such as 'Charing Cross,' are charged as two." It is rumoured that, now that this anomaly has been pointed out, the Post Office will set the matter right by treating "St. Pancras" and "St. Giles" like "Charing Cross."

* * *

The French Ministry of Public Instruction, as recorded in last week's *Punch*, has conferred the Order of Les Palmes Académiques on "Little Tich," and he thus becomes an officer of the Academy. Is it possible, we wonder, that the French Ministry confused The Oxford, where our distinguished countryman is now appearing, with the University of that name?

* * *

It is now rumoured that the honour bestowed on "Little Tich" is to be followed by two others no less sensational. The Emperor MENELIK and the MAD MULLAH, to signalise the fact that Death cannot kill them, are to be elected honorary Immortals.

Reference was made in the press, the other day, to a member of the staff who was known as the "Father of the British Museum." And the young men who run up the ladders in the Library are, we presume, known as the Step-sons?

* * *

The policeman's substantial foot, which has so often been the subject of happy jest, has at length been justified, and may yet be sung by the poets. A constable who was bathing, not long ago, near Molesey Lock, felt something clutch him. It turned out to be a boy who had got into difficulties while bathing, and had sunk for the third time when he felt the policeman's foot, seized hold of it, and was brought to land.

* * *

The Earl of YARMOUTH has produced a Musical Comedy. This, curiously enough, is a form of entertainment to which not a few members of our aristocracy are peculiarly devoted, not to say wedded.

* * *

"Will they cry '*Vive les Anglais!*' at Longchamps to-morrow?" inquired one of our newspapers on the eve of the Grand Prix. We are not surprised that the Parisians decided that they really could not commit this solecism.

* * *

Among the passengers by the *Ortega*, of the Pacific Line, which arrived at Liverpool last week was an infant aged eighteen months, who had travelled 1,800 miles alone. But the Line most affected by babies, we imagine, is the Bibby Line.

* * *

According to *The Sydney Morning Herald* a discovery of gold has been made in Billinudgel, traces of the precious metal being found inside two ducks. The birds were instantly pegged out.

* * *

A young lady who was recently run over by a motor-car, apologised to the chauffeur. In motor circles surprise is expressed that we should have had to wait so long for someone to realise what is the correct thing to do in the circumstances.

* * *

In view of a certain notorious fine for bad language, the HOME SECRETARY, it is said, is to be asked to fix a tariff for golfers so that they may know exactly where they are.

"Lady, with two new hygienic corsets, wishes to Join another already well established."
Advt. in "Morning Post."

The case doesn't seem very urgent.

THE APPROPRIATOR.

LIFE has not been quite the same since Lambert joined my club. He was elected about a year ago and just before the ballot Henderson told me he was going to pill him. When I asked why, he said, "Oh, he 's a poisonous fellow," but did not explain wherein this toxic quality resided. As a matter of fact Lambert has no poison in him at all. He is a dapper little man, with a well-trimmed beard, a persistent smile and a beaming eye. He exudes amiability, and if he does shave his forehead to look intellectual, as some malicious people say, the effect is quite impressive. He has rather a florid taste in socks, but that is not exactly a deadly sin, and he affects a hat with a flat brim, which I personally detest. By profession he is an architect, but he is a man of independent means, and his real calling is that of a collector—a collector of friends, other people's friends.

In my own case it began with Molyneux. I have known Molyneux for about fifteen years, and if the truth be told I was rather proud of the friendship, for Molyneux is quite a big gun in his way, a distinguished artist and author, and a great traveller. Well, it appears that Lambert met him in Italy, where Molyneux had been smashed up in a motor accident, nursed him for a fortnight, and escorted him home. Since then I have hardly ever been able to approach Molyneux except through Lambert. If ever I produced any evidence of my friendship, Lambert promptly went one better. Suppose I had heard from him a week ago, Lambert would show me a letter received that morning. Did I volunteer the statement that he was looking much better, Lambert would explain that he had persuaded him to take up fencing again. If I expressed surprise that he had not been at the club of late, Lambert would observe, "Haven't you heard? Old Alec 's gone down to Norfolk for a week to shoot with the Greshams." I think it was that "Old Alec" that finished me, so far as Molyneux was concerned.

My next loss was Blandy. Blandy is something of a celebrity too—an F.R.S. who has played cricket for his county and written a couple of capital novels. I used to play piquet with him a good deal at one time, but that is ancient history now. Blandy, like many robust people, is a bit of a hypochondriac, and periodically thinks he has got some mortal complaint. Lambert met him in a country house in one of these fits and recommended the new starving cure. Blandy tried it with success, and now



THE SUFFRAGETTE THAT KNEW JIU-JITSU.

THE ARREST.

Lambert is permanently installed as his dietetic adviser. Blandy has given up piquet for Swedish gymnastics, never comes to the club, and any driblets of information that reach me about him come through his hygienic father-confessor.

Still there was Jefferson left—the life and soul of the club, whom I regarded as my particular friend. But I use the past tense, for Lambert has collected and appropriated him also. Six months ago he had not even a nodding acquaintance with him. Now they call each other by their Christian names. Still, I am bound to admit that Lambert showed remarkable tact at the outset. A seedy man called at the club one day and asked to see Jefferson. The porter sent a page-boy in pursuit, and shortly afterwards Lambert came into the hall, on which the seedy one promptly accosted him on the assumption that he was Jefferson. Lambert instantly spotted the man as a cadging impostor, never revealed his identity, but disposed of him in about three minutes at the cost of the usual half-a-crown. Naturally Jefferson was grateful. All the same I am beginning to think that Lambert *is* a poisonous fellow, quite apart from his flat hat-brim and florid hose.

OUR PERSONAL COLUMN.

(*With acknowledgments to "The Daily Mail."*)

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.—If you wish to hear of something to your disadvantage communicate with your friends at once. Be brave.—LITTLE MOUSIE.

PASSIONATE.—

If your temper 's out of tune,
Tutkin's Tonic take in June.
If your anger 's quite unruly
Tutkin's Tonic drink in July.
Other months are just the same,
Tutkin always plays the game.

1/1½ A BOTTLE.

SEARCHER.—The only way to find missing friends is to advertise in our Up-in-the-Air Edition. Specimen copies can be obtained at all our Air-Garages.

JAMES.—Never again. I waited on the bridge for ten minutes. I still have some self-respect. Brute.—HORATIA.

AUTUMN.—

Should your hair be falling fast,
Prince's Hair Oil makes it last.
Should it p'r'aps be turning duller,
Prince can dye it any colour.

AT ALL CHEMISTS.

UP-TO-DATE.—Try our patent buttons, they go on with a snap. Old buttons received in part payment.—PHICKS AND PHASTEN, 1793, Threadneedle Street, E.C.

BROWN EYES.—Aching to be near you. Oh, that I had the wings of a dove.—GUINEA-PIG.

LITERARY PROSPECTS.

HELEN, let us talk it over;
Shall it be a bird that hums,
Or a pup to play with "Rover,"
When remuneration comes?

Nay—if Hope will bear expansion,
Smiling with a larger smile—
Shall we say a "Model Mansion,"
Or an ancient domicile,

Standing near the bracken cover,
Home of sprites and woodland elves,
Where the trout and golden plover
Keep the valley to themselves?

But I see the vision taper,
Until finally it sets,
Banished by a piece of paper
With the editor's regrets.

"REAL CREPE DU CHIEN, double width, 1s. 11½d."—*Advt. in "Northern Daily Telegraph."*

We always wondered what that black woolly stuff on poodles was.



AT THE NAVAL AND MILITARY TOURNAMENT.

Unbelieving Spectator (who, having seen naval field guns lifted smartly over walls, etc., is inspecting them after the performance). "THERE! I KNEW THERE WAS SOME TRICKERY. *THESE GUNS ARE HOLLOW!*"

THE FIRST GAME.

THERE comes a Day (I can hear it coming),
One of those glorious deep blue days,
When larks are singing and bees are humming,
And Earth gives voice in a thousand ways—
Then I, my friends, I too shall sing,
And hum a foolish little thing,
And whistle like (but not too like) a blackbird in the Spring.

There looms a Day (I can feel it looming;
Yes, it will be in a month or less),
When all the flowers in the world are blooming
And Nature flutters her fairest dress—
Then I, my friends, I too shall wear
A blazer that will make them stare,
And brush—this is official: I shall also brush my hair.

It is the day that I watch for yearly,
Never before has it come so late;
But now I 've only a month—no, merely
A couple of fortnights left to wait;
And then (to make the matter plain)
I hold—at last!—a bat again:
Dear HOBBS! the weeks this summer—think! the *weeks*
I 've lived in vain!

I see already the first ball twisting
Over the green as I take my stand,
I hear already long-on insisting
It wasn't a chance that came to hand—
Or no; I see it miss the bat
And strike me on the knee, whereat
Some fool, some silly fool at point, says blandly, "How was that?"

Then, scouting later, I hold a hot 'un
At deep square-leg from the local FRY,
And at short mid-on to the village SCOTTON
I snap a skimmer some six foot high—
Or else, perhaps, I get the ball,
Upon the thumb, or not at all,
Or right into the hands, and then, lorblessme, let it fall.

But what care I? It 's the game that calls me—
Simply to be on the field of play;
How can it matter what fate befalls me,
With ten good fellows and one good day?
. . . But still,
I rather hope spectators will,
Observing any lack of skill,
Remark, "This is his first appearance." Yes, I *hope* they will.

A. A. M.

"He is by nature adapted to such 'going,' whereas Lemberg 'of the petite pieds,' as a Frenchman remarked, is not."—*Daily Mail.*

Joy of Jones *minimus* on discovering that he was right after all!



"A PAIR OF NUTCRACKERS."

(After Landseer.)

IRISH BULLFINCH (*piping*). "OF COURSE I'M IN THE PICTURE ALL RIGHT; BUT THEY DON'T SEEM TO WORRY MUCH ABOUT ME."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Lords, Monday, June 27.—It is a not uncommon thing to take the work of a popular author, select sentences or passages, and present his wit and wisdom in sort of potted meat form for refection of the public. Why should practice be confined to books? Why not apply it to speeches delivered in Parliament? They are reported at greater or less length, are more or less closely read, and disappear with the putting away of the morning paper.

These reflections occur after listening to Lord CARRINGTON. Does not obtrude himself on debate. Never speaks without uttering things the world would not willingly let die. His utterances present rare combination of practical knowledge, worldly wisdom, sly humour and perfect phrasing.

"As a family man," he remarked the other day, "I do not think that dry-nursing is the best way of bringing up an infant."

There you have, in less than a score of words, the whole ethics of the nursery.

This afternoon his singular gift of manipulating words and phrases served to deliver Department over which he presides from what, on face of it, seemed dire dilemma. CLIFFORD OF CHUDLEIGH brought under notice of House case where cattle food had been sold which, according to report of official county analyst, contained 40 per cent. of wood saw-dust. County Council desired to prosecute the honest tradesman; Board of Agriculture refused necessary consent.

Affair certainly looked pretty black. Adulteration of food bad enough in case of human beings. They, at least, can make articulate protest. When, as LONDONDERRY puts it, you come to dumb animals, or to horses whose conversation is "Neigh, neigh," fraud is unpardonable. Here we find Board of Agriculture in collusion with the criminal.

CARRINGTON speedily put new aspect on things.

"My Lords," he said, "the article in question consisted of a mixture of molasses and some absorbent material."

Delightful ambiguity about the phrase, "some absorbent material." A less bold man would have stopped there, leaving noble Lords to form individual opinions as to the composition of the absorbent material. Not so CARRINGTON. Out hunting, when he comes to a five-barred gate, he takes it, leaving others to find safer ways round. Carries the principle into Parliamentary affairs.



ARISTOCRATIC "MATERIAL DERIVED FROM" SMITH.

Earl Carrington defends saw-dust as a palatable food for dumb animals.

"This absorbent material," he continued, "is no doubt derived from wood, and it is understood that some chemical treatment, *which is secret*, is employed whereby it becomes to some extent digestible."

Note the shrewdness with which he introduces suggestion of secrecy. By subtle intimation implies that if we only knew the process we should recognise in it one that made saw-dust more palatable than hay, more feeding than oats.

While their Lordships pondered on this hidden beneficent process, beside



"Napoleon B. Haldane . . . visibly shrank."

which Aladdin's manipulation of old lamps was nought, the MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE resumed his seat. As he did so it struck him that perhaps the brevity of his remarks might seem lacking in full measure of courtesy. Half rising, and with airy wave of hand, "I shall be happy," he added, "to consider any new points that may be submitted to me on the subject."

This considerateness was superfluous. House felt he had really left nothing to be said. Forthwith proceeded to discuss question of the over-insurance of ships.

Business Done.—Lord CARRINGTON defines saw-dust as "an absorbent material derived from wood." The compilers of that monumental work, *The Oxford Dictionary*, happily have not yet reached the letter S. Will doubtless avail themselves of this contribution to their labours.

Thursday night.—Ministerialists jubilant at LLOYD GEORGE'S fairy-tale of Finance told to-night on introducing his second Budget. Expenditure going up by leaps and bounds. What with Old Age Pensions and more *Dreadnoughts*, it almost touches the round 200 millions. Compared with last year's realised income, this looks like more taxation. Not a bit of it. With trade expanding in all directions, the CHANCELLOR is able to anticipate increase of revenue that will not only meet full expenditure but make provision for reduction of National Debt by over nine millions and a half, pay for more *Dreadnoughts*, hand out Old Age Pensions, and provide for the early stage of extension of system to Old Age paupers.

And still SON AUSTEN is not happy. Laments over wasted time and opportunity.

"Why," he asks, "did you not bring in a Resolution authorising collection of Income Tax last year? It could have been carried during two of those wasted hours when we went away and dined at home."

"Wasted hours when we dine at home!" exclaimed MEMBER FOR SARK. "It seems only the other week I was present at his wedding. How early comes to some men disillusion."

Dealing in detail with provisions of new financial scheme, SON AUSTEN'S apprehension of the future deepens. Sees no gleam of light anywhere.

"A Jeremiah who has been found out," LLOYD GEORGE calls him, as he gloats over the prospect of expanding trade and growing national prosperity.

TIM HEALY, on the contrary, is jubilant. Additional whiskey tax of 3*s.* 9*d.* per gallon, remission of which JOHN REDMOND wasn't able to believe would



Tim Healy. "Arrah, now, git out wid ye, ye little duo-decimo Demosthenes!"

(See Mr. Healy's description of Mr. Devlin in his speech on the Budget.)

be enacted in new Budget, is to be continued. What will he do now? Opposition eagerly asks. Will he resent betrayal of trust by turning out Government? Not at all, says TIM cheerily; I tell the Government they need not be the least afraid of the Member for Waterford, they have only to kick him about and he will stand it. Thus do these Irishmen love one another.

Business done. — Introduction of Budget prefaced by announcement by PREMIER of Autumn Session in November.

Friday.—Restlessness of Mr. BIRD attracts attention, creates curiosity. Hon. Member constantly hopping between his seat and the Bar. Hardly alighted in one locality when he is back in the other. SARK says he is endeavouring to justify the inference drawn from Sir BOYLE ROCHE'S explanation that "not being a bird" one could not be in two places at the same time. Member for Wolverhampton is a BIRD; almost accomplishes the impossible. Actually he is not concerned for achievement of renown for agility. Has weightier matters at heart.

Heard a good deal of Territorial Army this week. According to some critics they have not a leg to stand upon nor a horse to ride. ORATOR HUNT dismisses the force as "nothing but a futile absurdity, a deliberate fraud used to deceive and humbug the people of this country." What is wanted is conscription.

"Every continental country has it except the United States of America," says HUNT, whose knowledge of geography is not equal to his gift of vague vituperation.

BIRD has discovered new flaw in the system, a rift within the lute, which, slowly widening, shall make its music mute. From perch above Gangway, to which he has temporarily returned, pipes forth query that blenches the cheek of NAPOLEON B. HALDANE. It seems that, whilst the British army is provided with water-bottles of British make, the Territorial forces are "largely equipped with enamelled water-bottles of German manufacture." Mr. BIRD insists upon knowing why. N. B. HALDANE, who had, more or less resolutely, stood his ground before other attacks, visibly shrank under disclosure thus unexpectedly made. Murmured something about the County Associations being responsible.

Mr. BIRD, who by this time had hopped back to the Bar, not to be taken in by that sort of excuse. More will be heard about water-bottles made in Germany before the Conference reports.

Business done.—Report of Public Accounts Committee considered.

APOLOGIA PRO IRÂ MEÂ.

["Bad temper usually means bad health."]
Weekly Paper.

OH, blame not the bard when he rages,
Continue to lend him your love,
Perusing the words of the sages
As quoted in brackets above;
Think not that by nature his temper is rude,
Adopt a more merciful view,
And see in his present inflammable mood
The signs of incipient "flu."

The furniture brutally broken,
The features offensively glum—
You may take it are meant to betoken
An ache in the tooth or the tum.
The frown from his face can be driven away
And peace be restored to the scene
With a *soupçon* of sarsaparilla, or, say,
A tabloid or two of quinine.

"P.C. Grammer said that prisoner was . . . making use of bad language."—*Peterborough Citizen.*

Pedant!



WHEN REDMOND GETS HOME RULE.

"By the time Mr. Redmond reached the age of Methuselah perhaps he would receive the price of his support to the Budget of 1910. (*Renewed laughter.*)" (Mr. Tim Healy.)



Territorial (his first experience as sentry, going over his instructions). "IF ANY ONE COMES ALONG, I SAY, 'HALT! WHO GOES THERE?' THEN HE SAYS, 'FRIEND,' AND I SAYS, 'PASS, FRIEND; ALL'S WELL.' BUT SOME SILLY ASS 'LL SAY, 'ENEMY,' AND THEN I SHAN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO. ROTTEN JOB, I CALL IT."

BLACKMAIL.

WHEN young, to serve my private ends,
I went and made a host of friends,
And then I had to make amends.

Instead of quietly getting dead,
Each one of them is getting wed.
("I think I know what 's coming."—ED.)

Maybe you do, but tell us what?
("It 's 'wedding presents,' is it not?")
It is; and don't they cost a lot?

When all the blessed human race
Seemed bent on weddings taking place,
And ruin stared me in the face,

I did not look for Poor Relief;
I did a bolder thing. In brief,
I set a thief to catch a thief.

I mean (indeed, I do) I made
A further friend in Archie Braid,
His line, the Wholesale Silver Trade.

Henceforth the little gifts I bought
Cost just a tenth of what they ought,
And nothing like what people thought.

For every time a friend of mine
Got spliced, I merely dropped a line,
Accompanied by six-and-nine,

The cleanest card that I possessed,
With label, suitably addressed,
To Archie Braid. He did the rest.

At every climax I was there
To smile upon the happy pair,
As one who 'd paid his proper share.

But now I have no sort of doubt
That friends are things to be without,
For, oh! my fate has found me out.

The last about-to-marry one
Who asks a contribution
Is Archie Braid . . . and I am done.

The Controller of the P. O. Savings Bank Department, as reported in an interview:

"Then people might fine themselves a penny every time they use bad language, while children will doubtless compete among themselves as to who can deposit most."

We hope not.

Mixed Company.

"ARE YOU INVITED TO THE MAYOR'S GARDEN PARTY?
If so, you will require the services of the
—— HYGIENIC LAUNDRY."
Gloucestershire Echo.

It *can't* be as bad as that.

In reporting an accident on the cricket field, happily not serious, *The Bath Chronicle* says:

"At the time of the accident Edwards was batting, and the bowler sent down a full pitched ball known to cricketers as a 'yorker.' Edwards twisted round to knock it to leg and the ball hit him with tremendous force just above the right eyeball."

This kind of "yorker" was always the one ball we could bowl.

We have received a pamphlet containing the following "unsolicited testimonial":

"I have pleasure . . . to inform you how EXCEEDINGLY PLEASED both my wife and self are with the machine. We call it the D. D. D."

We can hear them.

THOUGHTS ON UNIFORM.

REVISITING my old village the other day I naturally asked the news. "Where's Jim now?" "Whose is that new house?" "Does old Blank still . . .?" "What kind of team have you this year?" And so forth. And here I would ask why it is that, even when the interval since one last was there is comparatively short, one is surprised to find the people still living? Do they too marvel that you are alive? Perhaps it is not so with every one, but with me it certainly is. But one feels it more in a town than in a village, and more of people that one knew only by sight than of real acquaintances.

* * *

That is one of the inevitable phenomena that attend my periodical returns to a certain large town where I once lived at the most acutely noticing age; another is the accuracy with which I recognise merely by their backs men whom I never spoke to but knew only by sight, not even by name, twenty or more years ago. I am never wrong. The face at last comes into view and I find I knew every line of it. Is this, I wonder, a common experience?

* * *

In time, as we ran over this name and that, we came to Arthur Seal, who used to be a wild fast bowler and spread terror over the neighbouring clubs. I had known him as a long and weedy, impetuous and rather quarrelsome lad who slammed them in without thinking, and who a year or so ago had become a policeman in London. Since then, however, he had been promoted. "Arthur's a detective now," they said; "a plain-clothes man."

* * * *

Now here was a surprising thing, and at the same time a problem solved, for I had always wondered how detectives came about. Ten years ago, had anyone asked me to look round the field and pick up the cricketer who was destined one day to be a detective, I should have passed over Arthur instantly. Not he, at any rate, I should have said. Yet there he is, in plain clothes, at Scotland Yard every morning, waiting to receive his mysterious orders and set forth on his man-hunting expeditions into strange streets—most obviously, as I would wager, a detective to every one with an eye in his head, particularly an eye for boots, but unavoidable and terrible and inexorable none the less. Very strange that to such a lad should fall so responsible a post.

* * * *

That he should have become a constable was all right, I know, for I chanced to meet him once on a Bank Holiday, not long after he had joined the Force, and I could see. He had come down to visit his people for the day: his poor overworked, overtired faded mother; his not too steady father (does it ever happen that a young constable has to take his father into custody?—not by any means an impossible contingency); his brothers and sisters, all on the land. A group of his old companions were with him—satellites, admirers, marvellers—when we met: I was struck by his increased size, his carriage, his importance, in short.

* * * *

The uniform, you see, had been at work. Belt, buttons, badge, tunic, helmet, leviathan boots, truncheon, waterproof cape, gloves—all had been busy these few months to get importance, self-respect, authority into Arthur Seal; and they had done it, when probably everything else would have failed. He stood there, the idol of his awkward rustic contemporaries, a triumph of uniform's power, literally the creation of clothes. Other influences had helped too, no doubt: drilling, a martinet inspector, the fear of disgrace, the craven attitude of small children; but to uniform, to clothes, I attributed most of the victory. Looking at him and talking with him, I understood that the evolution of a policeman was complete: he was a square peg in a square hole.

* * * *

But I cannot accept the detective so readily. To an outsider a detective is a very different creature from a policeman. His methods are different: massiveness goes and sagacity comes in, or should do so; the slow processes, the ponderous civility, of the policeman would stand in the way of a man whose business it was to insinuate, to persuade, to deduce. I once watched a policeman at a critical moment in the grip of indecision: it was the most horrifying moment of my life, for a top window in a poor street was emitting flames and smoke, and a frantic mother had just flung one child forth, to be killed on the stones below, and was preparing to throw another. I was in a hansom and saw it all in a flash, and saw too a policeman at the opposite corner in a frenzy of impulse and uncertainty run round and round in a circle on the pavement as his mind tried to recollect where the nearest fire-escape was and what was the best thing to do. But a detective — detectives should have a mind prepared to act at once on any emergency; and, this being so, it perplexes one to find that they have been policemen first.

* * *

Are there, then, no little detectives? one wonders. Are all detectives six feet in height? Yet the little men should be the sharper.

* * *

Scotland Yard, however, doubtless knows best; and there Arthur Seal is, six feet and more, a plain-clothes man, dedicated to the unravelling of mysteries and the apprehension of criminals. But if there is anything in the theory that the child is the father of the man the best kind of detective work will not be extracted from that wild fast bowler who used to slam them in without thinking and retire from the club in a huff after every third match.

* * * *

And another thought comes in, too. Can plain clothes undo the work of uniform? It was nothing but uniform that transmogrified Arthur Seal, the feckless village youth, into a London constable, punctual, firm and trustworthy. That being taken away, what is there to prevent a reversion to type?

* * * *

I know: the boots. He will be saved by his boots.



TO COVER POSTAGE.

A LETTER IN *THE TIMES* URGES THE POST-MASTER-GENERAL TO PROVIDE SUMMER HATS FOR COUNTRY POSTMEN. WE CANNOT BUT FEEL THAT THE HIGHEST IDEAL OF UTILITY-WITH-ELEGANCE HAS BEEN REACHED IN OUR DESIGN.



Scottish Bachelor. "WILL YE HAE SOME TEA?" *Visitor.* "OH, PLEASE DON'T TROUBLE."
Bachelor. "IT'S NO THE TROUBLE, IT'S JUIST THE EXPENSE."

THE BACKGROUND.

THERE was something about the man in the railway carriage that puzzled me. His face seemed strangely familiar and yet I could not place him. He looked up from his paper at me with a twinkle in his eyes.

"Not sure whether you know me?" he said.

For one moment the thought flashed across my mind that he was the rate-collector—an estimable gentleman whom I have only glanced hurriedly at through a window—but the twinkle reassured me. Rate-collectors have a glare, but they never twinkle.

"Seen you somewhere," I said, "but I can't settle where."

"Perhaps you've seen my portrait."

"Ah!" I exclaimed, letting my mind go back to my morning paper. "Let me see, are you the Tariff Reform Candidate for Chipping Sodbury, or the new croquet champion, or the gentleman who brought an action to recover insurance of an elephant?"

"No, no," cried the stranger; "I'm far more important. You've seen my portrait hundreds of times."

"'SPRING ONIONS,' ROBERT BLATCHFORD, Mr. PLOWDEN?" I hazarded rapidly.

"No, Sir," replied the stranger with dignity, "I am the background."

"The background!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, Sir. When photographic illustrations became an important factor in the newspaper world many splendid prints were spoilt by the gross misconduct of spectators. I recall an illustration of Sir Isambard Griffin opening the Camp Hill Lunatic Asylum. This splendid print was ruined because a miscreant standing by was yawning at the moment the photograph was taken. Now if I had been posted by Sir Isambard I should have assumed an expression of intense civic enthusiasm like this."

I accepted the background's statement as to the meaning of his facial contortions.

"You see my point, Sir. If the spectators in the background of a picture look intensely interested the paper readers think they ought to be interested too. Perhaps you remember me now. I am the man who shook hands with PAULHAN when he alighted in Manchester. You recall my look of glowing enthusiasm and the French flag I held in my left hand. I saved the situation, Sir, for the other spectators were all stodgy. They would have ruined the print. You saw me at Oxford the other day. The undergraduates were grinning at Mr. ROOSEVELT and would have spoilt the effect. Happily I was there gowned—you will recall my expression. I tried to make it one of scholarly admiration for a man of action.

"Of course these are simple things—I have far more difficult subjects. It is often my duty to be on the steps of the Law Courts when a painful case has been tried. You will remember how gallantly I raise my hat when the pretty witness, who has been so severely cross-examined, leaves the Courts. I try to give myself the air of a sympathetic stranger, eager to come forward and protect beauty in distress. Ah, I get out here. Important business at Westminster. Keep your eyes on the press and you will see me. Good morning."

When I glanced at the next number of *The Cackler* I saw a snap-shot, "The Marquis of Carabas tells Lord Pogmore a funny story." From the faces of the Marquis and the Peer I should have judged that the story concerned funerals, the super-tax or some other painful subject. But a yard in the rear was the background writhing with convulsive laughter. Once more he had saved the situation.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. RICHARD DEHAN'S name is new to me, and so, to some extent, are his methods. He belongs to a school of novelists which seems to be growing—a school which is giving a welcome new life to the DICKENS tradition. Mr. WILLIAM DE MORGAN is its leader. Mr. J. C. SNAITH, on the strength of his novel of some years ago, *Broke of Covenden*, might be counted of it. Mr. MALLOCK'S novel of last year—to name no more—should entitle him to a place. The school has two chief virtues. It gives you brains, and it gives you good measure. Mr. DEHAN'S characteristics, apart from these two, are, first, a skill in weaving a great network of interests, all of which, however unimportant apparently, are essentially parts of the whole; and, secondly, what I must call a very wide human sympathy which at times makes him a little melodramatic. *The Dop Doctor* (HEINEMANN) is full of incident and surprise. If you rattle through it superficially you will think that Mr. DEHAN has a supreme contempt for the accepted ideas of form and balance in a novel. You will catch yourself wanting to say to him, "Look here, you can't do this. You've killed off one of the principal people. How on earth are you going to get through the three hundred odd pages that remain?" But you'll be rash to ask questions. If you skim and skip you will be throwing away a chance of enjoyment which novel-reading nowadays seldom presents. Nearly all the characters are so thoroughly worked up that they might be principals, and one more or less killed off—you can kill off a good many folk if you plant them at Mafeking during the siege—makes little difference. As to the story, to put it very crudely, and pull only the stoutest thread from the network, it deals with a doctor who loves and is thrown over, drinks hard and is reclaimed, loves once more and is at last happy. That sounds commonplace, but whatever else *The Dop Doctor* may be it is not that.



LITTLE WORRIES OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

SIR SYMON DE TOOTYNGE'S CHARGER ENCOUNTERS THE EVIL EYE ON HIS WAY TO THE TOURNEY.

One of these days I shall write a little story about a poor exile who works hard to save enough money for his return to his native land. He shall work and save, and at last the needed sum shall be attained. Then he shall go to a tavern, and there over a bottle shall display it exultingly, all the crisp notes of it, to his envious companions. And that night—prepare yourself—*it shall not be stolen!* I shall write my story the more willingly since finding that even Mr. JOHN GALSWORTHY is not above demanding sympathy for the too familiar version against which it is to be a protest. However, "Compensation" is only one, and among the briefest, of the sketches that go to make up *A Motley* (HEINEMANN). There is much else in the book that is more worthy of its author; and in its varied "moods and patches" will be found something, as the advertisements say, to suit all tastes. Personally I confess that Mr. GALSWORTHY is a writer from whom I can snatch at best a half-fearful joy. He is so easily offended. I love him dearly when he is trenchant, and a trifle malicious, about other people. "A little man in a long coat, with a red nose and very long arms, always half-drunk—a sort of desperate character, and long since, of course, a schoolmaster," is the kind of appreciation which would make me, who have known many schoolmasters, chuckle delightedly,—if I could only be sure that something equally trenchant about reviewers was not waiting on the next page! Still, admirers of Mr. GALSWORTHY'S always thoughtful and nearly always distinctive work will certainly welcome *A Motley*, and none the less for retrieving in it many pieces, hitherto fugitive, which they will be glad to find caught and caged for their book-shelves.

I recommend *The Diary of a Soldier of Fortune* (WERNER LAURIE) to the notice of those who regard Rhodesia merely as a country from which to extract wealth. Mr. STANLEY PORTAL HYATT spent seven years in Rhodesia, and although he was dead broke when he left he can still write, "And yet I love the country and I believe in the country." The diary is a record of failure, but it has a value which is wanting in many records of success. It will teach us, at any rate, to appreciate the services of men who do pioneer work and eventually see others—less courageous than themselves—step in and grasp the rewards. Here is to be found no self-glorification, but an excellently written account of the lives of men who have been down to the bottom of things and who have done sound work on the journey. Mr. HYATT has causes for bitterness, and in spite of his efforts to restrain himself he shows his feelings; but if he cared to be less self-restrained he could, I think, write a book of revelations. Here he reserves too much of his scorn for the English south-coast railways—a sad waste of good material.

Of the seven "Sea Comedies" which Mr. MORLEY ROBERTS includes in *Sea Dogs* (NASH) I like best those two which most nearly approach tragedy. I like particularly that of the old madman, picked up at sea in an open boat, who declares that all the land in the world has become submerged, and that the water is full of "lollopers"—all that is left of the inhabitants of the sunken dwelling-places. The rest make pleasant light reading—a smile flickers through the telling of all seven—though I think that Mr. ROBERTS might be funnier if he were better able to conceal his desire to amuse.

CHARIVARIA.

THE CHANCELLOR'S slighting reference to the Law Society in his Budget speech has caused grave offence to the members of that institution, who recently hung his portrait there. They would now like to replace the portrait by the CHANCELLOR himself.

* * *

"The rubber boom," said Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, "was more effective in driving off the German invader than fifty *Dreadnoughts*." It is good to know that a satisfactory substitute has been found for the timber boom which failed recently at the mouth of Portsmouth Harbour.

* * *

After the declaration of the poll for East Dorset Lady WIMBORNE threw carnations among the crowd. It is denied that the defeated side adopted the same course, with the little difference that they spelt their carnations with a "d."

* * *

Count ZEPPELIN has started on his preliminary expedition for the exploration of the Arctic regions. One great advantage of those parts is that you don't run so much risk of being caught in a tree.

* * *

Now that Henley is over, we hear that the finances of the Regatta are to be looked into, as there is considerable difficulty in making both ends meet. Various suggestions have been made, and we understand that the proposal which is least likely to be adopted is the one emanating from a lady to the effect that competitors should be allowed to carry paying guests in their boats (Lady ABDY, for instance), upon condition that a proportion of the fees are handed over to the Regatta Committee.

* * *

What a pity it is that *The Daily Mail* and *The Daily Express* find it so difficult to see eye to eye. For example, in its account of the execution of the Apache LIABEUF, the former paper referred to his "massive figure," while the latter described him as "a slim frail creature." Differences like this will cause incalculable confusion to the future historian.

* * *

In writing to the Press to protest against the hypocritical treatment of a book of his by the libraries, Mr. NEWTE winds up with the following words: "I take leave to contend that this extensively advertised run with the moral hare, while hunting for profit with the ostracised hounds, is scarcely what is known as 'cricket.'" We have consulted several cricket experts and find that Mr. NEWTE's contention is absolutely sound: hares and hounds have no place in the national game.

* * *

The Crystal Palace seems never to have any luck. Although produced only the other day, *The Last Days of Pompeii* are already being announced.

* * *

A Presbyterian pastor of Neoga, Illinois, is being sued for slander by a parishioner whose name the minister had mentioned in the course of prayer, asking that his misdeeds might be pardoned. It is expected that the pastor will plead that his communication was privileged.

* * *

Some time ago *Punch* suggested that a useful invention would be an umbrella which would cry out when left behind. Apparently experiments have been made on these lines with reference to other articles. The following advertisement appeared the other day in *The Evening News*:—

"LOST, on Tuesday night, 28th June, at Shepherd's duet, a small packet of papers (list of furniture on ear, name on collar, Sam Glenroy, c.o. of 'Era.' Answers to the name of Bob: finder rewarded."

* * *

Ladies' hats having at last reached the limit in size, a happy thought has made its appearance in France. "The wearing of a cap beneath a hat of mammoth size" is, *The Daily Mail* tells us, the latest Paris fashion. It seems queer that this notion of wearing more than one headgear should not have been adopted before, for its absurdity is obvious.

* * *

A reward has been offered by a lady at Peaslake, Surrey, for information as to the person who whitewashed her donkey, and then painted blue stripes on it. There would seem to be no pleasing some people. Personally, we should be proud to own what is probably the only donkey in the country which has a neat well-fitting bathing costume.

* * *

In an age when modesty is so rare it was quite a pleasure, in the report of the Rutland slander case, to come across the following passage:—

Counsel. "What are you?"

Witness. "Nothing."

* * *

Five hundred guineas were paid at the Royal Horticultural Society's show last week for a new orchid. The price seems a high one until one learns that the orchid carries with it the right to the name "Odontoglossum Smithi."



Loafer. "WOT OH, BILL! SEE YOU 'VE GOT YER SPADE AND BUCKET. GOING TO SOUTHEND TER DO A BIT O' PADDLING?"

A HUMOROUS JULY.

[Dedicated gratefully to the Worshipful Master of the Salters' Company.]

THERE was a time, too far to trace,
Ere almanacks became absurd,
When Seasons kept their proper place
And even Summer still occurred;
And there were dog-days—every dog had one—
When in the blue you sported like a puffin,
Or lashed the long-hop till your skin was done
Brown as a muffin.

'Twas then that, as the shadows fell,
And earth took on her loveliest mood,
You loathed to lose the evening's spell
And go and stuff yourself with food;
So fair, in fact, the face of Nature shone,
So well the outer world eclipsed the inner,
Strange as it now seems, you 'd have gladly gone
Without your dinner.

What joy could oxtail (thick or clear),
What bliss could pigeon-pie convey
Compared with punting by the weir
Down the long beams of dying day?
Dearer, I take it, in the sunset glow,
Your toying with Belinda's tangled chignon,
Than relatively vulgar *riz-de-veau*,
Or *filet mignon*.

But, ah! those halcyon days are dead,
Killed when the weather-monger's schools
Romped in where seraphs feared to tread,
And tampered with the Seasons' rules;
We that were wont to live on dew and air
Now lurk indoors to dodge the gelid blizzard,
And Satan finds a deal of mischief there
For idle gizzards.

We never worried how to feed
When Summer used to prank the sward;
We should have mocked the gourmet's greed
For pleasures of the groaning board;
Now, thanks to blithering slush and blinding sleet,
When all the sun-forsaken ways are —— wet,
There is no earthly solace save to eat
A City banquet.

Thither my sodden fancies swoop
Like hungry "dragons of the prime";
I shall be ready for the soup
Whole hours before the usual time;
God bless the Guild, whose noble halls to-night
Shelter my head from skies morose and dirty;
Worshipful Master! I 'll be there all right
("Six for six-thirty.")

O. S.

The Arrivals.

To the Editor of "Punch" and all other His Majesty's loyal subjects.

GENTLEMEN,—If on Friday, July 8, you were concerned to notice two new families in London, whereas the list of arrivals in your *Times* of that date only mentioned one, you may set your minds at rest and go about the City with light hearts, upon learning that the second family, which got out of the train at Vauxhall and is not staying at the Piccadorf Hotel, belongs to

Yours, as truly as usual, MYSELF.

HORSES AND OLD AGE.

THE windows of my room look out on an asphalted street, where the traffic, such as it is, is never busy. Here at intervals may be seen pairs of omnibus horses, detached from their gaudy omnibus and trotting gaily to or from their work. One is bestridden by a man who, having no saddle, bounces awkwardly enough on his patient mount, and thus they clatter along the asphalte, ready to undertake the burdens of the day, or faring homeward to some neighbouring stable when their heavy toil is over. Close by, in another and a busier street, the motor omnibuses rattle and creak and roar. Soon the last horsed 'bus will have vanished, and the trotting pairs, with their jolly india-rubber riders, will no longer disturb the silence of my own retired thoroughfare. I wonder what will become of the horses, and in what haven they will spend the years of old age that fate may grant them?

Many years, I fear, they cannot have. The strain of the load they draw is too great for that. When they are young they come to their task fierily enough, but the last spark is quickly extinguished, and in no long time their limbs begin to stiffen and their heads to droop. Three or four years of constant stoppages and continual starting are theirs, and then, if they escape the degradation of a Covent Garden vegetable van, they may perhaps contribute in an altered state to the sustenance of cats or dogs. A Master of Hounds the other day declared that if he were a horse he could conceive no nobler end that to feed and invigorate the hounds whose sport he had shared in life. As he has no chance of assuming pasterns, fetlocks, withers, a mane and a docked tail, his opinions are, perhaps, not specially valuable as a guide to the ambitions of a horse.

Quite recently, as I learn from a newspaper paragraph, "the oldest racer in the world came in first at Rosenheim, Bavaria, winning easily by four lengths over a course of about a mile-and-a-half. The veteran"—so the reporter of his prowess continued—"is twenty years old, and of English origin; but for over sixteen years has not been out of Germany. He has carried his various owners' colours to victory no fewer than thirty-four times." Before this hero, I will undertake to say, all talk of cats' meat or of hounds' meat is hushed. I imagine him in a gilded and garlanded stall, where the children of his owner visit him twice a day, bringing corn in silken bags and stimulating his appetite with carrots and apples and cubes of beet-sugar. He, at any rate, is not too old at twenty.

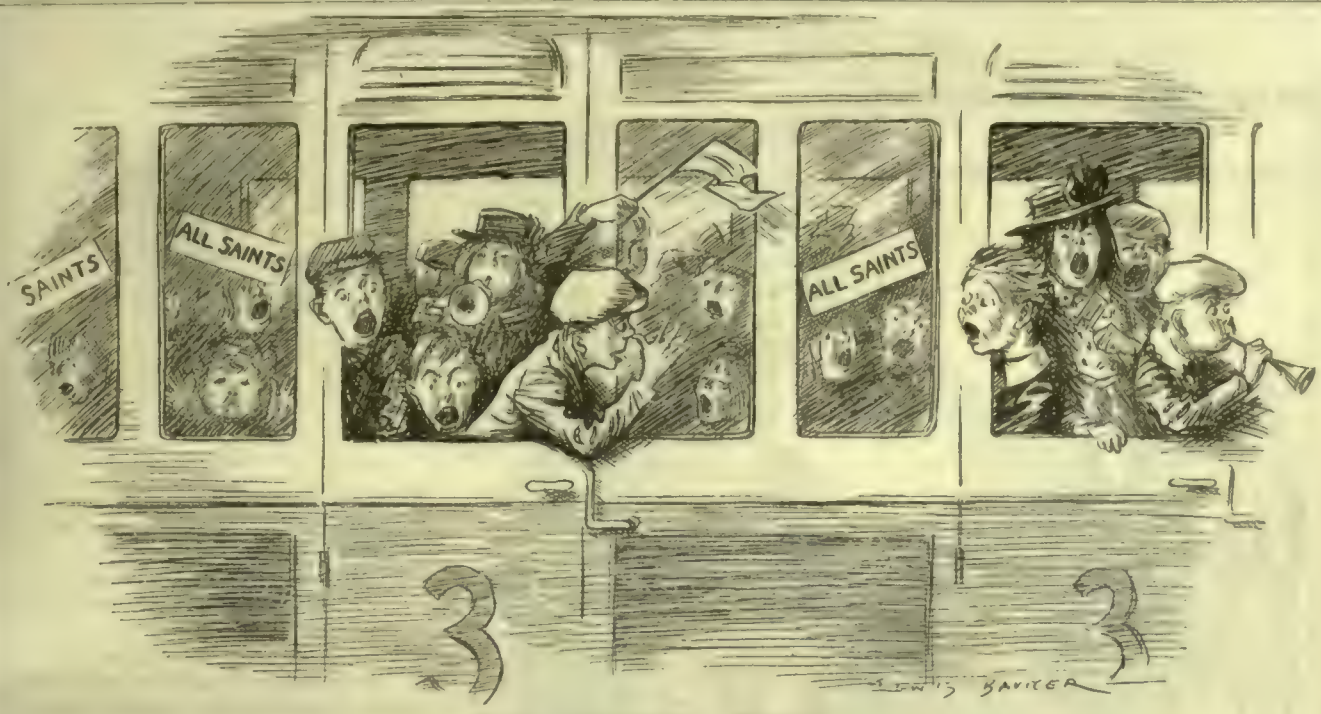
Like other animals, horses live their lives to the very last (and the last generally comes long before twenty years have passed) without apprehension of death. Long ago I remember seeing a horse that had broken its leg on a country road. The knacker had been summoned, and had, as he thought, given the death-stroke with his knife. The horse lay very still, and the knacker was chatting with the surrounding crowd. Suddenly, with a convulsive heave, the poor beast raised itself on its three sound legs, and then, hobbling painfully across the road, began to nibble grass from the bank as if nothing had happened. The next moment it had fallen again and was dead.

Horses as pets suffer under increasing disadvantages. Amongst ladies, at any rate, the rage is now for the infinitesimal. Everywhere you see Poms or Pekinese Spaniels, the most minute animals in the world, peeping out roguishly from ladies' arms, or following their mistresses on a lead with absurd importance. One breeder, I believe,



EXCELSIOR!

SUFFRAGIST. "IT 'S NO GOOD TALKING TO ME ABOUT SISYPHUS; HE WAS ONLY A MAN!"



THE HEAVENLY CHOIR.

rejoices in the possession of the Princess Wee-Wee, a Pekinese weighing only three pounds. Obviously horses cannot be carried about in arms, or retire for the night to a wickerwork cathedral in the corner of a bedroom.

Yet horses as friends have a thousand attractions. They are humorous and understand a joke. They are innocently mischievous and will play with their intimates. Moreover, they have a high sense of dignity. I remember a grey pony that could not bear to be laughed at. The boys of the family knew his weakness and used to go to his stall and laugh heartily. His fury and his flashing teeth, as he laid back his ears and strained at his halter to get at them, are a picture ineffaceably impressed upon my memory. And, lastly, there is about a horse a noble and uncomplaining patience which should move even the heart of a butcher-boy driving headlong over the rough country roads.

COMPANY FOR BREAKFAST.

(From Mr. Punch's List of Domestic Novelties.)

AN ingenious invention for boiling coffee has recently been put upon the market. It whistles when the beverage is ready, and, in fact, does all but speak and ask to be drunk from. We take this opportunity of announcing that we have several attractive ideas of the kind up our sleeve. For instance, we expect a large demand for our new Eggophone (provisionally protected), which starts crowing as soon as the boiling-period is passed. We have great hopes, also, of the Reveillé Frying-pan, which, when the rasher is done to a turn, emits heart-rending squeals, and keeps on till the most leisurely over-sleeper is forced to spring from his bed in order to save his bacon. Our Train-catching Teapot can be timed to explode at the precise moment when its owner ought to leave for the railway station. We have a Muffineer too that rings its own bell if it thinks its contents are turning chilly. In short, we can promise some cheery society for the solitary bachelor.

A HERO'S FAREWELL.

SIBYL, without the faintest sound of protest,
Scarcely a sign,
Mindful that vows however fierce are *no* test—
Your words, not mine!—
To prove my love, to raise a Life's memorial,
I took the tip and turned a Territorial;
At once fell in
My spurs to win,
And thence, if smart, your heart.

Monday—you thought my point of view was narrow;
Tuesday—my chest;
Wednesday—you said I lacked my share of marrow—
I had no zest!
And, though indeed I thought it was a pretty size,
Thursday, my biceps you saw fit to criticise.
As Friday came
I flew in shame
My King to serve—what nerve!

Yes, dear, for you I scorned my Folkestone fortnight;
Gamely at camp
I broiled the long, long day, and writhed the short night
With cold and cramp!
"Sergeant!" I cried, "I 'm Bertie; make a *man* of me!
Set me to work, use ev'ry ounce you can of me!
No need to shove—
I fight for Love!"
And—phew! He did! No kid!

Loved one, good-bye! I did my level best—
Only too well!
Here at the Hydro doctors will attest,
Nurses will tell,
Of this round cheek you stroked, how seared and thin it is;
That, that alone would shatter two affinities!
But, worst of woes,
A scarlet nose!
Farewell, dear heart! We part!

MR. PUNCH'S GOLF ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE ONLY RELIABLE GOLF DOCTOR.

SANDY MACWHAUP,

The Sanatorium, North Berwick.



I UNDERTAKE

TO CURE

Persistent Flubitis,

Socketitis,

First Tee Fright,

Ungovernable Language,

And all the ills that golfing flesh is heir to.

N.B.—Special classes for opulent aliens in the use of the Scots dialect.

Testimonials.

AN EX-LORD CHANCELLOR *writes*:—"For fifty years I suffered indescribable agony from acute flub. Now I can hit the ball off the tee three times out of five."



A PRIME MINISTER *writes*:—"You have made a new man of me by completely curing me of my mashie shot to cover point. I wish I could give you a peerage."

A FABULOUSLY WEALTHY BARONET *writes*:—"Until I went in for your anti-foozle exercises I really was ashamed to show myself on a first-class links. Now I face the responsibility of my tenancy of —— Castle with perfect equanimity. *P.S.*—Your instruction in the Scotch accent has been most successful. Playing at Hayling Island the other day, I was *twice* taken for a Southsea Highlander."

REMEMBER!

The BEST BALLS are the DEAREST.

Note our List:—

The "BOOMERANG" . . 33/- per doz.

When hit into a hazard comes back to the player with a smile on its face.

The "HYPODERMIC" . . 48/- per doz.

With sloe gin core and hypodermic syringe for thirsty golfers.



The "SQUEAKER". . . 50/- per doz.

With Vox humana stop. Cries out when lost.

The JOPPA MANUFACTURING Co., Joppa, N.B.

WHY PLAY WITH THE OLD CLUBS?

GO TO MACFADYEN'S FOR

The DERNIER CRI in Golf Implements.

The "SWISHER"

Lead Shaft and Rubber Head

Or,

Rubber Shaft and Lead Head,

Makes a Weak Player strong and a Strong Player weak,

Thus maintaining the Law of Compensation.

The "BEERBOHM"

For lofting over Trees.

The "KILBIN"

For playing backwards and for bad lies.

McFADYEN, FREAKE & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS TO THE SULTAN OF ZANZIBAR,

Portobello, N B.

THE "DUMPLING"

(with Suet Core).

Will stay on any green, no matter how fiery.

Invaluable for Short Approaches.

Some Plus Players on the "DUMPLING."

Miss DOLLY VARDON *writes*:—"It is the nearest approach to a poached egg that I know."

JAMIE JOBSON *writes*: "It is a most appetising pilule, and goes very well with marmalade or apricot jam."



MUNGO MACPHERSON *(after laying the "Dumpling" dead with his mashie) sings*:—

"Of all the balls that are so smart
There 's none to touch the 'Dumpling;'
It is the darling of my heart,
And shows no signs of crumpling."

NIGEL McHAFFIE, THE BENTS, ROMFORD.

PENNYCUIK & CO., Golf Experts.

Specialities . . .

Pennycuik's Calves'-foot-Jelly-faced Putter.

Pennycuik's Jumble Sale Baffy.

Algernon Ashton's Reversible Brookwood Bashie.

The Bessemer-faced Bull-Pup Brassie.



Sole Agents for . . .

Metchnikoff's Bulgarian Bulger.

Write or call at 24, Duff Court, E.C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SCILLY ISLANDS.—Twelve hours from London; five days from America. Vegetables, Early Asparagus, Casino, etc.

GOLF BY THE GOLF STREAM!

THE PARADISE OF PUTTERS.

BLIND HOLES FOR SHORT-SIGHTED PLAYERS.

SAMPHIRE ON ALL THE GREENS.

THE ELECTORAL REFORMER'S MARSEILLAISE.

[Proportional Representation has now definitely entered the sphere of practical politics. This is an electoral method, dreadfully abstruse and involving long mathematical calculations, by which Parliament is to become a faithful miniature of the electorate. Its exponents, headed by Lord AVEBURY, are moving heaven and earth for its adoption. The following will, we trust, enable them to give articulation to their burning zeal.]

SONS of a noble race, arise!
Our country sorely needs us;
On us Britannia turns her eyes,
A man of title leads us!
Unsheath we then our trusty swords
(By which we mean statistics);
The earth shall mark our weighty words
And learn our cabalistics.

Once more, *aux armes!* The promised land
Is reasonably near us;
The people cannot understand
Our facts, but they will cheer us!
The opposition may be strong,
But only for a season—
No man can argue with us long
And still retain his reason.

Then let 's prepare to shed our blood
(In metaphoric diction),
Nor grudge the sacrificial flood
(Continuing the fiction);
And at our mast this signal float
To strengthen our endeavour,
"The Single Transferable Vote—
And Algebra—for ever!"

THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER.

AN unenthusiastic meeting of inquiry and protest took place in the nursery one wet afternoon last week. Norman organised the meeting, took the chair, and was the principal speaker, and in a limited capacity acted as steward. Standing on the table, among a regiment of leaden infantry and the underclothes of a junior doll, he cleared his throat and began:

"Ladies and gentlemen!"

"That 's not fair, Norman; why leave out Peter?" asked Margaret. Peter at once showed that he was no gentleman, and after the disturbance had subsided Norman began again.

"Is it fair, is it just—" he said.

"Is it honest, is it manly?" said Margaret.

"Look here, Margaret," said Norman hotly, "you agreed to play, so don't spoil it. Peter, you might listen!"

"I don't know what you 're talking about," said Peter, genially.

"What *are* you talking about?" asked Margaret.

"All joking apart," said Norman, "it doesn't seem fair that he should have" (here he referred to his notes) "£87,000 a year, while I have only threepence a week."

"Socialist!" said Margaret with scorn.

"Don't use long words you don't know the meaning of," Peter advised. "How much a year is threepence a week, Mortimer major?" he asked, addressing Norman.

"Not more than a pound or two—and he 's going to have no less than" (he looked at his notes once more) "£870,000 a year."

"The right honourable gentleman said £87,000 just now; does the right horrible gentleman know what he 's talking about?" asked Margaret, taking up a book and settling down comfortably in the window-seat. Peter was already busy with a paint-box and a highly-coloured copy of a railway engine.

"What I say is, Father ought to afford a bit more than threepence a week," continued Norman feebly, to an audience reduced to fat Joan. "Of course, I 'm not Prince of Wales—"

"Indeed?" Margaret murmured, turning a page.

"—so I shouldn't expect so much as he gets. But think what I could do, even if I had only a shilling a week."

"Mummy," cried Joan to the intruder, "Norman says he 's goin' to have a shinning a week, and ven he can buy me a big pamblator for my littlest dolly!"



Small Visitor (at the Naval and Military Tournament). "I WAS PLAYING AT SOLDIERS YESTERDAY."

"Jessop was betting 2 hours."—*Evening News.*

We hope he had a good day.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

MISS MIDDLETON sighed, helped herself to an almond, and tried again.

"Did you go to the Horse Show?" she asked.

"No," I said.

"Oh dear, I did think you would say 'Yes' that time. You know, you don't give conversation a chance if you keep on saying 'No' to everything I ask you."

"Have you ever fallen off the top of St. Paul's Cathedral?" I asked.

"Yes," said Miss Middleton at once. "Heaps and heaps of times. There's quite a crowd at the top of Ludgate Hill now, when they know I'm going up."

"Oh!" I said, rather taken aback.

"Go on. Now you should ask me if I mind much, and what it feels like when I get to the bottom. And then you'd find that you knew a man who slipped off the Albert Hall once, and we should compare notes and get awfully interested. And perhaps I might ask you to come and see mother."

"I have met Mrs. Middleton," I said, and returned to my thoughts.

"Oh, what's the matter? You won't talk, and you aren't eating—at least, not like sometimes. Has your favourite son run away to sea?"

"He has not. And if you want to know what's the matter, it's this. I'm bored, and disgusted, and—and—"

"Desiccated," suggested Miss Middleton.

"No, that's not the word at all."

"It's a nice little word, though; I read it the other day. 'Transmogrified'—that's bigger."

"Well, simply sick to death—of the weather."

Miss Middleton turned away and gazed in the other direction with great interest.

"I'm not looking at you," I said. "But I should like to know, before I go on: are you blushing?"

"Of course not. Well, sort of colouring up a little, perhaps."

"You may well. Do you remember a certain day in April, when we talked about the summer, and you solemnly promised me that this year it would be fine? And you implored me to believe, and I said that I would."

"Did I?"

"I might have spent the summer in New Zealand, where it's always fine, or in bed, where it doesn't matter; but you persuaded me to give the thing just one more trial. And now where are we?"

"You know," said Miss Middleton timidly, after a pause, "it isn't being such a bad summer, after all, according to the papers."

"Oh, that's what's so mean about it. The rain stops now and then, and the sun comes out perhaps, just so as they can both get a good place in the statistics. As if we didn't *know* we were having a beastly summer! as if we cared a hang how many inches of rain or hours of sunshine there were when we can *see* that it's spoiling everything!"

I finished my glass fiercely and waved away the bird.

"And the worst of it is," I added, "I haven't an umbrella."

"Mightn't you buy one?" suggested Miss Middleton.

"How can I, after I've promised you to believe in the summer? Of course if I had my old one—but I lost that at a wedding. They're tricky things, weddings. They take your umbrella as soon as look at you."

"I always use one of mother's."

"Couldn't I too?" I asked hopefully.

Miss Middleton was silent for a little, and I supposed that she was considering my offer. However, it appeared that she was thinking of something else.

"I do think we are all awfully nice about the weather," she began seriously.

"I am often even nicer than this," I said, in some surprise.

"Oh, I don't mean you—you've been a pig; when you know I *did* want you to have a nice summer so badly. I mean all of us. We have a fortnight of rain, and then, when we get one fine day at last, we're all as grateful as anything, and we go about smiling and saying thank you, and quite forgetting all the wet days. Just notice if we don't, when the next good day comes."

"Perhaps we shall never have a good day again."

"Oh, yes, we shall. And you'll go and sit in somebody's garden——"

"Yours."

"But how nice of you! Well then, in mine, and you'll think it's the very jolliest world that ever was made, and what a lucky man you are to be given such a wonderful morning."

I considered this carefully; and I also considered the last fortnight. I decided to concentrate on the last fortnight.

"Meanwhile," I said, "here we are, and it's time something was done by way of protest. The only difficulty is to know what to do. In America, when it's a nasty dull sort of day, they can always go out and burn a black man or two; but so effete is our own civilisation——"

"We might try throwing stones at Greenwich. Do you think if we broke the Observatory windows——"

"My idea was to go to Hyde Park and hiss. I don't know how that strikes you? You see, if we went together we could share Mrs. Middleton's umbrella."

"Why do you harp on the umbrella? I suppose you think I ought to give you a new one?"

"I think you ought to give me permission to buy one."

"Oh, *no!* It *is* going to be fine now."

"Then may I have my aqua-scutum lengthened?"

"Oh, don't keep on thinking about the bad days," implored Miss Middleton; "think about the good one that's coming. The wetter it is now, you know, the more you'll enjoy the change."

"Right," I said. "I'll remember that."

* * * *

Later, in the hall, they asked me whether I'd have a hansom or a taxi.

"Neither, thanks," I said cheerfully. "The wetter I get now, the more I shall enjoy changing." And I plunged into the rain. A. A. M.

ON THE MAKING OF FRIENDS.

SOME say that I got inside the train. Anyhow, there was a luncheon-car, and that was where the porters threw me. Someone picked me up, brushed my clothes and sat me down in a little seat before a little table and left me there praying that the little seat opposite me might remain vacant.

People whom you don't know are always detestable, particularly in trains. Witness the concentrated hatred of the four corner-seat holders when you open their door and propose to become the fifth occupant of their compartment. It isn't simply that they dislike the idea of your possibly talking to them. What they dislike is the fact that you exist. They hate you; you hate them; and you all join together and hate the sixth man who gets in at the next stop. So I prayed that I might have no *vis-à-vis* on this journey; but at Birmingham some more porters threw another man in and he was put to sit opposite me. We just frowned sourly and made it quite clear that we detested the sight of each other. I was led to suppose that I was, after all, too insignificant to care twopence about; he, that his collar was dirty, his tie climbing up the back of it, his boots down at heel and himself utterly ignoble. He sat down in such a way that he kicked my shins. "What



IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

"WOT'S 'E FOLLERIN' THE COPPER FOR?" "IT'S ONLY 'IS BLOOMIN' SIDE. 'E WANTS PEOPLE TO FINK 'E'S *DONE* SOMEFINK!"

disgustingly hard shins the lower classes have!" he clearly thought. "A vile thing!" my expression was meant to convey. "I wonder if It will make a noise with Its food." Then he got behind his *Telegraph* to protect himself from infection, and, in returning the compliment, I managed to unfold my *Morning Post* in such a way as to cause him a maximum amount of draught and discomfort.

With the beginning of lunch and the arrival of the fish he said, "I hope I may never set eyes on you again, but will you take a little salt?"

"Sir," I answered, "you are a contemptible worm, but permit me to pass you the pepper." Later I continued, "Odious creature, I cannot help confessing to you my surprise that out of a kitchen 2 ft. by 1 ft. they can produce a meal apparently without limits."

"Cad though you are," he replied, "I quite agree. Further, it may interest you to know that I am by profession an inventor."

It did interest me a little. It came to interest me very much. I laughed at his mild jokes, and he leant across the table to tap me on the chest. "Yes, my dear Sir," he said, "I go to my office at nine every morning and invent. Sometimes it is a vacuum-cleaner, sometimes a needle-puncher, and sometimes an antiseptic tooth wash."

"Really, old man," said I, "if you don't mind being overheard by the cads and the contemptible worms in this car, you might tell me all about it."

He practically climbed over the table to embrace me, as he told me all about it. At any rate, his boots managed to wipe themselves on my trousers. "Oh, but I'm sorry," he said. "Not at all," I answered.

On arriving at Euston, "Good-bye," said I. "It has been a real pleasure to me to travel with such a perfect gentleman."

"Nonsense, Sir," said he. "The pleasure and privilege have been mine. Good-bye; we may never meet again."

We met again about five minutes later in the Tube, and somehow I wished we had not. It's all very well being amused in a luncheon-car, but, when you're in London, you always stand the chance of being seen by people who know you and are apt to judge you by your friends. Besides, the man talked too much. Reaching Charing Cross, we parted with some more good-byes, and met again on the top of a Liverpool Street bus. At Chancery Lane he said, "I don't know whether to get off here and patent some inventions, or to go to my head office in the City and invent some patents. Where are you going?"

"That all depends," I said, and as he eventually decided to get off there I went on to the City, not because I wanted to go there, but because . . . Oh, well, I have come to the conclusion that people are detestable, after all, whether you know them or not.



ORPHEUS WITH HIS TOOT.

THE SOUL-STIRRING TONES OF THE LATEST MOTOR MUSIC MAY BE ALL VERY WELL BUT WHAT IF TOO HIGH A PITCH OF PERFECTION IS REACHED!

TRUE MODESTY.

IT was not at the Oval nor at Lord's
  Nor where the level sweep is large and trim,
And eager *cognoscenti* come in hordes,
That (tell it on the sounding clavichords)
  You made that hundred, Jim.

No, 'twas a contest more of luck than skill:
  The pitch a trifle marred by plantain roots,
The enemy less apt to field than till
(Few had the samite wear and fewer still
  Could boast the buckskin boots).

Five times they missed you from the lofting ball;
  The peerless length that county bowlers keep
Was not for them, and (take it all in all)
There are who might have been disposed to call
  Your laurels fairly cheap.

But not the way you took them! that was grand:
  The modest air, the deprecating mien,
As who should say, "Of course I made a stand,
But fortune favoured still my good right hand
  And made my cow-shots clean."

And when "the tumult and the shouting" died,
  The hearty handshake and the dorsal smack,
When stumps were pulled, and on the homeward ride
Our tongues to other themes began to glide,
  The way you brought us back!

Saying, "Remember how I snicked that chance
  Right through the slips; their bowlers had no luck;
The fat one with the pace and curious prance,
The one from whom I made that leg-side glance,
  He often had me stuck."

The way you sympathised with those that fell,
  Giving the scorers neither pain nor care,
And still the story of your flukes would tell,—
Was ever knightly hero knew so well
  The conscious bays to wear?

And, if before they paid their rightful debt,
  These lips of mine from weariness were shut,
Here on the harp, O James, and don't forget,
I hymn you as a bashful violet,
  A self-obscuring nut.

EVOE.

"A. Lindsay started by deep cutting Bridges to the ropes, and followed up with a string of braces, taken indiscriminately from both bowlers."
—*Saturday Post.*

Another time, LINDSAY should provide his own braces, or string, or whatever it is he affects.



HARD LABOUR.

JUDGE OF THE HIGH COURT *(on a Saturday morning, wistfully).* "AH, IF I'D ONLY DONE MY BIT OF OVERTIME THIS WEEK, I NEEDN'T HAVE MISSED THE DEAR OLD JAUNT!"

[It is proposed that Judges of the High Court should be required to sit on Saturdays, unless they make up time during the rest of the week.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Lords, Monday, July 4.—After two hours spent in Commons strolled across corridor intent on discovering whether on the green earth there were a duller place. Found it in the Lords. SAYE AND SELE on his legs moving Second Reading of Bill designed to regulate foreign traffic in broken-down horses. About a score of Peers present in subtly sympathetic state of decrepitude. Had they just learnt that Conference had decided to recommend abolition of Veto could not have presented more funereal aspect.

To this state of affairs SAYE AND SELE contributed speech that raised him at a bound to first rank of orators. Object of his measure commends itself to every kindly heart. Amid clash of more pretentious business success needed nice management. This forthcoming. As in low voice, occasionally faltering accents, with doleful countenance, he pleaded the cause of the dumb and destitute, one could almost hear the footfall of the doomed horse on the hard pavement as it slowly wended its way to the docks to take ship for Antwerp; could see its work-worn frame; observe its wistful regard of the occasional sausage shop passed *en route;* recognise its pained consciousness of conditions under which (if ever) it would return to its native land.



THE DERBY FAVOURITE.

"We recall his breezy manner in the Lobby as he went about the business of the Whip."

(The Earl of Derby.)



A LITTLE QUIET CHAT WITH MY FRIEND BIRRELL.

"I confidently hope that ere long Mr. Russell will be sitting by my side again. *I know nothing would give Mr. Russell greater pleasure.* (*Loud laughter.*"

(Mr. Birrell's speech on the temporary disappearance from the House of Commons of Mr. T. W. Russell.)

Speech a masterpiece of artistic conception, flawless rendering.

Effect on Earl of DERBY, who followed, remarkable. For years we knew him in the Commons as Lord STANLEY. Recall his breezy manner in the Lobby as he went about the business of the Whip, his brief but pointed speeches when, on return from South Africa, having seen active service as Chief Press Censor (Dispatches), he was appropriately promoted to the War Office. To-night, seated almost opposite SAYE AND SELE, he relapsed into forlorn attitude familiar when he was Postmaster-General worried by demands of working staff for shorter hours and longer pay. Interposing in debate he spoke as one who had come to bury the horse, not to mount it. Like other noble lords who followed, he heartily approved the principle of measure which is about to be commended to friendly care of Commons.

Over scene thus artistically shadowed one gleam of light flashed. Came from unexpected quarter of Orders of the Day. These are circulated for information of Peers. For title, paper bore the legend, "Notices and Orders of the Day for Monday the 4th of July." This on first page. Turning over leaf one found set forth in black letter, enclosed in double lines so as to minimise chance of its being overlooked by the most casual backwoodsman, the announcement, "There will be no Evening Sitting of the House on Thursday the 30th of June."

Frequently admitted by most censorious critics of House of Lords that in comparison with Commons it is the more business-like assembly. Here was crowning proof of its orderliness, its prevision, its observance of detail, matters which, apparently unimportant, go to build up orderly, effective business system.

Business done.—Officially announced that the House will not sit last Thursday. Bill dealing with Continental traffic in broken-down horses read second time.

House of Commons, Tuesday.—Period which sufficed for the accomplished work of to-day shows what House can do when it puts shoulder to wheel. Progress made exceeds a week's achievement under ordinary conditions. After usual cloud of questions, for practical purposes signifying nothing, entered upon Committee on Regency Bill. Came to the front those eminent constitutional authorities, KING and LUTTRELL, with many amendments designed to correct what ASHLEY, with tears in ordinarily inquisitorial eyes, described as "the magnificent

work standing to credit of the Regency Act during the last 100 years."

PREMIER, in charge of Bill, received valuable support from Sir FREDERICK BANBURY, whom strangers in gallery were shocked to hear alluded to as "the junior Member for the City of London." There's nothing junior about FREDERICK unless it be in personal appearance suggestive of perennial youth. As a statesman he is senior to most of his contemporaries in present House. With his assistance, Bill passed through Committee with immaterial amendments.

Item. Accidents in Mines Bill, in charge of MASTERMAN READY, passed second reading amid chorus of approval.

Judicial Bench next stormed. Bill proposing to add two Judges to King's Bench Division of High Order of Justice came up on Report stage. MARKHAM moved new clause requiring Judges to make annual return of number of days they have sat. Principle familiar at dockyards and other large labour establishments where time-keeper ticks off hours of attendance.

MARKHAM, acknowledging that our Judges are all honourable men, refrained from insistence on that invidious condition.

"Leave it to the Judges," he said in effect. "Here and there may possibly be a generous enlargement of view. What, according to the clock, has been half a day's labour, or even a quarter, may, in the hurry of the moment, be entered as full time. On the whole, their Lordships may confidently be counted upon to make full and fair returns."

(Wait till they catch him in one of their courts!)

PREMIER, whilst objecting to this way of putting it, admitted laxity with respect to Saturday sittings. Some Judges make a habit of dating their week-end from Friday afternoon. Others, constrained by conscience, put in an appearance late on Saturday morning and, like CHARLES LAMB at the India Office, make up for it by going away early. On the understanding that, if the Judges do not sit on Saturdays, they shall through the week work overtime, MARKHAM withdrew new clause and Report stage agreed to.

Trifle thrown in by second reading of Bill dealing with election of aldermen in municipal boroughs, and at twenty minutes to nine House adjourned.

Business done.—Prodigious.

Friday.—"It's very difficult to get round this question," said CHARLIE BERESFORD, pulling down an imaginary sou'wester set to win'ard.

Was not trying to get round Land's End in a gale on a starless night. What he was endeavouring safely to skirt were Income Tax Resolutions of the Budget. House dealing with them in Committee of Ways and Means. Majority of Members preceding in debate had more or less confined themselves to subject. JOHN DILLON, by exception turning aside to deal with Whisky Tax, bitterly complained that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER had "burned his boats in such emphatic manner." If it must be, JOHN likes that sort of spiriting done gently, with absolute freedom from emphasis.



THE TAVISTOCK DIVISION.

He had designs on "the magnificent work standing to the credit of the Regency Act during the last hundred years."

(Mr. H. C. F. Luttrell.)



CHARLIE B. "BEACHED AGAIN!"

As an inspired Irish Member promptly described it.

(Admiral Lord Charles Beresford.)

Possibly it was mention of boats that turned CHARLIE'S gaze seaward. As GOLDSMITH tells of his Traveller, in all his wanderings "his heart untravelled fondly turns to home." So our plump sailor-boy, having with more or less emphasis burned his boats and come ashore, cannot control the wayward trend of his heart towards the unplumb'd, salt, estranging sea, and the additional *Dreadnoughts* that ought to be afloat upon it.

Unfortunately, in making for blue water, CHARLIE got under influence of various undercurrents. These were, *inter alia*, the domination of the Irish Members; the possibilities of Socialism; and proposals for reforming the House of Lords, which led him to remark that "the House of Commons itself wants reforming."

CHAIRMAN interposed with quiet remark: "I think it is time the noble Lord came to the Budget of the year."

"Ay, ay, Sir," chirruped CHARLIE; "starboard it is," and slewed round to consideration of Ministerial Naval programme.

Getting on very well till it flashed across his mind that "the Budget of the year is voted by the House of Commons, the House of Commons is elected by the people, and if there are 53,000 voters sending one man to the House, and 1,700 sending another man ——"

"Order! order!" cried the inexorable CHAIRMAN. "The Budget has nothing to do with the Franchise."

It was here that CHARLIE made his moan about the "difficulty of getting round this question." Gave up the job. Made all taut and anchored for the night.

Business done.—In Committee on Budget Bill.

"The scores should not be counted nor may the targets be touched by any person other than an umpire after being fired at."—*Daily Mail.*

We can see the umpire after being fired at hastily flattening himself against the target for protection.

"The match was unfinished owing to measles. Mr. Stephen's were compelled to scratch."—*The Harrovian.*

Very irritating.

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

FASHIONS AND A SCANDAL.

Park Lane.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—I've a simply *thrilling* bit of news for you. People are actually beginning to *walk*, my dear—and in town! It's getting quite *quite* usual to send away one's car and walk home from shopping or calling, even as much as two or three streets! *Par conséquent*, there's been a slump, as far as *certain* people are concerned, in smart, small-sized boots and shoes that they could only wear to *sit still in*, and, as SHAKSPEARE says, Those walk now who never walked before.

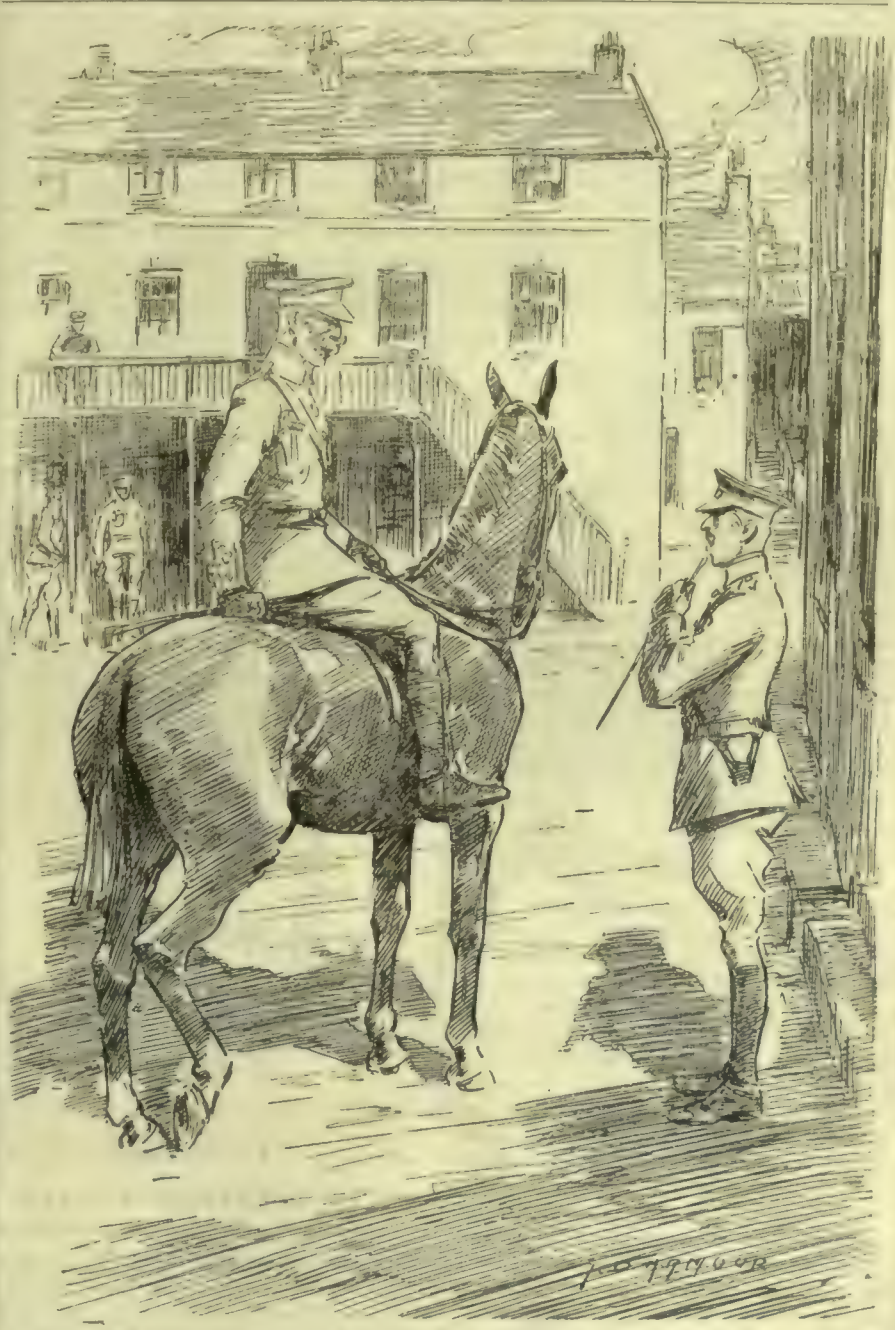
Partly we've been frightened by what Professor Dimsdale told us in one of his *Thé Causeries* at the Fal-lal. The series was on Lost Arts, and he chose Walking for one of his subjects. He said that if people continued getting about by motoring and aeroplaning and all that sort of thing the race would gradually alter; everyone would get enormously stout, and legs and feet would at last become extinct! *Wasn't* it a ghastly idea? Whatever sort of fashions would be worn then! Of course I don't undertake to dispute the *whole* of the prediction, but it seems to me, as far as my own observation of my dear friends goes, that *feet*, at all events, are in *no* danger of becoming extinct—quite the reverse! However, we've all been horribly frightened, and now we're walking.

Some had forgotten how to do it, and had to be taught all over again, like old babies,—the Duke and Duchess of Dunstable, among others. Being both stout and stodgy, and not nearly so young as they'd like to be, they took fright badly at the dear Professor's hideous prediction, and now that they've learned to walk again they're always at it. When it's too wet to walk out of doors, as it generally is, they trudge up and down the big ball-room at Dunstable House; and I hear each is so aggravated at seeing the other grinding away, they're on worse terms than ever.

And the craze doesn't stop at walking. None of the chaperons will sit still or play bridge at parties now. They've all caught the exercise-panic and insist on dancing. I gave a boy-and-girl dance for my little cousin, Rosemary, the other night, and I simply couldn't prevent the chaperons from dancing. Those that were too old and too weird to get real partners danced with each other. They *entirely* spoilt the look of my rooms.

Madame Blagueuse is another who's been giving *Thé Causeries*. One of them was on Beauty, and the room was packed at five guineas a head. She told us *all* women were beautiful; that all they had to do was to *accentuate* their *individuality* and *cultivate charm*; and that *no* woman need *ever* grow old; wrinkles and grey hair and stoutness were *merely* the result of mismanagement! It was simply dilly to see *ces autres* drinking it all in with their tea and swallowing it with their ices, and going away quite pleased and perky.

I was telling Norty about it afterwards, and he said if all women are beautiful then those who are *really* nice to look at must find a new word for themselves, and that *I'm* to find that word. He too had a *Thé Causerie* (anyone who has anything or nothing to say makes a *Thé Causerie* o fit now) at the Recherché the other day on "Nature the great Anti-Socialist." He did make us laugh. He said there were no inequalities of fortune so glaring as Nature's inequality in the dis-



Young Officer (*who is notorious for getting leave whenever possible, to C.O.*) "I WANTED TO ASK YOU, SIR, IF I MIGHT HAVE A FEW DAYS' LEAVE?"

C.O. "WHAT DO YOU WANT IT FOR?"

Young Officer. "WELL—ER—I THINK I WANT A CHANGE OF AIR."

C.O. "OH! IS THAT IT? THEN I THINK YOU'D BETTER STAY HERE FOR A CHANGE!"

tribution of *fat!*—that one only had to watch the people on a public promenade to become aware of this injustice, a large percentage of the passers-by being made contemptible by utter lack of fat or ridiculous by excess of it. He wondered if "socialistic legislation proposed to deal with this point, and to demand that each person should have a reasonable amount of fat and no more!"

I was complimenting him later on his *Causerie*, and said I hoped *some day* his talents would put him in his proper place. He asked, What place? Why, Prime Minister, of course, I told him. And then he asked what he had done to offend me that I should hope for such a *disgraceful future* for him! He 's a funny boy.

Oh, my dearest! People are whispering such a *quaint* little storiette about—guess—guess—and guess again!—about *Stella Clackmannan*, of *all* women! She 's had the reputation for being *absolutely* immaculate, you know, as our nicknames for her, The Saint, and The Icicle, show. There 've been plenty of stories about everyone else, but about *her* there 's always been the most extraordinary story of all—that there was *no* story! It 's true that *some* people have said her straight running was owing to the fact that the Duke is a mere *demon* of jealousy, with all the furious fierceness of his forbears, the old Chiefs of Clan Kiltibeg, as shown in the Clackmannan crest and motto, a drawn claymore and "Slay and spare not," and that poor Stella has always been afraid that if he found her out in the *teeniest* little piccadilly he 'd catch up the family crest and act the family motto; but I don't know about that. Anyhow, here 's the story.

You remember a mannequin we noticed when you were with me last summer, and we went to "Olga's" one afternoon—a tall, pale, statuesque girl, with a deliciously haughty way of saying, "Yes, moddom," and "No, moddom." Oh, you *must* remember her! She showed two creations that I bought—"The Dream and the Waking," poppies worked on black mousseline-de-soie, and dawn and sunrise suggested in the shaded colours of the train; and "Arrière Pensée," in mauve and white charmeuse, with a hint of tears in the touches of crystal embroidery and a big bunch of purple pansies on the left shoulder, and another tucked behind the left ear. We remarked that, allowing for her being five or six years younger than dear Stella, and having perhaps half an inch more height and less waist, she was almost her double. Everyone used to talk about the startling likeness. Stella herself was amused at it, and made a sort of *protégée* of the girl, and, according to *les chuchoteuses*, made use of the extraordinary likeness to send the mannequin to fulfil some of Stella's own philanthropic engagements (opening and shutting things, you know, and giving away prizes and so on), at one or two boresome, outlying places that didn't matter much. And then something happened. Oh no! I don't mean that the girl broke down and gave the show away. I believe she played the Duchess *à merveille*, and completely imposed on the savage tribes; but on one of these occasions a letter was in some way



AN ILLUSTRATED POSTER.

conveyed to the fictitious Stella, a letter meant for the *real* Stella, a *love*-letter, my own Daphne, showing that our dear Saint not only had an admirer, but didn't exactly *frown* on him. Now, isn't that *absolutely*? As to what happened afterwards, opinions are divided. Some people say the girl still has the letter, holds it over Stella's head like somebody's sword, and blackmails her. Others say Stella had copies made of the Clackmannan jewels, sold the real ones, bought the letter, and sent the girl to New Zealand, or British Columbia, or Fiji, or somewhere. Anyhow, "Olga's" tall, statuesque mannequin vanished utterly, and Stella did a long rest-cure. Of course, we 're all most enormously amused, and—well, yes—just a teeny bit pleased, that our dear Saint should have stepped down from her little stone niche and taken off her halo. Halos must be wretchedly cold, heavy, headachy, heartachy things to wear!

Ever thine, BLANCHE.

EVOE VICTIS:

(By our Sloptimist.)

THERE is nothing that marks the onward progress of humanity, in spite of many lapses, more nobly than the treatment of the conquered. In ancient Rome the situation was tersely summed up in the iron phrase, *Væ victis*—"Woe to the vanquished." Conquered kings adorned the triumph of their victors, and languished in dungeons until death put an end to their sufferings.

Nor were the Greeks more considerate. SOCRATES, who in our time might have been a popular and successful preacher, was obliged to drink hemlock simply because he failed to convince his judges of the excellence of his intentions.

Even in "the so-called nineteenth century" this evil tradition lingered on, and NAPOLEON, instead of being allowed to share the Waterloo Stakes with his victor, was brutally banished to St. Helena.

Happily we have changed all that now. It is no longer the inhuman practice of civilised countries to trample on the defeated.

JACK JOHNSON, the champion prize-fighter, has pocketed £24,000 as the reward of his prowess. But JEFFRIES, the defeated giant, gets more than £23,000 as *his* share.

Dear friends, if we cannot always be top dog, let us at least strive to render the position of the inferior animal financially endurable.

From a Catalogue:—

"1 New Zealand Kea Parrot (Nestor, Notabilis), very fine specimen. These are the birds which devour sheep alive. This specimen is very tame and feeds from hand, also very amusing."

We can well imagine its being extremely funny—with somebody else's hand.

Water-on-the-Brain.

The Daily Mirror on the divining-rod:

"On several occasions the thick end of the stick rose up and struck the operator on the head. On these spots, he asserted, water would be found fifty feet down."

His head, even at the swollen spots, can't have been as thick as that.

"At half-time the visitors fell off," says *The Field*, in reporting a polo match. A most unfortunate accident.

A DIALOGUE.

The Sunshade. Well, my dear, I 'm glad to see you again. We don't often meet, do we? You 're looking fine and commanding as ever.

The Matinée Hat. Not quite, I 'm afraid. But I 'm feeling very well, considering.

The S. Considering what, dear?

The M. H. Why, considering that I 'm indoors so much. Now, you—no wonder you have such a bright complexion. You get so much open air.

The S. Yes, but I don't know but what I should like a little indoor life too. You see so many plays. How interesting! I never see any. I hear a little of them now and then, but I can see nothing. What are they like just now?

The M. H. Oh, they 're always the same, in the main. But just lately there 's been rather more talk than usual. So far as I can understand—it 's the new drama, the Repertory brand, you know—there 's something important left out; but I don't quite know what it is. Harry's bottle, is it? Something like that.

The S. Don't you mean ARISTOTLE?

The M. H. Yes, that 's it. How clever of you to know! How did you find out?

The S. They were talking about it at Lord's last week. At the Eton and Harrow match.

The M. H. Oh, yes. You go there, of course. How delightful! Did you like it?

The S. I liked being there, of course, although I prefer Ascot. But it 's not the cricket I care about so much as the remarks of the men behind who can't see. I love men when they 're angry.

The M. H. Shall I tell you a secret, dear? So do I. That 's why I 'm so glad when we go to the back row of the stalls, because then I can hear the people in the pit. So droll—so idiomatic.

The S. You 're luckier than I am. I never hear that kind of talk, though I suppose I might if we went to the cheaper seats. It 's a darling feeling to know that you 're preventing people from seeing, isn't it?

The M. H. Perfect. I wouldn't miss it for anything.

The S. Nor I.

From Answers to Correspondents in *The Assam Era*:—

"Our present King-Empress' birth anniversary is 3rd not 2nd June. We were of belief that every one, however ignorant, knew that. Apparently there are some ignorami who do not know it."

That 's rather a nasty one for somebody.



Farmer (to Lady who has taken rooms at the farm for the summer.) "TIDY CROP OF HAY, MUM."
Lady. "BEAUTIFULLY TIDY—AND—ER—LET ME SEE—WHEN DO YOU *THRESH* IT?"

THE CHAMPIONS.

HE was reading the paper opposite me, a little, pale, serious-looking man. He laid it down with a sigh. "JOHNSON 's a wonder," he said. "The Champion of the World. Fancy that!"

"'It is a lovely thing to be a champion,'" I quoted.

"Do you think so?" he asked. "Why? I don't think so."

"Then perhaps you haven't experienced it?" I said.

"Oh, yes, I have," he replied gravely. "I know all about it. I 'm a champion too."

"You?" I said, rather rudely, I fear.

"Yes," he replied. "I 'm the champion of Crouch End. Guess what I 'm champion of."

This was delicate ground. I am too old to guess. But he plied me so that at last I gave way and suggested what I thought was fairly safe—billiards. There have been lots of little weaklings who could play a good game at billiards.

"Yes," he said—"in a way."

"Not the game proper?" I inquired.

"Not exactly," he said. "But billiards, yes." He was quite grave.

"Pool?" I suggested.

"Not exactly," he said.

"Fives?"

"No."

"Then what is it? Tell me."

He stood up, for he had reached his station. "I hold the record," he said, "for losing hazards at pyramids. Good morning." And he was gone.

It is not often I get my leg pulled like that by a stranger.

"He scored his 119 in two hours, driving and occasionally putting with great power."
Daily Mail.

We ourselves frequently have recourse to a mashie shot over first slip's head.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Sir Drummond must have been the hero of many another novel than *The Laird of Craig Athol* (CONSTABLE). At any rate, when he comes into an estate, left to him by a cousin in default of any nearer of kin turning up, he knows that he is in for a poor thing. Though it has been made abundantly clear that there is no nearer of kin in existence, previous experience tells him that "there ain't going to be no" default. So he enters into possession with a heavy heart, and the merest effort of speering into the future by the local second-sighter drives him to wire in despair for his London solicitor. Had I been *Sir Drummond*, I should not have thus given in at the beginning of the first chapter. I should have reckoned, and reckoned rightly, that my author had not given me a beautiful daughter, *Meg*, for nothing. But there was no harm in sending for *Mr. Forbes*, as being the man to put everything right that might go wrong, for obviously this is not his first appearance as the kindly and omnipotent solicitor of fiction. At once he settles down to cross-examine everybody about everything, and to such good purpose that cross-examination becomes a craze, and all the characters set about questioning each other darkly. Finally, clever *Miss Isfield* comes along and starts cross-examining *Mr. Forbes*. For the rest, there is a bogus claimant, a genuine heir, some falling in love, a kidnapping, a half-dressed woman lying face downwards on the carpet in a pool of blood, and a happy ending; from all of which you may gather that, though there is plenty of excitement and an ingenious mystery, this is not the best novel that Mr. FRANKFORT MOORE has ever written.



LITTLE WORRIES OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

MASTER JOCELYN'S NURSE FINDS THAT HIS NEW SUIT PLACES HIM BEYOND REACH OF HER DISCIPLINE.

In these days of astonishing heroines it is rather a comfort, I think, to learn that the advanced young person is not, after all, a wholly modern phenomenon. If we are to trust Mr. ASHTON HILLIERS who writes *The Master Girl* (METHUEN), she synchronised with the cave-bear and the rollicking hey-day of the mammoth. *Dêh-Yān* (please don't forget those accents) was a little Moon Woman with a taste for scientific research, who benefited posterity by evolving the first bow and arrows out of the strung-drill, which, by the way, is a good word to try to say six times quickly during the hot weather (if any). The result of her enterprise was the complete success of her husband in a spear-throwing contest (it apparently had not occurred to anyone to bar "freak" implements) with *Honk-Ah*, one of the braves of the Sun-Disc tribe. The author is a little didactic at times (perhaps this is inevitable in palæological fiction), but I can heartily recommend *The Master Girl* to that large section of the public which, possibly influenced by *Mr. Punch*, has been accustomed to treat the romances of prehistoric man with irreverent badinage.

On the title-page of Mr. EVERARD HOPKINS' novel, *Lydia* (CONSTABLE), appears the dedication "To my Wife." I cannot help wondering whether there is not something rather more in this than the ordinary tribute from an author to the person whose sympathy may most properly have encouraged him in his work. Because a more essentially feminine book I never read. If it be true, as they say, that the success of a novel depends upon its appeal to the softer sex, then Mr. HOPKINS is assured of half-a-dozen editions at least. Women will delight in *Lydia*; the phases of her wooing by various suburban swains will be to them episodes of intense interest, all the more for being recorded by the author with a wealth of detail which sometimes I myself (if the secret must come out) felt to be a little over-elaborate. But then I hated all the young men so, which probably accounted for it. *Lydia's* married career seemed to me ever so much the better half of the story. There are scenes in this, showing her struggle against, and final conquest by, the blighting influence of semi-genteel poverty, that are worth twenty of the earlier chapters. The visit of her old school-friend, especially, and the horrid failure of a day that was to do so much—I chuckled whole-heartedly over this, and for its sake am more than ready to forgive Mr. HOPKINS certain previous *longueurs* in his tale. And he has quite a bogie surprise waiting to jump out at the unsuspecting reader on the last page, the effect of which will be entirely spoilt for those who (as many will) turn on to find whether *Lydia* and her irritating husband "make it up at the end." Wait and see.

Our Wonderful World.

From a letter in *The Daily Mail*:—

"While busy fishing, from waders, on this occasion a woodcock suddenly emerged from the trees on the south bank carrying a chick in its feet."

Hence the waders—a truly motherly precaution.

"A professional man (bachelor), who has a well furnished and charming little Flat at Kensington, wishes to meet another gentleman to share same. Breakfast and use of everything, 27s. weekly. Can have all food."

No, no, we cannot accept such a sacrifice; we'll share the breakfast as well.

"Bike (Lady's) for Sale; cost £7; will sell for £4; does not agree with owner."—*Advt. in "Evening Chronicle."*

We know that bicycle. It always wants to go down hill when the owner wants to go up.

CHARIVARIA.

THE latest rumour about Buckingham Palace is to the effect that an American millionaire has offered to bear the entire expense of rebuilding subject to his being allowed to have a suite of apartments there.

* * *

At last the Government would appear to be converted to the view that if you wish for peace you must prepare for war. Orders have been given to the Irish Constabulary to restore to their owners all the weapons hitherto kept in safe custody under the provisions of the Peace Preservation Act.

* * *

MRS. LLOYD GEORGE, speaking at the Congress Hall, Clapton, on the subject of Public Health, expressed the opinion that there was a great deal too much tea drunk. Nothing, however, was said about cocoa.

* * *

Twenty thousand children, we read, at Alexandra Palace "unanimously and solemnly protested against any alteration in the King's declaration." But what we want to know is this. How long are we to wait before the chicks also give us the assistance of their decision on the vexed question of Bimetallism?

* * *

We cannot help thinking that it is unfortunate that Lord ROSEBERY will be prevented until September from proceeding to Vienna to announce to the Emperor of AUSTRIA the accession of King GEORGE. Has the Government realised the danger of the news leaking out before then? Every day's delay adds to the risk.

* * *

In the voting on the Woman's Suffrage Bill *The Evening Standard* tells us, "Forty-eight Members paired—twenty-four against the Bill, and twenty-four in favour." Audited, and found correct.

The promoters of the Scotch aviation meeting to be held at Lanark in August, have, *The Pall Mall Gazette* informs us, framed strict rules against "air scorching." Personally we are of the opinion that any good work done by the Sun ought rather to be encouraged.

* * *

It is, we suppose, gratifying to our national pride to reflect that, though M. MORANE, who made such a fine ascent in his aeroplane at Bournemouth, is a Frenchman, yet the air he did it with was English.

* * *

From Italy comes the news that the Leaning Tower of Pisa is getting tired, and may sit down at any moment.

* * *

The Servian Steamboat Direction, according to *The Express*, have solved a long-standing question by deciding that the calves and kids which follow their owners on board and play about the deck shall in future pay full passenger fares. There is a strong feeling that the kids should only pay half fare.

* * *

The Law Journal proposes that the Judges, instead of sitting on Saturdays, should begin business half an hour earlier each day. Another suggestion, which, if adopted, would have the effect of saving even more time, is that the Saturday sittings should be devoted entirely to the Judges' jokes, these being made illegal on any other day.

* * *

There would seem to be no limit to the sporting energy of the Publisher's Circle. After organising a Cricket Match at Lord's and a Lawn Tennis Tournament at Queen's, there is now some talk of changing the title of the association to the Publishers' Ring and arranging a great Prize Fight, after the most recent precedent, between two of its members—Mr. BLACK, the publisher, and Mr. WHITE, the publisher.

* * *

Lord KITCHENER, it transpires, is no longer a member of the Imperial Defence Committee. His presence there, we take it, would have given that body a somewhat military appearance, and in these days one cannot be too careful of our enemies' susceptibilities.

* * *

In an account of a burglary at Hampstead *The Evening News* tells us how Constable KENDAL, his suspicions being aroused, waited until he was joined by Constable HOLT, and "between them they surrounded the house." This gives one a very good idea of what fine spreading men our Metropolitan Police are.

* * *

The Select Committee which has been considering the matter has reported in favour of improving the dinner arrangements at the House of Lords. This seems only humane. A condemned criminal is always given a good meal before the end.



"STRIKE ME, NED, IF WE AIN'T IN THE FASHION AT LAST!"

THE PERILS OF THE POSTER.

I WROTE a few weeks ago of my friend Trencham, and how he made a study of the coloured posters of Beauty Spots in the hope of getting some guidance as to the best place in which to spend his summer holidays. The quest, futile in itself, has had a strange development; for, having tasted blood, he has now acquired a habit, amounting almost to a mania, of studying posters in general, and drawing the most unwarrantable inferences as to the wares which they are designed to commend.

He has been peculiarly obsessed by the advertisements of a firm which announces its Whisky through the medium of two symbolic terriers. These terriers usually have their attention riveted upon a rat, either in a cage or on a river bank. Trencham has no quarrel with the dogs' taste, which no doubt obeys a law of nature, but personally he detests rodents, whether on land or water; and he cannot see why any beverage, short of rat-bane, should require one of these little brutes to advertise its merits.

He assures me that he has nothing against this particular Whisky; but in future he is going to take to Lime-juice, because the girl in the poster where the limes grow thick as gooseberries is rather presentable at a distance, and there are no rats in the picture. There were the same arguments in support of a certain Irish Ginger Ale, for the yachting lady (whom he presumed to be addicted to it, though there was no Ginger Ale actually in sight) had her good points, and again there were no rats in the picture; but, on consideration, he felt sure that the bull-dog was out of place on a sailing-yacht, and this decided him in favour of Lime-juice.

Having made up his mind on this point—perhaps a little too hastily—he could review without emotion the picture of yet another dog (Trencham's studies have given him a veritable surfeit of dog) which has knocked over a pewter-pot of Stout, and in the act of recoiling makes the remark—"What would Master say?" Trencham now knows what *he* would say if he were the master of this vocal hound. He would ring the bell and say, "Clean up this mess, and bring me some Lime-juice."

My friend suffers at times from dyspepsia and constantly from a growing tendency to obesity. Had he the choice (which he has not) of these two ills, he would prefer the former. That is why he instantly rejected the advances of a poster which portrayed the pale victim of a wasting indigestion, who, after testing the virtues of a certain Syrup, became "always merry and bright." Nothing is so hateful to Trencham as the man who is "always merry and bright." But there was worse. In his after-state, in addition to this terrible mirth (of which indeed it may have been the cause), the Object had acquired so ridiculous a rotundity that Trencham at once resolved not to give the Syrup a trial.

Then again there was a poster of a Beef-extract, in which one of the noble creatures from whom the fluid is drawn was represented as labouring under a presage of approaching doom. This spectacle, to one of Trencham's imaginative temperament, had in it an intolerable pathos. And yet I have known him to eat a beefsteak without flinching. But in that case the victim was not allowed to have a premonition of his end; whereas they somehow seem to get to know their fate beforehand in the case of Beef-extracts. Trencham supposes that thoughtless people leave the bottles lying about.

His logical mind was ruffled by a picture of two cooks—the one erect and holding a pot of Custard, the other prostrate among the ruins of his eggs. The second chef is the object of ribald laughter on the part of his more stable colleague. Trencham regarded this ridicule as being in the worst possible taste; but he was also strongly of the opinion that the artist has begged the whole question. Custard, he contends, is every bit as brittle as eggs, and why should not the cook with the Custard have fallen and spilled it, and the cook with the eggs have remained upon his feet? In any case, Trencham's chivalrous nature inclined to sympathy with the weaker vessel, and he proposes to continue his diet of cooking-eggs.

On another poster my friend observed a lion sampling a bottle of Somebody's Brandy. Outside the Zoo, Trencham's experience of the habits of big game is but slight, but he is quite firm in his intention never to carry with him any brand of spirits that is likely to excite the curiosity of wild animals.

So much for goods intended for internal consumption. Of a certain famous Polish, to be applied externally, Trencham harbours the gravest suspicion. If the monstrous calves, encased in pink stockings, of the flunkey who advocates the claims of this Polish are any indication of its physical effect, Trencham means to have none of it. The tendency to obesity, on which I have already touched, has not yet invaded his lower limbs, and he wishes still to retain a grip upon his trusty cob.

Trencham tells me that, when weighing the attractions of any article, he is easily influenced by the character of the people who employ it. Thus he would like to treat his rheumatism with salts, but he shrinks from being classed with the person behind the towel in the Anti-rheumatic poster. His appearance is so abhorrent to Trencham that he would choose to suffer the worst agony rather than be associated with such a type in the adoption of any remedy however infallible.

It is the same with the swarthy gentleman who keeps on losing and recovering his Fountain Pen. Trencham cannot make up his mind whether he finds the fellow's expression more detestable in the hour of despondency or at the moment of ecstatic relief.

On the other hand, he was attracted by the face of a lady who is shown reading a weekly edition of a great London daily newspaper. On closer inspection, however, he found that she was not actually perusing it, but allowing her eyes to wander over the top of its pages and out of the picture. He therefore got little assistance from her as to the character of the readers of this periodical. A clearer line was obtained from a really earnest student of the same paper—a bald and bellicose warrior in scarlet, his shoulders covered with chain-mail surmounted by two biscuits indicative of his rank. He is seen smoking furiously a cigar with its red band still *in situ*, and Trencham concluded that, though an officer, he was no gentleman. My friend has therefore resolved to stick to his *Spectator*. He says he is convinced that no officer in uniform would ever read *The Spectator* with a band on his cigar. O. S.

"The turf is excellent, and being composed of sand the rain does not lie."—*Tatler.*

It may not actually tell a falsehood, but if it calls itself rain and is really composed of sand, we feel that it is not dealing quite frankly with us.

"Following the collapse of the Campanile of St. Mark's, Venice . . . the basilisk and other portions of the famous building are now seriously threatened with destruction."—*Daily Mirror.*

We do trust that nothing will happen to the Unicorn and the Cockatrice.

"The famous Leaning Tower of Pisa, which for many centuries has called forth the wonder and interest of all who see it, is now attracting the attention of the authorities."—*Daily Mail.*

We felt sure they 'd notice it sooner or later.



RE-UNITED.

PRIME MINISTER (*Shelving Woman's Suffrage Bill*). "WELL, GENTLEMEN, NOW THAT YOUR INDIVIDUAL CONSCIENCES HAVE HAD THEIR FLING, LET'S GET TO WORK AGAIN."



Enthusiastic Lady (carried away by the old-world beauty of "As You Like It.") "DID YOU EVER SEE SUCH LOVELY COSTUMES? AH, YOU CAN'T GET MATERIAL LIKE THAT NOWADAYS!"

"HUMBLY SHEWING."

IN the dear old days, when a good and kind and beautiful lady said to me, "Oh, there you are! Are you busy? I just want you to do something for me," I used to reply gladly, "Why, of *course* I will!" And then I would dash off to fetch her a sprig of edelweiss from the top of Mount Everest (or whatever it was) and lay it at her feet and say, "Fairest of your sex (and much fairer than any of ours), I only live to serve you. Ask me something more difficult."

But now when, still good and kind and beautiful, she says to me, "Oh, there you are! Are you busy? I just ——" why, now I turn very red and cough, and, murmuring that I have a train to catch, dash for the door.

I wish the dear old days were back again.

The first time that I got badly mixed up with the new movement was about a month ago. I had just finished an exhausting game of croquet, when a good and kind and beautiful lady came up to me and said:

"Oh, Mr. — er, will you just come and do something for me?"

"Why, of *course* I will," I replied.

"I want you to sign my petition if you will."

"Oh!" I said stiffly.

In a general way I didn't want to. Some people have the knack of signing, others haven't. About once a week I sign a cheque for a pound, payable to self or bearer, and that is really about all the signing I do.

"What 's it for?" I said, to gain time.

"It 's to the KING, praying him to bring about——" I forget now what it was, but I know I didn't agree with it.

May I be forgiven if what I did was wrong. I could not refuse her invitation without entering upon a long and (on my side, anyhow) heated discussion as to the rights of the question, and I hate discussing important things with strangers. I could not escape, for she was nearer the door. But she was ignorant of my name, and I began to feel that after ten minutes, when I should have a train to catch, I might never see her again. So I wrote, "Albert Tompkins," which isn't me, in a bold round hand. I cannot believe that the support of Mr. Tompkins will turn the scale one way or the other, and I am sure that he would have liked to oblige so charming a lady.

Five minutes later, while I was still sitting at the table, fanning myself with a piece of blotting-paper and wondering if I was a forger, my late croquet opponent came in.

"Oh, there you are," she said. "You 're just the man I wanted. Will you sign my petition?"

"Help!" I groaned.

"What did you say?"

"The fact is I 'm not very good at signing petitions. I signed one just now, and it seems to have affected my wrist. I think it sprained it slightly."

"For whom was that?"

"For the KING. Nothing less."

"I meant who asked you. Was it Mrs. Williams?"

I decided, for the sake of Albert Tompkins, not to pursue the subject.

"It was really when I was playing croquet with you that I hurt my wrist," I said. "I—I fell on it going through that second hoop."

"Then sign it with your left hand; it doesn't matter about the writing."

"Wouldn't that spoil the page rather? And when the KING got down to me wouldn't he think that a very decrepit old centenarian who could barely sign his name had no business to be urging Compulsory Military Service on others? I mean it would seem rather an altruistic performance."

"This isn't a petition for military service, it 's for——" I forget now, but I know I didn't agree with it. "Do sign; I 've got two hundred and thirty-seven names already."

I made one more attempt.

"My solicitor," I said, "always insists

on my reading every word of a document before I sign it. If I were to read the preamble and all the two hundred signatures now, I should never catch my train. Some of the signatures, in fact, I doubt if I could ever read at all."

The entry of my hostess saved the situation. I got up hastily, and rushed at her.

"Good-bye," I said, "I was just saying that I must be off. Such a jolly time!"

"Oh, must you go? So sorry. But I just want you to sign my petition first, if you will. It's for ——" I really forget what, but I was certainly against it.

* * * *

I go about now with my pockets full of petitions. The preambles are drawn up by myself; they are signed as yet by nobody. But when a good and kind and beautiful lady comes up and asks for my signature then I take out my own documents and smile at her.

"I will sign your petition for Universal Military Service," I say, "if you will sign one or two little things for me."

"Yes?"

"The first is in the cause of Universal Civil Service. Your petition wants all civilians to learn soldiering; well, mine wants all soldiers to learn a profession or trade. That seems only fair."

"Oh!"

"And the other is a petition that all women should be compelled to serve three years in a hospital in the East end of London. You see, when we are invaded——"

But, as I say, my petitions aren't getting along very fast.

Ladies, is it kind? There was a time when your lightest wish was law to me. Now every day makes me seem a churl.

Is it necessary? These are matters very close to our hearts. Do you believe indeed that there are men firmly convinced that a certain measure is of vital importance to their country, who yet have to be begged by women to support it? And of what value to your petition is the signature of the indifferent man to whom it does not occur to sign until asked between the dances?

Have your petitions if you will, but let there be no asking. Instead, let hostesses put up a notice in the hall—

THE FOLLOWING PETITIONS CAN BE SIGNED HERE.

Military Service . . . Mrs. Smith.
Woman's Suffrage . . Miss Letitia Brown.
Anti-Suffrage . . . . Miss Betty Jones.
Anti-Vivisection . . . Mrs. Robinson.

Believe me, you would not by this lose any name of value.

And, if it so happened that a man full of enthusiasm for these and other causes did not visit houses where petitions lay, how easily he could advertise—

"WANTED, by an excellent Penman of impressive nomenclature, the following petitions to sign . . ."

which you would haste to send to him.

A. A. M.

POTTED PAPERS.

THE WESTMINSTER GAZETTE.

(*New Style.*)

IN THE HOUSE.

. . . With his keen sense of humour, Sir Albert Blond could not resist exploiting the comic aspect of the Bungalow tax. The House was sparsely filled when he rose, but in two minutes not a seat was untenanted. Beginning *piano* in a delicate vein of raillery, Sir Albert developed his theme with such a prodigal wealth of ludicrous illustration that the House was soon convulsed with merriment. Nor was the laughter confined to the Ministerial benches; Mr. BALFOUR rolled about in his seat, and Colonel LOCKWOOD actually fell on to the floor in a spasm of hysterical mirth and had to be carried out by Mr. LYTTELTON and Mr. LONG. But the amusement of the Tories was but short-lived. Suddenly changing his note, Sir Albert Blond lashed the Opposition for their unprincipled action in invoking the support of COBDEN for what was essentially a Protective policy. The Liberals cheered frantically and the Tories listened in sullen silence as he relentlessly drove home his point. For luminous logic, scornful irony, exquisite elocution and sledge-hammer force no speech heard in the last fifty years has excelled this wonderful effort. As an old Parliamentary hand observed, it combined the noble simplicity of BRIGHT with the trenchancy of CHAMBERLAIN and the wit of BERNAL OSBORNE.

IN THE SOCIAL WORLD.

Lady Blond gave a brilliantly successful musical *matinée* at her beautiful house in Belgrave Square on Friday afternoon, the percentage of refusals out of five hundred invitations being only fractional. The beautiful apartments were profusely decorated with flowers from the famous gardens of Golconda Grange, Sir Albert Blond's historic place in Hampshire, and the artistes were Madame Héloïse Petrarchini, the famous aerial soprano; Mr. Hanusch Jokai, the Hungarian *buffo*, and M. Menthol de Couac, who plays the clarinet more like a bird than a human being.

Lady Blond wore a superb dress of mauve savarin ornamented with sapphire kibobs, a corsage bouquet of priceless paprika, and a plastron of black seed pearls tastefully arranged so as to imitate a small sea of caviare.

Among the guests were Lord and Lady Rumpelmayer, Viscount Lisper, the Bolivian Minister, Sir Benjamin and Lady Truffel, the Duc and Duchesse d'Ortolan, Madame Gloria Kümmel, the Dowager Marchioness of Boodle and the Hon. Ruby Bonanza.

NOTES OF THE DAY.

As usual *The Morning Post* is dissatisfied with our comments on the Conference. We are sorry, in view of the weight and prestige of our contemporary and the unique position occupied by Mr. RICHARD JEBB as an adviser of the Unionist leaders, to have incurred its resentment; but after all, facts are facts, and nothing can be gained by refusing to face them. It was once a commonplace of Unionist speakers to point to the disintegrating tendencies at work in the Liberal Party. When we contemplate the dissensions which have now honeycombed the Opposition, we feel that Sir Albert Blond was fully justified last night in wittily reminding them of the old adage about people who live in glass houses.

Nocturne.

Opal and amber veils
Drifting athwart the moon,
Gossamer jewels on argent sails,
Light the lagoon.

Hark! the Kingfisher flies,
Clad in his harlequin suit,
Cleaving the dim ambrosial skies—
An arrowy lute.

Mars by Venus pursued
Gleams with a hectic flush,
And over the universe seems to brood
A Cosmic hush!

The old convention which associated dowdiness with philanthropy is happily extinct. Nothing is more charming in the present day than the way in which our *grandes dames* contrive to enlist high Art as the handmaid of charity. Thus we note that at the matinée organised by Princess Bobolinsky and Lady Blond, for the Bathchairmen's Orphan Asylum, to take place on July 25th, there will be a repetition of the Corot cotillon, which was so successful at Lady Blond's last season. A few £5 5*s*. tickets are still available.



A SUBURB OF ETON.

SCENE—*Lord's.*

First Eton Boy (to Second ditto). "I SAY, GEORGE, RARE LOT O' LOCAL BLIGHTERS ABOUT, WHAT!"

THE ANALYST.

THE following passage recently appeared in a review by HESTER BRAYNE in *The Literary Post*:—

"Take the readers of a novelist, say Mr. Arnold Bennett. From my observation, which is fairly wide, they are extremely nervous, with a tendency to hysteria, essentially bourgeois in taste, although consciously unconventional in artistic, social, and religious matters; their philosophic rationalism is but skin deep, reminding one of the blotches of free thought that disfigure the novels of Mr. Eden Phillpotts while endearing him to the members of the Rationalist Press Association; they possess the artistic temperament, and are proud of that dubious blessing."

My ingenious friend Beechcroft, who is always on the look-out for a new diversion, was greatly taken with the new HESTER BRAYNE division of readers, and studied it until he had made a science of it. I met him last Sunday morning in Piccadilly.

"Come into the Park," he said, "and take a pew, and I'll tell you what the people read."

"How?" I asked; and he explained the art. "It's quite easy," he said, "after a little care;" and off we went.

He got to work at once. "Do you see that thoughtful-looking woman," he said, "over there? The one with the sage-green dress with scarlet poppies on her breast, and a retriever. She reads GALSWORTHY. They are all like that, more or less. Serious, but very human. Lovers of dogs. Friends of Liberty. You can tell them a mile off."

I was surprised at his perspicacity. "Go on," I said.

"And this prematurely weary person with the buttonhole of nightshade—of course you spot him," said Beechcroft.

"No," I said. "I am no psychologist."

"Why, HARDY's his hero, of course. He reads HARDY's poems. It's written all over him. But these are easy cases. Now there's a more complex one coming this way. That girl there, in the blue dress. You see how impulsive she is by her quick movements. Her blood is good—notice her red lips. Her joy of life is strong—notice her springy step. Her defiance of trifling convention is shown by her want of a left glove, which also tells us, by revealing her fingers, that she is engaged. Everything points to one conclusion—she reads HEWLETT."

I had said nothing while Beechcroft was talking because I wanted to hear the end. I was naturally interested in what he was saying because the girl happened to be my cousin and I knew who her favourite authors were—MARION CRAWFORD and the WILLIAMSONS. But all I said was, "How extraordinarily clever you are!"

After, however, he had left me I decided to test his divining powers a little farther, so, taking my courage in my hands, I went up to the weary man with the nightshade in his buttonhole. "Excuse me," I said very nervously, "for doing what is apparently a very rude thing, but would you mind telling me if you are an admirer of Mr. THOMAS HARDY's poetry?"

"Poetry!" he said. "Not much! I don't read poetry. JACOBS is my man."

"The Vicar of St. Anne's and his wife were, at a garden party, presented with a piano by the members of the congregation of the Parish Church, in celebration of their silver rose bowl from the Sunday school teachers."—*Manchester Courier.*

The next thing to celebrate is the piano. In fact, once get started, and you can go on like this for ever.

MAKING UP A MIND.

WE were sitting in the smoking-room, and our friend, the Member of Parliament for the Division, was holding forth. Somebody had asked him whether he didn't find it difficult to make up his mind how to vote on all the important questions that came up in the House from time to time. He laughed heartily. "Oh dear, no," he said, "not a bit—at least, not when it 's a Party question, as it is nine times out of ten. You see, the division bell rings all over the House, and you troop up from the Terrace or the Smoking-room or the Library, and when you get to the door of the House you find the Whips there, and they say "Aye" or "No" as the case may be; and you just drop into the lobby they indicate. Then you pass along and you 're ticked off and counted, and that 's all. It 's the simplest thing in the world. No, you needn't know what you 're voting about. Sometimes I try to find out, but as a rule nobody can tell me. You 've just got to trust the Whips.

"Of course it 's not so easy when it 's a non-party question, because they don't put on the regular Whips either of the Government or of the Opposition, and so a chap may often get into the wrong lobby. Then perhaps he 'll have to defend his vote afterwards in his constituency, and he must mug up the arguments and find out why he voted as he did. And even if he does happen to be present during the debate he 'll probably get so knocked about one way and the other by the speeches that he won't know whether he 's standing on his head or his heels. That 's the worst of listening to speeches.

"For instance, last week we had the Second Reading of the Widowed Charwomen's Protection Bill. There 's been a frightful row about it, you know. The married Charwomen have formed a sort of Union and they won't let the widows join. The widows won't stand this, because they say it robs them of their living, so they 've had this Bill brought in to assert their rights and give 'em a free run. How do I know all that? Well, if you 'd had all the letters I 've had about it and heard all the speeches you 'd know something about it too. They 've been frightfully keen about it in this constituency and I 've been regularly bombarded with letters and telegrams on both sides. 'The Wives' Charing League' made all their members write to me to say that no Charwoman's husband should ever work or vote for me again if I voted for the Bill, and 'The Widows' Amalgamated Charing Association' threatened that if I didn't vote for it their male relations meant to have my blood. It was a deuced awkward situation, and I had serious thoughts of breaking a leg and keeping out of it altogether.

"However, I went to the debate with a perfectly open mind. Members on both sides were at me as soon as I got into the House, but I shook 'em all off—told 'em I meant to listen to the arguments and vote according to my conscience. That frightened 'em; they don't like you much when you talk about your conscience in the House. Well, the proposer's speech did the trick for me. I hadn't a doubt left at the end of it. No, you 're wrong there. He didn't persuade me to vote for his Bill—quite the reverse. I never heard such silly reasons as he gave for it, and I settled to vote against it. I wish I 'd gone away after that, but I stayed to hear the fellow who opposed it, and he sent me bang the other way. By the time he 'd finished I was perfectly certain that if I didn't vote for the blessed Bill I should never be able to hold up my head again.

"Then there came another chap who spoke against it, and he really made me think that the Bill was a perfectly monstrous and revolutionary proposal; and he was followed by a supporter who proved quite conclusively that justice and policy alike demanded the passage of the Bill. So it went on the whole evening. Every time I made up my mind somebody came along and unmade it for me and fixed me the other way. What did I do in the end? I 'll tell you. I took the frank and manly course of abstaining altogether from voting. And now the League and the Association have both called upon me to explain my absence from the division. That 's what comes of bringing up these non-party questions."

MAGNI NOMINIS UMBRA.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—In the recent case of *Smith* v. *A Newspaper* (recalling an earlier case of *Jones* v. *A Newspaper*), in which damages for libel were obtained, Counsel for the defence—Mr. F. E. SMITH, K.C.—cited *Punch* to show that the generic names of Smith and Jones were habitually taken in vain to illustrate types of various kinds; and when his Lordship asked Counsel if he himself proposed to bring an action he replied that he certainly would do so if the present action succeeded.

Without implying any reflection on the justice of the verdicts in the above cases I foresee that, following the lead of so eminent a Counsel as Mr. F. E. SMITH, many owners of these historic names will spend their spare time bringing libel actions of a speculative nature; and I protest against the birth-accident which gave me a comparatively unusual name, and thus prevents me from taking up so engaging a career. I have indeed broken out into verse on this tragic theme:—

A Jones can get damages, so can a Smith,
  If the deeds of a Jones or a Smith be referred to;
Then Robinson he must be next reckoned with,
  And Brown, if he 's mentioned, will put in his word, too.
But I have no chance, Sir, though ransacking duly
  All sheets for some hint that I 'm bad and uncomely;
For me there 's no verdict, for I am, Yours truly,
  Adolphus FitzMarjoribanks-Wemyss-Beauchamp-ffoulkes-Cholmondeley.

From a feuilleton:—

"Her voice was low and soft; but once again, as Janet Fenn withdrew from the room, and closed the door after her, the fiendish gleam came into her odourless eyes."

If we hear any more of Janet, we will let you know.

Clerical Candour.

"Mr. C. commenced his duties on June 19th. He hopes regularly on Sunday evenings (until further notice) to play some selections of music after the Evening Service, and it is hoped that those of the congregation who appreciate music will endeavour to stay in their seats."—*Parish Magazine.*

The protest can be made afterwards in the vestry.

A Sporting Offer.

"CORNET Player Open for Engagements for dance music, 2s. 6d. per hour or terms; or will Sell Good Cornet cheap."—*Advt. in "Christchurch (N.Z.) Evening News."*

Now the public can choose.

Suggested English title for STRAUSS'S *Feuersnot:* Hanging fire.



FORGOTTEN SPORTS.

MOCKING THE TURTLE.

THE SCHOOL FOR WAITERS.

"YES," he said, "we teach them everything here. We guarantee to turn them out qualified to do credit to the waiter's calling. For example, to show you how thorough we are, here is our exercise ground. That 's where we teach them to walk. See, they 're at it now. Not too fast, you notice, and not too springy. In fact springiness is one of our *bêtes noires*, if I may so express myself. We have an instrument for rendering the feet flat in those cases where Nature hasn't done it. But she usually does. A wonderful woman Nature, Sir?

"This room here is where the waiters' vocabulary is taught. It 's a brief one, but of the highest importance. The chief work is to make them unlearn what they know. Many of our candidates come here with quite a flow of language. Epithets for everything. But we don't allow that, of course. There 's only one adjective for food, and that 's 'nice,' and no man gets our certificate until he has ceased to use all the others. You may have noticed that no good waiter ever uses any other word—'Have a nice grilled sole?' he says; 'a nice cutlet'; 'a nice chop'; 'a nice steak?' That 's so, isn't it? All our doing.

"There are other phrases too; but very few of them. We don't want to burden the men's minds. 'Coming, Sir, coming'—they have to practise that for hours. And then the stock reply to impatient customers, 'In two minutes'—they practise that too. Some of them are very quick and get the whole vocabulary in a month or so quite perfectly. Others take longer.

"In this room," added my cicerone, "we teach them also to say quietly but effectively, after City dinners and other big gatherings, 'I 'm just going now, Sir,' 'I hope everything has been satisfactory, Sir,' and such stimulating phrases.

"Here 's the cellar. This is where we train the men in shaking bottles. You see that young fellow there—he has naturally quite a steady hand, but give him a bottle of old claret or hock and it 'll be like a thick soup when he comes to pour it out. He 's our best pupil, but the others are all good too before we 've done with them. There 's also a special class for pouring out wine so as to spill a little. We are very particular about that; and coffee too. We spend the utmost pains in teaching artistic coffee-spilling. Some gentlemen wouldn't know where they were if the waiters poured coffee neatly, so we have to be particular.

"This is the auditorium, as we call it, where we coach the men in not hearing customers the first time. And I think that 's all."

I thanked him for his courtesy, and before leaving asked for the name of the restaurant to which his men usually went, to keep it as a reference.

"None in particular," he said. "they go to all."

Beetroot.

"Then Blythe finished off the innings by doing the hat trick, dismissing Mr. Lawton and Howcroft with the last two balls of one over and Root with the first of the next."—*Daily Mail.*

In the actual score the name of the third victim is given as Beet. There is not much in it, perhaps, but we should welcome an official announcement on the subject.

A Norfolk contemporary, in reporting a plague of flies, says:—

"Inspector Slipperfield, of Blofield, and Sergeant Webb, of Thorpe, are watching the movements of the swarms."

It seems a fairly soft job being a policeman.

Extract from a poem in *The Academy*:

"I am the Lord of Love," he cried,
"And am the Prince of Tears."

Reciters of this are requested to be careful with the second line.



The Master. "HOW'S THIS, THOMAS? I HEAR MY DOG'S BEEN FIGHTING AGAIN."
Thomas (the gardener). "YES, SIR, AND DON'T HE IMPROVE!"

A CHILD OF THE SUN.

[It seems certain that we are at the beginning of a wasp year of unusual virulence."
Daily Paper.]

WINGED pirate with the poisoned dagger!
Devourer of the jampot's hoard,
And quite incorrigible ragger
Of every British breakfast board,
Till blind with surfeit to your doom you stagger,
Drunk as a lord;

Till, trapped amid the heady spices,
Snared by the treason of your taste,
Foreseeing not the hand that slices
(Be cautious, woman, not with haste!)—
Mary, who's always bold at such a crisis,
Severs your waist;

Wasp (to be brief), my dear good fellow—
A pestilential bore to some
Who mark you round their plates grow mellow,
But I am glad to hear you hum—
Which is your favourite brand, old boy, the yellow
Or greengage plum?

'Ware of your appetite for toping
I do not shriek nor tremble if
I find you round my foodstuffs sloping,
But, like a man, at danger sniff,
Watching my hour, well-armed and always hoping
To have you stiff.

Nay, what is more, I praise your pounces,
I contemplate with joy your nerve;
At every boom my bosom bounces,
It almost pains me when you swerve
Down to your last long sleep in 16 oz.
Of pure conserve.

For this I know, what time you smother
Remembrance in that final bout,
The sun's your sire, the earth's your mother,
You bring the days of halcyon drought;
Therefore I weep for you the while, my brother,
I wipe you out.

EVOE.

Advt. in *Sussex Daily News*:—

Situation:—	Rent per week.	Bathroom.	Bedroom.	Reception-rooms.	Stabling for
Burgess Hill	30 gns.	14	2	4	6

The sad case of the guest who used one of Friday's bathrooms on Monday and was never asked to the spare room again is still remembered at Burgess Hill.

"Five wickets fell for 90, and then an unexpected stand was made. The two amateurs before being separated advanced the score to 94."—*Belfast Newsletter.*

They don't expect much in Ireland.

"Kent, with a lead of 144 over Somerset on the first innings, have made 51 for three in the second, and are now 206 ahead. . . . As Kent scored 51 for three wickets before the close they should win the match with ease, for with seven wickets in hand they are 195 on."—*Manchester Guardian.*

Kent was really 190 ahead, but we have not time to explain it now.



THE UNCONQUERED AIR.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 11. – General cheer welcomed PRINCE ARTHUR back to business after brief illness. Also the SPEAKER again takes the Chair after a wilful bicycle closured his morning ride. SARK has interesting story about the accident. It seems that when the SPEAKER perceived imminent danger of a fall he in peremptory voice cried, "Order! order!" Usual effect absolutely lacking. Over he went, just as if he were an ordinary Irish Member.

Approach to debate on Woman's Suffrage Bill heralded by pleasing, as it turned out, illusive incident. Two messengers dressed like waiters entered bearing in either hand what looked like tea-trays. Ah! Here was evidence of the thoughtfulness of woman, her instinct of hospitality, her consideration for unworthy man. Forthcoming debate likely to be prolonged, not to say tedious. A cup of tea, a slice of brown bread and butter, peradventure a buttered bun, would be exceptionally welcome.

On closer inspection, what looked like well-furnished tea-trays turned out to be bundles of petitions.

SHACKLETON arose on front bench below Gangway to move Second Reading of Parliamentary Franchise (Women) Bill, colloquially known as "the Conciliation Bill," because some of its provisions offend habitual supporters of the Cause, like LLOYD GEORGE. Not proceeded far with his speech when, as WILLIAM BLACK used to say in now forgotten novels, lo! a strange thing happened.

ANNAN BRYCE had given notice to second motion for rejection of Bill, an intention in due course fulfilled. Entering the House while SHACKLETON was still wrestling with his exordium, he was observed, first with amazement, then with sickening sense of horror, to be making his way down the floor, passing between the Member on his legs and the SPEAKER in the Chair. With respect to other breaches of order certain measure of laxity is permitted. This is the unpardonable sin. When BRYCE'S purpose was discovered there went up from both sides of crowded House a shout of expostulation and execration, comparable only with the roar heard in the lion's den when the mid-day meal is unduly delayed. BRYCE pulled up just in time. With ashen countenance and shaking knees turned about and slunk back.



"THE UNPARDONABLE SIN."
Execration of Annan Bryce for laying Shackleton a stymie.

Apart from just resentment of breach in order, the incident left behind unpleasant sense of suspicion. BRYCE'S opposition to the measure, his difference with the mover, were testified to by notice on the paper. Of course, if by any chance SHACKLETON could be put out of the way there would be swift end of the controversy. It was remembered that BRYCE had just returned from the great continent beyond the Atlantic where bowie knives are cheap and action free. "Mak siccar" is a motto to this day proudly borne on the crest of the descendants of an amiable Scottish nobleman (flourishing in the days when the Scots had their own king) who, as history recounts, took exceptional care that a certain foeman of his sovereign should not again be troublesome. ANNAN BRYCE, himself a Scotsman, knows the story.

It is in this connection, of course, an idle reminiscence. Nevertheless Members whisper to each other that BRYCE has been too long a member of the House inadvertently to outrage its most cherished point of order.

Business done.—Second Reading of Woman's Suffrage Bill moved.

Tuesday.—The meanness of man, his constitutional shiftiness, brought into strong light this evening. Well known that if the fate of SHACKLETON'S Bill were decided by the ballot it would be bundled off the premises by overwhelming majority. Within the last two years Members have had advantage of close study of what is likely to happen when lovely woman stoops to the folly of playing at politics. The HOME SECRETARY has had his face slashed with a whip; the PRIME MINISTER'S windows have been smashed in town and country; public meetings have been broken up, and Parliamentary

proceedings interfered with by women who either dash in from the doorway or chain themselves to the grille of the gallery.

These demonstrations of capacity for control of public affairs, while strengthening opposition by old stagers, have driven waverers into the hostile camp. Nevertheless, for reasons partly domestic, partly traceable to consideration for constituents, 299 Members voted for second reading, carrying the stage by a majority of 109.

That, as little PETERKIN'S interlocutor more than once remarked, was a famous victory. Exceeded the rush by which Veto Resolutions were carried. Next thing to do, in ordinary circumstances the automatic procedure under new rules, was to send Bill to Grand Committee, there to be discussed, possibly strengthened by amendment, and come back, say a fortnight hence, to be carried through remaining stages by the impetus of this great force.

It was here that the frailities of manhood, delicately alluded to, manifested themselves. The alternative to sending Bill to Grand Committee is to refer it to Committee of the whole House. By such arrangement it must needs take its turn with other more pressing and important measures. All know that, in view of adjournment within next three weeks, every hour of ordinary sittings of House is mortgaged. To refer the Bill to Committee of whole House was equivalent to chucking it out as far as present session is concerned.

And that was what was done by majority of 145. MACCHIAVELLI wasn't in it with sober-minded, tall-hatted, church—or chapel—going M.P.'s, who voted, in some cases spoke, in favour of the Bill and immediately after threw in their lot, tongue in cheek, with conspirators who solemnly remitted it to an inaccessible Committee. All very well to asseverate their love; but why did they kick it downstairs?

Business done.—Woman Suffrage Bill smothered in its cradle. Thus doth man's inhumanity to woman make countless thousands mourn.

House of Lords, Thursday.—Taking part in debate on state of things in Ireland just now, DONOUGHMORE incidentally cast flood of light on manners and customs in Tipperary. Reference made by preceding speakers to condition of affairs when JOHN MORLEY was at Irish Office, and CREWE (then Lord HOUGHTON) at the Viceregal Lodge. DONOUGHMORE modestly excused himself from following up the line of argument.



AN ACCOMMODATING PHYSIQUE.

"I am willing to submit to any pressure which the majority of this House may put upon me."—*Mr. Harcourt, in reply to a question as to the re-building of the front of Buckingham Palace.*

"I was," he said, "at that time in petticoats."

Doing a little sum in arithmetic, knowing that DONOUGHMORE, with other choice flowers, was born in the early spring of 1875, while MORLEY and CREWE were in office in 1895, noble lords worked out result that at comparatively mature age of twenty he still wore petticoats. Before the pleased eye rose a vision of the noble Lord, his sylph-like figure partially draped in petticoats, tripping over the meads and morasses that girdle the ancestral home in Clonmel. Brooding over recollections of early childhood, WORDSWORTH, has written how

> Not in entire forgetfulness,
> And not in utter nakedness,
> But trailing clouds of glory do we come.

Up to his twentieth year Lord DONOUGHMORE trailed his petticoat.

Business done.—The Commons cackle over the Shipbuilding Vote for the Navy. Carried by overwhelming majority.



Keir Hardie. "Well, I seem to hit off the popular taste about as well here as I did in England! Wretched Jingo lot! always ready to fight for their country! 'Bushido!' Bah! *Makes me sick!*"

(According to *The Christian World*, Mr. Keir Hardie "sometimes dreams, if ever he retires from politics, of a retreat to Japan, and a settling down in an inland village.")

SUPPRESSIO VERI.

THE Theatre and Music-Hall Licensing Committee of the L. C. C. sat last Thursday and Friday to consider applications for leave to produce a number of cinematograph performances representing scenes in the life of eminent public men. The proceedings were strictly private, but the following condensed summary of what took place has reached us from a trustworthy source.

The first application related to a realistic series of scenes portraying the interviews between Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P., and various members of the Cabinet when the idea of a Conference was first mooted. In these the Great Negotiator was shown in a number of elegant attitudes—patting the PREMIER on the back, with his arm round Mr. LULU HARCOURT'S neck, singing "*The Harp that once in Tara's Halls*" to the accompaniment of a Welsh harp played by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, and so on. The series opened with the entrance of Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR by the PREMIER'S front hall door, and closed with his exit from the pantry window of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER'S residence.

Mr. T. HEALY, M.P., who opposed the application on behalf of the All-for-Ireland League, argued that it was entirely derogatory to the dignity of a great Irish patriot like Mr. O'CONNOR to have him

exhibited to the cynical curiosity of a Cockney mob as a "minowdhering, minandhering and blandandhering palaverer." He felt sure, he added, that the public exhibition of these scenes would be extremely painful to Mr. PATRICK FORD and Mr. HARCOURT.

The objection was maintained and the application was withdrawn.

The proposed production of a Cinematograph and Gramophone Record of a Recital by M. PACHMANN was next discussed.

In support of the application it was argued that the performance would tend to foster friendship with the Russian nation, of which M. PACHMANN was a distinguished representative.

Lord ROBERT CECIL, K.C., who appeared for M. PADEREWSKI and Mr. MARK HAMBOURG, vigorously opposed the application. He submitted that the honourable status of the pianist was likely to be seriously prejudiced if the notion were allowed to prevail that speeches, pantomimic action and dancing formed an integral part of pianoforte recitals.

The Committee unanimously rejected the application.

"The Prémier at Play" was the title of the entertainment which next came before the Committee. This proved to be a bioscopophonic representation of a foursome at golf, with Mr. ASQUITH as one of the players. The application was enthusiastically supported by the Women's Social and Political Union on the ground that one of the caddies was a prominent Suffragette in disguise.

The SOLICITOR-GENERAL, who appeared for the Anti-Objurgation Society, opposed the application, maintaining that it was contrary to the public interest to give a public representation of what was said as well as done in a bunker from which the PREMIER took seventeen strokes to extricate himself.

Ultimately a compromise was effected, by which the bunker scene was cut out and the PREMIER was never represented in the act of hitting the ball.



BEYOND HELP.

SCENE—*A First Aid Class examination, where Boy Scouts, labelled as having received various injuries, are being used as subjects.*

Pupil (to small Scout, whose label is invisible). "AND WHAT IS SUPPOSED TO BE WRONG WITH YOU?" *Scout (cheerfully).* "PLEASE, MISS, I'M DEAD!"

HOW TO AVOID CRISES.

MODERN METHODS.

THAT men should talk for days and days
  Of Compromise, is bad enough;
But when the ladies get the craze
  Then I have more than had enough.

I took my loveliest of loves
  Along of me to Hurlingham
(For if one has some newish gloves
  Well, why not be unfurling 'em?).

Since every modern lady, who
  Has ceased to be a flapper, owns
That taxicabs were made for two,
  And home's the place for chaperons,

We went *à deux*. I thought it wise
  To stroke her hand and indicate
The benefits which would arise
  From fixing up a syndicate.

I talked from three to seven o'clock,
  And then, because she fed at eight,
I took her home to change her frock,
  And left her there to meditate,

Myself returning homeward by
  A red (an almost ruby) bus,
And leaving till to-morrow my
  Prospective fate *in nubibus*.

Her letter came at break of day,
  And this is what she wrote to me:—
She could not bring herself to say
  A "Yes" nor yet a "No" to me.

"I take the mean. To be exact,
  Although one has a brother, one
Could manage with a little tact
  To undertake another one."

I wired (the answer was prepaid):—
  "You make a compromise of it?"
Her ultimatum:—"I 'm afraid
  That 's just about the size of it."

A Menace.

"CORNS.—Hobble while you can; after using one bottle of —— you can't."
Advt. in "Yorkshire Telegraph."

OUR FISCAL COMMISSION IN LONDON.

Mr. Punch, in his anxiety to create a better feeling between England and Germany, resolved to compensate the Fatherland for the intrusion of English Fiscal Commissioners, and instructed typical German Free Traders and Protectionists to investigate London life. In order that the inquirers should be absolutely unprejudiced, *Mr. Punch* chose persons who did not know a word of English. The following is a translation of their reports:—

I.—LONDON BY A GERMAN FREE-TRADER.

On inquiring which was the most typical London street, I was by numerous persons referred to Park Lane. So I travelled thither by a motor-bus—riding in the utmost luxury—for ten pfennige. I was pleased to observe how easily the workmen of Park Lane could travel to and from their labours in these comfortable vehicles. Park Lane, where I expected to find specimens of hungry toilers, is a great street of fine houses looking on a noble park, and compares most favourably with our blocks of workmen's dwellings in Berlin.

Being anxious to secure accurate information, I made inquiries from the constable on duty in the neighbourhood. Facts ascertained from a Government official of conspicuous exactness may certainly be relied upon.

Average hours of labour of Park Lane residents.—Quarter of an hour per day.

Average income of labourers.—£100,000 (2,000,000 marks) per annum, or £2,000 (40,000 marks) per week.

Food of labourers.—The constable assured me from his personal knowledge of Park Laners' cooking that the consumption of dog, horse, and goat flesh is absolutely unknown.

Clothing of residents.—I was particularly impressed by the number of white shirts worn. What is a luxury in Berlin is a commonplace in London.

Employment.—Not a single resident of this vast area has been registered as unemployed at the local bureau.

General observations.—I was much struck by the number of German residents. All had fled from the blight of Protection at home to take refuge in this blessed land of Free Trade. In the second place I was impressed by the overflowing wealth of the district. What a city to plunder!

II.—LONDON BY A GERMAN PROTECTIONIST.

Perhaps the best known thoroughfare in London, corresponding to our Unter den Linden, is Petticoat Lane. Therefore I resolved to take it as a typical case. I was prepared for misery, but the reality caused tears to trickle down my cheeks. Let those who disbelieve in the advantages of a Protective Tariff look at these figures.

Percentage of out-of-works.—98 per cent. Every man who accosted me assured me that he was out of work.

Average hours worked when employed.—18 per diem.

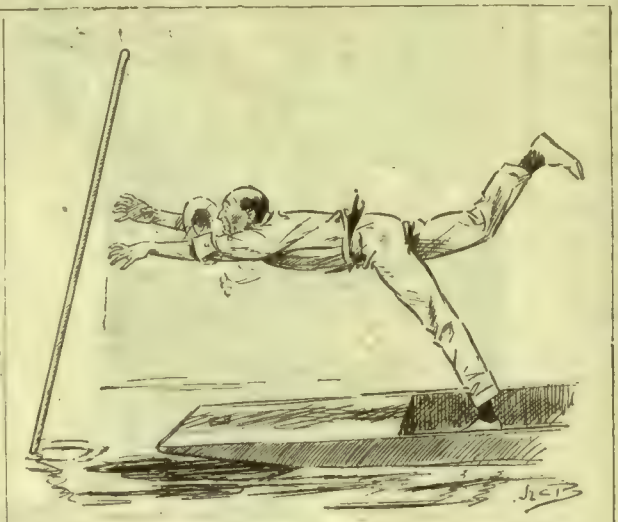
Average wage paid.—1*s.* 6*d.* per diem (one mark fifty pfennige).

Food of populace.—All of whom I made inquiry declared that they had not eaten for weeks, and besought charity. Surely black bread is better than nothing.

Clothing of populace.—I can declare from ocular observation that no new clothing is sold in London. Everything is second-hand. As an instance of the poverty of the community, I saw a pair of trousers first offered by a tradesman at 14*s.* 6*d.* and finally disposed of for 10½*d.*

General Observations.—The rapacity of the starving populace is enormous. During the hours that I spent in Petticoat Lane it was seldom that a hand was out of my pockets. Happily I had adopted the protective measure of leaving my purse at the hotel.

I return to the Fatherland convinced that nothing but the instant imposition of food taxes can keep these starving people from extinction. Certainly an invasion is not worth while, until the country has risen to prosperity again under Protection.



ANOTHER DASH FOR THE POLE.

ROOSEVELT AND THE RING.

BY a strange coincidence (writes a correspondent), on the very day on which I read Mr. ROOSEVELT's statement in the periodical which he helps to edit, that he had himself appeared in public boxing contests, and had a number of prize-fighters among his most valued friends, I chanced to meet in a Fleet Street tea-shop one of his old associates. He was a short, sturdily built man, his iron-grey hair cropped short, his nose flat, and he had one scar over the right eye and another on the clean-shaven lip. His little eyes looked keenly at me as he drank out of his saucer. By his check suit, red satin necktie, and three diamond rings I knew him to be just the kind of man one would be proud to call a friend.

"Yus," he said, "I've 'ad 'em on with TEDDY, more than once or twice."

"He is known as a hard-hitter; did you find him so?" I asked; and I told the waitress to bring the bruiser another sponge-cake.

"See this—and this?" he said, significantly pointing to his right eyebrow and his lip. "Teddy-marks, they are. I've 'ad my bit of luck, with belts and champi'nships, and what not; but I never got the best of *'im*;" and I thought his face took on a sad expression as he gazed far away towards the plated urns.

"Was he then so good a fighter?" I asked.

"Only mod'rit as a fighter. Always in too much of an 'urry. No, not what I call a first-class fighter."

"Then how did he manage——"

"Well, you see, 'e's a great 'un at conversation, is TEDDY. That's what done me in every time—'is conversation. 'E *would* talk; I never stood up to 'im once but what e'd either be lecturin' me on physical generation or racing suicide, or else tellin' me what 'igh old times he and 'is mates used to 'ave out West. Very interestin', very; but I'm only used to fightin' with the 'ands—I ain't up to the jaw work 'e used to put in. It was w'en 'e was tellin' me of 'ow 'is old friend Shootin' Ginger wrestled with a blind ox that 'e give me this one on the lip."

"That was unfortunate," I said, in weak sympathy. "And the other 'Teddy-mark'? How did you get that?"

"He give me that," he said, "just as he was tellin' me that the great thing



New Vicar's Wife (who has just come from her first Mothers' Meeting). "AND, MY DEAR, YOU CAN'T THINK HOW NICE SOME OF THE WOMEN ARE. *Far* TOO RESPECTABLE TO BE MOTHERS, I'M SURE!"

to remember in life was either to git on or to git out." Here he fell savagely upon the sponge-cake, and I learned no more of the home life of America's greatest citizen.

The Vernacular Press.

The example set by so staid a journal as *The Daily Express* in the following headline:—

"VOTES FOR WOMEN
(WE *don't* THINK)"

is likely to have a strong following among our more emancipated sub-editors. We offer a few suggestions:—

MARCH OF UNEMPLOYED
TO TRAFALGAR SQUARE
(LET 'S ALL GO DOWN THE STRAND)

REDMOND'S LATEST MOVE
(SUCKS FOR OLD ASQUITH)

LITTLE NAVYITES
(GOVERNMENT UP A POLE)

SUICIDE OF CITY MAN
(BALMY ON THE CRUMPET)

ACCIDENT TO LADY MOTORIST
(WHAT O SHE BUMPS)

THE RECRUDESCENCE OF COURTLINESS.

ENCOURAGING symptoms of the return of chivalry were noted on Thursday, July 14—let the date be duly recorded—by *The Daily Mirror*, which was taking a look round the streets of London that afternoon. We read that in Bond Street a well-turned-out, up-to-date young Englishman was actually seen talking to a lady with his hat in his hand; that in the City a man who was obviously rushing for a train stopped to pick up an umbrella which a lady had dropped, handed it back to her gracefully, and not till he had raised his hat in a distinctly stately manner did he proceed on his way (probably missing his train); also that a man in a silk hat and morning coat carried a heavy basket (also dropped) for a poor woman across the street to the lift of a Tube station. These little anemometric straws are ascribed to the re-appearance of the "Modest Violet Maiden."

Other instances of a similar tendency have been duly reported to *Mr. Punch* within the last few days. At a public meeting recently held at Queen's Hall five Damsels-errant of the Purple Iris variety, on uprising simultaneously and shouting "Liar!" at a distinguished Statesman, then in the course of his speech, were most courteously helped to sit down and generally soothed in their hysterical condition by as many Stewards of the meeting, who, we noticed, were wearing white shirt-cuffs and new shilling ties for the occasion.

On Monday afternoon a fourteen-stone policeman, who had been trying some jiujitsu experiments with a lady in response to her appeal for male collaboration, and found himself executing a somersault in his eagerness to please, remarked to the fair Britomart, as he gathered up his helmet with an old-world air, that he would always be very glad (not 'arf, as he put it) to break his neck in order to oblige a lady.

We look daily for further displays of awakening gallantry due to the Shrinking Primrose Miss or the Bashful Ox-eye Girl.

A communication from Shepherd's Bush:

"The twenty-four hours' cycle race at the Stadium on Friday and Saturday next will start at 7.30 p.m. on Friday and finish at 7.30 p.m. on Saturday, not at 8 p.m., as previously announced."

It was a lucky thought of somebody's to work it out again.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IT is no new thing to see the Spirit of Romance dragged behind the chariot wheels of a Great Cause, but it still gives me rather a shock when a really clever novelist does it. There is quite enough of good plot and clear characterisation—to say nothing of that kind of humour which sometimes makes one laugh aloud, and (if one happens to be in an omnibus) provokes the amazed compassion of fellow-travellers—in *A Splendid Heritage* (STANLEY PAUL), by Mrs. STEPHEN BATSON, to carry through the story without any imported didactic interest; so when I came to pages of Socialistic propaganda, all of which I had read many times before, introduced under the thin screen of an argument between the hero and his friend (a clergyman and a Tory), I felt rather as the cricketing reporters seem to do when the stone-waller comes in. *Mr. Richard Ferrier* was the adopted heir to a soap manufacturer's millions, and had large schemes of social reform, but, except for the dialogue referred to, he gets no further with these in the narrative, which is occupied with his courtship (as a poor man) of the widow, *Marie Sherwood*, a figure not quite so interesting, I think, as she was meant to be. But incidentally there is a delightful and very good-humoured satire on the society of a country village (you must on no account miss *Tom Waller* and *Mrs. Tarberton*) and its whole-hearted devotion to the chase of bird, beast and ball. The author makes an exception, however, in favour of the pastime of gardening, which is contrasted with other games, and notably golf, to the great disadvantage of the latter. Probably the true Socialist feels, as I have myself sometimes felt after an off-day on the links, that there is less waste of productive energy when you use the orthodox hoe.



Well-meaning Golfer. "ER, DO YOU THINK IT QUITE SAFE TO BRING THAT CHILD ACROSS THE LINKS?"

Matilda Jane. "OH, IT'S ALL RIGHT, SIR. I SHOULDN'T THINK OF BRINGIN' 'IM IF HE WARN'T AS DEAF AS A POST, POOR LITTLE CHAP!"

In point of art, *Intellectual Mansions, S.W.* (CHAPMAN AND HALL) is just round the corner from *The Street of Adventure*. On the map it is a block of flats on the other side of the river, tenanted by a group of smart young writers and artists of both sexes and various kinds, whom Mr. PHILIP GIBBS, the expert architect of both street and mansions, christens the Would-be-Greats but the Just-fall-Shorts of the artist life. To the flats and flat-dwellers in Chapter I. enter two new-comers, an earnest country doctor and his pretty, purposeless sister. Intoxicated by the atmosphere of home-brewed coffee and shoppy slang, in which the Intellectuals really shine, they are whirled into a sort of square dance with a real live Court Theatre playwright and his misunderstood wife, and quickly set to partners, or rather to corners, earnest doctor to misunderstood wife, and neurotic dramatist to pretty sister. The dance waxes furiouser and furiouser, till at last the misunderstood wife joins the ranks of the militant Suffragists and the pretty sister trips off to meet the dramatist at Charing Cross Station—which is to the beginning of the elopement of fiction what big-game shooting is to the end of all unhappy love-affairs. Luckily, however, for all parties, the dramatist changes his mind and his plot at the last moment, and fails to turn up at the booking-office. Otherwise he would have been taking two tickets for the Continent just at the moment when his Suffragist wife is done to death in a street riot, the first martyr to the Cause. I expect the book will be popular with those who like to know, you know, all about the people who write in and are written about in the newspapers. But personally I don't think it 's in the same street with *The Street of Adventure*.

I never seem to get over an old-fashioned prejudice in favour of incident in a novel. Possibly the novelists of to-day who are big enough to hold me without incident are not enough to go round. At any rate I want rather more than one brush with a frontier tribe to get me comfortably through a book like *Sahib-Log*, by Mr. JOHN TRAVERS (DUCKWORTH). Not that it hasn't a fair number of good points. The story traces the gradual strengthening of the link between a soldier and his wife as they come to a mutual understanding, she realising that the man, a fighter and ruler of men, hasn't got it in him to express in words his very real love for her, and he little by little learning the peculiarities of her sensitive and very feminine nature. These two people provide an interesting study, but Mr. TRAVERS hardly makes enough of it to fill out a book. There is besides a deal of readable information about India, and there is a variety of characters, though none is much dwelt upon, and I don't know that any are very new. Also there is a flavouring of the *Plain-Tales-from-the-Hills* kind —rather diluted. But, as I said, I want movement. There doesn't seem to me to be sufficient blood for a book in which every man who counts is a soldier.

The first part of Mr. DOUGLAS SLADEN'S *Queer Things about Egypt* (HURST AND BLACKETT) is devoted — too devoted, in my opinion—to "Anecdotes illustrating the Egyptian character." Many of these yarns are supplied by Mrs. CROMWELL RHODES, who is called *Agenoria* in the book, and as this fancy name appears no fewer than twenty-four times in one short chapter, I may perhaps be forgiven for getting a little tired of it. The kindest thing I can find to say of the stories is that there are plenty to choose from. Whatever defects Mr. SLADEN may have as a writer parsimony is not one of them. The second part—"On the Nile, From Alexandria to Assuan"—is more to my taste, though Mr. SLADEN does not make me palpitatingly eager to visit the places which he describes. There is, however, a delightful chapter called, "Abûkir and the Battle of the Nile." As a photographer Mr. SLADEN is again prolific, and the quality of his illustrations is excellent.

CHARIVARIA.

MR. ASQUITH'S admission that Germany has the same right as Great Britain to increase her navy has given great satisfaction in Berlin, and Germany will now go ahead seriously with her *Dreadnoughts*.

* * *

"The Committee of Imperial Defence," MR. ASQUITH has told the House, "is constituted by the Prime Minister of such persons as for the time being he invites to sit upon it." Can it be that LORD KITCHENER has sat upon it without being invited?

* * *

We consider that the Law Society ought to be satisfied with MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S explanation, the burden of which was, "No offence meant." We really do believe he sometimes cannot help it.

* * *

The Admiralty is being twitted with the fact that, after being condemned to the scrap-heap, *H.M.S. Centurion* and *H.M.S. Barfleur* figured in an official return as effective battleships. What the Admiralty intended to convey was, we imagine, that these vessels would be useful in a scrap.

* * *

On the occasion of his visit to Brussels the King of BULGARIA made a short flight with M. DE LAMINE, and His Majesty decorated the aeronaut with the Order of St. Alexander while in the air. "This," says *The Daily Chronicle*, "is probably the first time that any man has been decorated by a King while flying at a height of 200 feet." "Probably" seems to err on the side of caution.

* * *

MR. JOHN BURNS has introduced into the House of Commons a Bill to enable local authorities to appoint officials whose duties will comprise advice to mothers, and the promotion of cleanliness. One can just imagine the indignation which will be aroused by the receipt of some such notice as the following: "Dear Madam,—Unless your son William Henry's hands are washed and the finger marks on his face removed within seven days, the Council's scraper will be instructed to attend and do the necessary."

* * *

MR. COSMO BONSOR has been appointed President of Guy's Hospital, and his friends will watch his future with interest. His predecessor in office has become King of England.

* * *

"Canada," says EARL GREY, "is the belle of the ball, but it is possible that impostors may put on the robes of the Lady of Snow. I advise investors to make sure that they are dancing with the right partner." For all that, we fancy that Canada is not keen on retaining the reputation of being the Belle of the Snow Ball.

* * *

In a lecture at the Royal United Service Institute, MR. N. W. THOMAS stated that a reed instrument played in Nigeria produced exactly the same effect as the Scottish bagpipes. This renders the local prevalence of sleeping sickness all the more mysterious.

* * *

A hair specialist has come forward with the warning that, if the large hat craze continues, women will lose their hair. We can well believe this. It must be extremely difficult to find anything in those huge structures.

* * *

Hatless women visitors, it is announced, will not be allowed to enter Yarmouth parish church. We presume that the entrance is about to be enlarged.



Lady from the Bargain Sales. "WHAT IS THE NEXT TRAIN FOR BRIXTON?"
Booking Clerk. "TWO-TEN."
Lady. "MAKE IT TWO-THREE AND I'LL TAKE IT."

When the Crystal Palace menagerie was sold by auction the other day there was scarcely any competition for the yaks, one of which was given away for sixty shillings. Evidently the expected reaction against the tiny toy dogs which are at present affected by Society ladies has not yet set in. It is, however, bound to come, and our advice to investors in yaks is, Hold them.

* * *

A needle which entered the left knee of a dressmaker at Schroda, Posen, a contemporary tells us, emerged some days later from the sole of her right foot. This must have been particularly annoying if meantime she had purchased another in its place.

* * *

We hear that, owing to his success with his aeroplane at Bournemouth, MR. LORAINE, the actor, is contemplating giving a series of Flying Matinées.

* * *

In reply to a question from MR. FELL, MR. LLOYD GEORGE undertook that every facility should be given to married women to pay the super-tax. The CHANCELLOR is evidently determined to show the Suffragists that they do him an injustice in imagining that he does not favour equal rights for men and women.

* * *

The recent incident that caused a certain Strand restaurant to figure in the police court reminds us that it was just this kind of thing that, under another great Empire, tended to weaken the force of the proud boast,

Civis Romano's Sum.

* * *

ABDUL HAMID, according to *The Daily Mail*, is now enjoying the unique experience of reading an extremely frank account of his own reign by the historian OSMAN NOWRI. HIS MAJESTY is said to have come to the conclusion that he really was a bit of a flier.

From the catalogue of "The Aryan Nursery":—

"*Pure honey*:—Is the extracted juce of bees which is used by everybody either healthy or weak. Its benefit, as we know, is far from description. If it is taken by the healthy with bread as break-fast, it makes him phisically strong and brings a special colour to the appearance; as for the weak, we are sure, is of the same benifit as for the healthy. It is doubtedless superfluous to add forcibly as we are no physician nor a Doctor, that it is of much more benefit than the other good things."

A HOLLOWAY DE LUXE.

To a Militant Suffragette.

[Miss Christabel Pankhurst has publicly assigned to the Suffragettes the credit for those excellent reforms in our prison administration of which the Home Secretary gave so admirable a sketch on Wednesday last. But there is no doubt another element which takes a more sinister view of these proposals.]

Madam, I never knew you fail to say
Just what you thought of Mr. Winston Churchill,
But, oh, the words you used the other day,
Then when he left your backers in the lurch, 'll
But feebly indicate the awful shock
Of this his latest knock.

For if he wrought you great and grievous ill
(See Earl of Lytton) when, in lieu of blessing,
He blasted your Conciliation Bill
And gave the thing a most infernal dressing,
What of his new proposals which disarm
The gaol of half its charm?

Henceforth you are to serve your time on toast;
Your cultured tastes will be no longer thwarted;
No more on platforms will he let you boast
How rude the prison-raiment which you sported,
Or (brutal torture) how you had to scrub
Inside the penal tub.

The rule of Silence—worst of Woman's banes—
Is to be modified; with kindred cronies
You may engage, without incurring pains,
In brief but joyous conversaziones:—
"How go our Champion Knights? What news to tell?
Is Haldane pretty well?"

Or should this intellectual pastime pall,
And dearth of topics make you more and more dumb,
The Suffragette at large may pay a call
And bring you books to mitigate your boredom;
Or you may speed the dilatory suns
With cake and currant buns.

Ah! what a subtle stroke is here, my friend!
How can they hope to face their death by famine,
Your hunger-strikers, when they're free to send
Outside and get a first-class tongue or ham in?
Or purchase nutty provender in piles
From Mr. Eustace Miles?

Madam, I mourn your occupation gone!
This Churchill, with his most humane of charters,
Snuffs out the haloes you were fitting on,
And spoils with too much jam your roll of martyrs.
All done by kindness! This must be, I know,
The most unkindest blow. O. S.

"Lost . . . a black cat . . . If anyone has taken him in and would like for it to remain with them the friends of the late owner would be very thankful if they would communicate with the Editor of this paper, not for any desire to have him away, but to know where he is."
Surrey Comet.

Many a grass widow has friends that feel just like that about her erring husband.

A Respite.

"Letters were read at the Highway Committee from Mrs. —— and Mrs. ——, asking that the trees in front of their houses may be cut down . . .

Recommended that the wishes of the applicants be acceded to for the time being." *Sevenoaks Chronicle.*

THE SPIRIT OF COMPROMISE.

[Our telepathic contributor, to whom we are indebted for the following account of the proceedings at a recent meeting of the Constitutional Conference, states that, though he cannot pledge himself to the literal accuracy of every single word of the report, he is conscientiously convinced of its general truth. We quarrel with no man's conscience, and therefore print it as we have received it.—Ed. *Punch.*]

A Room in Downing Street. Present, the eight Conferrers.

Mr. Asquith. The tea will be here directly. Let me see, Balfour, you like buns, don't you? and Chamberlain 's a buttered toast man? Crumpets for Cawdor, and muffins for Lansdowne. Jam? I've ordered it, and those who want it can take it. Well, I suppose we'd better get on a little. We were discussing the powers of the House of Lords, I think—(*refers to a paper*)—yes, that was it. Of course, it may be argued that the House of Commons ought to have a certain amount of legislative power left to it——

Mr. Lloyd George (*interrupting*). I couldn't assent to that without qualification.

Mr. Birrell and Lord Crewe (*together*). Nor could I.

Mr. Asquith. Perhaps I put it rather too strongly. What I meant was that in financial matters it might conceivably be advisable—mind, I do not base it on any constitutional right—but it might, as I say, conceivably be advisable to give the House of Commons the power to initiate *some* legislation.

Lord Crewe (*dubiously*). Perhaps that might be advisable, but I'm not very sure that it would work well in practice.

Mr. Lloyd George. Personally I see no great harm in admitting that; but, of course, the power must be rigidly defined and limited, and in no case ought it to extend to the Budget of the year. That 's a point I feel bound to insist on.

Mr. Birrell. Hear, hear!

Mr. Balfour (*wearily*). Really I don't know that there is much use in prolonging these negotiations. We seem to be drifting further and further away from one another. I am almost tired of pointing out that it is perfectly useless to expect a democratic body like the House of Commons to submit to the inferiority involved in the Prime Minister's suggestions. I am a House of Commons man, and I object to the exaltation of a Chamber which is based not merely on a non-elective, but—and this is much worse—on a hereditary principle. I hope I make myself plain.

Mr. Asquith. What do you say to that, Lansdowne?

Lord Lansdowne. I agree entirely. Indeed, I would go even further. The House of Lords did what it could in regard to last year's Finance Bill. We took a considerable amount of time over it and had a most interesting debate, but it was all useless. We can never hope to get such favourable ground again, and for my part I am in favour of bringing the whole thing to an end.

Mr. Lloyd George. Come, come, you can't expect us to agree to the total abolition of the double-Chamber system under which this country has become great and prosperous. Independently of the terrible danger of rash, hasty and impetuous legislation——

Mr. Austen Chamberlain (*breaking in*). There you go again, my dear George. I really thought we had knocked that silly bogey on the head long ago. What we want is the free play of a representative system. This constant clamour for checks and balances shows, if I may say so, that you are unwilling to trust the people. Why should the people be baulked in their wishes by a parcel of irresponsible gentlemen who vote merely for the protection of their own pockets without a thought for the general welfare of the nation?



THE PRICE OF EFFICIENCY.

MR. HALDANE (*to* TERRITORIAL COLONEL, *after inspection*). "WELL, YOU 'VE HAD A VERY EXHAUSTING FIELD-DAY."

COLONEL. "DON'T MENTION IT, SIR. THANK HEAVEN, WE STILL HAVE STRENGH ENOUGH LEFT TO DRAW OUR CHEQUES—FOR WHAT THE COUNTRY OWES US."

[In many of the Territorial battalions efficiency is only attained at the cost of a heavy charge upon the private purses of the officers.]



SCENES FROM OUR ROUGH ISLAND STORY.

Absent-minded Baron of Commercial Origin (handing Magna Charta to King John). "SIGN, PLEASE!"

Lord Crewe. Isn't that just a little extreme? For my own part I cannot imagine a system of government resting on the basis of a single Chamber. Nay, I will go further and declare that, taking one thing with another, I am of opinion that no conceivable Second Chamber could perform its salutary and necessary duties one half so well as the House of Lords now performs them. I trust I shall never be found wanting in a proper respect for the House of Commons, but——

Lord Cawdor (*interjecting*). There 's always a "but," of course. Why not say at once that you want to abolish the House of Commons? You know that 's what you 're aiming at.

Mr. Asquith. Well, what if we are? There 's a great deal to be said for the suggestion.

Mr. Lloyd George. Yes, a great deal.

Mr. Birrell. Thank heaven we 've got to actualities at last. Let 's have done with all the nonsense about popular sovereignty and the people's rights. Nobody believes in it.

Mr. Balfour (*icily*). That may be your opinion, but it is not mine, nor is it that of my friends. We shall oppose an unwavering resistance to every attempt to impair the supremacy or to detract from the dignity of the House of Commons.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain, *Lord Lansdowne and Lord Cawdor* (*together*). Hear, hear!

Mr. Asquith. We seem to have reached a deadlock. I don't know that it 's worth while doing anything more to-day.

(At this moment the tea comes in, and all further discussion of the Constitutional issue is suspended.)

TO A MACAW.

FOWL of the nightmare visage, baldly white,
Your evil orb fulfilled of all the sly
Inherent devilries of days gone by,
Ere from the Main upswept the Spaniards' might,
When your familiar sires would shriek delight,
Perched where some cruel temple rose on high—
I will not scratch that heathen head, not I,
Moreover, I am certain that you bite!

I wonder haply, long, long years ago
If once you lived, a painted Aztec priest,
Ill-famed for many a fierce and hurtful deed,
Who in your guise must watch the seasons flow,
A captive, far from sacrificial feast,
Cloyed with the unconvincing nut and seed!

"It was suggested by Mr. Nicholls that steps should be taken to protect the forts at Signal Hill, and entrance to Harbour. They are fast disappearing, being taken away presumably by boys."
Daily News (*Newfoundland.*)

The Newfoundland Boy Scouts must be real terrors.

THE ORDEAL BY FIRE.

OUR Flame-flower, the Family Flame-flower, is now plainly established in the North-east corner of the pergola, and flourishes exceedingly. There, or thereabouts, it will remain through the generations to come—a cascade of glory to the eye, a fountain of pride to the soul. "Our fathers' fathers," the unborn will say of us, "performed this thing; they toiled and suffered that we might front the world with confidence—a family secure in the knowledge that it has been tried by fire and not found wanting." . . .

The Atherleys' flame-flower, I am glad to inform you, is dead.

* * * *

We started the work five years ago. I was young and ignorant then—I did not understand. One day they led me to an old apple-tree and showed me, fenced in at its foot, two twigs and a hint of leaf. "The flame-flower!" they said, with awe in their voices. I was very young; I said that I didn't think much of it. It was from that moment that my education began . . .

Everybody who came to see us had to be shown the flame-flower. Visitors were conducted to the apple-tree in solemn procession, and presented. They peered over the fence and said, "A-ah!" just as if they knew all about it. Perhaps some of them did. Perhaps some of them had tried to grow it in their own gardens.

As November came on and the air grew cold, the question whether the flame-flower should winter abroad became insistent. After much thought it was moved to the shrubbery on the southern side of the house, where it leant against a laburnum until April. With the Spring it returned home, seemingly stronger for the change; but the thought of Winter was too much for it, and in October it was ordered south again.

For the next three years it was constantly trying different climates and testing various diets. Though it was touch and go with it all this time our faith was strong, our courage unshaken. June, 1908, found it in the gravel-pit. It seemed our only hope. . . .

And in the August of that year I went and stayed with the Atherleys.

* * * *

One morning at breakfast I challenged Miss Atherley to an immediate game of tennis.

"Not directly after," said Mrs. Atherley, "it 's so bad for you. Besides, we must just plant our flame-flower first."

I dropped my knife and fork and gazed at her open-mouthed.

"Plant your—*what?*" I managed to say at last.

"Flame-flower. Do you know it? John brought one down last night—it looks so pretty growing up anything."

"It won't take a moment," said Miss Atherley, "and then I 'll beat you."

"But—but you mustn't—you—you mustn't talk like *that* about it," I stammered. "Th-that 's not the way to talk about a flame-flower."

"Why, what 's wrong?"

"You 're just going to plant it! Before you play tennis! It isn 't a—a *buttercup!* You can't do it like that."

"Oh, but do give us any hints—we shall be only too grateful."

"Hints! Just going to plant it!" I repeated, getting more and more indignant. "I—I suppose Sir CHRISTOPHER WREN s-said to his wife at breakfast one morning, 'I 've just got to d-design St. Paul's Cathedral, dear, and then I 'll come and play tennis with you. If you can give me any hints——'"

"Is it really so difficult?" asked Mrs. Atherley. "We 've seen lots of it in Scotland."

"In Scotland, yes. Not in the South of England." I paused, and then added, "WE have one."

"What soil is yours? Do you plant it very deep? Do they like a lot of water?" These and other technical points were put to me at once.

"Those are mere details of horticulture," I said. "What I am protesting against is the whole spirit in which you approach the business—the light-hearted way in which you assume that you can support a flame-flower. You have to be a very superior family indeed to have a flame-flower growing in your garden."

They laughed. They thought I was joking.

"Well, we 're going to plant it now, anyhow," said Miss Atherley. "Come along and help us."

We went out, six of us, Mrs. Atherley carrying the precious thing; and we gathered round an old tree trunk in front of the house.

"It would look rather pretty here," said Mrs. Atherley. "Don't you think?"

I gave a great groan.

"You — you — you 're all wrong again," I said in despair. "You don't put a flame-flower in a place where you think it will look pretty; you try in all humility to find a favoured spot where it will be pleased to grow. There may be such a spot in your garden or there may not. Until I know you better I cannot say. But it is extremely unlikely to be here, right in front of the window."

They laughed again, and began to dig up the ground. I turned my back in horror; I could not watch. And at the last moment some qualms of doubt seized even them. They spoke to me almost humbly.

"How would *you* plant it?" they asked.

It was my last chance of making them realise their responsibility.

"I cannot say at this moment," I began, "exactly how the ceremony should be performed, but I should endeavour to think of something in keeping with the solemnity of the occasion. It may be that Mrs. Atherley and I would take the flower and march in procession round the fountain, singing a suitable chant, while Bob and Archie with shaven heads prostrated themselves before the sundial. Miss Atherley might possibly dance the Fire-dance upon the East lawn, while Mr. Atherley stood upon one foot in the middle of the herbaceous border and played upon her with the garden hose. These or other symbolic rites we should perform, before we planted it in a place chosen by Chance. Then leaving a saucer of new milk for it lest it should thirst in the night we would go away, and spend the rest of the week in meditation."

I paused for breath.

"That might do it," I added, "or it might not. But at least that is the sort of spirit that you want to show."

Once more they laughed . . . . and then they planted it.

* * * *

These have been two difficult years for me. There have been times when I have almost lost faith, and not even the glories of our own flame-flower could cheer me. But at last the news came. I was at home for the week end and, after rather a tiring day showing visitors the north-east end of the pergola, I went indoors for a rest. On the table there was a letter for me. It was from Mrs. Atherley.

"*By the way*," she wrote, "*the flame-flower is dead.*"

"By the way"!

But even if they had taken the business seriously, even if they had understood fully what a great thing it was they were attempting—even then I think they would have failed.

For, though I like the Atherleys very much, though I think them all extremely jolly . . . yet—I doubt, you know, if they are *quite* the family to have a flame-flower growing in their garden.

A. A. M.

Notice outside a Correspondence College:

"Language exhibitions given free in a private room."

It cannot be too private.



Small Boy. "WHAT'S THAT PLACE, MUMMIE?" *Mummie.* "TINTERN ABBEY, DEAR." *Small Boy.* "WHO BROKE IT?"

PRESENTS.

["The general way in which wedding presents are given nowadays is unwisely sentimental," says Professor WILLIAM R. SMITH, Principal of the Royal Institute of Public Health. "The economic result on the recipients is that they strive to 'live up' to the magnificence of these gifts, but generally fail badly."]

WHEN Clarence and Maud were engaged to be wedded,
No symptoms of arrogance either displayed;
The former was frugal and quite levelheaded,
The latter was modest and staid.
But, after each generous friend and relation
Had furnished a present for bridegroom and bride,
They both had a bout of extreme ostentation,
All canons of thrift they defied;
Each coffee-pot, inkstand, and silver-gilt cup, too,
Was something they felt they were bound to "live up to."

Their Chippendale sideboard (the gift of a cousin)
'Neath loads of the costliest viands was bent;
They filled with rare wines the decanters (two dozen)
Which distant connexions had sent.
They ordered fresh salmon and whitebait *ad libit.*,
And pounds of the choicest sea-trout they could get,
Just merely to find an excuse to exhibit
Their fish-slice (from Mr. GILLETT).
Regardless of cost all their neighbours they fêted
To show that their dishes were silver, not plated.

They wasted their substance, and found they must rue it
When shortly their humble finances gave out,
And forced them to pawn Aunt Hermione's cruet,
Put Uncle Tom's spoons up the spout,
Dispose of the tea-set Mamma had presented,
And sell (at a loss) all their Sheraton chairs,
And leave the magnificent flat they had rented
To house all these treasures of theirs;
And now in an attic—since fortune is fickle—
They have to "live down to" *one* toast-rack of nickel!

COLDSTREAMER.

"The suffering in New York is intense. People are living in their baths, and sleep is almost impossible owing to the humidity."
The Standard.

It certainly sounds dampish.

"The old lighthouse at Pakefield has recently been moved back about 100 yards owing to the erosion of the coast at this point. The complete building, which weighs 60 to 70 tons, was moved bodily upon a cradle constructed for moving Lowestoft Low Light, the haulage being effected by a crab."—"*The Times*" *Engineering Supplement.*

Is this true? There was nothing about it in *The Spectator.*

"The nostrils of his nose were white and pinched."—"*Daily Mail*" *Feuilleton.*

Why this silence about the lips of his mouth, and the knees of his legs?

"The name is to-day only second to that of O'Murphy, having been borne by no less than 55,000 persons in 1890. . . . It is variously Anglicised O'Kelly, Kelly, Keely, Kiely, Gilly, Kilkelly, Kellog, Kalloch, Edmundson, Edwardes, and Cox."—*Tuam Herald.*

Has anybody here seen Edmundson?

THE CRICKET CHAMPIONSHIP.

My remarks upon the anomalies of the new method of scoring in the County Cricket Championship have called forth—as I rather expected they would—several millions of letters from all parts of the British Empire. It will be understood that it is not possible for me to reproduce all these in full, interesting though they are. They evince a very wide-spread discontent on the part of the public, and many of them contain pithy suggestions for the improvement of the present system. It will be remembered that the position of the leading four counties at the time of the opening discussion was as follows:—

	Pld.	Won.	Lost.	Drn.	Pts.	Per-cntge.
Kent.....	15	11	1	3	11	73·33
Middlesex....	12	6	2	4	6	50·00
Sussex.....	14	7	4	3	7	50·00
Hampshire...	15	7	6	2	7	46·66

"VILLAGE GREEN" writes "What are the little dots for? And how is it that Sussex has only scored 5,000 runs in fourteen matches, while Kent has scored 7,333 runs in fifteen? Seems to be something wrong." I have replied personally to Mr. Green, pointing out his error in mistaking the percentage table for the tally of runs, but after all there is much in what he says.

"PEACE AT ANY PRICE" expresses great satisfaction that defeats are no longer penalized. "This is the first step," he writes, "towards eliminating the hateful spirit of rivalry from our playing grounds. It is the earnest wish of many humble citizens that the M.C.C. may see their way to complete the revolution by ignoring victories also and allowing two points for a draw and three for a game abandoned through rain."

On the other hand a somewhat contrary view is expressed by "PAVILION STEPS," who writes: "What we want is sporting finishes; I should suggest returning the gate-money in the event of the match being unfinished, and allowing ten points to both sides for a tie."

"FAIR PLAY" seems to have misunderstood the point at issue. "If the present hot weather continues," he writes, "I should be inclined to allow two pints to every man on the winning side, and three each to the Umpires."

"MATHEMATICUS" thinks that the time has gone by when a satisfactory result can be attained in mere figures. He encloses a system of computation by algebra, which I regret to say I am not in a position to appreciate. But as Derbyshire, in his table, ties with Essex for the leading position, and Lancashire is disqualified because the number of matches they have drawn cannot be deducted from those lost, I can hardly believe it to be equitable.

I now put forward my own scheme for the kindly criticism of the British Public. I shall be happy to deal with comments next week, and I may point out that, by the courtesy of the Post Office officials, a new pillar-box has been erected in the Strand to prevent dislocation of the ordinary mail service. I hope my readers will avail themselves of it.

In the first place I should take the percentage of matches in which the game is abandoned through rain after the winning side has lost the toss. I should divide these by the proportion of those which have resulted in a draw without the intervention of rain, but only in the case of both sides having declared their innings closed after the fall of the tenth wicket. We must have sporting finishes. I would then add the number of points thus obtained to the average of the batting averages of the losing side. We must have all-round men. At this point I borrow a hint from "MATHEMATICUS" and call our result so far x.

We now come to the consideration of finished matches, and I may say at once that I would ignore all finished matches that do not result in a victory or a tie. We must consider the spectators. For matches won after losing the toss against a county standing higher in the table of the previous week than the winning county—you take me?—I would allow four points, less the number of inches of rain that fall during the match. All other victories would count as defeats, except ties. In the event of a tie I would simply take the percentage of the proportion of wickets, and double the talent money. We must encourage our professionals. Defeats after winning the toss would be penalised in the same proportion. We have now merely to multiply the last result by x, and we shall have the final position.

Let us see how it would work out, as applied to the position given above. As I anticipated, Kent would still be top with the following record:—

	Allot-ment.	Pro-portion.	Per-centage.	Divi-dend.	Total.
Kent...	23·17	—9½	183·3	1·12345	14x.

The Yorkshire Evening Post quotes an old joke from *The Windsor Magazine* thus:—

"Officer (to men who have been grumbling): There is nothing whatever the matter with this soap; I've tasted it.

Private: That's just it, sir; but the cook wants to call it coffee."

Which makes it really quite funny again.

TRAINING THE MIND.

IT is stated in *The Times* that Sir ARTHUR QUILLER COUCH, Mr. MAX PEMBERTON, and Mr. ARTHUR CROXTON have been appointed adjudicators of a novel competition devised by the General Manager of the Great Western Railway. The competition takes the form of three sets of twelve questions dealing with the country served by this line.

By the exercise of that intelligent anticipation for which he has long been famous, *Mr. Punch* is in the happy position of being able to lay before his readers a representative selection from the lists of questions on which Sir ARTHUR QUILLER COUCH, Mr. MAX PEMBERTON and Mr. ARTHUR CROXTON have been called in to adjudicate.

1. Of whom was it said that "He's past 'ealing and on the road to 'anwell?"

2. Is it true that WAGNER composed his famous opera, *Der Fliegende Holländer*, on the G. W. R.? If not, why not?

3. What high law officer sits for Reading, and what Cabinet Minister nearly lost him his seat?

4. Differentiate between (*a*) bogie-engine, (*b*) bogy-man, (*c*) Colonel Bogey.

5. Estimate the comparative soporific effect of the novels of Sir ARTHUR QUILLER COUCH and Mr. MAX PEMBERTON as a means of inducing sleep in the train, and compare the styles of "Q" and LE QUEUX.

6. Give a complete list of the ingredients employed in the baking of (*a*) a Bath bun, (*b*) a Banbury cake, (*c*) a Bath Oliver biscuit. Indicate the probable results of feeding three normally constituted individuals for seven weeks on nothing but one or other of these comestibles.

7. State why in your opinion corridor soap is by far the best detergent to employ for the scouring of the White Horse.

8. Write a brief history of the rise and decline of the foot-warmer. Say who invented the tea-basket, and what is his present income?

9. Translate into ordinary English the following:

Eeeenee Poime-e-e-r.

Account for the extraordinary pronunciation of bookstall boys and railway porters.

10. Distinguish between the musical rhythm of the G. W. R. and the L. & N. W. R., and explain why the Midland always runs in triplets.

11. State by what route Mr. BRAM STOKER travels to Birmingham when he interviews Sir OLIVER LODGE, and explain the connection between the

Seven Sleepers of Ephesus and the Baghdad Railway.

12. Briefly elucidate the following:—
(*a*) "Playing billy with the labels,"
(*b*) "In the presence of the passenjare,"
(*c*) "Bad for the coo,"
(*d*) "Pretty Little Polly Perkins of Paddington Green."

13. What is the best way of dealing with (*a*) a passenger who whistles in the train, (*b*) a passenger who uses unparliamentary language in a Parliamentary train, (*c*) a passenger who has never heard of Mr. MAX PEMBERTON?

14. "Oh, ever since the world began,
There never was and never can
Be such a very useful man
As the railway porter."

Who wrote the above touching lyric? Explain why Sir ARTHUR QUILLER COUCH declined to include it in his famous anthology of English verse.

15. Which is the more euphonious title, Sir MAX PEMBERTON or Sir ARTHUR CROXTON?

16. What deductions are to be drawn as to the quality of hotels from the following notices: (*a*) Hotel 'bus meets trains, (*b*) boots meets trains, (*c*) hotel porter meets trains, (*d*) hotel cabs meet trains on request (free)?

17. When an Oxford undergraduate says that he is going to Didder, Padder, or Redder, what does he mean?

18. Give the population, the leading hotels, and the chief objects of local interest of Little Kimble, Coalpit Heath, Luxulyan and Preesgweene, and state what is the par score of the Par golf links.

19. Distinguish between (*a*) a luxurious and (*b*) a luxuriant hotel. Is it wise to patronise a hotel which advertises a "smoke room" instead of a "smoking room"?

THE INSUFFERABLE.

By all the floods that won't abate,
By all the frosts that freeze my bones,
Since summer dawned at summer's date
In times recalled by aged crones,
There never fumed, I think, a fiercer hate
Than mine, just now, for Jones!

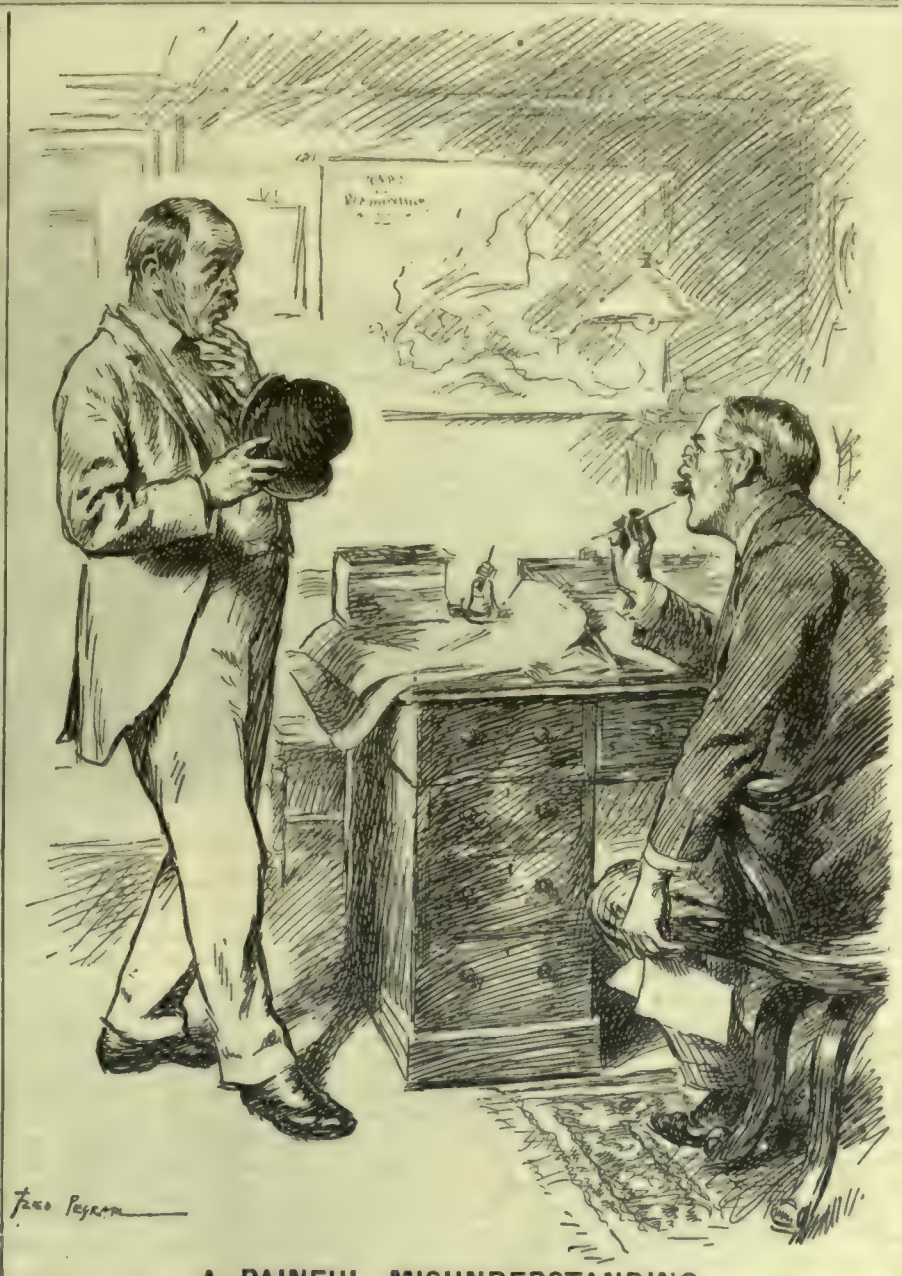
I met him when the ways were mire,
And steely ramrods struck the ground,
And said—but no, it shan't transpire—
We 'll say I simply said "Confound!
This weather would provoke an angel's ire."
And Jones—he smiled, the hound!

His boots were muddied at the base,
And, though he held a largish gamp,
It would not overstate the case
To call his trousers beastly damp:
And still he bore that smile upon his face,
The "footlight beauty" stamp.

I strove to speak him soft and bland,
As one whose mental state 's amiss;
But naught could make him understand.
Immersed in ecstasies of bliss,
"By Jove," he mused, "the water must be grand;
I hope it keeps like this."

It seemed by some infernal luck
The brute had fixed on late July
To give his task in town the chuck
And flog a mountain-pool with fly;
But Nemesis, ye gods! May Jones be struck
With thunderbolts and die!

Or else, ye Naiads of the wave,
Where Jones expects to lure the trout,
Attend a poet's prayers, I crave;
Engird him, as he flops about,
And heave him down, like Hylas, to his grave,
A Hylas bald and stout. EVOE.



A PAINFUL MISUNDERSTANDING.

Applicant for Situation. "I'VE COME ABAHT THAT JOB WOT WOS ADVERTISED."
Employer. "WELL, CAN YOU DO THE WORK?"
Applicant (in great alarm). "WORK! I THOUGHT IT WAS A FOREMAN YOU WANTED!"

"In Holborn-circus 18in. of rain fell in ten minutes."—*Daily Mail.*

Yes, that 's just the sort of weather it is.



Mrs. Jones (bent on depreciating the place Jones has chosen for their summer holidays). "DO YOU MEAN TO SAY THIS IS THE ONLY CEMETERY THEY'VE GOT HERE?"

REMNANT SALE.

GRAND CLEARANCE OF REMAINDERS OF THE LONDON SEASON.

WE have on offer a large variety of marriageable young girls, attractive widows, wall-flowers (slightly soiled from exposure), younger sons (military and others), bachelor-stockbrokers, etc, etc. This line has failed to go off this season and must be cleared at a sacrifice. Lot 25, dark, good figure, splendid collection of cartwheel hats, would go for anything over the super-tax standard. Lot 49, eighteen, clever, tragic recitations, is going cheap (mother wants to get married herself). Lots 81 and 82, sons of well-known Peer, hard up, perfect manners and quarters, driven through town all this season, are open to offers from the Wild West. Lot 104, charming widow, in the neighbourhood of 35; would make excellent wife for retired business man; we give with this lot a written guarantee of housekeeping ability and knowledge of Society matters. Lot 201, "Elsie," female, age 21, sporting, reckless rider, brilliant scarlet complexion, winner of several lawn tennis cups, full of life and fun; birth more of an object than money; Englishmen only; no agents.

2,000 bales sheath dresses, bow shoes (large sizes), canoe hats, toupées, transformations; frock suits and morning suits, fancy ties, coloured waistcoats, etc. Worn two or three times this season, and therefore out of date, but will be fashionable for the next three or four years in the Midlands or Colonies. Also twenty-two crates of pageant costumes. Suitable for fancy-dress parties in the provinces.

Umbrellas, goloshes, etc. We have a fine selection of these articles in fancy designs, as used by the leaders of Society during the recent glorious summer weather. Also overcoats, mufflers, respirators.

Lot 273 contains a large variety of second-hand political programmes, amendments, private members' bills, of no further use to their owners, but invaluable to provincial orators, aldermen, chairmen and others. Can easily be brushed up as good as new.

Academy landscapes. A large lot of these have failed to go off, and must be sacrificed. Suit retired manufacturer. Also job lot of portraits (misfits), recommended to families commencing. Pedigrees and coats-of-arms can be made to match.

Portrait of a Lady who has got the Vote.

"Chandu's mother looked upwards with mingled joy and registration in her eyes."—*Bombay Gazette.*

TO MLLE. KARSAVINA.

(*Suggested by the article in "The Times" of July* 18, "*If Pavlova had never danced.*")

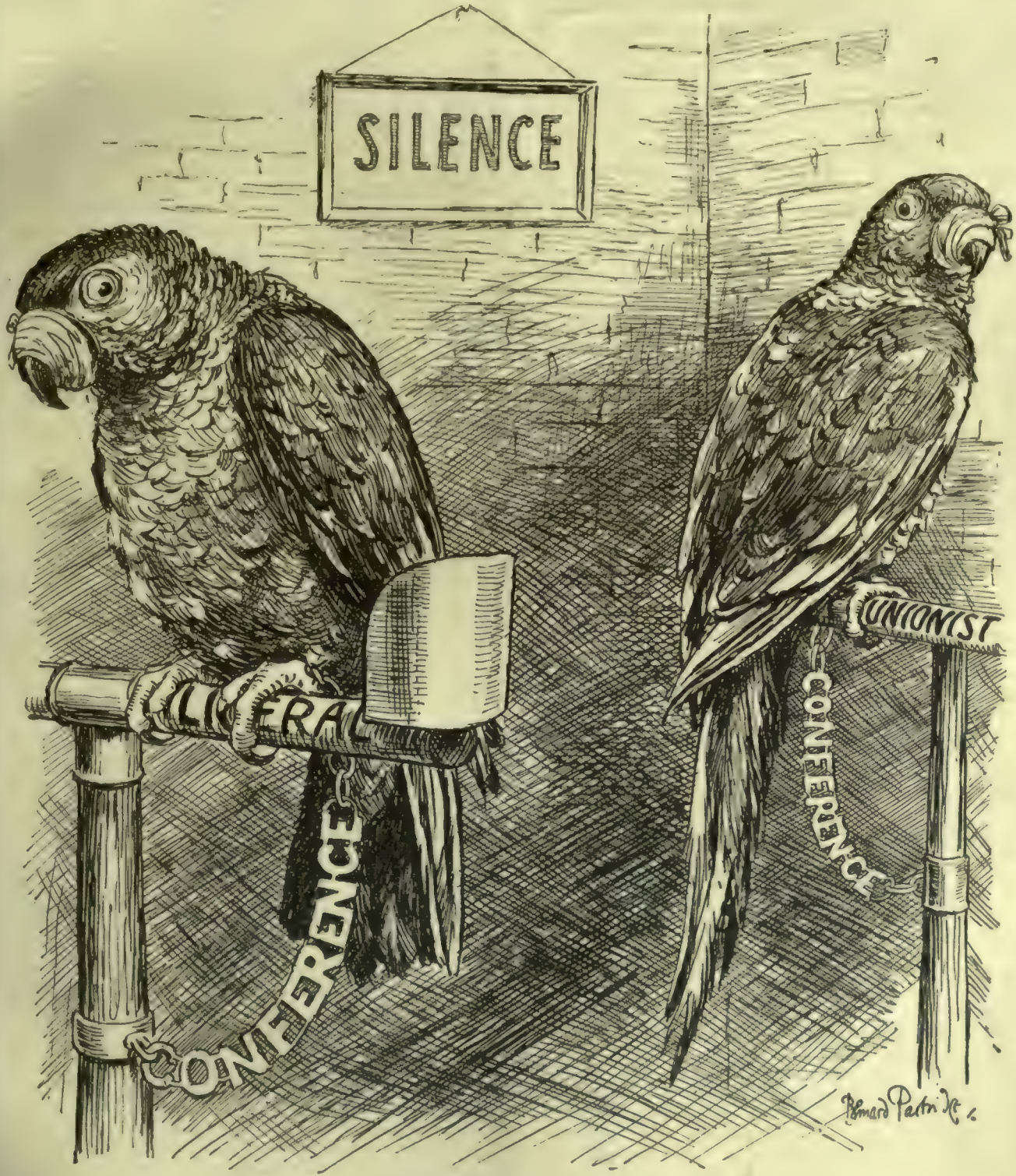
MY grandsire, chatting with a crony,
Grows lyrical on TAGLIONI,
On FANNY ELSSLER, CERITO,
And other stars of long ago.
Of late our journalistic Jove a
Laudation printed on PAVLOVA,
And many johnnies have been mashed
On the resilient LYDIA KYASHT.
Others, again, extol *con brio*
The dame whose name begins with PREO,
Or in effusive accents laud
Their ISADORA or their MAUD,
While many of us, very many,
Are loyal to the only GENÉE.
Comparisons, we know, are odious
And tend to make life unmelodious;
But *Punch* declares he 's never seen a
More fascinating *ballerina*
Than the enchanting KARSAVINA.

"She wore a wreath of white heather and orange blossom, and carried a full shower bouquet, composed of white orchids, lilies-of-the-valley, orange blossom, and white heather, caught up with bridegroom's parents."
Surrey Mirror.

Rather showy.

The Oxford Manner.

"He took Literal Humaniores at Greats."
Wolverhampton Express.



THE HORRORS OF PEACE.

(Showing the restraining effect which the Conference has produced upon ordinary Party politics.)

THE FIGHTING POLITICIAN. "WE CAN'T BITE ONE ANOTHER, AND WE CAN'T SCREAM; AND IT'S GOING TO BE LIKE THIS ALL THE HOLIDAYS. MIGHT AS WELL BE A PAIR OF LOVE-BIRDS!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, July 18. In Gallery assigned to use of Foreign Diplomats sit five young Japanese, emissaries of an ancient Empire which, after sleeping through centuries, has wakened to enjoy the cold bath of Western civilisation. They desire to learn everything that is to be known. Just now are bent on mastering secrets of the Mother of Parliaments who overlooks and guides the destinies of considerable portion of the globe. Accordingly here they are, observant, alert, and (to begin with) interested.

In anticipation of debate on Territorial Forces, opened by that warrior bold, Lord PORTSMOUTH, House rather fuller than usual. But army must stand aside while Diseases of Animals (No. 2) Bill goes through Committee. This the measure noted a fortnight ago in hands of SAYE AND SELE. Nominally still in his charge. But CARRINGTON and DERBY on Front Benches on either side of the Table have, after the manner of Melancholy, marked it for their own. Whilst reputed parent sits silent on back bench, the Earls in swift succession swoop down and peck at his hapless progeny.

Lord Chairman of Committees, BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH, takes the Chair, *vice* ONSLOW, gone a-bathing in Continental resorts. Supreme achievement for LORD CHAIRMAN, highest mark of heaven-born capacity for the post, is to rattle through amendments in briefest space of time. In the Commons amendments are sometimes debated. Necessary, therefore, that they should be submitted in articulate form. In the Lords such prejudice is in most cases unknown. As an aeroplane attempts to circle measured course in minimum of time, so an ordinary Bill in charge of private Member is rushed through Committee in fewest moments possible. ONSLOW had long innings. BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH admits he did pretty well. Now they should hear and see something.

What the Japs in the Gallery, audibly indrawing their breath in excitement of moment, saw and heard was after this manner:

DERBY rises from front Opposition bench and makes inaudible remark. LORD CHAIRMAN, as if touched by secret spring, rises and utters the following incantation. "Clause-1-Page-1-line-5-after-accept-insert-as-in-this-Act-provided-the-question-I-have-to-put-is-that-the-words-be-here-inserted-those-of-that-opinion-say-content-the-contrary-not-content-I-think-the-contents-have-it."

From other side of table up gets CARRINGTON, emulative of the inaudibility of the Earl of DERBY. Effect on LORD CHAIRMAN equally prompt. Drawn up to full height he remarks, "Page-1-line-8-leave-out-place-and-insert-port-the-question-I-have-to-put-is-that-the-words-proposed-to-be-left-out-stand-part-of-the-question-those-that-



"That warrior bold, Lord Portsmouth."

are-of-that-opinion-say-content-the-contrary-not-content-I-think-the-not-contents-have-it."

At this formula there is, by exception, some slight stir among noble Lords. Fancy they catch in shibboleth of LORD CHAIRMAN something that sounds like "insert port." That way of putting it is certainly unusual. It may be hospitably meant, but is a little abrupt. Besides, it's rather early in the afternoon for that sort of thing. Moreover than which there are neither decanters nor glasses on the table. Evidently a misapprehension.

None about new clause inserted at instance of CARRINGTON providing that "In this Act the expression horse includes ass and mule." That finished Lord DERBY. Hitherto, with the author of the Bill in the background SAYE-ing nothing, ready to SELE anything, he had run neck and neck with belted earl opposite. But, you know, when it comes to affirming in Act of Parliament that a horse is an ass, and eke a mule, the limit is passed.

So DERBY gives in; Bill through Committee, and the five Japanese feel their way out into the open air in hopelessly dazed condition.

Business done. — Diseases of Animals (No. 2) Bill through Committee.

House of Commons, Tuesday.— House up at three o'clock this morning. Even then enthusiasts in public service thought it unduly early. Might as well sit another hour or so. Pushed patriotic objection to point of division.

This sadly mismanaged. Rare opportunity of illustrating fitness of things ignored. In division list circulated to-day names given of 49 voting in favour of ELIBANK'S motion for adjournment. Beneath is set forth in tabular form the solitary "No"—J. A. JACKSON. It is added "Tellers for the No Mr. REMNANT and Viscount DALRYMPLE."

Of course JACKSON should have been one of the Tellers, and REMNANT sole representative of Opposition. However, came to same thing in end. There being only one remnant found in "No" Lobby SPEAKER declares "the Ayes" had it and so home to bed.

Business done.—Supply closured.

Thursday.—Revolt of Scottish Members. They demand head of SECRETARY OF STATE, whether on charger or not immaterial so that they get it. DEWAR opened attack alleging that condition of affairs consequent on administration of Scotch Office has brought about what might have been regarded as arithmetically impossible. In South Uist parish rates amount to 23*s.* 4*d.* in the 20*s.* 0*d.*! What hurt Scotch Members even more than this parochial puzzle was the fact that they could not get at the SECRETARY OF STATE in flesh and blood. Being a Peer he is seated in what we call "another place."

Effect upon ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS heartbreaking. Something of the wail of the pibroch in his voice as he cried aloud, "What I want to know is where is the SECRETARY FOR SCOTLAND?"

"Order! Order!" interrupted the

inexorable CHAIRMAN. "That has nothing to do with this vote."

"Cannot we," pleaded ALPHEUS in voice that would have moved the sympathies of any but CHAIRMAN OF WAYS AND MEANS—"cannot we ask somebody why the SECRETARY FOR SCOTLAND is not in the House of Commons?"

A practical-minded Scot suggested that it was because he was in the House of Lords; ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS sat down to ponder over the matter put in that way.

This made opening for TULLIBARDINE, late of the Black Watch, one of the forlorn hope of Scotch Unionists in present House. Nuts for him to find Radical pack of brither Scots in full cry after a Secretary of State. Pounding away on the same track TULLIBARDINE paused a moment to remark, "The mental photograph the people of Scotland will retain of the SECRETARY OF SCOTLAND will be in close juxtaposition to the nine of diamonds."

This observation threw a gloom over the company. Evidently meant something. Possibly, even probably, it was a joke. Anyhow, had effect of paralysing the proceedings, Committee gratefully making for Division Lobby.

Walking through, the MEMBER FOR SARK, from whom no secrets are hid, explained that the nine of diamonds was the card upon which, according to tradition, the Master of STAIR wrote the order for the massacre of Glencoe. Thenceforth, to this day, the card is known as the curse of Scotland. If TULLIBARDINE had, plump and plain, alluded to PENTLAND by that name, he would have been called to order. As it was he shot his dart, and while CHAIRMAN was wondering what it might portend he had safely resumed his seat, assured that by-and-by, upon due inquiry and reflection, the arrow would rankle in the wound.

As SARK says, that 's the worst of these Scotchmen. Even when they make a joke they go about it in such business-like fashion that no one suspects their purpose until it is irretrievably effected.

Business done. Appropriation Bill read Second time.



"Nuts for Tullibardine."

(The Marquis of Tullibardine.)



"The Secretary for Scotland in close juxtaposition to the nine of diamonds."

(Lord Pentland strolling in Glencoe with the fateful card.)

LINKS WITH A PAST.

THE instances appearing in *The Times* and *The Westminster Gazette* of living people who form interesting "links with the past" (writes a correspondent whose word we never have any reason not to doubt) can be added to from my own experience. For I am myself a link, and do not care to be missing from this symposium.

I am a Welshman (with profound apologies). A few days ago I stood on the famous golf links at Aberllanstydfairfechan. I was in the land of my fathers, and on this very spot stood one of the most illustrious of the Ap Jenkinses in A.D. 842.

I held a club in my hand. So did my dear old ancestor, the great Ap Jenkins, in A.D. 842.

I swung the club above my shoulder; and though this, be it remembered, happened in the year A.D. 1910, a very similar action on the part of old Ap might have been observed by you had you chanced to be passing the place in A.D. 842.

With the club I felled a man—a fair-haired, blue-eyed Saxon, who was going round in front of me. My famous ancestor did much the same thing with his club, in A.D. 842. The question of accident and design does not affect the remarkable coincidence.

The Saxon seized a small lump of flint and hurled it at me; just as in the brave old days to which I have already referred the Saxon threw a small lump of flint at my respected forefather.

And it would be a very difficult thing to prove that *it was not the same piece of flint that was used on both occasions.*

But here the parallel is broken, for the Saxon of old missed my forbear in A.D. 842.

Athletics.

New Long Jump Record.

"Of a sudden the Hogue's captain, who at the time was on the bridge, jumped with a warning shout to the engine room."

Irish Independent.

"The want of sufficient moisture is in a large measure due to the apparent shortage of straw."

—*Aberdeen Daily Journal.*

There must be a lot of straw going about in London.



THE PETROL HABIT.

New Chauffeur (to Coachman, who has met him at the station). "CAN'T STOP HER? WHY SHOULD YOU? SHE'S BARELY DOING TWENTY-FIVE AN HOUR, SO FAR!"

THE BALANCE OF FATE.

WHEN the Arcadian pondered a journey,
When he made plans for a primitive jaunt,
First—the Olympic opinion to learn—he
Sought some oracular haunt:
Straight he 'd propound 'mid the vapour and smoke his
Queries on Thrace, or the bathing where Phocis
Fronted the sea;
Then would the Oracle answer, and pocket his fee!

I, when my head whirls with holiday notions
(Ever it does when July 's on the run),
When I must choose between ozones and oceans,
Alpenstock, golf club and gun,
When I 've to settle, for worse or for better,
Where I 'm to go when I shake off the fetter—
Westmoreland's lakes
Or Interlaken, to Ilkley or sulphurous Aix—

I, I repeat, when these fancies approach me,
Fain for a Pythian utterance too,
Keen on oracular guidance to coach me,
Turn, oh my Pass Book, to you;
Shall I, recalling extravagant beanos,
Rollick around Continental casinos,
Or shall I stray
Cheaply to Bournemouth or Buxton or Birchington Bay?

Shall it be salmon and grouse or the Channel
(Windy, the deck at a deuce of a slope),
Hanging in heavy and sea-sodden flannel,
Hard on some oddly-named rope?
Shall it be tramping on Alp, or in Arden,
Rooms up the river (with boat and with garden),
Healthfully brown,
Or must I, pallid and penniless, stay on in Town?

So, ere I order the style of my going,
So, ere my final arrangements are planned,
I must bow down in the house of the knowing
God of the Cash that 's in hand.
Deep in his temple of calf-skin he 's lurking,
Weaving the web of my Destiny's working,
Grave and sedate,
Holding the balance—the crude, credit Balance of Fate!

A Conference Chorus.

For advanced Radicals.

We want the report of the Eight,
And WE WON'T WAIT!

"The long, smooth zzz-pp of the tyre gliding over the highway is true music to the trained ear of the Motorist." *Advt. in "The Sketch."*

The wretched pedestrian has to content himself with the monotonous jjj-qq of his new boots on the pavement.

OUR INTELLIGENT TABLE-TALK.

SCENE—*Dinner.*

He. Taxis are wonderful things, aren't they? Only twenty minutes ago I was dressing in the Temple, and here I am in time.

She. Yes, indeed: wonderful.

He. They have completely revolutionised London life. Three or four years ago, before they came in, I should have had to leave at a quarter-past six at least.

She. By the way, when did they come in?

He. What a funny thing! I was asking that question only to-day.

She. How remarkable! But how often that happens—that the same subject crops up on the same day. Almost uncanny, isn't it? But what was the answer you got?

He. It was at lunch. A lot of men were there. No one seemed to know exactly, but we decided it was either in 1907 or 8.

She. Not earlier? I should have thought it was earlier. I remember going home from the theatre in a motor cab ever so long ago.

He. Ah, yes, that was one of those first ones—electric cabs. They had to take them off because they couldn't climb FitzJohn's Avenue.

She. It is steep, isn't it? But how delightful at the top. We all went up to see the comet.

He. Rather a fraud, wasn't it? I wonder where it is now. No one seems to be able to give one any exact information. Did you have a good view?

She. No, not very. But it was thrilling to get even that.

He. You should have had some of this fish, it's jolly good. I like fish done with mushrooms.

She. Yes. But I'm not hungry this evening.

He. Aren't you? I'm sorry. I'm always hungry in other people's houses.

She. How delightful! I wish I was. Tell me, have you a motor?

He. Have I! Great heavens, no. No such luck. I get a ride now and then. Have you one?

She. Yes, we have one.

He. What is it?

She. A Deinhard.

He. Yes, I know them. I have a friend who has one. Pretty useful, aren't they?

She. Ours is all right, I think.

He. Do you ever drive?

She. Oh, no.

He. I think you ought. I think driving is half the fun. Lots of women drive now. You'd soon learn.

She. My father would never let me, I'm sure.

He. That's right. I'm glad you're taking some of that. Now you'll feel better. There's nothing like eating to pull one together. Much better than drinking. About taxis, the difficulty is to learn them. I mean just what they can do. One so often arrives too early where one never used to, just because one doesn't know their speed.

She. Yes, that is so, isn't it?

He. And then, of course, there's the risk of a block.

She. Yes, of course.

He. I suppose you've seen the Russian dancers?

She. Oh, yes. We've been to them all, I think.

He. Which do you like best?

She. Well, it's very irregular, I know, but I like the Coliseum ones the best.

He. Do you really? That's very strange. Every one seems to rave only about the Palace lot. I haven't seen the others. I prefer a play.

She. Of course; so do I. But I love good dancing too.

He. Have you seen *Priscilla Runs Away*?

She. Yes. It's very amusing, isn't it?

He. Fearfully good.

She. Did you read the novel?

He. No, I didn't. But I read *The Caravaners* by the same author.

She. Oh, yes, I read that.

He. Ripping, wasn't it?

She. Fearfully amusing, I thought.

[*And so on through the gamut.*



"HALLO, AUNTY! THIS IS NO PLACE FOR YOU, YOU KNOW, BUT SINCE YOU'RE HERE WHAT'S YOUR POISON?"

THE NEXT XI.

BY ODO RAGGETT.

TWENTY-NINE members of the Academic Committee have now been elected (including the famous author Mr. HALDANE), and how to bring up the total to the required forty is the problem of these gentlemen. How, indeed?—for in electing the necessary eleven they will be rejecting the eleven thousand and eleven, and perhaps more, England being at this moment a feverishly literary island, overrun with Immortals, or the next thing to them.

But why fix on forty? It is merely a derivative notion, drawn from our lively neighbours. Why not fifty-two, or one Immortal for every week in the year? Or sixty, or seventy, or eighty? There is an Eighty Club. However, if forty is the prescribed limit, let us think about the missing eleven alphabetically.

A. Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN is in, or we should have suggested him. ALGERNON ASHTON? This man of letters has, like his illustrious *confrère*, the Laureate, the merit of doubling the A.

B. There are five B.'s, but not the greatest of them all—Mr. BARRIE. Haven't they heard of him? He wrote *The Little Minister* and *Peter Pan*. He's really quite good. Not such a good writer as Mr. HALDANE, of course, but quite good. And Mr. BIRRELL is almost as witty and alluring a writer as the great War Minister too.

C. G. K. C. can never have been overlooked before.

D. Sir CONAN? Surely Sir CONAN is worthy.

E. What about ESTABROOK, the pen-maker? These johnnies would be nowhere without pens.

F. "Mr. FROHMANN represents"—Literature.

G. JOHN GALSWORTHY? He, too, is as much of an author as Mr. HALDANE, anyway. We vote for GALSWORTHY.

H. Has not a shy, restrained hand been enquiring lately into the genius of SHAKSPEARE? Our own vote would be for Mr. W. H. HUDSON; but they 've probably never heard of him.

I. Since CHESTERTON goes in under *C*, HALL CAINE may be allotted this modest initial.

J. HENRY ARTHUR, we sympathise with you.

K. Just think of forgetting the marvellous youth who lived to middle age. Not a hint of KIPLING in the list.

L. No doubt here. The friend of princes and ally of kings! WILLIAM LE QUEUX. Oh, he 's great!

M. Viscount MIDLETON was not wholly despicable as a War Minister.

N. There is no doubt about N. Ask the Man of Kent. The Rev. Sir WILLIAM ROBERTSON NICOLL was simply born for the place.

O. We have rather a weakness—not wholly dry-eyed — for the name of OLIVER ONIONS.

P. Impossible to improve on the present P.

Q. We must stretch a point here and go for the initial. Rise, Sir ARTHUR THOMAS QUILLER-COUCH!

R. Something must be done to balance the Trans-Atlantic vagueness and shrinking delicacy of Mr. HENRY JAMES. So let 's have TEDDY.

S. G. B. S.? To think of his wilful woeful exclusion! If not in the first twenty-nine, how can he consent to be added? And C. K. S. of *The Sphere*, the modern Cato and guardian of all the Muses. You can't overlook C. K. S., even if you try. But if you 're wise you won't try.

T. TUPPER 's dead. That 's awkward.

U. What about UPWARD? He ought to have got to the top by now.

V. This is a walk over for H. A. VACHELL.

W. Inquire at The Pines, Putney, where wonder at omission must have been renascing hourly. WATTS-DUNTON? ran the old question. Let "One of the Forty" be the glad reply.

X. This is very delicate ground.

Y. You—or me?

Z. (*See X.*)

Seen in a shop window:

COSTUMES CLEANED
SEVERAL TIMES WEEKLY.

Venez et vous reviendrez, as a well-known restaurant says.



THE DAY OF THE SHORT MAN.

THE RESORT.

THE action was alleged to concern itself with the supply of coal to various public institutions, but consisted for the most part of arguments between counsel as to what was material and what was not. When counsel really get to work, it is surprising what a lot of things there are which must and must not be gone into, and what a lot of reasons there are why one must not or must go into them. The jury and other court loafers could, of course, go to sleep, but the judge had to keep awake and rule on each matter as it arose. Keeping awake after lunch is a very unhealthy and irritating process.

"There is the order of the Bushbury Corporation," said counsel for the plaintiff.

"That," said the judge, "we can leave."

"There is the order of the Bilbrooke Schools," said counsel for the defendant.

"With that, too," said the judge, "we are not concerned."

"There is the Codsall Urban District Electricity Department," said counsel for the plaintiff.

"Into that also," said the judge, "we need not enquire."

"There is the Shifnal Lunatic Asylum," said counsel for the defendant.

The judge moved in his seat. "Yes," he said, "I suppose we shall have to go into that."

"Les Anglais protestent contre les femmes sandwiches."—*Matin.*

Any sex for us, as long as there 's not too much mustard.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. FRANK T. BULLEN's latest book, *Told in the Dog Watches* (SMITH, ELDER), is a miscellaneous collection of essays and yarns, of which some idea can be gathered from a few of the titles: "The Bengal Pilot Service," "On Robinson Crusoe," "The Making of a Merchant Service Officer," "My Cats," "The Last Haunt of Shanghaiing," "The Tightest Place I ever was in," "On Unknown Seas." The subjects which these suggest will, I am sure, be sufficiently alluring to readers who know Mr. BULLEN's touch. To those who do not one may say that he has in an exceptional degree that gift of spinning yarns which is supposed to be the possession of all sailormen, but so seldom stands, as his can, the test of pen and ink. The essays in this volume are all, of course, the fruit of actual experience, and I take it that the yarns are too. Certainly they are almost too strange, some of them—and notably "The Pentathlon Affair"—to make plausible fiction. Others of them appear to be pure invention—and that of the best—until one is pulled up by some little parenthetic suggestion that the author is writing of people he has met. A good many readers prefer made-up stories to true ones, because true stories frequently tail off into a stodgy sort of conclusion. There is nothing of that kind about Mr. BULLEN's.

ETHEL COLBURN MAYNE has called her book by a quaint and enigmatical title, *Things That No One Tells* (CHAPMAN AND HALL). If I understand them rightly, the eleven *Things* that make up the volume are just those slight and intimate experiences, absurd or tender, which it needs some moment of unusual confidence to draw from their subject. I almost feel, indeed, after hearing them, as though Miss MAYNE had unkindly betrayed for my benefit eleven most interesting secrets. Not but that "unkindly" is the last adjective to be applied with propriety to her style of doing so. On the contrary, the delicate sympathy of the book is its greatest charm; it is all told in an undertone, a gentle whisper, between smiles and pauses. I shall not tell you what the *Things* are, because that you will enjoy ever so much more from Miss MAYNE herself. Most of them are concerned, naturally, with the emotions—a romance that came to nothing, a personal problem that was never wholly solved, and the like—the little secret memories of every life; and one is a short ghost-tale that for quiet horror is worthy of any of the acknowledged masters in this kind. Taken together, these *Things That No One Tells* form a collection of such unusual quality as to make me very glad that Miss MAYNE has given the lie to her own label, and told them.

Messrs. CONSTABLE put *The Duke's Price* at six shillings. Sir W. S. GILBERT once assessed the commodity at two a penny, but *Stephana Brennan*, because prices are higher in America and millionaires' daughters cannot reckon in halfpence, was prepared to pay a few million dollars. By this outlay and a ceremony or two she expected to buy outright the body and soul of *M. le duc de Longtour*. If this was bad finance, the duke was equally wrong in supposing that in exchange for his title he was going to get the heart as well as the hand of the beautiful lady in the big hat, whose picture appears on the cover. Fortunately there are always the authors, who will see that their puppets don't get married unless it is good for them. DEMETRA and KENNETH BROWN do not leave their commercial couple at the church door to adjust accounts for themselves. They arrange an engaging programme of problematic events and introduce them to a lot of very bright and unscrupulous worldlings, who do their best to procure a separation, but only achieve a closer and less sordid union. There is also in this book a good deal of valuable information about hearts, which may be read with advantage by others than dukes and duchesses. One matter of complaint only I found, and that was the slipshod American spelling. Every moment I expected to be told that what is always overlooked in these matrimonial negotiations is the simple element of *luv*.



Town Friend. "AND WHAT IS THIS?"
Farmer. "NOO PIGSTY, WI' BATHROOM AN' WASH-BASIN FOR T' NEXT MOVE O' T' SANITARY AUTHORITIES."

I suppose *The Royal Americans* (CONSTABLE) is a novel, but in reading it I seemed less to be getting along with a moving story than to be stopping, overseas, in the society of a New England family, very much alive, if to no particular purpose, in the troublous years round 1756. It will be some time before I forget *Colonel Yelverton*, quixotic widower and stout Tory; his pretty daughter *Catherine*, born to be loved by a better than *Francis the Quaker*, who bound her by a secret engagement but had not the pluck to go through with the risks and responsibilities of marriage; *Charlotte*, adopted daughter of the Colonel and suspect of the local scandalmongers; and *Bassy Dunbar*, sound, if mistaken, hero. It will not be long, however, before I forget what became of them all, and I shall never be quite clear whether they occurred in my own life, or in history, or in the novel that MARY HALLOCK FOOTE wrote. By that you must judge the book. It is no crisp narrative directed to any dramatic climax. It is just a slice out of life, wherein you are often at a loss to understand the motives, and never from first to last know which of the events that are happening are going to be the decisive ones. For myself I found the leisurely reading of it a cool, refreshing draught. If it was a little long, this is not the season to be complaining of the length of draughts, provided they be good draughts.

CHARIVARIA.

THE Coronation Proclamation refers to the members of the House of Lords as "Our right trusty Counsellors." An advanced Liberal informs us that the correct pronunciation of these words is "Our right rusty Counsellors."

* * *

"The proposal to admit women to the Wesleyan representative session," says the Rev. DINSDALE YOUNG, "is unscriptural, unecclesiastical, unmethodical, unseemly, and untimely." Are we right, then, in understanding that the Rev. Mr. YOUNG does not favour the project?

* * *

The opinion in schoolboy circles is that the proposal of *The Lancet* to the effect that the summer holidays should be extended to three months is good as far as it goes, and should be accepted as a temporary instalment of justice.

* * *

We are glad to hear that a Contemporary Art Society has been formed to purchase the works of living artists for our public galleries. As a young lady points out, it is almost incredible that there should not be a Louis Wain at the National Gallery.

* * *

Moreover, the recent sale at CHRISTIE'S proves that it is not only the very Old Masters who prove a good investment. The Alexander Young Masters also fetched sensational prices.

* * *

Meanwhile it is good to reflect that TURNER now is also among the angels. Anyhow, he has got a whole wing to himself at the Tate.

* * *

The bogus baron, EDWARD VON WESTERNHAGEN, who was found guilty of bigamy and fraud, has written to the HOME SECRETARY asking to be allowed to appeal on the ground that his trial was treated humorously in court. Our joking judges are awaiting the HOME SECRETARY'S decision with some anxiety.

Upon the occasion of his visit to Belfast the Chairman of the Junior Institute of Engineers said, we are told, "that at the present time the eyes of the world were upon Messrs. HARLAND AND WOLFF because they were doing something which had never been done before. They were constructing the two largest vessels that had ever been built." Our memory may be at fault, but we thought that this *had* been done before.

* * *

"Carry on!" says *The Observer*, "is the sailor's watchword." Jack's capacity for carrying on is no doubt responsible for the widespread belief that he has a wife in every port.

* * *

At the British Medical Congress it was pointed out that, in view of the dwindling birth-rate, the conservation of existing lives was more important than ever, and that more attention ought to be paid to such babies as are born. It is thought that, as a result of this hint, arrangements may be made for every new arrival to be greeted formally by the Mayor of the district in state, who will express the wish that it finds the arrangements for its reception quite satisfactory.

* * *

Hearing that our 97th Regiment is known as "The Sky Blues" (to distinguish them from the ordinary Blues) a foreign visitor remarked that he had no idea that our Army had advanced so far in aeronautics.

* * *

By the way, the statement that, at the Bournemouth Aviation Meeting, British aeroplanes and motors secured only £50 out of a total of over £8,000 prize money, is not correct. They also succeeded in carrying off easily £100 in competitions open only to British aeroplanes and motors. Here the foreigners were nowhere.

* * *

Still this talk of decadence! The Recorder at the Old Bailey expressed grave doubts last week as to the truth nowadays of the old saying, "Honour among thieves." We did think that our criminals, at any rate, were not deteriorating.

* * *

Among other news of importance last week came the startling information that the men who clean the flues of the Poplar dust destructor are to be paid half-a-crown a day each as "dirty money." For ourselves we prefer the old-fashioned expression, "filthy lucre."



Teetotal Traveller (unconscious of the railway notice in front of him). "WHAT ON EARTH ARE ALL THESE FOOLS LAUGHING AT, I WONDER?"

"Every Rotary Engine will be guaranteed to run continuously for 100 hours without a stoppage, and each customer will be invited to see his engine so tested on the bench."—*Advt. in "Flight."*

You should take a packet of sandwiches with you.

"Why, may we ask, was Polyphemus?—surely not one still, a college student."
The Daily Telegraph.

We cannot pretend to understand this question, but we do know that Polyphemus never took a degree of any kind.

"The Mayor asked the Press to notice that the Council would be glad that if any person saw any damage being committed to the seats on the recreation ground, they would repeat the same."—*Cambridge Chronicle.*

This is the chance of a lifetime for the boy with the new knife.

A TRUCE TO TRUCES!

[Views of the Fighting Member, on either side of the House, who is about to take a sporting holiday after being for a long time condemned to inertia.]

LET us go hence: this thing has got to cease.
We cannot bear, no, not another day,
The intolerably piping times of peace
Wherein our savage instincts get no play.
Let us go hence, I say.

Nothing occurs: we simply wait and wait,
Watching the mist that shrouds Olympus' peak,
Where at their love-feast sit the heavenly Eight,
And through the veil, from week to weary week,
Nothing 's allowed to leak.

The brooding atmosphere from up above
Infects us with the fatal germ of truce,
Till we 've forgotten how to hack and shove
And left our brawn to rot for lack of use.
This is, indeed, the deuce!

Let us go hence and slay: let us have blood.
The hour is ripe to renovate our verve
With moving incidents by moor and flood,
And show the nation how we still preserve
A pretty fighting nerve.

Come let us pluck the grouse-bird off the gale
And in his fastness fell the ruddy stag,
Or, greatly daring, on a humbler scale,
Induct the rabbit (should he pause or lag)
Into the gaping bag.

Three happy months of slaughter! So we 'll urge
Our backward course refreshed to bear once more
The bloodless tedium till the Eight emerge—
And then we ought to see on this old floor
Some fun worth waiting for! O. S.

MORE LINKS WITH THE PAST.

I.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—My father was born on April 1, 1661. He was thus quite a small boy when the Great Fire of London was raging, and I have often heard him tell how it began at Pudding Lane and ended at the Monument, which was (he said) at one time so surrounded by flames that it was feared that at any moment it would fall. I was born when my father was a hundred and sixty-three, in 1804, and I am now one hundred and six. The only drawback to this great age, for I have all my faculties, is the congested state of the cake on my more recent birthdays, few cakes being now made, such is the decadence of the confectioner's art, to accommodate more than fifty or sixty candles at the most. Yours, etc., DEBORAH TRIM.

II.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I think you will be interested in hearing that I was born as long ago as 1880, and it was, I remember, on the day when I was twenty that the present HOME SECRETARY was returned as a Conservative for Oldham. Many persons seem wholly to have forgotten this historic event. Yours, etc., MEMOR.

"In the operating room department Dr. Gimlette explained the treatment of fractured bones by means of metal plates screwed into the bones themselves. The King, on inquiring how the holes in the bones were made, was informed by the Inspector-General that they were made by a gimlet."—*The Times.*

Not bad for an impromptu; but wasn't it just a little familiar of the Inspector-General?

TAM HTAB.

MANY years have passed since first I met this individual, and I have been brought into contact with him at fairly regular intervals ever since. I did not always come upon him in the same place, but there was little variety in his habitations. They were always small, and all of them, if one might judge by their fittings, were reserved for a certain ritual of a cleansing character. Tiles, enamel-paint, and handles of polished metal were usually prominent in the scheme of decoration; there were rough white cloths hung against the walls; various detergents were to be found in convenient receptacles, and large lustral implements, apparently destined for the absorption of moisture, were displayed here and there. The individual of whom I have spoken always lay prostrate on the floor in an attitude suggestive both of repose and of humiliation. His garb was simple. For my own part, I think I never saw him dressed otherwise than in white, with his name stamped in bold red letters across his body; but there are amongst my friends some who assure me that they have seen him in red, with a white name impressed upon him. I cannot satisfactorily account for this change. I merely note it, with the suggestion that a faint desire for variety, as a mitigation of the rigours of his imprisonment, may have brought it about. Possibly, however, my friends were mistaken.

There can be no doubt, I think, but that my friend—for in that light I have come to regard him—is a native. His first name, it is true, has a familiar, indeed an almost Caledonian appearance. Those, however, who have studied the customs of the Central African tribes assure me that names like Ben and Bill and Dick are not infrequently used both by chiefs and by the inferior classes of the populace. There, seems, therefore, to be no reason why Tam should not find its place in this system of nomenclature. The construction and the appearance of the name Htab are to my mind conclusive. Its four letters breathe the very spirit of the trackless forests and the dismal swamps of the Dark Continent. There is in its sound the authentic ring of barbarism.

My poor friend is, no doubt, a great sufferer. He lies there as one who offers himself to be trampled upon, and in my thoughtless Anglo-Saxon way I have not scrupled, I regret to say, to take advantage of his mild and submissive attitude. He bears the marks of many feet, yet no word of complaint has ever been heard from him. Indeed, no word of any kind has broken his silence, and I have been led to infer that nature has afflicted him with dumbness, since not even a shower of cold water has availed to make him protest. Yet I have gathered from certain hints, from slight changes of posture and the like, that there was once a time when his name was clear and glorious, and that if things could be other than they are—a difficult but not an impossible hypothesis—if the dealings of man with him could by some chance be reversed, we should understand him better and be moved to a more appreciative pity of his fate. In the meantime I can do nothing except to bring before the public the story of his humility and his wrongs.

"A garden fête is to be given in the grounds of the Old Palace, Richmond, to supplement the proceeds of the 'Country Fair' recently held in aid of 'Our Dumb Friends' League,' at the Botanical-gardens, Regent's-park.

'Great Fleas have little fleas
Upon their backs to bite 'em,
And little fleas have lesser fleas,
And so ad infinitum.'"
Morning Leader.

This particular form of appeal does not move us.



AU REVOIR.

Lord Damocles (*to the* Sword). "SORRY TO LEAVE YOU, OLD BLADE. SEE YOU AGAIN AFTER THE HOLIDAYS."



Mabel. "I'VE PLAYED FOURTEEN. HOW MANY HAVE YOU?" *Basil.* "TWELVE."
Mabel. "BUT IS THAT COUNTING ALL THE AIR STROKES?"

PALFREY'S TORTOISE.

PALFREY, the only man in the office who does not play golf, and is not addicted to any form of exercise, except with a paper-cutter, has acquired a tortoise. He has been interviewed as to his reasons for this rash act, and has denied (1) that he wanted it to go country walks with; (2) that he wanted something to love him unselfishly and without any fuss; (3) that he confused it with a mongoose, and thought it would kill rats; (4) that he believed tortoises moult every year, and had a scheme to use its discarded shells, silver-mounted, as wedding-presents. Palfrey explained that he took the tortoise home with him from motives of humanity. It had escaped from a shop, and had been arrested for loitering by a policeman who proposed to send it to the Cat and Dog Home.

"Hardly a suitable place, constable," said Palfrey, mildly. "Don't you think it would feel lonely there?"

"It could share a cell with a tortoise-shell cat," said the constable.

"If I take charge of it and advertise it, will that be all right?"

So Palfrey became possessor of the tortoise at the cost of a shilling to the policeman and an eighteen-penny advertisement, which nobody answered, that if not claimed within six days the animal would be sold to defray expenses.

This is Palfrey's account of the transaction. But I have reason to believe that he bought the tortoise, spot cash, for a shilling, because he had just taken up gardening and had read somewhere that a tortoise is almost indispensable to kill slugs. But he has been no more fortunate than the man who bought a quantity of a much-advertised insect powder and put it down for beetles. They finished what he put down, and came back, with more beetles, for a second helping. The grocer who supplied the powder seemed puzzled for a moment. Then the true explanation occurred to him. "You must have the wrong kind of beetle in your house, Sir. That's how it is." Well, Palfrey has got the wrong kind of tortoise, the kind that lives on lettuces, sharing them amicably with the slugs it should destroy. Having omitted to obtain any warranty with the tortoise, he has no remedy against the previous proprietor. But, as I pointed out to Palfrey, he has not had the tortoise long enough to be certain that it is a vegetarian.

"I have what amounts to proof."

"As how?"

"It doesn't smoke, or drink, is a member of the Peace at Any Price Party, and goes about bare-headed. So it is almost certainly a vegetarian. However, it's really very companionable. It comes down the road to meet me on my way from the station."

"Does it come far to meet you?"

"Not very far—in distance. But it's the spirit of the thing that counts. You see it only starts to meet me in the evening just after I leave in the morning. And then it's slightly uphill. Makes itself very useful about the house, too. I put it down on a newspaper in the garden, on Sunday, to prevent the thing from blowing away, and it kept it down for five hours. In fact, it was so absorbed in its work that I didn't like to take the paper away for fear of hurting its feelings."

"What was the paper?"

"*The Spectator.*"

"Have you written to the editor about it yet?"

"No. Should I?"

"Well, perhaps he could hardly use it as a proof of intelligence in tortoises that your one had gone to sleep over *The Spectator.* What do you give it to eat?"

"Slugs," said Palfrey shortly.

"I thought you said it ate lettuces, instead of slugs."

"That's quite true, but slugs are provided. Its idea evidently is to lull them into a sense of false security by pretending it is one of themselves. But it is taking a long time in getting to business."

"Look here, Palfrey, I don't believe you care twopence about tortoises. Why did you buy this one?"

"Do you like gardening shop?" Palfrey asked.

"Not a bit."

"Well, I don't care for golf shop, and you and Dumbell and Bewster and Carsill talk nothing else at lunch-time five days a week. So I got this tortoise as a counter-irritant, and I mean to tell you every day how many strokes it takes to go round the sun-dial, and if it keeps a good line from the first tea-rose to the trysting-arbour, and how it got dormy three on the weasel by catching it asleep, after hooking its approach into a rabbit-hole. I'll back my tortoise, at level money, against any three golf bores. What takers?"

A BUSINESS GOVERNMENT.

[According to *The Manchester Guardian*, the Post Office has been studying American methods of touting for telephone subscribers. Printed "Canvassing notes" have now been issued to some of our postmasters to assist them in this new branch of work.]

FURTHER evidences of Government enterprise will be found in the following:—

Do you know our charming
POSTAL ORDERS?
If not, try one.
Beautifully tinted, with portrait.
Prices to suit all pockets.
Nothing makes a more acceptable
birthday present for a friend.
Sold in many styles, including the following well-known kinds:—"The Tanner," "The Bob," "The Quid," etc.

N.B. We specially recommend our "Half-a-thick-'un" line, which is suitable for the use of schools.

An Uncle writes:—"Please send three more of your 'Half-a-thick-'un' orders. My small nephews like them ever so much better than gifts of books."

Dainty Sample Order sent on receipt of six stamps.

Have you that tired feeling which comes to people who, having sent out a messenger, wait wearily for an answer that seems long in coming?

Lovers hungering for quick replies, business men pacing your office impatient for a prompt answer, why suffer as you do when, by use of our famous
EXPRESS MESSENGERS
you might know what you want to know at once at a cost of only 3*d.* a mile?

PIP STREET ELEMENTARY SCHOOL, LONDON, E.

Large Playground. Drill. Liberal Education, No Fees.

We gain far more Secondary School Scholarships than any private or preparatory school in the district.

High o'er the Union fence leaps Sunny Jim,
Workhouse surroundings are no more for *him*.
Why grow old when our
"FIVE BOB" OLD AGE PENSIONS
will keep you young and smiling?
No old person should be without one.
Write to-day for address of nearest agent.

AT THE 18TH.

I.

("Favete linguis."—*Horace.*)

STILL,
Rippling rill!
Quiet, ye whispering elms!
O'er all Dame Nature's realms
Let silence come.
Hush,
Generous thrush,
Forbear awhile to thrill us!
Hop soft, hilarious gryllus,
And be dumb!
Let every natural mouth be shut—
For Smith (yes, *Smith*) is going to putt.

* * * *

II.

("Latret natura."—*Lucretius.*)

Caw,
Hovering daw!
Gryllus, resume thy note!
And, mavis, give thy throat
Its fullest compass!
Crash,
Quivering ash!
Give tongue, ye startled kine!
Let nature raise, in fine,
A tactful rumpus.
E'en then, let decent ears be shut—
For Smith (yes, *Smith*) has *missed* his putt!

Two Cuttings from "The Daily Mail:"

"The independent Republic of Andorra covers an area of 175 square miles and has about five thousand inhabitants."

"Andorra consists of three valleys hemmed in by mountains. The area is 600 square miles and the population 8,000."

People say life is dull, but it is really full of variety.

Commercial Candour.

"Non-refillable bottle. More than 100 have been invented, unworkable; mine is. Wanted partner with £15,000."—*Advt. in "Birmingham Daily Post."*

"Owner exclusive option, first and only patent meeting no needs, big industry, already fully tested. Invites co-operation."—*Advt. in "The Times."*

MUSICAL NOTES.

BRITISH CONSTITUTIONAL CONCERTS. DR. WOLFGANG SCHUBERT'S NEW OPERA.

THE scheme for the forthcoming series of British Constitutional Concerts keeps to much the same lines as in former years. Thus, while Monday is reserved for the compositions of STRAUSS, and Tuesday is earmarked for DEBUSSY, Wednesday will be devoted to the works of STRAUSS and DEBUSSY, while Thursday will be consecrated to those of DEBUSSY and STRAUSS. On Fridays the programme will be of a miscellaneous character, being confined to works by Russian, Mæso-Gothic, Mingrelian, and Bessarabian composers, while the Saturday programme will be shared between representative works of the Young Turkish, Podolion, Neo-Celtic and Bantu schools. The bâton will be wielded, as on former occasions, by M. Joskin Narwhal.

Amongst the new works set down for performance those of the Neo-Celtic school naturally claim especial attention. Mr. Cyril Keltie is to the fore with a new "Wee Free" Fantasia, in which prominence is assigned to a Pibroch for four-and-twenty pipers. Mr. Heinrich Oldbuck's novelties consist of a set of 192 variations on, "Merrily danced the Quaker's Wife," and a tragic scena, entitled "The Bath-chairman's Credo," based on Mr. MEEK'S poignant autobiography. The Bantu composers will be well represented by Professor Bantock, who will conduct his new Ethiopian Extravaganza, "Ten Minutes in Tanganyika," and a comic symphonic poem called "Moshesh and Mosilikatse."

Several of the successes of the last two seasons will be repeated, so that the public will be in the fortunate position of again hearing such masterpieces as Sparchenpflug's "Carburetta" overture, Mr. Oldbuck's "Clapham Junction" suite, and Mr. G. H. Clutcham's incidental music to "Belle and the Dragoon." Room will also be found for Mr. Donald Bovey's monumental "Mammoth" pianoforte concerto, which has never yet been performed in less than 200 minutes, and for Dr. Mordecai Jamrach's concerto for tuba, in which occurs the momentous episode for four bakerloons, an instrument in which Sir EDGAR SPEYER takes a special interest.

Dr. Wolfgang Schubert has written an interesting letter to the *Harmonicon* about his new miniature operetta, "The Kidnapped Countess." He says:

"There is none of the *terribilità* of Michelangelo in the libretto, and I have not shirked the saucy flippancy of the story, though never overstepping the bounds of perfect propriety. The second Act ends with a *Mazurka macabre*, and the duet between the pantry boy and the third footman in the servants' hall takes the form of a compact *résumé* of 69 motives from my previous works. The part of the demented Duke is specially written for an artist named Bartolozzi, who possesses an entirely original type of voice, to which I have given the name of mezzo-tinto. Besides thirteen other large solo parts my little operetta contains twenty-seven smaller solo parts, including four dumb waiters, a tweeny-maid, and the village idiot. I may add that I have already finished the first seven Acts, and the remaining five have only to be orchestrated."

SEASIDE FASHIONS.

IT is reported that hats will again be conspicuous by their absence at the most fashionable seaside resorts this year, though a few of the most exclusive men will be wearing the colours of the Household Brigade on straw hats. It is thought by those with the least knowledge that only members of the Guards' regiments should sport the well-known colours, but this is an entirely erroneous idea. Personally, we think the most fashionable and gentlemanly attire is a cycling suit of grey cloth, with grey woollen sweater and cloth cap—the latter decorated with a nickel or plated silver badge of one of the more select cycling clubs, such as the Upper Camberwell Polytechnic Rovers—and with this costume a watch-chain with cycling medals is indispensable. A "button" portrait of a lady friend adds a pleasing touch to the left lapel of the coat, or may be worn in front of the cap. Grey stockings and low cycling shoes complete a very smart appearance.

A yachting costume, consisting of white drill or flannel trousers, blue reefer coat and yachting cap, with the badge of any well-known yacht club, will be in favour with many of those desirous of prestige on "the prom." The wearer may not be connected with any of the craft in the offing or at anchor in the bay, but a good impression can be created by suitable sartorial suggestion.

For ladies also the cap of the R.Y.S. is the most effective headgear and goes well with a white Glory Quayle jersey.

Men's socks will be in the brightest colours, "rainbows" being the most likely to predominate, and the shoes—boots are quite out of fashion nowadays—should be of the lightest yellow leather, with large bows on the laces. In colour, the tie worn need not correspond with the socks, and there will be great latitude in the shapes allowed. The most dressy is the "butterfly" bow, with a sailor's-knot end hanging down below, and these are now made in silk, cotton or satin, either plain, flowered or spotted. A pale blue satin ground ornamented with crimson silk flowers is likely to find great favour.

For evening band parades, tweeds or self-coloured cloths are quite the thing, in colours ranging from green to magenta. The one requisite is that the coat must be cut with very tight-fitting waist. Ample skirts, in which the pockets must be placed diagonally, are the "*dernier cri*." The handkerchief is always worn in the left sleeve, and not less than three inches should protrude. The trousers must be turned up to show the socks, and the hat should be set a little to the back of the head. Woodbines or Toofers should be worn with this costume, as they lend a dashing air to the *ensemble*, though a heavily silver-mounted briar may be used on occasion if preferred.



MORE LETTERS OF A PARLOUR-MAID.

From Annie's correspondence with a friend about her new situation. "I DON'T SUPPOSE I SHALL STAY—THE OLD MAN'S THE LIMIT. HE'S THE FIRST MASTER I EVER HAD WHO OBJECTED TO ME YAWNING WHEN I HAND THE DISHES."

A Reuter telegram from New York, as printed in the *Manchester Daily Dispatch*:

"The temperature remains in the nineties, with much humility."

Thus Nature endorses the national characteristic.

"If anything happens on board the *Montrose* after to-day, the news is not likely to reach this country before to-morrow or Thursday."—*The Daily Telegraph.*

Of course, it is only quite a simple thought, but how true and how beautifully expressed!

"Mr. Hossack was not able to come, owing to absence."—*East Anglian Daily News.*

He must try to think of a better reason next time.

WORDS IN SEASON.

[The Editor of *Punch* cannot hold himself responsible for the seasonableness of this article on the actual date of issue.]

A Forecast.

Although yesterday was another wet and sunless day, holiday-makers have every reason to look forward to more seasonable weather in the near future. The anti-cyclonic depression to which we called attention last week is now veering towards the North-west, accompanied by a barometric disturbance of considerable intensity. This pressure in the ordinary way would spell rain, but when taken into consideration with the local area of the atmospheric bar, and the calorific influence of the Gulf Stream, its significance cannot be neglected. A further point in its favour is the absence of any decided circular impression and the increased volume of the trade winds. Nor must the surcharged density of the Newfoundland fog banks be minimised, though this is largely counteracted by the added voltage. Fortunately the dew-point remains steady.

Summing it up, then, we may say that, as long as the thermometric conditions are unaltered, there is every indication of an improvement in the prescribed area; the only thing to fear now being a pronounced typhonic activity from the North-east. This, however, is unlikely.

Reports from Holiday Resorts.

	Hrs. Sunshine.	Ins. Rain.	Remarks.
Bournemouth	0·7	2·34	Glorious.
Margate . .	—	1·9	Delightful.
Hastings . .	0·001	3·0	Lovely.
Brighton . .	—	8·76	Spiffing.
Eastbourne .	0·3	6·19	Top-hole.
Iceland . .	14·6	—	So-so.

A Song for the Summer.

Is it raining? Never mind—
Think how much the Birdies love it!
See them in their dozens drawn,
Dancing, to the croquet lawn—
Could our little friends have dined
If there'd been no worms above it?

Is it murky? What of that,
If the Owls are fairly perky?
Just imagine you were one—
Wouldn't you *detest* the sun?
I'm pretending I'm a Bat,
And I know I *like* it murky.

Is it chilly? After all,
We must not forget the Poodle.
If the days were really hot,
Could he wear *one* woolly spot?
Could he even keep his shawl?
No, he'd shave the whole caboodle.

Great Events which have occurred on Dull Days.

Aristophanes wrote "The Clouds" on just such a day as this.

James Watt discovered the Steam Engine on a wet day. If it had been a fine day he would have been having tea in the garden, and wouldn't have been allowed near the kettle.

Eliza Cook composed some of her best poems on damp afternoons when she couldn't get out.

Charles Macintosh invented the macintosh during a spell of rain. Another period of humidity led in olden times to a similar invention by Caio Balbo Aquascuto.

The shades of night were falling fast as through an Alpine village passed a youth who bore 'mid snow and ice a banner with the strange device, 'Excelsior.' Probably you couldn't do that on a hot summer afternoon.

And lastly, the English Academy of Letters was founded on a wet day. Think of that!

Things that come out with the Sun.

Imitation Panamas.
Freckles.
Christmas Numbers.
Channel Swimmers.
Gnats.
Sunshades in the front rows of the Grand Stand.

Do you like any of these? No. Then don't be silly.

What, however, we really think.

All together:
"*Blank* the weather!"

A. A. M.

THE PERSONAL POSTER.

We understand that considerable stir has been caused among electioneering experts by an incident that occurred in a recent by-election. As reported in the Press an aged citizen of one hundred and four was driven to the polling station in a wagonette decorated with a placard bearing the words: "The oldest voter in England converted to Tariff Reform." There seems to be little doubt that this suggestive device will be much in evidence at the next general election. The idea has been adopted with enthusiasm by the agents of both sides.

Our representative called yesterday evening upon the senior partner of a firm of printers which makes a speciality of this sort of work, and had a chat with him upon the situation. We regret that we are not at liberty to publish his name, and we feel that it would be best not to give any clue whatever as to his identity.

"Yes," he remarked, in answer to a singularly pertinent query on the part of our representative, "the last election was remarkable for the development of the poster. You may take my word for it that in the next the most powerful political weapon in the field will be the vehicular placard—if I may so call it.

"Yes"—our representative had interjected another telling observation—"we are already overwhelmed with orders. Voters are being asked to report any little peculiarity they may possess to head-quarters, and these are being embodied in terse and striking phrases. It begins to look as if almost every conveyance that comes up to the poll will carry a placard, and the effect of this personal touch—if I may call it so—is bound to be enormous." He lifted a large square of cardboard that had been propped up against the desk. "Here is an example," he went on, "from Worcestershire. What do you think of it?"

The placard bore the words, in massive purple characters, "A Naturalised German wants Eight and won't wait." The printer began to turn over a pile of boards at his elbow.

"Here is one from Scotland, very striking in its way—'The only Negro in Kirkcaldy votes for Home Rule.' And here are several others—'The Tallest Man in Kent means to have a Small Holding;' 'A Retired Smuggler converted to Free Trade'; 'A Professional Sword Swallower disapproves of Food Taxes'; 'A Deaf Stone-Breaker welcomes the Motor Tax'; 'Distinguished Airman supports the new Land Taxes.'"

"And this?"

"Ah, that comes from Lancashire. I think it would be hardly fair to tell you which party it was ordered by, but you will agree with me that it is bound to have its effect—'The Village Idiot supports the Veto.'"

As our representative turned to go he stumbled over a placard in the form of sandwich boards.

"Is this one of them?" he asked, turning it over.

"Well, no, not exactly. That is a private order. It does not come from either political party." Our representative read:—

"The only Self-Respecting Man left in the Division prefers to Walk."

Another Result of the Weather.

In its list of New Books *The Evening Standard* prints *Profitable Fruit-Growing* under the heading "Fiction."



New District Visitor. "CAN YOU TELL ME IF THIS IS—AH—PARADISE AVENUE?"
Rough. "'ONEYSUCKLE GROVE THIS IS. PARADISE IS THROUGH THE HARCH WHERE YER SEE THEM BLOKES FIGHTIN'!"

THE BOY AND HIS POISE.

["Let boys be as still as they like until their mind has got its poise and purpose, and then let them become Roosevelts."—*Sir Gilbert Parker.*]

I WATCHED him at the stair-head on a tray;
He had not stirred while thirty seconds rolled;
Not this the mere barbarian at play,
Aimlessly bad or ignorantly bold;
He knew the pleasure of the picturesque,
And how to salt the savour of his joys;
Silent he sat, motionless, statuesque,
Getting his poise.

But lo! a touch, a start, a quickening glide,
A clanging, clattering, nerve-destroying din,
An Indian shriek, a swift toboggan slide—
And all the hall a haggis, boy and tin!
Then from the wreck unwounded, grimly bland,
His passion for adventure still uncured,
He rose one boil of resolution and
Purpose matured.

And so he trampled all the dahlias down,
Emptied his airgun in the stable cat,
Upset the blacking on the housemaid's gown,
And left the butter where his sister sat.
And, when once more I heard him mount the stair
And cease upon the landing with no noise,
I knew his purpose, and I did not dare
Wait for his poise.

IN A GOOD CAUSE.

Now that the holidays are here, *Mr. Punch* begs leave to direct the goodness of his readers to the needs of the children for whom there are no holidays unless they come as a gift from kind hearts. Last summer the Fresh Air Fund gave a day in the country to over two hundred thousand children and a fortnight to four thousand. Ninepence is the very modest cost of a day's holiday, and ten shillings means a whole fortnight. *Mr. Punch* begs that those to whom holidays come as a matter of course will not forget the poor children of our cities, but send some offering to the Hon. Sec. of the Fresh Air Fund, Mr. ERNEST KESSELL, 23, St. Bride Street, E.C.



Jane. "I'VE SOMETHING ON ME MIND, 'ARRY, THAT I HARDLY KNOWS HOW TO TELL YER."
'Arry. "AHT WIV IT."
Jane. "I'M AFRAID YER WON'T MARRY ME IF I TELLS YER."
'Arry. "AHT WIV IT."
Jane. "I'M A SONAMBULIST, 'ARRY."
'Arry (*after prolonged pause*). "NEVER MIND, JANE, IT 'LL BE ALL RIGHT. IF THERE AIN'T NO CHAPEL FOR IT, WE 'LL BE MARRIED AT A REGISTRY."

HESPERIA!

LAST week we intelligently anticipated some of the questions in the examination which the Great Western Railway is conducting with the idea of testing the competitor's knowledge of the country served by that line. We are fortunate to secure a few more questions from a paper dealing exclusively with the resemblance between Cornwall and Italy, as suggested by the well-known poster of the G. W. R.

1. What proofs can you give in support of the theory that the Phœnicians did not visit Cornwall in search of tin (as generally supposed), but came with messages of reproach from Dido to Æneas, mistaking the shores of the Duchy for Italy on account of the similarity of shape?

2. Compare the character and history of King MARK of Cornwall with those of MARCUS AURELIUS.

3. What claims have (*a*) Falmouth to be considered the Venice, (*b*) Bodmin the Florence, and (*c*) Truro the Rome of the West Country?

4. Write a short philological treatise on the distinction (if any) between Scilly and Sicily.

5. Contrast (*a*) The Logan Stone with the Leaning Tower of Pisa, (*b*) Bishop TRELAWNEY with Pope PIUS IX., (*c*) A Cornish pasty with a Bologna sausage.

7. Translate into Italian "Do 'ee belong to be zizicling?" and give some comparative account of the literary labours of Sir A. T. QUILLER-COUCH (Fowey) and VIRGIL (Mantua).

ICONOCLASTS.

(*Induced by a long study of the snapshots in the weekly illustrated papers.*)

YE marksmen with the sliding shutter!
Ye shooters on the paddock's pitch!
Whose task it is to help to butter
The great, the noble and the rich;
How hard you make it for the motley rhymer
To feel, as he desires, the fulsome throb
Of adulation for a world sublimer,
To be, in fact, a snob!

Oft have I oped with hand unsteady
The papers, where the earth's *élite*
Are sniped at social functions—ready
To fall and worship at their feet;
To treasure in my heart the actual snigger
Wherein some Countess happened to indulge;
To find the portrait of a ducal figure
And dote upon its bulge.

Alas for hopes! were these the faces
Of fairs that took the town by storm?
The counterfeits of courtly graces
And peerless beauty—potted warm?
Less like they seemed to Aphrodite's laughter—
The grins you gave me—than the tortured mug
Of Mrs. Tompkinson before (not after)
She took that tabloid drug.

Were these, ye gods! a Viscount's poses,
The boots, the attitude, the beam,
Of Capulets with Norman noses,
Of England's upper crust and cream?
Had I been meant to think that fashion's splendour
Was tinsel after all (when fairly shot)
I might have handed in my faith's surrender,
But was I? Surely not.

No, I was asked to gaze and tremble,
To laud, to envy, to admire
These seraphs whom you made resemble
Mere imbeciles with clothes on hire;
Can you not touch 'em up next time, or tone 'em?
Or must I lacerate my trusting heart
With doubts if, after all, the *summum bonum*
Consists in being smart? EVOE.



ET TU, BRUTE!

John Bull. "AND THIS FROM YOU—AFTER ALL THAT I AND SHEPHERD'S BUSH HAVE DONE FOR YOU!"



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 25.—As a rule attendance slack on Mondays, more especially during earlier hours of sitting. Members dutifully follow enticing example of PRINCE ARTHUR, who stretches his week-end holiday as far as it will safely go. Marked difference in appearance of House to-day. Men flock to it from far and near. PREMIER has promised to make statement on engrossing question of the Conference. At his request three questions put down by as many Members were postponed till to-day. Here they stand on the paper in everybody's hand. There, below Gangway on Ministerial side, sit the inquisitorial Trio, blushing at their personal prominence.

House suffers with impatience stream of preliminary queries, including a Shorter Catechism by permission of SPEAKER administered to PRESIDENT OF BOARD OF TRADE with intent to egg him on to action in matter of Law Guarantee business. All eyes fixed on PREMIER as he sits on Treasury Bench toying with sheaf of notes. Fancy he is feeling a little nervous, mood foreign to his habit. Certainly his hand seems to shake as he turns over the folios which doubtless contain text of momentous statement.

Those seated near note that the questions have been cut out and for greater convenience of reply pasted on top of separate sheets of foolscap. No. 45 stands in name of JOSEPH KING; 46 is WEDGWOOD'S; 47 bears the honoured name of BYLES OF BRADFORD, still tarrying with us in Commons, while old chums like CAUSTON and WALTER FOSTER have gone to "another place."

Varying slightly in phrase, all demand information as to present state of affairs in the Conference and as to immediate prospect. PREMIER notoriously a hard man to "draw" at Question time. Too heavy a load for one horse; so three are harnessed to do the job.

"That 'll fetch him," murmurs WINTERTON under his breath, regarding scene from over the way with intense interest.

Question 44 put and answered. "Mr. KING," cried the SPEAKER.

KING JOSEPH rose with solemnity fitting to occasion. In voice in which surging emotion was hardly suppressed he said, "I beg to ask the PRIME MINISTER Question 45."

With slow action, the reluctance of a man brought to face a grave crisis,



"WHY SHOULD A RADICAL WEAR A WHITE HAT?"

Why not a coronet, for instance, like Comrades Causton and Foster?

(Lord Byles of Bradford.)

up gat the PREMIER; stood by the brass-bound box, bringing his sheaves with him in shape of folios with the portentous questions pasted at top. There followed a pause while he readjusted his papers. But for the



THE AMAZEMENT OF "KING JOSEPH."

(Mr. Joseph King of North Somerset.)

matting on the floor (a faulty conductor of sound) you might have heard a pin drop if one had chanced to fall.

"I will," said the PREMIER, "answer the three questions together."

Another pause, less perceptible in length, blood-curdling in intensity of emotion.

"I hope to be able to make a statement on the subject referred to——"

Here another pause of greater duration. Something like a suppressed cry of "Ah!" ran along the crowded benches as Members drew themselves together, straining their ears to catch the momentous words.

"——during the course of this week."

Gathering up his precious folios he turned and resumed his seat.

There followed a moment of amazed silence. KING JOSEPH dreamily put his hand to his head with action suggestive of intent to cast down his golden crown around the glassy sea. WEDGWOOD stared about as if looking for some priceless vase, hoary with age of the renowned founder of his family, suitable for smashing. As for BYLES OF BRADFORD he made up his mind that the House of Commons is no longer a place for him. Happily there is another.

Then there broke forth a roar of laughter rising peal on peal.

The House saw the PREMIER'S little joke and enjoyed it immensely.

Business done.—Budget Bill brought in and read a first time.

Tuesday.—SPEAKER in mellowest mood. Whether in surcease of pain or pleased anticipation of near holiday who shall say. Urbanity takes form of tender consideration for welfare and personal comfort of Members. RONALDSHAY first to evoke the sentiment. Noble Earl, brought up in the Vice-regal court at Calcutta what time GEORGE CURZON represented his sovereign, has acquired something of the grace of manner and charm of speech native to his chief. Seconding an amendment designed to bestow preferential duties upon Empire-grown tea, memories of sojourn on banks of Ganges flooded his ingenuous mind. Proposed to treat House to disquisition on state of political affairs in India.

"Order! order!" said the SPEAKER. "That line of argument will be more suitable to-morrow when the Indian Budget will be considered."

Then, fearing he might have wounded the sensibilities of a still young Member, he added in sweetest tones, "The noble lord must not exhaust himself."

Taking the hint, RONALDSHAY sat down.

Later, Mr. HINDLE, who distinguished himself at the General Election



THE "EMPIRE-GROWN TEA" GOWN.

Colonel Seely and Mr. Hobhouse. "Oh, yes! Brought up to date and very fashionable, no doubt, but the same impossible features! No, thank you!!"

Mr. Bonar Law (*aside to Mr. Alfred Lyttelton.*) "These disguises don't seem to work, somehow, Alfred; it 's really very disheartening!"

by recapturing Darwen long held by Unionists, drew upon himself a fresh flash of kindly light. Was proposing to deliver lecture illustrating injury that would be inflicted on the cotton industry by institution of Colonial preference. Got through his exordium when SPEAKER again interposed.

"The question before the House," he remarked, "has no reference to the cotton industry, and I must ask the hon. gentleman to come back to tea."

HINDLE'S honest face glowed with pleasure. RONALDSHAY, heir to a marquisate, was merely besought not to wear himself out by untimely labour. He, a mere country solicitor, publicly asked out to tea by the First Commoner of the land.

Business done.—Indian Budget expounded by MONTAGU in excellent speech, a model of perspicuity.

Wednesday, August 3.—Adjournment of both Houses for Recess. Meet again with the fogs in November. PREMIER and PRINCE ARTHUR, shaking hands, heartily echo each other's "Au revoir."

"Taking it all in all," says PRINCE ARTHUR, "with special reference to the latter half, this one of the pleasantest sessions I remember. You did a clever thing (I won't forget it when I take your place) by combining Easter and Whitsun holidays, giving us a decent time for recreation instead of two inconvenient scraps. Then came the Truce, when you and I of our helmets made hives for bees. No longer need for close attendance at Question time or later. Come when you like, go when you please. Why can't we always carry on business in this fashion?"

"Wait and see what November brings forth," said the ever-wary PREMIER.

Business done.—Exeunt omnes.

"Apparently the mother-in-law joke is not dead yet. From 'the other side' comes the statement that two well-known managers have received a petition, signed by many members of the gentle sex in Boston, urging them to suppress in future all allusions to mothers-in-law, on the ground that they are for the most part vulgar and immoral."—*Manchester Evening Chronicle.*

At the risk of prolonging the joke for one more week we protest against this attack on mothers-in-law.

TO "TIDDLES,"

A TOY POM.

["The Ladies Gwendolen and Violet were also present, looking charming as ever, each with her toy Pomeranian under her arm. These fashionable little creatures, from whom they are inseparable, wore bows to harmonise with their mistresses' exquisite toilettes."
Fashionable Intelligence.]

TIME was, ere love assailed my lot,
Dogs almost filled a heart to let,
"They were the friends that failed one not,"
And so on, Tiddles—till we met.

Long have I woo'd your mistress coy,
Taught her, at last, to call me "Tom;"
But you, you are her "Booful Boy,"
Her "Tweesome Pet," her "Tiddley Pom."

My lips may scarce salute her brow,
While you her lovely cheeks may lick,
And she can kiss you—Heaven knows how!
The waste! It makes me simply sick!

Did ever dog so fuss about?
Each side the door, or round her lap!
Out, must come in, or in, go out—
Lor', how I loathe you and your yap!

In that long-planned-for *tête-à-tête*—
So tender it might well have been—
There came your whine, and, cursing fate
And you, I had to let you in;

And hear, with speechless wrath, once more,
"You 'd love my dog if you loved me."
How could the darling so adore
Your cupboard-loving tyranny?

For you don't love her for herself,
You compound of conceit and greed,
Posing beneath the biscuit shelf,
Living to show-off and to feed.

But I have learnt one master-word
To free me from your fell annoy:—
BATH!—then you daren't be seen or heard
For blissful hours, my Tiddley boy!

You "wait and see!"—some day I hope
To work that watery spell anew,
And while you 're skulking from the soap,
I 'll win her, and be hanged to you!

Illustration by Music.

From a Church notice:—

"The subject of the Vicar's next address to men will be

MARRIAGE.

Organ selection from *Otello.*"



Angler (who is telling his "big fish" story). "WHAT WEIGHT WAS HE? WELL, THEY HADN'T RIGHT WEIGHTS AT THE INN, BUT HE WEIGHED EXACTLY A FLAT-IRON, TWO EGGS, AND A BIT OF SOAP!"

WEATHER CORRESPONDENCE.

[The Editor of *Punch* cannot hold himself responsible for the seasonableness of this correspondence on the actual date of issue.]

SIR,—May I draw your attention to a holiday-maker's grievance? The Mayor, Corporation and Burgesses of Southpool deliberately and with malice aforethought attracted me to their town by the following devices—(*a*) Poster inscribed "Come unto these yellow sands," and depicting mixed bathing in the airiest costumes on a yellow beach, in a blue sea, and under a cloudless sky; (*b*) poster showing aviation meeting—same sky, sands, and sea, only deliciously shaded by the passing of flying machines; (*c*) a pamphlet stating that the average temperature of Southpool in July and August is 81° in the shade, and that the town is universally known as the British Naples.

When I arrived at this health resort I found that the sands, sea and sky were all grey, instead of yellow and blue, as per sample; that north-eastern winds caused the abandonment of the flying meet; and that the only amusement in its place was a Free Trade orator suffering from a cold in his head. Nor did I hear a single resident or visitor allude to Southpool as Naples.

I am claiming damages from the Corporation for misrepresentation, and I intend in court to prove special damage as follows:—Three bottles of cough mixture at 2*s.* 9*d.*; carriage of fur coat from London, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Yours truly, NUDA VERITAS.

SIR,—May I indicate to parents and guardians a cheap amusement for children kept at home this summer? Construct a rain-gauge in the garden. Most gardens contain a useless sun-dial, and a mason will chip out a rain-gauge on it in a few hours. I was cheered and delighted this morning when my six-year-old boy ran into the house and said, "1·25 inch of rain last night, Daddy, and *The Daily Mail* says there 's another depression coming—we 'll beat the record yet."

Yours truly,
A THOUGHTFUL PARENT.

P.S.—By a slight alteration of the motto on my sun-dial I have made it applicable to a rain-gauge. It now runs:—

"Horas non numero nisi madentes"
(The only hours I record are the dripping ones.)

SIR,—Since it is admitted that electricity has much to do with the weather, may I draw your attention to the following facts? I have carefully noted the places where depressions originate, and I find that they all come from Protectionist countries. Not a single depression is mentioned as originating in Turkey—the only other Free Trade country in Europe. Is it not likely that our present weather is caused by the electrical devices of foreign manufacturers? If a fifty-per-cent. duty were instantly placed on imported macintoshes and umbrellas, it would no longer pay our rivals to create depressions artificially. Then, Sir, we should get back to the good old days when the thermometer always stood at 80° in the shade, and corn at 80*s.* per quarter.

Yours truly, ANTI-COBDEN.

OFF THE BEATEN TRACK.

We, the explorers, got on to the mobus at Oxford Circus, not meaning to get off again until we came to Shepherd's Bush. Why should we, if we didn't want to? At that rustic spot there is an exhibition and it is called the Japan-British Exhibition. With the regrettable modern tendency to keep a good thing to oneself, the promoters have tried to hush it up, but the fact has leaked out. There is no deceiving George and myself when we are out for discovery. Thus, when the bus conductor told us that there was no Exhibition and that the whole thing was a piece of idle gossip, we simply didn't believe him. We were not to be put off, not, at any rate, until we got to the Shepherd's Bush entrance.

"Programmes, threepence each," said one native. "No change given here," said another. "Programmes, threepence each," said a third, and "This way out," said another. "Programmes," muttered the chorus, "threepence each." The Japanese are indeed a fluent race.

We paid our shillings and were allowed across the frontier. Here we were accosted by a special messenger, with information of the utmost secrecy and importance. "These programmes," he said, "are to be sold at threepence each." We said that was as might be, and he came along with us, babbling gaily all the time. If fluent, the Japanese are a people of one idea, and that concerned in the main with programmes. "Perhaps," we said, "we shall find them a little broader-minded and better informed inland," and pressed forward on our pilgrimage.

When George and I are *en route* we like to see things that no one else has seen. So we passed over bridges and under arches, through gardens and groves, determined not to be distracted by the beauty of it all from our search for the out-of-the-way. Our curiosity was duly rewarded. The wall of Japan is made of corrugated iron, which contains a little door about half-way down, entirely unnoticed by the casual tourist. A little persistent pushing on the part of George opened it and revealed to us a magnificent panorama, some thirty feet below us. The discovery, in fact, consisted of an infinite number of sheds and railways and more sheds and one more railway. We gazed in admiration.

"There must be there," I said, "some twenty trains. How beautiful and how Oriental!"

"How!" re-echoed George. "Real lines, real trains, real sheds, and look! real signals." He seized my arm in his excitement. "And," he shouted, "I do believe that that is a real man!"

We had only an hour to explore the whole country, but we could not tear ourselves away from our discovery. Some of the trains sat still; others moved about. The man produced a real pipe from his pocket and started smoking it, just to show how really real he was. It was indeed an engrossing sight, and we were a little annoyed to be interrupted by our special messenger with the same old message.

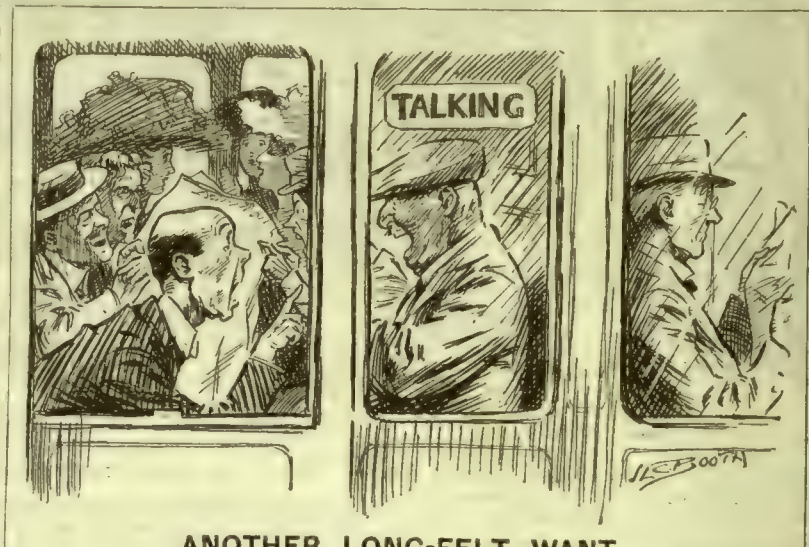
"Young man," we said, "this is a wonderful prospect, and only you are vile. O-ya sa-me na-sai," which in Japanese, if properly spelt, means "Good night."

"Programmes, threepence each," he answered defiantly.

"It reminds me," said George, with a far-away look that did not include the messenger,—"it reminds me of nothing so much as the Central London Railway Dépôt, away in old England."

"Which is what it is," said the special messenger curtly. "Never mind," he added, as we turned away, a little depressed, "these programmes are really threepence each, but to cheer you up I will let you have a packet of half a gross for twelve-and-sixpence."

"You couldn't," I said, cheering up a little—"you couldn't *lend* us a couple, could you?"



ANOTHER LONG-FELT WANT.

A Suggestion to the Railway Companies.

NOTES ON OUR SEMI-CERULEANS.

(*With acknowledgments to "The Observer."*)

In response to several correspondents who have expressed a desire for information on the subject of University life, we make no excuse for publishing the following brief appreciations of several of the most prominent undergraduates at present in residence at Oxford and Cambridge.

Mr. Alexander Blagdon, of Brasenose, is undoubtedly one of the most remarkable specimens of the *mens sana in corpore sano* now pursuing his studies on the banks of the Isis. Before leaving Winvern, he was the best player of spillikins in the school, and in his third term won a quarter blue for that invigorating pastime. In his college regatta he has twice won the crab-catching competition and carried off the 'Varsity water squash singles last term without losing a single set.

Mr. John George England, is, like Mr. Blagdon, a distinguished *alumnus* of Winvern School. When he left for Christ Church, which he entered in October, 1909, it was prophesied of him by his headmaster, "England will do something thrilling. He will reap fresh lustre for Winvern." And he did. In his first term he jerked a water biscuit from his rooms in Peckwater clean over Canterbury Gate, striking a messenger on the nose, a thing that never happened before. He was proctorised four times in his first fortnight, and was unanimously elected to the Christ Church Pundits—perhaps the most select wine club at any university—besides gaining his half blue for auction-bridge. Indeed he would have got his full blue this term had not his doctor forbidden him to indulge in so exacting a pastime.

Mr. Boker, an old Wigglesberghian, has also crowded much into his first year of residence. In his freshman's term he read the whole of *The Scarlet Pimpernel* and became a vegetarian for ten days. He also won prizes in a college competition for the loudest socks and the most powerful solo on the banjo. Mr. Boker is of the natural type of player on all instruments, having immense articulation of wrist, great courage, and a capital temperament. But it is only by sheer hard



"THE POINT OF VIEW."

Overworked London Clerk (taking short holiday on Sussex Downs). "So you 've lived here all your life?"

Countryman. "Yaas, Sir, and prashious tired of it I be. Ah, Lunnon 's the place; a man can feel alive there. Why, I feels like as if I was *shut up in a box* living here."

work that he has become the performer he is. Indeed the Bursar, who has rooms on the same staircase, was obliged to intervene on one occasion when Mr. Boker had practised for five hours on end. He has, however, quite deserted the banjo for the balalaika, for which he has gained his college colours.

Mr. A. J. Tootell is one of the most versatile undergraduates at present in residence. In his first year he proved himself the most accomplished jodeller in Cambridge, and at the May Week balls was by general consent admitted to be the strongest and heftiest two-stepper who took the floor. As a scholar, too, he is a man of mark, having twice in a Divinity paper translated οἱ Ῥωμαῖοι "The Pomaeans," while his hair is redder than that of any of his contemporaries. To crown all, he is the proud possessor of a motoring licence more frequently endorsed than that of any undergraduate automobilist. Indeed he is the only man living who has run down a bath-chair, a hedgehog and a turkey-cock in the same day.

THE OLD TÉMÉRAIRE.

[He jests at cars that never felt a wound.]

We drove among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove
A car which there were few to praise
And none at all to shove.

She bumped upon a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye;
Fair as a car can spin she spun
And leapt towards the sky.

We were alone, and few could know
When we two ceased to cuss;
Ten miles we hauled her home, and, oh,
The difference to us!

"The game had only been in progress ten minutes when there was a cloud burst, and the players were literally washed off the field."—*Manchester Evening News.*

	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Per cent.
Lancashire ...	19	10	3	6*	52·63

* Including one match in which team was washed away.

"B. B. Wilson cannot exactly be called one of Yorkshire's young players, for he has passed his 13th year."—*Dundee Advertiser.*

You see it is already a year since they let him into the Pavilion at half-price. He 's getting quite a big boy now.

"At the police court to-day C. B. Westmacott, manager of the Oscar Asche Company, was charged at the information of Inspector Shakespeare with having neglected to keep every passage of the Theatre Royal clear of persons standing during the performance of the 'Merchant of Venice.'"—*Sydney Morning Herald.*

What a chance, and simply wasted on them in Australia. Over here we have dozens of magistrates who could do justice to it.

"An application by an assistant master of the Bromley Road Schools for leave of absence in order to attend a special vaccination course in geography was submitted."
Beckenham Journal.

He might start with the Calf of Man.

"Housemaid wanted, steady and respectable (after Bank Holiday)."—*The Daily Telegraph.*

A very severe test.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

A GUEST invited to one of Mr. E. F. BENSON'S numerous and delightfully situated country houses may be pardoned for feeling a little like *Alice* on the further side of the *Looking Glass*. He has just been introduced to some one, let us say, as the simplest of good fellows, or even as the most heartrending of bores, but in a page or two his neighbour's characteristics begin to fade, his outlines grow dimmer and mistier, and he finds he was talking all the time to the *White*—I beg your pardon, to Mr. E. F. BENSON himself. In *Daisy's Aunt* (NELSON) there is no falling off in the output of charmingly inconsequent small-talk nor in the idyllic surroundings (if I may use a guide-book phrase), but I have a faint suspicion that the author was feeling a little hard up for a plot. The idea of the story is the same as that of BROWNING'S poem, "A Light Woman," only you must reverse the sexes. We are invited to believe that a thoroughly good woman (and just engaged, too) would carry on a violent flirtation with a man about whose past she had learned a secret, in order to save her niece from marrying him. Nothing was eventually gained by the deception, for the truth, of course, was bound to come out if *Daisy* was ever to forgive her aunt, whom she had previously adored. However, if she had been told at once, we should have missed the riparian beauties of *Lady Nottingham's* house at Bray and the badinage at her breakfast table, and that would have been a pity.

There were several little things which I was going to say to Mrs. LOCKHART LANG in the way of gentle criticism of her story, *Bubbles and Troubles* (ALSTON RIVERS), but I have resolved now not to say them. The chief reason for this decision is that I have quite forgotten what the little things were, and can only recall that my final impression was of a book full of charm and gay spirits. If I had any points of difference with the author, they must have been very small points; well, let them go. A writer of Mrs. LANG'S sex who is gifted with a touch as light as this and a humour as irresponsible is best taken as you find her. Wit and irony women have often exploited successfully in books; but this happy irrelevancy seems to me to be something new. So I take off my hat to Mrs. LANG and to the delightful *Peter*, and I beg her to give him another show in her next book. I must have some more of *Peter*, and that very quickly.

The theme which PAUL GWYNNE set himself,
In *Nightshade* (CONSTABLE), I fancy,
He lifted from a handy shelf
Of mediæval necromancy;
For if we probe and peer below
The trappings wherewithal it 's shackled
We find the thing which, years ago,
GOETHE and old KIT MARLOWE tackled.

It 's quite ingeniously concealed
With science, very learned looking,
But none the less it stands revealed
As unmistakable recooking.
The points I recognised were these:
A modern *Faust* with variations,
Urged by a *Mephistopheles*
With certain mundane limitations.

But, if the skeleton is old,
It 's clothed with very living tissues;
The scheme has all that it can hold
Of novel side (and other) issues;
The author gives, to cite a case,
Horrors of up-to-date invention
Which, even if I had the space,
I 'd almost feel afraid to mention.



A PROSPECT OF A LONG WAIT.

Hairdresser. "DON'T GO, SIR! YOU 'RE NEXT!"

There can no doubt be too many chats on the cricket field; for the shorter one's innings the longer one's talk. But the *Chats on the Cricket Field* of Mr. W. A. BETTESWORTH (MERRITT AND HATCHER) are not like that. These are interviews between a cricketer who no longer plays (but was very useful to Sussex in the eighties, and, having laid aside the bat, has taken to the pen) and many of the principal amateur and professional cricketers of the past twenty years. There is not an uninteresting or uninforming chat in the book, but one may be pardoned for preferring some of the old talks to the new. To hear TOM EMMETT'S voice again is to receive something of a thrill. When we come to Mr. JAMES PYCROFT, and FRED GALE ("The Old Buffer"), and Lord BESSBOROUGH, and Mr. A. F. J. FORD, we get more than mere opinions on the game: we get history too. This book enables one (a little like GOLDSMITH'S warrior) to shoulder a thousand bats and show how fights were won.

Fear (STANLEY PAUL) brings off a double event, for it strikes "a new note in fiction," and me with the horrors. In these short stories I am told, by the publishers, that "Miss Nesbit exhibits remarkable powers of imagination and insight into the psychology of the emotions," and I am not inclined to dispute the accuracy of that statement. Nevertheless, when I remember the delightful books which she has written, I admit that this exhibition of her versatility leaves me exceedingly depressed. It is a relief to add that there is one story which strikes an old note and a happy one. In "The Followers" no one, to borrow a picturesque phrase from America, is "scared stiff," and, although two people do jump into a river, they could swim quite nicely, and before even changing their clothes they decided to marry each other. But if you prefer something really grisly and gruesome, I recommend "John Charrington's Wedding."

CHARIVARIA.

THE President of the Ancient Order of Hibernians of Portland, Oregon, U.S.A., has offered Germany armed assistance in the event of war with Great Britain. This may be a pretty compliment to Mr. REDMOND, but we have yet to learn how Germany welcomes this new embarrassment. The problem before her is not too easy even without Hibernian assistance.

* * *

"A woman," we are told, "who attempted to drown herself in the river at Lyons was brought to the bank by her two dogs, which she had tied to her neck, and which she intended should perish with her." It is not improbable that, as a result of this, many nervous bathers will now adopt the safeguard of wearing a necklace of Poms and Pekinese.

* * *

"The fair hair of the Anglo-Saxon," we are told, "is disappearing." But we are not going to worry. It will come into fashion again right enough before long.

* * *

The statement that Lord KITCHENER has been appointed Colonel of the 1st County of London Yeomanry caused some alarm among the Peace Party last week. It is all right, though. He has only been made Honorary Colonel.

* * *

"Mr. LLOYD GEORGE," says Sir ALEXANDER ACLAND-HOOD, "is valuing everything." We hope this includes a proper appreciation of the Navy.

* * *

Owing to a strike of grave-diggers in Paris, soldiers have had to be employed to do their work, and have been grumbling at their unmilitary task. If only the authorities had thought of calling it "Practice in throwing up earthworks!"

* * *

Not content with being a great actress, Madame SARAH BERNHARDT has now become a great grandmother.

* * *

The Stroud Chamber of Commerce has passed a resolution in favour of smaller half-sovereigns. If at the same time they could be made a bit cheaper it would be a popular move.

A propos of Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S suggestion that concerts should be given in our prisons, a gentleman writes to *The Daily Mail*, asking, "Why should not prisoners, instead of being amused at the expense of the public, amuse one another? Many of them are probably first-rate actors, and some perhaps musicians." This letter, we hear, has caused considerable offence in stage circles, where it is denied that the paucity of first-rate actors on the boards is due to the fact that so many of them are away in prison.

* * *

"A hawker named HENESSEY," we read, "was fined at Bow Street for attempting to throw a constable into one of the fountains in Trafalgar Square." Quite right, too! It would be an abominable thing if our policemen, who always look so spruce, were to be treated like that by just anybody into whose head the fancy entered.

* * *

The contemporary which, in its account of a recent appeal to the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE, stated that British seamen object to being brandied at Antwerp, was guilty of a peculiarly obvious misprint.

* * *

A horse belonging to a Bangor pork butcher died last week at the age of forty-one. His longevity is supposed to be due to the fact that he was not a pig.

* * *

The problem of what to do with two parrots, the property of a female pauper now in an asylum, is sorely exercising the minds of the Maidenhead guardians. We should have thought that the birds might easily be taught the duties of hired interrupters of political meetings, and so be put in the way of earning their living.

* * *

Fortune does not always favour the brave. The past week has been notable for a series of distressing accidents to daring spirits. A pickpocket in Vienna had to betray himself by screaming when a woman into whose bag he had put his hand suddenly closed it on his fingers. A lady in Paris was indignantly denying the impeachment that she was a shoplifter when a stolen alarum clock went off in her pocket. At Cloonmurly in Ireland a poor burglar got caught in a chimney, and had to shout for help.

* * *

"Our greatest wealth is not in work and warehouses or balances at banks," says Sir W. H. BAILEY; "it lies on the shelves of our libraries." We had no idea that dust was so valuable.

* * *

We have much pleasure in recording Mr. Justice SCRUTTON'S first judicial joke. He must persevere. A witness in the recent Gellygaer Council case stated that he went to London to get some recreation ground by-laws, did nothing, and received £5 for his three days' trip. Mr. Justice SCRUTTON:—"I hope you enjoyed your holiday" (*Laughter*).



["As the intrepid aviator alighted he was seen to be calmly smoking a cigarette." *See the Papers, always.*]

THIS IS NOT TERROR AT IMMINENT CATASTROPHE. THE AVIATOR, HAVING SUCCESSFULLY GIVEN AN EXHIBITION FLIGHT, HAS JUST DISCOVERED THAT HE WILL BE UNABLE TO FINISH UP WITH THE MUCH-ADMIRED AND OFT-REPEATED CLIMAX, FOR HE HAS LEFT HIS CIGARETTE CASE AT HOME.

The Ubiquitous Family.

"R. E. Foster was applauded for a clever bit of fielding in the country, and in taking the return fell over the wickets to the amusement of the spectators."—*Worcester Daily Times.*

"Myers, in hitting a lob to leg, gave the umpire, Barlow, a good whack on the arm—a laughable incident."—*Worcester Daily Times.*

We should like to hear BARLOW'S version of this.

"On board the steamship were a number of missionaries, en route for the West Coast of Africa. In the vessel's cargo were also 20,000 gallons of New England rum, bound for the same destination."—"*The Daily Telegraph's*" *New York Correspondent.*

This is headed "Bane and Antidote." We regard the order of these words as unfortunate.

GODIVA AND THE DOLLS.

[Under the Australian tariff, dolls are only admitted free if they are wearing no clothes whatever. A mere ribbon renders a doll liable to pay 25 per cent. on her value.]

OFTEN, when I am asked to say
(Touching the Female Right to Vote)
If women hold their own to-day
With heroines out of times remote,
Try as I will, I cannot trace
Among the ladies now alive a
Strict parallel to match the case
Of Coventry's sublime GODIVA.

BOADICEAS and JOANS OF ARC-
I 've seen them, gowned in modern guise,
Answer the war-cry, "To the Park!"
Under the street's indifferent eyes;
In tailored garments seen them go,
Or blouses open to the weather,
But never one GODIVA, no,
In the ungarnished "altogether."

That was indeed a noble dame!
Altruist to the finger-tips,
For others' sake she let her shame
Suffer a short but sharp eclipse;
To stop the super-tax decree
That gnawed their vitals like a dragon,
Contrary to her custom she
Rode through the town without a rag on.

Where is the Suffragette, I ask,
Who, with a greater goal to win,
Would undertake so high a task
And sally out in just her skin?
Where is the Suffragist would ride
Up Downing Street (or even toddle)
In the exact costume supplied
To that superb equestrian model?

Such exhibitions might be made
The object of remark, no doubt,
But then they 've always said it paid
To have the Movement talked about;
Till they perform this feat and fail,
Let none contend (the old evasion)
That they have tried, without avail,
All modes of peaceable persuasion.

This thought occurs to me because
I hear of puppets who elude
Australia's tricky Tariff-laws
By simply landing in the nude;
Types of the Sex—in wax and bran;
For *poupées*, even in the dim age
Of prime and prehistoric Man,
Were mostly made in Woman's image.

Madam, I won't commend a *coup*
Which Modesty might well deplore;
I merely cite what dolls can do,
I state the bare facts, nothing more;
They show that, if you 'd fain defy
A monstrous man-made legislature,
Your fairest hopes would seem to lie
In a return to artless nature. O. S.

Intelligent Anticipation.

"Geneva, August 1.—It is hoped that the June and July storms have ceased."—*Times, August* 4, 1910.

THE SANGUEDUCT.

I AM an eighteen handicap man at golf, but most erratic. On rare occasions I do a rather decent round.

To do a round under ninety I would sacrifice more than anyone would believe.

Yesterday I did the first seventeen holes in eighty-six! I didn't cheat; my luck was uncanny.

The last hole is a three bogey, and the only hazard in it is a small artificial watercourse guarding the green. This hazard is my *bête noire*. I lead a continually growing agitation amongst members of the club for its removal. It is a very difficult carry from the eighteenth tee.

I got a good drive, but there was a head wind. There is a gentle undulation between the tee and the watercourse, so until I actually reached the hazard I was ignorant of whether my ball was safe or not.

My opponent and marker was a clergyman.

My ball was in the ditch floating under some abutting earth.

Many could not have analysed their feelings then as I did (aloud), as follows. *N.B.*—After the lapse of time I withdraw nothing.

"Come here. I want to show you something. There—do you see it? That misshapen little lump of what they do the Congo atrocities for? There it is, floating about. (Witches float too, you know—the devil never allows his own to drown.) Yes, that 's what they do; excel the horrors of the Inquisition in order to get the india-rubber to make a little swine of a ball like that. That 's its origin, Sir, so one cannot be surprised at its behaviour. And I 'll tell you something else. It looks white, and so it is—outside. That 's just a coating of paint. But do you know what colour it is inside? It 's black—black to the core—the colour of sin, and of the miserable race of slaves who were tortured so that it might be manufactured. And what does it do if you put it on the fire? Why, it smells abominably.

"Gone up sixpence in price, too, it has, because of the rubber boom. That 's what they call irony. However, we 'll leave that. The ball 's not important. What I really want to commend to your attention is this ditch—I 'll call it what other people call it, so as to make myself understood. This absolutely unnecessary watercourse. Everything in creation, however foul, however pernicious, has some useful function to fulfil; in some way fits into the scheme of the universe—save only this watercourse. I don't know why I say watercourse. 'Sangueduct' is, of course, its proper description. This ditch, I happen to know, was commenced on All Hallows Eve. Colonel Bulleigh, R.E., whose casting vote was responsible for its origin, has won a medal and five sweepstakes on this last green, through his opponent faring as I have done. What does this show, pray? *That, like his rival, Colonel Bogey (also of the Sappers), he is in league with the Evil One!*

"Boy, will you kindly break my clubs into small pieces and put the pieces one by one into this pretty drain which I have just been describing? They 're good company for the ball, and fit occupants for the place.

"No, leave the ball there. I shall not complete the round to get a rotten 92. I shan't play golf any more.

"Now come home and have tea, Mr. Saintsbury. What are you staring at?"

Commercial Naïveté.

"——'s New Large Hat-box, large enough to be used as an empty box when the Tray and the Cage are taken out."



MENACE.

[China's ambitious activities in Tibet, which have been allowed in great measure to neutralise the effects of the British expedition to Lhasa (1904), are rendering it necessary for the Indian Government to concentrate troops on the North-east frontier.]





Curate (to lady who has taken refuge in ditch). "DIDN'T I ASSURE YOU THAT A COW IS ONLY DANGEROUS WHEN IT HAS LOST ITS CALF?" *She.* "THAT'S WHY I WAS FRIGHTENED. I COULDN'T SEE A CALF ANYWHERE."

RUFUS' STONE.

["That the spot where an event so memorable might not hereafter be forgotten this stone was set up by John Lord Delaware, who had seen the tree growing in this place. Anno 1745."
Inscription on Rufus' Stone, New Forest.]

THERE 's a word left out, there 's a word left out,
There 's a word left out, there are possibly two;
That something 's omitted admits no doubt;
It 's as plain to me as it is to you.
Whatever it is it 's enough to vex
The turbulent soul of RUFUS Rex.

A dirty old woman stood close by,
And a dirty old man stood close to her;
They looked at me with a friendly eye,
And the hag advanced and addressed me: "Sir"—
In short, she hinted at RUFUS' ghost,
And offered me cards for the halfpenny post.

The man had a bundle of clumsy sticks;
He showed me three and he showed me four:
"I 'm a fair old dealer," he said. "No tricks;
I made 'em myself, though I 'm only pore."
And the end of the eloquent words he spoke
Was an offer to sell a stick of oak.

I waved them away, and thus began—
They were far from clean and as far from neat—
"Lord D. was not a grammatical man,
For the sense of his words is incomplete.
There 's a *valde deflendus hiatus* here"—
But the hag said "Cards" and the lout said "Beer."

They were far from neat and as far from clean,
So I left them alone and thought about
The growing tree which the Lord had seen
When he wrote the words and he left one out:—
"The word is 'happened,'" I cried, "Why seek a
More plausible word? It 's that. Eureka!"

But still it 's queer that a man should write
A faulty sentence on lasting stone,
To be read as long as the sun gives light
By thousands, and not by himself alone—
A fact of which, I presume, Lord DELAWARE,
When he wrote the inscription, was perfectly well aware.

TIS.

"'The Vicar of St. Anne's and his wife were at a garden party, presented with a piano by the members of the congregation of the Parish Church, in celebration of their silver rose bowl from the Sunday School teachers. – *Manchester Courier.*' In reprinting the above 'Punch' says: 'The next thing to celebrate is the piano. In fact, once get started, and you can go on like this for ever.' Obviously the omission of a line from the paragraph, relating to their silver wedding, has not dawned upon Mr. Punch."—*Manchester Courier.*

Better and better!

Describing the Autumn Manœuvres in the East of Scotland, a Glasgow paper states that

"A steam launch from the Thetis called at Leith for provisions, and this fact is taken by some to indicate that Edinburgh and Leith have fallen into the hands of the enemy."

We understand that Edinburgh and Leith take the sanguine view that the launch may have called for provisions at Leith because the crew of the *Thetis* wanted something to eat.

Sammy.

SAMMY—as we all called LINLEY SAMBOURNE, and as we all thought of him and always shall think of him to the end—SAMMY has left us. He had not been to the Table for some weeks, and not since last autumn had he been his old bright twinkling self; yet, though we knew early that he was very ill, and latterly that it was unlikely he would ever be at work among us again, we had not with any thoroughness foreseen our loss. But now we know. SAMMY is dead, and the Table can never be the same again.

He was both our greatest pride and our greatest pleasure. His genius as an artist—his delicacy and his strength, his fantasy and his realism, the solidity of his work and its aerial grace—that, of course, was our pride. But to this he added as a cartoonist and weekly adviser the pictorial vision in its most highly developed form, seeing in pictures where most of us saw only in words or ideas, and knowing instantly not only what could be done, but—more important perhaps—what could not be done. And to this he added an astounding memory of the public events of his own lifetime, with no little knowledge of universal history and a vast store of out-of-the-way information, all of which was exact. It was these qualifications that made him, beyond his mastery of his medium, our pride. Others of us could remember that TENNIEL, say, had once used a certain fable in a cartoon, but it was SAMMY who would remark, "If you turn to March, 1863, you will find it." Others might fancy that they knew what, say, a German forage cap was like; it was SAMMY who, with a few strokes of his pencil, set it down accurately for the guidance of the junior cartoonist. For he was the kindest of helpers: the fruit of years of the closest observation was at the disposal of any who asked him.



LINLEY SAMBOURNE AT THE ROUND TABLE.

These, then, were our pride—this treasury of fact, this vivid fancy, this creative eye, this generosity of mind. And our pleasure! Ah, that is not so easy to describe; impossible indeed with a hand that does not tremble a little. The SAMMY of our delight was inimitable, unique, a creature of drollery and mischief, shrewd yet naive, good talker, good listener, and most admirable laugher. Never again will the leg of TOBY, M.P., be pulled as only SAMMY could pull it; never again shall we hear the story of the Gnome King told in perfection. And SAMMY was our delight no less because he was also something of a butt. Next to making a joke himself, which he always signalled by an upward wave of his hand, he enjoyed a joke against himself. Age could not wither nor custom stale the body of myth which had gathered about him during his nine-and-thirty years at the Table; and every time any of these legends were re-told—that one describing his adventures in Paris, for example, when the staff of the paper went over together in 1889; or that of his boasted friendship with an imaginary warrior, "General Stores,"—every time these ancient fables were re-told, always with new apocryphal garnish, SAMMY was the most delighted listener. In the grip of laughter his eyes danced, glistened and disappeared.

Best of his own jokes were his curious malapropisms, whether consciously artificial or unconsciously blurted, no one quite knows. But that they were genuine we shall all of us continue to hope. "It was so still you could have picked up a pin," is an excellent example; and again, "He hadn't a rag to stand upon;" and again, of a burden under which some public personage was suffering, "It 's a White Elephant round the man's neck"—surely the finest compound image of embarrassment ever imagined!

None of the photographs do SAMMY justice, for they omit animation. His expression was capable of extreme vivacity and his eyes were quick and bright. In repose his face latterly was worn and tired; but once you got him interested—and in good health he had always been as quickly interested as a child: in fact, to a great extent he was a child, and it is absurd to write of his age as sixty-five—once you got him interested, he was, almost to the end, instantly gay and spirited once more. Nor do the portraits bring out a curious likeness to Sir WALTER SCOTT which had been increasing in late years. Not only was the conformation of his head akin, but at his place next the Editor, at the top of the Table, with a window at his side and back, the light, on summer Wednesdays, before the blinds were drawn, used to touch his silvered hair with a radiance such as more than one painting of SCOTT exhibits.

But SAMMY is dead. Never again will any of us receive any of his cheery little notes addressed in two inks, red and black, often with a design around the stamp and usually containing some diverting drawing within, the fruit of his lavish invention; never again will he inquire of TOBY, M.P., with a twinkle, how the pineapples are doing under the Hythe glass; never again will he recount his triumphs on the grouse moors or in the coverts; never again will he dash off a little sketch on the back of his menu. All of us have one or more of these treasures, done with a freedom and openness and *brio* that make quite clear what poor PHIL MAY meant when he once said, "Everything I know I learnt from SAMMY." Never again, in short, will the Table be what it was. SAMMY is dead, and, while Art has lost a noble, sincere and devoted servant, we have lost our merriest friend.



AIDS TO THE POPULARITY OF CRICKET.

["An innovation—so far as county matches are concerned—in the shape of a band will be found at Lord's during the Middlesex and Essex match."—*Westminster Gazette.*]

WHY NOT DEVELOP THIS IDEA, AND TURN LORD'S INTO A PLACE WHERE ALL CAN SPEND A REALLY HAPPY DAY?

HOUSE-KEEPING.

1. *The Declaration.*

BILL and I share a flat. Bill arranges the flowers and I arrange the meals. There is, of course, Mrs. Cripps, but she does what she is told.

This all started a week ago. On the Monday I ordered chops; on Tuesday, steak; on Wednesday, a leg of lamb; on Thursday, the same, cold; on Friday, a round of beef; on Saturday, the same, cold; on Sunday, the same, colder still. It now became necessary to order another Monday's dinner.

"Bill, my dear fellow," I said, "I have done all the thinking for a week. Suppose you thought of something for a change."

Mrs. Cripps gathered round, waiting greedily for orders. Bill pondered silently and long.

"Why not a couple of chops," he said at last, trying to look inspired; "or a steak?"

"We have had them already," I said, severely.

"I know we eat a lot," he answered, "but do you think we eat them quite all? There may be some more in London, somewhere."

Food is not a matter to jest about. I said so.

"I can think of nothing else that we have not had," he said, sadly. "After all, there *is* only mutton or beef, whether you call it chop or steak or lamb or *à la maître d'hôtel*. Let's leave the declaration to dummy. Let Mrs. Cripps make trumps."

"Mrs. Cripps," said I, "we leave it. The declaration is up to you. What are you going to make it?"

Mrs. Cripps is a brilliant woman. "What about a nice little chicken?" she said. Then she departed, and Bill sighed heavily, as a man who had been through a severe mental strain. He had been thinking of no trumps.

"Suppose," said he, "only suppose she had said: 'We'll go without'!"

II. *Economy.*

After all, Bill did not stay in to welcome the chicken. The orders had been given at breakfast (how one meal leads to another!), but some time during the day Bill was telephoned for to feed with the Watsons. I found him dressing when I returned.

"Sorry, old man," he said, "but I thought I had better go."

"Keep your sorrow for yourself," I answered. "If you suppose that by getting out of the flat you are going to get out of paying for your half of the chicken, you show that you don't understand the elements of house-keeping."

There was a little silence after that. Bill began to wonder if it was too late to put the Watsons off. Then he brightened a little. "After all," he said, "I can have my half grilled for breakfast to-morrow morning."

"I shouldn't count too much on that," said I; "I cannot guarantee anything, when I am left by myself."

Bill made some private arrangement with Mrs. Cripps, and started out. "Hope you have a good dinner," I said. "Tell the Watsons I am sorry I couldn't come."

"But they never asked you," said Bill.

"Tell them that is why I couldn't come. And don't forget to keep the interests of the larder before your mind. If you can come by anything solid for the store-room, do so. Anyhow, drop a hint to the Watsons in future to ask both or neither of us. To ask one, does not help the poultry bill and will only lead to unpleasantness at breakfast."

III. *The Information Bureau.*

When Bill returned, he was very pleased about something. "Don't say you have come away with half a chicken, to make matters square for breakfast?" I said hopefully. He shook his head.

"The Watsons are very mean about that sort of thing. But I have collected a lot of knowledge off Mrs. Watson. You were wrong about the beef and mutton; there are other things."

"It was you who said there weren't," I retorted. "I always knew there were chickens."

"There are veal, rabbits, hares, partridges, ducks, oysters, pork, haricot . . ."

"Haricots may not be shot out of the season," I corrected.

"To say nothing of fish: turbot, cod, sole, filets of sole, sole *à la portugaise*, sole *à la française*, sole . . ."

"Enough," said I. "What shall we have for dinner to-night?"

"Fish is hardly nourishing enough," said Bill.

"Haricots," I said, "might be anything. They invite fraud."

"Partridges and oysters are out of season," said Bill. "What about rabbits?"

"Can't abide them," said I. "What about veal?"

Bill couldn't abide that, so I called for Mrs. Cripps. "*Re* Dinner," I said to her. "We have given the matter our most careful consideration, and have decided that it would be a good idea to try a couple of chops for a change."

Repenting in Haste.

"Later in the day the bridegroom left for Cornwall."—*Brockley News.*

THE OPTIMIST.

LET others ply the scurril dart,
To every virtue blind,
Mine is the nobler, gentler part
To glorify mankind.
Unstirred by spite, unmoved by qualms,
I live laborious days
In ladling out my precious balms
Of superfatted praise.

In strident tones I love to greet
Each multi-millionaire;
I see kind hearts in Curzon Street,
Pure souls in Belgrave Square.
The simple homes of new-made lords
With ecstasy I paint,
And every actress on the boards
I welcome as a saint.

I cheer the rare secluded soul
With gross unwelcome lauds;
With equal fervour I extol
The worthies and the frauds.
And no self-advertising ass
Who deals in brag and bluff
Is too preposterously crass
To miss my weekly puff.

'Tis so with letters as with life:
Good authors may go free
Of Bludyer's lacerating knife;
They cannot 'scape from me.
But whether they be great or small,
Or superman or sub.,
I lavish butter on them all
From my exhaustless tub.

Nor is it solely on the quick
That I my praises shed,
In liberal measure, slab and thick,
I heap them on the dead;
Till heroes of the spacious days
Of great ELIZA'S reign
Assume the bright and winning ways
Of WINSTON and HALL CAINE.

The paladin of high romance,
The martyr and the sage,
Join in a never-ending dance
Across my chatty page;
And queens and beauties, who of yore
Made empires clash and fall,
I bring in human guise before
The modern servants' hall.

What matter if some squeamish folk
A rare resentment feel,
If jaundiced critics growl and croak
Of mercenary zeal;
No irony, however fierce,
Can mortify my pride;
No spear is sharp enough to pierce
The thickness of my hide.

"Michael Gamble and Arthur Wager, two Islington young men, were fined at Clerkenwell for playing pitch and toss."—*Daily News.*

Too easy for us. Readers are requested to make their own comment.

A T. P.-CAL REVIEW.

A Reformer's Reminiscences.*

It has ever been one of the regrets of my life that I never met Joshua Tackaberry, and my regret is all the more poignant because I missed my opportunity by so little. He was to open an agricultural show in Brixville, and I, then a raw lad from Athlone, had been deputed to report his speech; but, owing to some misunderstanding, I missed my train and only arrived just after he had left. Fate never threw us together again in later life, but I continued an ardent admirer of the man to the day of his death. It is, therefore, with pleasure that I pen these few words of appreciation of this pioneer agriculturalist.

I.

And first let me show the condition into which turnip culture had fallen when he began his work.

[*Here follows a half-column abstract from the work under review.*]

This, then, was the morass out of which he set himself to drag rural England.

II.

His method of initiating this far-reaching scheme is indicative of the whole man. I cannot do better than quote his own words.

[*Which the critic does to the extent of three-quarters of a column.*]

III.

It goes without saying that this great movement was not without its enemies. The squireens were up in arms at once, and by bribes, threats and petty tyrannies endeavoured to thwart it. It is instructive to read Tackaberry's description of his first reception in Market Plumboro', and one gets some idea of the depths to which the squirearchy stooped. He says:

[*About three hundred words.*]

IV.

Such, then, were the enemies with whom he had to contend. Being essentially a fighter, Tackaberry willingly accepted the challenge. In a letter to a life-long friend, Josiah Baggs, he writes:

[*Here follows a letter of two columns.*]

V.

But the struggle was not of long duration. Backed as he was by the vast majority of turnip-growers, he quickly disposed of his loud-mouthed but empty-headed opponents, and by way of showing the change in public opinion which ensued I append an extract from *The Market Plumboro' Gazette* of October last describing his reception there a month before his death.

[*This, being the last quotation, is regulated by the space at disposal.*]

VI.

I have been able to give only a glimpse here and there of this absorbing book. I recommend it to those of my readers who want to study this movement. With all our author's conclusions you will not perhaps agree, but that it will "give you furiously to think" I do not doubt.—T. P.

* *The Story of My Life.* By Joshua Tackaberry.



Barmaid. "We've had the place re-decorated throughout. Doesn't it all look smart? I don't think any one could suggest any improvement. Can you?"
Traveller. "How about loose chintz covers for the buns for the summer months?"

More Commercial Candour.

I.

In a bootmaker's window at Glasgow:

"Nothing like leather."

II.

In a cycle manufacturer's at Glasgow:

"Our £4 12 6 bicycle is a complete knock-out."

III.

"The management have spared no pains or expense to make this Hotel in all respects unapproachable."—*Advt. in "Bombay Gazette."*

"The long arm of British law reached its goal shortly after nine this morning."
Daily Mail.

This is not quite cricket. The Football Association ought to look into it.



Mrs. Hayseed. "THERE NOW, THEODORE, THOSE ARE TWO VERY GOOD EXAMPLES OF THE FASHIONABLE DRESSES I SAW AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY IN JULY."

THE TASKMISTRESS.

Is there no hope in eloquence or tears,
No use in pleading that I want to slack it?
Amanda, must I be condemned,
Here in a plot with lilac hemmed,
To chase the wild irrevocable spheres?
What if I say I have not brought a racquet?

Can you not realise that human bliss
May sometimes course in unathletic channels?
I tell you it would bore the bard
To hurl away his motley shard;
At any rate, he could not play like this,
And does not mean to wear your brother's flannels.

If ever in its proud and palmy prime
This hand had known the way to serve or volley,
To redirect the rubber pill
According to my prayer and will,
Instead of upwards to the blue sublime,
I might have joined the corybantic folly.

But as it is, my dear, you know I can't.
Oft have you heard some maiden's muttered "Mercies!"
When (smiting as a Briton should)
I smacked the pellet o'er a wood
Or potted on the nose a spinster aunt.
Besides my wrist is strained with writing verses.

Can you not cull a four without my aid?
Look at the eager boys that wait in batches:
They pine to exercise their thews
And tear about until they ooze;
Myself I feel I want some lemonade,
And would you kindly pass that box of matches?

Your house is made of old and mellow bricks,
And "all that messuage" which the same is built on
Is full of comely flowers and trees;
If pleasaunces are meant to please,
Why should I jump about like SEYMOUR HICKS?
Remember ANDREW MARVELL—also MILTON.

This is a garden worthy of the gods,
Or heroes after death, beyond the dumb pyre,
Who roam oblivious of their strife;
But if the ROOSEVELT scheme of life
Must prick us even here with tyrant prods,
Give me a basket chair, and I will umpire. EVOE.

"King Haakon of Norway celebrates this morning the 38th anniversary of his birth, his Majesty having been born on August 3rd, 1872. The second son of the present King of Denmark, he accepted the Crown of Norway in November, 1005, and married in 1806 Princess Maud, daughter of King Edward VII."—*Nottingham Evening Post.*

See what it is to be a King. Ordinary people couldn't cover anything like so much ground.



"THE HOLIDAY CAT."

P.C. Punch. "POOR DEVIL! THE FUSS THEY MADE OF IT!—AND NOW OFF THEY GO AND FORGET ALL ABOUT IT TILL OCTOBER."

TWO IS COMPANY—

I HAD asked my old friend Coysegame to stay with me at Frambridge for the week-end, and I could see from his face when he arrived that something unpleasant must have happened to him recently. But, as he said nothing at the time, I naturally asked no questions. However, after dinner, as we were smoking on the lawn, he told me the whole story:—

"I really can't remember when I've had a more trying journey," said Coysegame. "If I'd only travelled third-class, as I'd intended, I should have been comfortable enough. But, though I'd taken a third-class ticket, I found there was only one smoking compartment in my part of the train and all the corner seats in that were occupied. So I decided to go first-class and pay the difference at the other end. There was another man in the first-class carriage I got into, but he was absorbed in *The Spectator*, and was a quiet, reserved-looking person who did not seem at all likely to be conversational. Which suited me exactly, for I hate having to talk in a train. He sat in the farther corner, and I took the seat by the window next to the platform. We were just about to start, when the seat opposite mine was taken by a new-comer who struck me unfavourably from the first. He was big and uncouth, with rugged, battered features, narrow, deep-set eyes, and a shock of grizzled hair; he wore a rather seedy blue serge suit, a tweed cap of a violent pattern, and a green-and-yellow tie, and above his boots there was a liberal display of purple socks. A vacuous youth was seeing him off with scarcely disguised relief, as he gave mysteriously impressive instructions in a slightly Trans-Atlantic accent. 'Then you go and see that party and get the business fixed up right away,' he said; 'mind, don't you *tell* him anything. But be straight.' He held on to the vacuous youth's reluctant hand as the train moved out, repeating, 'That's all *you* have to do—be *straight!*' Then he produced a cigar of unpromising exterior, and asked me if I could oblige him with a match. I did, though in a manner which I hoped would make it quite clear that this was to be the beginning and the end of our intercourse. But after a minute or so he asked me for another match. 'Funny thing,' he remarked, 'but I've lit my cigar wrong end. *That* don' marrer,' he added, as he reversed it and lighted up once more, '*I* shan't notice it after a puff or two. I gave up smoking lil' time ago—burri've come back to it again. I like a good cigar. A *bad* cigar—well, a bad cigar is rorren!' I agreed with him, though I had reason to think that his taste in brands was less fastidious than he implied. 'Sent a box to a fren' o' mine the other day,' he continued; 'he wrote me he'd never smoked anything like 'em in all his life. That's what he tole *me*.' I could quite believe it, but I did not say so. The cause of his unreserve was fairly obvious by this time, and I shielded myself behind my evening paper from any further advances. Or rather I thought I had—till he looked round the corner of it and inquired how I liked our noo KING? The least sensitive rhinoceros would have been rebuffed by the curtness with which I answered the query, but it had no effect on him. He merely pushed a six-penny magazine under my journal and told me that the cover was a portrait of His Majesty, and I could read all about him inside. I said I had seen it—which was only a surface truth—and he lumbered across to the other man and offered the magazine to him. The other man thanked him politely but distantly, and explained that he was already reading something else. My hope was that this would serve as a conversational opening between them and that I should be left in peace. But the battered-looking person appeared to decide on reflection that I was the more sympathetic and responsive of the two, so he returned to me. 'Bought it at bookstall coming 'long,' he explained muzzily, 'I don' know why I gorrit. I'm goin' Chelmchester on visit—jus' for week-end. Mind you, I'm not one for week-end visits as gen'ral rule—prefer stay in town and have good time. But my fren' 'sisted on my comin' down. Goin' meet me on pla'form and drive me over to Witsea. Tha's where he lives, Witsea. Thorough gerrilman, *he* is—s'licitor.' I tried to fix my attention on my paper, but I could not help wondering whether the thorough gentleman might not regret before long that he had been so pressing. ''Scuse me,' he began again, 'but d'you know any place Chelmchester where I can get shave?' I told him that I did not. 'Goin' meet young lady this evenin',' he went on, 'ver' pretty young lady, too, so I'm boun' smarren myself up a bit, haven' I?' My sympathies were all with the young lady, but I remained silent—which was more than he did. 'These things you



A STUDY IN BRITISH TASTE.

A HASTY NOTE OF THE FASHIONS AT MARGATE, AUGUST, 1910.

see me in now ain' much,' he informed me, 'burr I 've got good clothes if I like to purrem on. I 'm a gerrilman —very near millionaire. This is *my* name.' And he brought out a dingy envelope and tried to force it on me. 'If you was to read what 's in that letter,' he remarked, 'it 'd upset you—no, it 'd upset *me*—but never min', *you* can read it if you want to!' My disclaimer of all curiosity on the subject seemed for the first time to give him a faint impression that, after all, I was not the bosom friend he had supposed me, and for a moment he sat and scowled at me with dark suspicion. But either he came to the conclusion that this was mere fancy on his part, or decided to make one more effort to conquer my affection. 'I 'm rough,' he said, 'burr I 'm good sort. C'nadian I am. Wherever I go, everybody likes me. Everybody *loves* me!' I could have told him of at least one exception to this general rule, but I refrained. I was determined not to give him the least encouragement. The quiet man in the other corner went on reading *The Spectator*, but I could see that I had his sympathy. From time to time we exchanged glances expressive of our mutual disgust and indignation that a semi-intoxicated ruffian like this should have been allowed to disturb our first-class exclusiveness.

It was not till we arrived at Colford and I heard the cry, 'All tickets ready, please!' that I recollected that, strictly speaking, I was not a first-class passenger. I happened to drop my ticket in taking it out of my pocket, and unluckily it caught the universally beloved one's eye. 'I dunno if you 're 'ware of it,' he said, 'but this is firs' class compar'men' and you 've on'y go' thir'. class ticket. I 'm 'fraid you 'll gerrin *trouble* over this—*drefful* trouble!' And he wagged his beastly head solemnly at me. I took no notice whatever. 'Don' you worry,' he went on, 'I 'm man o' the worl'; jes' you leave it 'tirely to me—*I'll* see you through!' Just then the official opened the door, and before I could say a word that unspeakable brute began pleading for mercy for me! 'C'lector, I 'peal to you as man to man, *don'* be too hard on this gerrilman for first offence. 'Pearances against him, but no intention 'fraud cummany. Ole fren o' mine—*dear* ole fren—known him from boy! *Don'* purrim prison for mere indishcresh'n. I 'm gerrilman; there 's 'nother fren o' mine goin' meet me Chelmchester—s'licitor he is, and *he* 'll tell you this gerrilman 's all ri'—do anything for *me* he would.'

If the official hadn't chanced to be a sensible man the advocacy of that drunken ass might have done for me! Fortunately, he not only accepted my explanation and gave me a receipt for the excess fare, but persuaded my champion that he would get to Chelmchester all the sooner if he took a carriage nearer the engine.

But I hadn't seen the last of him, even then. When we reached Chelmchester he appeared at the window. 'I tole you I 'd see you through, and I done it,' he said. 'I 'm not sort man desert a pal in trouble. But don' you do it any more, for *my* sake. 'Member this, laddie, honesty 's bes' policy in long run. I mus' go now—fren o' mine, s'licitor, looking for me on pla'form. Burr' I'll shake hands 'fore I go.' I had to shake hands before I could get rid of the fellow. I was gratified but not surprised to find that, when I last saw him, he was still vainly searching for his solicitor.

What the reserved man thought of me I can only guess. He got into another compartment at Colford, and his reply to my 'Good afternoon' was distinctly chilly. Even if I hadn't taken a return ticket," concluded Coysegame, "I should certainly go back third-class on Monday." F. A.



Sententious Gentleman (regarding Japanese). "THERE GO THE FUTURE RULERS OF THE WORLD!"

Yorkshire Porter. "NAY, THEY 'VE SUMMAT TO LEARN FIRST. THEY DIDN'T KNOW THEY 'D GOT TO CHANGE AT LOW MOOR FOR BRADFORD."

Polygamy in the West.

"For to-morrow's official ceremony invitations have been issued to 200 of the leading residents of the district, who with their wives will number, it is expected, nearly 500, which is the full capacity of the hall."—*Exeter Express and Echo.*

"The critics of a bygone day who carped at a Whistler nocturne from the viewpoint of an inch or so, were, surely, justly met by the answer that a picture was meant to be seen rather than smelt; and the musical analogy holds equally well."—*Times.*

Apparently Plymouth is not the only place where you can see the sound.

From *The Daily Telegraph's* "Greats" List, July 30:

"A. E. Grotant, J. Alexander (Queen's) and D. R. Brandt (Balliol).

The Examiners had very little hope of A. E. GROTANT'S chances from the first. He has now gone for a walking tour with A. N. Other.

"A letter was received from the Mayor (Mr. W. Emden) regretting that he had been called away on important business, and expressing the hope that the people of Dover would decorate their houses for the occasion."—*Dover Express and East Kent News.*

When the Mayor 's away his nest is gay.

"In Tarrant's first over, A. P. Day, aided by a few smites, obtained 23 out of 40 in less than half an hour."—*Daily Chronicle.*

Lucky he had his bat with him.

A THEORY OF TAILS.

THE Zoo was suffocating in the rays of the afternoon sun. I paused for a moment to watch a monkey with a pathetic face absent-mindedly, almost sadly, clutch the tail of a sleeping relative above. The sleeping relative awoke on the floor very talkative and thrilled, but the originator of the pleasantry was out of reach and with the face of one on the verge of tears.

"Wot a pity they 'ave tails," said a voice beside me. He was a little scrubby man with a soiled collar, a straw hat, and a faded frock coat.

I paid no attention.

He looked about him rapidly, then came closer, and in a hoarse whisper:

"I say, guv'nor, d' you know wot I calls it? Why, it 's a tragedy."

"Ah," I returned vaguely.

"Yus, a tragedy, becorse why? We 'ave no tails nor our parents neither— ain't that so?"

I endeavoured to convey that I was prepared to swear that my father, once a K.C., had never within my knowledge mentioned the fact in my hearing.

He assumed the attitude of a modest man caught in the right. "There y' are," he said.

There was a pause. A series of shrill screams in a distant part of the room suggested another stroke of humour on even more ambitious lines.

The little scrubby man smiled knowingly.

"There y' are again—tryin' to sit on their tails and 'ide their feelin's."

I was a little perplexed.

"Talk of the Fall," he snorted with considerable scorn. "When we lorst our tails we became deceitful. And why? Becorse we 'ad nothin' to give us away. They know it; look at 'em. They 'd give anythin' to get rid of 'em. It 's like carrying a truth-gauge on your waistkit."

He came closer and stared triumphantly up into my face. He was in a glow with eloquence. He tapped me playfully on the chest.

"Imagine it—your thoughts, 'opes, most sacred feelin's at the mercy of a cruel gloatin' world just becorse you 'ave a tail. For instance, you 're proposin' to the parents of your young lady. Why, your tail would be between your legs trying to get out o' sight. An' what 's the effect on *their* tails? Curlin' like 'oops. They 'd know you 'aven't a brass farthin' at once."

"You have no reason to suppose—" I began hotly.

"No 'arm meant, mister," he interposed, soothingly. "Then think of 'avin' to attend funerals and sichlike. No matter 'ow gloomy your countenance, wot if your tail was waggin' like a rip-rap through pure light-'eartedness?"

I admitted the prospect was worthy of thought.

"Or in business, 'ow could you name a price with any confidence if your tail was on the floor and 'ad all the air of a wrong 'un?"

The sun had sunk at last. Shadows crept over the room. In the corner opposite a silent baboon stood statuesque against the evening sky.

"Of corse I 'm not denyin' there would be advantages. I 'm no dorg-in-the-manger. I 'm willin' to come out and share and share alike, be it argyment or anythin'. You 'll be sayin' wot satisfaction to the orator to 'ear the thump of approvin' tails; or the actor in the scene where the 'eroine carsts her 'elpless babe into the racin' mill-stream — why, it would be easy to jump in after a glance at the droopin' tails in the stalls."

I nodded thoughtfully.

"I must be goin' 'ome now," he remarked, after a pause. "I knew by the looks of you I 'd got to deal with a shrewd 'un, man of the world, clear-'eaded, far-seein' gentleman."

For a moment I wished that he had worn a tail that might have betrayed something of his purpose, which seemed to me rather obscure. Then I dropped him out of my mind and began to wonder how late it was. But my watch had gone.



First Worn-out Horse. "WELL, MATE, WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT THE LATEST EXPORT REGULATIONS?"

Second Worn-out Horse. "I SHOULD BE BETTER PLEASED IF THEY DID A BIT MORE REGULATING SOME YEARS BEFORE WE COME TO THE EXPORT STAGE."

A BAN ON BEGGARS.

[In one part of Central Africa the coin in common use is a cruciform ingot of copper ore over ten inches long.]

FAR over the sea I 've determined to range
To a region in Africa, where
I 've recently learned that the common small change
Is rather a bulky affair.
For there an infallible cure can be found
For needy acquaintances; one
Can face them with ease when a "couple of pound"
Weighs something approaching a ton.

An indigent public in search of a loan
I 'll welcome with silvery speech,
I 'll assume a responsive and generous tone
Until they are safely in reach;
And then like a bludgeon designed for the fray
I 'll handle the coin that they crave,
And what they imagined would render them gay
Shall hustle them into the grave.

THE PUNISHMENT THAT FITTED THE CRIME.

IT may as well be explained at the beginning as at the end that it was only a dream; you would have guessed it anyhow.

One morning, after a criminally reckless supper, the Leading Actor found himself in a police court, and in the dock. How he came there he did not know, but what concerned him most at the time was the distressing fact that he was clothed only in his pyjamas. All at once he became aware that the magistrate was addressing him.

"You are charged," he was saying, "with an offence under the Publicity Act, 1910. One of the provisions of that Act, I may remind you, makes it a misdemeanour for any man, woman, or child resident in the United Kingdom to be interviewed for the Press more frequently than once a month; and in prescribing the appropriate penalty the Act directs that such incidents as photographs, *bons-mots*, and domestic touches shall be held to constitute an aggravation of the offence. Now it has been proved against you that you have caused or allowed interviews with yourself to appear in no fewer than five different papers during the past week. In one of these, which I single out as providing the most flagrant breach of the Act, you are shown pictorially in various attitudes and occupations—in your study, in your garden, in your motor-car, and so forth. I have no doubt in my own mind that this is precisely the kind of abuse at which the Act was intended to strike, and I am therefore resolved to make an example of your case and to inflict the maximum penalty the law allows. Seven days' cinematograph. Take him away."

He was led from the dock by a couple of vicious policemen, but instead of being conducted to the cells, as he had expected, he was pushed with much unnecessary violence into the street. Once outside the court, he did not stay to speculate upon the meaning of his apparent liberty, but rushed towards his home, pursued all the way by a jeering crowd that found infinite satisfaction and food for wit in the composition of his limited attire.

And above the shouting of the mob he could hear, as he ran, a curious buzzing noise, bringing back vague recollections which he could not track to their source.

How he finally arrived home and got through the business of the day, he could not afterwards remember. But he was conscious that whatever he did and wherever he went there was still that elusive buzzing, and occasionally a blinding light that filled him with a nameless terror. In the evening the two vicious policemen called for him again and intimated that he must accompany them. This time the entire town seemed to have turned out to witness his humiliating progress through the streets; and still that buzzing noise, and again that blinding light . . .

He found himself seated in the centre of a large and crowded place of entertainment, evidently a music-hall. A couple of comic acrobats were just finishing their turn, and then the lights suddenly went out and a cinematograph performance began. But in place of the customary pictures of winter sports in Switzerland or racing motor-boats there appeared on the screen a crowd gathered expectantly outside a sombre-looking building. Presently the doors of the building opened, and two dark-coated figures were seen gripping a miserable, flimsily-clad—— Great Heavens, it was himself! A sweat of agony broke over him as he saw the scene of the morning enacted again — the panic flight, the scanty garb, the jeering mob. But worse followed. Upon the screen was thrown the legend, "Scenes from the Home Life of an Actor," and there he saw himself playing the leading part in a succession of intimately domestic episodes. In one he was quarrelling with his wife, in another he was having his hair waved, in a third he was being fitted with a pair of corsets. . . . And then he remembered and understood the sentence that the magistrate had passed upon him, and with a further shock he realised that it still had six days to run. He stood up and blasphemed. Instantly lights were flashed from all parts of the house, and upon his wild gesticulations was turned the lens of a huge cinematographic camera. He sought to cover up his face, but rough hands . . .

He awoke to find that a light was actually being flashed in his eyes. Fresh from his terror, and believing his dream to have been real, he cried out, "Don't take me again! I'll give you anything, but don't take me again!"

"I ain't come to take yer," replied a hoarse voice; "I've come to take yer vallybles. Where j'er keep 'em?"

"Then you're not the cinematograph man? Thank Heaven! Take what you like." And from sheer relief he fainted.

A few days later the Leading Actor delivered his presidential address at the annual meeting of the Stage Improvement Association. He chose as his theme, "The Evils of Publicity," and afterwards gave interviews on the subject to three newspaper representatives.

VERSE AND PURSE.

(Suggested by a recent correspondence in "The Westminster Gazette.")

OUGHT poets coming up to town
To start on life with half-a-crown,
Or should they, for their spirits' health,
Be adequately backed by wealth?
GOETHE, we know, the view upheld
That never poet yet excelled
Unless, at least in early years,
He had to "eat his bread with tears."
But GOETHE, so I understand,
Lived on the fatness of the land.
WILL SHAKSPEARE was a man of means
Who ran to bacon with his beans.
Lord BYRON had a competence
And SHELLEY never lacked for pence,
While in these later days we see
Bards well endowed with £ *s. d.*
Thus TENNYSON, who took a peerage,
Was never forced to travel steerage,
Nor does the accomplished Mr. COUTTS
Subsist on casual crusts and roots.
The moral of the case is clear:
If you 've five thousand pounds a year
You may without compunction choose
To cultivate the tuneful Muse.
But if your annual income shows
A lesser figure, stick to prose.

BOOKS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

FIRST large edition exhausted; second in the press.

Board of Education Report on Continuation Schools.

A capital book for the boys.

Department of Agriculture. Notices of Foot and Mouth Disease (Yorkshire).

An ideal volume for a summer in the pure country air.

Report of Evidence taken before the Sea Erosion Commission.

A charming book to read by the Silver Sea. Your bookseller will gladly get it for you.

New Regulations (Locomotives) issued by the Board of Trade.

When your little boy next talks of the "puff-puff," give him the above delightful work, and it will make you happy to share his joy.

"Hong Kong (Reuter).—A message received here from Colowan states that General Issimo, of the pirates with whom the Portuguese at Macao have been having trouble, has been captured there."—*Glasgow Evening Times.*

It may be recalled that General ISSIMO led the Zulus on the celebrated occasion when they took Umbrage.

A PRIVATE NOTE.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I wonder if you have ever guessed the real reason of the matinée hat, or if, like the rest of your silly sex, you think we wear them from vanity, or just to spite you. A glance at the Society columns of a daily paper might give you the clue, but to save you trouble I will put you on the right track, though please remember this is just between you and me and *The Morning Post*.

Has it never occurred to you that there is a connection between the growth of matinée hat-brims and the matrimonial alliances of actresses with the aristocracy? Can you not sympathise with depressed débutantes and their mammas, when their eligibles are snapped up by footlight ladies? Do you wonder that we formed a league for our protection, the object of which was effectually to blanket the stage and draw man's attention, willy nilly, to ourselves? That is why matinée hats are always huge, even when passing fashion ordains tiny toques for out-of-doors, and why, at evening performances, coiffures are dressed with plumes, bows and aigrettes, not worn at home.

In spite of bitter and offensive opposition our League has carried on its noble work with a persistence deservedly crowned with success, for, though there have been one or two set-backs, it is a well-known fact that actresses have taken to marrying actors again, while there has lately been a notable increase in Society weddings.

Yours sincerely,
BROAD BRIMMER.

SOME NEW DANCES.

As a result of the recent conference of dancing-masters' delegates held in London, a number of new and characteristic dances have been composed by prominent musicians to meet the special requirements of the moment. Amongst these, special attention is claimed by the following:—

The North Polka.—This charming dance, which is peculiarly adapted to the rigours of the British climate, is dedicated to Admiral PEARY. Price, with patent *igloo* complete, 4*s*.

The Russian Two-Steppe.—This graceful dance, redolent of the charm of the Don Cossacks, is sure to be exceedingly popular in view of the *furore* created by the Muscovite *ballerine* at the Hippodrome and other theatres. Price, with balalaika, samovar, and two bottles of the finest vodka, £3 3*s*.

The Barn Storm Dance.—This fantastic and exhilarating measure, which recalls the *Tempête*, so popular in the days of our grandparents, is admirably adapted for theatrical fancy balls.

The Angel Cake Walk.—This exquisite piece, written by the famous composer, Mons. Cake Walkley, and dedicated by him to Mlle. PAVLOVA, is probably the most palatable supper dance in existence.

The Danse Microbe.—This extraordinarily hygienic dance, written by the Bulgarian *prima donna*, Madame Milka Sauer-Massolette, is specially recommended to all dyspeptic dancers.



The Owner. "HURRY UP, OLD CHAP; WE MUST HAVE THAT DINGHY ABOARD!"
The Guest (who wishes he were safely back in Upper Tooting). "GIVE IT A CHANCE; IT 'LL COME ABOARD OF ITSELF SOON."

"The Rev. F. H. Gillingham . . . made his 50 in an hour and 35 minutes with a fine square-leg hit off Woolley, and at the same time sent up the 100."

Those muscular Christians!

More Injustice to Ireland.

"Compensation for malicious injuries by county court judges at the last two quarter sessions in Ireland amounted to £4,217."
Pall Mall Gazette.

Surely this is going too far. Better merely make jokes, as in England.

"Handsome sable and white Collie Dog, with beautiful long fine head, good ears, eyes, level mouth, lovely frill over distemper."
Sidmouth Herald.

We fancy this kind of collie. It sounds like a cutlet.

From an American magazine:—

"They were discussing Theodore Roosevelt—three typical Englishman, beef-red as to visage and pink as to pate, as they ate their mutton with great wedges of 'bubble-and-squeak' and drank their port wine in the comfortable dining-room of the —— Club."

A very vivid and life-like picture.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Intimate Society Letters of the Eighteenth Century (Stanley Paul) are, appropriately enough, considering their parentage and the country whence the majority of them are dated, something in the way of a literary haggis. They provide some fine confused feeding. The Editor, the Duke of Argyll, is so intimately familiar with the personality of his forbears that he forgets the hapless Southron is not equally endowed with knowledge. Reading the letters of successive Dukes, with here and there a Marquis of Lorne and a whole clan of Campbells, one is not always certain who is writing or being written of. This little grumble uttered, there remains nothing but praise and thankfulness for the peep into the past opened up by these two portly volumes. They form an invaluable adjunct to the history of the social life of the eighteenth century. In August, 1773, we have Miss Burgoyne writing from Kensington Palace telling how "Mrs. L. has been rob'd." She was going home between one and two in the morning when two highwaymen stopped her coach at Kensington Gore, presented pistols at the head of footman and coachman, and cleared out the pockets of their mistress. "She was so excessively frighten'd that she has never dared to come back again at night and has had a Bed constantly at L^d^ Spencer's." Also, "It is too true that Miss P. lost in one night £500 and the next £1,500, and paid it all the next day." On a night in August, 1779, "An Express arrived at the Admiralty with an account that the combined fleet of France and Spain had blocked up Plymouth Harbour." In February, 1803, Lord John Campbell, making the grand tour, was presented to First Consul "in his palace of the Thuillieries." Writing to his father, he gives a vivid picture of the great man. These are plums picked at random. The reader will find plenty more on the tree.



UNFORGOTTEN SPORTS.

Splitting the Infinitive.

In *The Other Side* (Nelson) Mr. Horace Vachell has attempted the difficult and unremunerative task of giving the adventures of a soul that returns to a dead body. Of the psychic value of his treatment of this problem I am not competent to speak from personal experience. But I am competent to guess that the effort of dealing with it has exhausted too much of Mr. Vachell's virtue and that the ordinary human part of the story has suffered from the strain. Certainly, though a good enough story in itself, it shows a curious lack of distinction both in language and observation. For the most part the phraseology is fluently commonplace, and only arrests attention by the strangeness of its occasional lapses from probability. Here is an example of the obvious manner: "The sun had sunk beneath the horizon, but the glow still lingered. Spring, with tender fingers, touched the buds upon the trees. A million tiny blades of grass were piercing the tumid earth awakened after the long, rejuvenating sleep of winter. In every living thing the sap was flowing." And here is an example of something more actively disquieting: "David's genius, if beguiled from higher to lower things, would build upon shifting sand instead of solid rock . . . David, in short, was afloat upon a high tide, with every stitch of canvas set to a spanking breeze"; or, again: "We behold him, like the weed on Lethe's wharf, 'rotting at ease' on the Tom Tiddler's ground of a facile success." Nobody could possibly mistake this for literature; and the treatment, however admirable, of a psychic problem which no fellow can understand hardly compensates for such defects in those matters of art that are within the comprehension of a reader of average intelligence. All the same, the sincerity of Mr. Vachell's purpose makes one a little ashamed of criticising details of manner. Apart from its speculative features, the book has inspiring qualities, and makes for a healthy discontent with cheap or vicious standards of social taste.

If, as I shrewdly suspect, *A Corn of Wheat* (Heinemann) is a first novel, I beg to tender my congratulations to E. H. Young upon a literary *début* of very considerable promise. I do this the more sincerely because, for the story itself, apart from the telling of it, I must confess to a wholehearted dislike. *Judith*, the heroine, was the unmarried sister of the Vicar of Mornington, with whom she lived. She was a lady of vigorous, open-air habits, which involved sleeping on the lawn at night and wandering over the fields at day-break in a dressing-gown; her views on matrimony also were, to say the least of it, original—and altogether one feels that she must have been more than a bit of a worry to the Vicar. I shall not repeat for you *Judith's* subsequent career in detail (I am not sure that I should quite like to do so); it is enough to say that those who can overcome their distaste for certain incidents in it will be rewarded by others that are told with quite astonishing mastery and skill. For nature, E. H. Young has clearly the pen of an enthusiast; it might be said of his story that in it every prospect pleases, and only *Judith* is peculiar. I have, indeed, the feeling about her that she is just one of those characters whom, in a book, one is supposed to find original, stimulating, and attractive, but who would be, in real life, detestable. My sympathies in the case of *Judith* v. the Social Conventions have unfortunately been roused for what the author clearly meant me to consider the wrong side. But that doesn't make the author's work any less clever.

A Record Flight.

"Round and round he circled, increasing his altitude as he went up."—*Yorkshire Post.*

CHARIVARIA.

Die Post declares that the forthcoming visit of the German CROWN PRINCE to Pekin and Tokio will convince China and Japan what an important and unselfish friend Germany is for them. But surely they knew that already. Orientals are so intelligent.

* * *

The Durham Corporation have decided to ask Lord LONDONDERRY to accept the mayoralty next year. As it will be Coronation year his lordship will possibly be knighted.

* * *

The statement that more care would be taken in future in the selection of persons appointed as justices has already received gratifying confirmation. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER was last week made a J.P. for Carnarvonshire.

* * *

Now that Lord KITCHENER has taken up golf, the Government hope that nothing further will be heard of the silly complaint that he is without an occupation. (See, however, *Mr. Punch's* views in the current cartoon.)

* * *

Official figures show that lunacy increased less last year than in any year since 1901. According to a Tory comment, it looks as if Tariff Reform is bound to come.

* * *

Fame! Dr. JOHNSON's statue in the Strand has now been unveiled. "Who's that?" asked a passer-by. "JOHNSON," came the answer. "Seems to have lost colour since he beat JEFFRIES!"

* * *

Dr. BODE has requested the directors of *The Burlington Magazine* to remove his name from its Consultative Committee in consequence of the attitude of that periodical to the "Leonardo" bust. The Doctor is said to be of the opinion that the name of the Committee in future ought to be Insultative rather than Consultative.

* * *

We are now doing our best here to uplift our criminals. In France it is otherwise. A French soldier who committed a murder has been publicly degraded.

* * *

The sale of two old German battleships to Turkey has now been completed. This suggests that there ought to be a new classification of fighting ships—first-class, second-class, and second-hand.

* * *

The ignorance of some persons passes all belief. Mr. ALBERT PINCH, who, a coroner's jury decided, had been murdered, arrived home last week, and declared that he knew nothing whatever about his death; others, he added, might have been present at it, but he was not there at the time.

* * *

Many unflattering things have been said about the huge crowds which watch other people playing football. It is good, therefore, to think that in our newest sport—that of aviation—the spectators share its risks. There is always the chance of a flying man falling on them.

* * *

What is the truth about the Territorials? The most contradictory reports are flying about in regard to the recent training. Some declare that the food was uneatable, while others, on their return home, stated that they were fed up.



Mabel (who has recently had a difference with her nurse). "AND PLEASE BLESS MUMMY AND DADDY. AND PLEASE BLESS NANNY—BUT NOT MUCH!"

Eye Art.

"A teacher should be able to 'roll' his eyes. Not only should he keep his eyes continually 'rolling' over the class, but their movement should indicate his emotions. When giving a pathetic, sorrowful narrative his eyes should be sorrowful; an exciting, warlike narrative should be given with bright, eager eyes; and *always* the children should be able to detect in the teacher's eye the voice of a friend—nay, of a father."—*The Teachers' Aid.*

A PATRIOT'S PROTEST FROM THE MOORS.

[*The Evening Standard* calls attention to the "large number of fine Scottish moors which have been secured by Americans," citing the names of Mr. CADWALADER, Mr. C. W. OGDEN, Mr. WHITERIDGE, and Mr. PERCY CHUBB, all of New York.]

A Young Hen-Grouse Speaks :—

Was it for this amid the sodden heather
That I survived these months of so-called weather,
That in the end I might remark "*Touché!*"
To bloated billionaires from U.S.A.?

Was it for this my mother—saintly hen—
Reared me, the bonniest of a brood of ten,
That I might meet his pellets unprepared—
Mr. CADWALADER'S, the New York laird?

Was it for this that I have never erred
From the behaviour of a well-bred bird,
Just to be spitted on the golden fork
Of Mr. WHITERIDGE (same address—New York)?

Was it for this our oldest tribal cock
Helped me to wrinkles from his hoary stock,
That I might perish on a peaty hag
To swell the bulge of Mr. OGDEN'S bag?

Was it for this that, as a full-sized grouse,
I marked the rising of the Lower House,
That I should undergo the grievous snub
Of being grassed by Mr. PERCY CHUBB?

Was it for this that he, my true Scots lover,
Begged me to take the necessary cover,
That I might be betrayed—ye braes and banks!—
By Gordon setters in the pay of Yanks?

My country! thus you train the child you bore
To be a credit to its native moor,
Then put it up to alien bids and collar
Your fancy price for blood—each drop, a dollar.

If *you* proposed to cut my young life short,
Gladly would I consent to give you sport;
But shall I face the butts to bring bawbees
Into the yawning pouch of absentees?

None but a Scot should down me on the ling,
Or else an Englishman—the next best thing;
But, if by foreign hands I 'm asked to fall,
Frankly, I 'd sooner not be killed at all! O. S.

"The Bishop of St. Albans has nominated to the Trustees of the Felsted Charity for appointment to the Vicarage of Matching, vacant by the death of the Rev. T. C. Spurgin on his appointment to a district secretaryship of the Additional Curates' Society, the Rev. J. B. Brinkworth."—*Essex Daily Chronicle.*

It looked at first as if his appointment to a district secretaryship of the Additional Curates' Society had produced a fatal shock of excitement in Mr. SPURGIN'S system, but we are glad to learn that the reverend gentleman has survived and flourishes exceedingly.

"In the course of cross-examination witness said he knew Mrs. Heimendahh 15 years ago. . . He had seen the letter which Mrs. Heimendahh had written to the defendant . . . Neither was he aware that Mrs. Heimendahl had taken Dorothy Jones into her service. . . . I have received from Mrs. Heamendahl a very surprising letter."—*From an article in "The Liverpool Evening Express."*

We don't believe there's no sich person.

THE START.

SCENE—*A Railway Station. Two four-wheeled cabs have arrived and disgorged Him and Her, a Nurse, a French Mademoiselle, four children, ranging from three years up to ten, and a Pekinese dog. There are ten pieces of luggage and innumerable small parcels.*

She. We 're in plenty of time, after all.

He. You mustn't blame yourself for that. If I hadn't——

She. I know, I know. When they put you into *Who's Who* they 'll say, "Recreation: Not missing trains." Now just you get in behind that dear old fat lady and take the tickets. I 'll see to the luggage, and—— (*A panic.*) Where are the children?

He. I told Nurse and Mademoiselle to take them on to the platform and wait under the clock.

[*He joins the queue at the booking office, while she proceeds to tackle the luggage porters.*

She (*emerging on the platform*). There 's the clock, but there isn't a child within a mile of it. (*To a porter*) Have you seen four children anywhere, porter?

Porter (*in a hurry*). The station 's full of 'em, Mum; you can take your pick.

She. Brute! I wonder where they 've got to.

[*She rushes to and fro.*

He (*emerging with the tickets, to a porter*). What platform does the 11.10 start from?

Porter. No. 4, Sir.

He (*to himself*). There 's no one under the clock. They must have gone to the train. I shall find 'em there.

[*He proceeds to the train, and after a prolonged search fails to find a trace of them.*

He (*to a porter*). Hi, porter, is there another clock in this station?

Porter. Well, Sir, there 's two, one at the end there——

He (*frantically*). That 's it, then. They 're sure to be there.

[*He rushes off to the clock at the end. Just before this She had arrived there and found the whole family waiting in a condition of gloomy patience—all, that is to say, except Mademoiselle.*

She. Oh, there you are at last. Why did you come here, Sarah?

The Nurse. Mr. Bromley told me to take and wait under the clock, and as this clock 's the biggest one I made sure he must have meant us to come here.

She. Well, never mind about that. Where 's Mademoiselle?

The Eldest Girl. She 's gone to the bookstall to try and get a French book.

She. She can find her own way to the train, then. Come along.

[*They all proceed to Platform No. 4, but by a different route from that which He is taking* from *that platform; consequently he misses them and arrives under the clock in a state of distracted fury.*

He. Not here? Then where the deuce—— Hi, porter, have you seen a party of nurses with a child—I mean a party of children with a nurse waiting here?

Porter. Well, there was a party about half an hour ago, two on 'em so to speak cross-eyed and wearin' green 'ats.

He. Cross-eyed be——! No, that 's not the lot. They 'll have gone to the other clock.

[*He runs off thither, and on the way sees Mademoiselle at the bookstall.*

He. Ah, Mademoiselle, avez-vous vu les enfants?

Mlle. Non, Monsieur, depuis que je suis ici, je n'ai vu ni les enfants ni Madame.

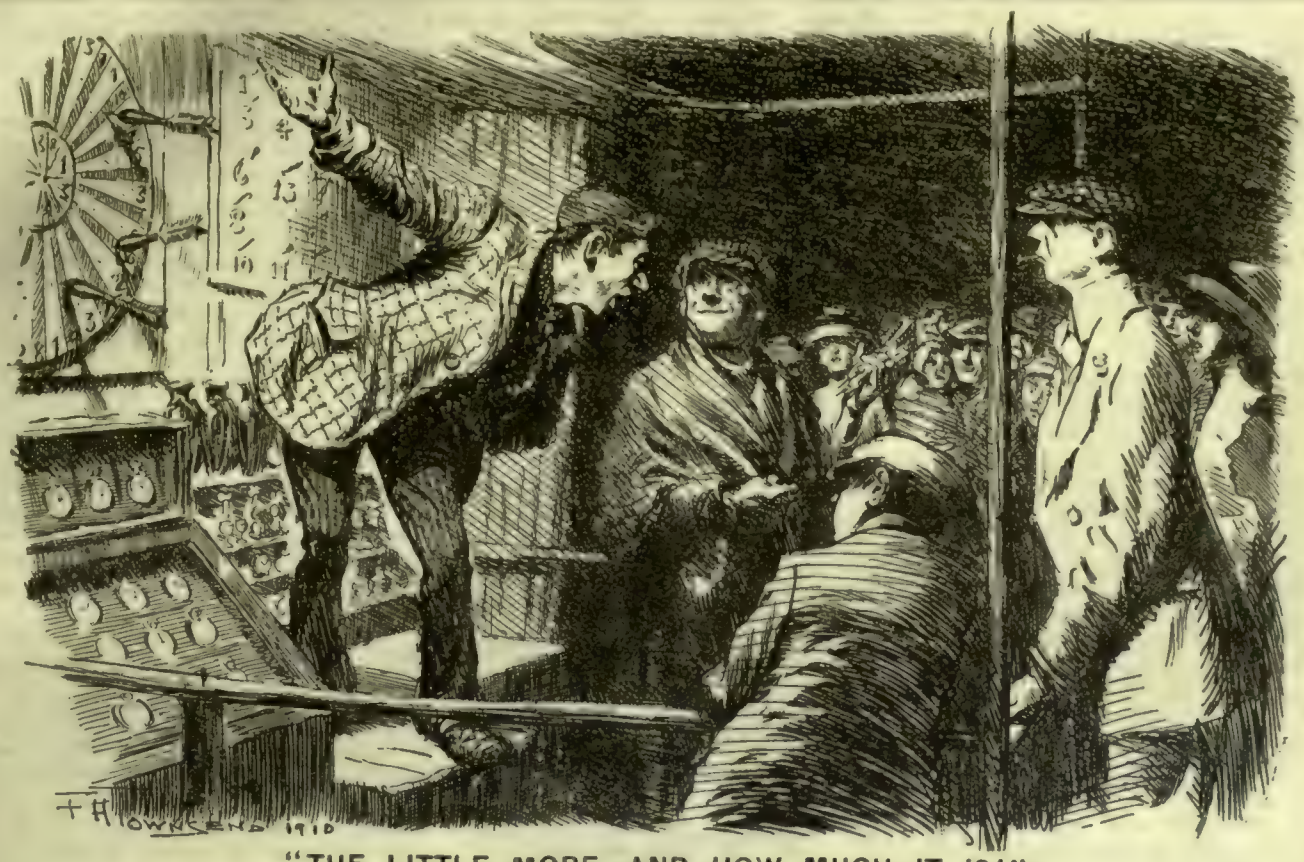
He (*running on*). *Allez vite au train. Numero 4. Prenez votre place.* (*He arrives under the smaller clock.*) Not a sign



ON THEIR OWN.

TRADE UNION OFFICIAL. "STEADY ON THERE, WAIT FOR YOUR LEADER! WHEN I GAVE YOU THAT BANNER I DIDN'T MEAN DOWN WITH *MY* AUTHORITY!"

[There seems to be a growing fashion for workmen to go out on strike at a moment's notice without consulting their Trade Unions, and in contempt of contracts made on their behalf by these Societies.]



"THE LITTLE MORE, AND HOW MUCH IT IS!"

"Play up! play up for the big prizes! Ten, ten, nine—twenty-nine points. 'Ard lines, Sir. If you'd got thirty you'd have won a gold watch. M'ria, give the gentleman a bag o' nuts."

of them, and the time 's getting on. Perhaps they 're in the waiting-room. (*Rushes off to inspect it.*) No, not there. We shall miss—— (*His eldest girl pulls him by the sleeve.*) Why, where on earth do you spring from?

The E.G. Mummy sent me here with a porter to find you, Daddy, and bring you, and if I didn't find you I was to come straight back.

He. Straight back to where?

The E.G. To the train, Daddy. We 've got such a nice carriage.

[*She leads him to platform No. 4, where he finds the whole family, including Mademoiselle, comfortably installed in a compartment. He is squeezed in, purple and speechless, just before the train moves off.*

She. You nearly missed it that time, dear. What *have* you been doing?

He. Just admiring the scenery, you know; chatting to the station-master about rose-growing——

Nurse (*in a panic*). Where 's the basket?

She. Now you don't mean to say you 've left the basket with the milk and the Thermos flask?

He (*putting his head out of window and shouting as the train moves on*). Porter, there 's a basket somewhere—milk in it—send it on to address on label—here 's a shilling. (*Throws a shilling out to the last porter.*) He 'll never find it.

The Youngest Girl. It 's here, Daddy, under the seat. Sarah put it there.

Commercial Solicitude.

"Visitors are requested not to pick the flowers, or walk on the boarders." *Notice at a Hotel in North Wales.*

THE MERRY MONARCH.

Oh, why does Eaton all her banners don so?
To feast the roving eyes of King Alfonso.

Why was it that the sun last Wednesday shone so?
It loved the polo feats of King Alfonso.

What spectacle delights the footman John so?
The riding-breeches worn by King Alfonso.

What is it fascinates the Eatonian *bonne* so?
It is the wiming ways of King Alfonso.

What puffs the plumage of the ducal swans so?
The notice they receive from King Alfonso.

Why are the Kaiser's courtiers jumped upon so?
He 's sick with jealousy of King Alfonso.

Why does the British Press keep on and on so?
It cannot have enough of King Alfonso.

An Indian Prodigal.

"A Buy Meeting. [? A Boy Missing].

To the Editor.—Sir,—Will any among your numerous readers help a good man, Pandit Baradakanta Siromoni of Sulkia, Dasanibagan, by giving him information, if possible, about his second son, Kamakhyanath Pathak, who has been missing since the 30th ult.

The boy is a scrubbed black one, aged about 13 with a small-pox-scarred flat face and a squint in his eyes, keeping his head (rather flat, with hirsute hair) a little bent on one side, about 2 cubics and a half in height. B. Banerjee, Sulkia."—*The Amrita Bazar Patrika.*

THE TELEPIANO.

VIEWS OF LEADING PIANISTS.

EXPERIMENTS with the new Lepel system of wireless telegraphy, by which the transmission of the melody of the National Anthem from Slough to Brussels and Paris has been successfully carried out, are described in detail in *The Daily Mail*.

We are in a position to state that further developments of the wireless octave have been triumphantly carried out by the great firm of Blüthstein. The opinions of some of the leading Kings of the Keyboard on the new "telepiano" will be read with interest.

Mr. MARK BAMBERGER, who was interviewed by our representative on his arrival in London from a protracted tour extending from Sikkim to Tierra del Fuego, expressed himself as an uncompromising opponent of the new system. "As an exemplification of the influence of applied science on art," observed Mr. BAMBERGER, "the new invention is not without interest. But if it were extensively employed by pianists the results would be disastrous. Travel enriches the intellect and develops sympathy. Home-keeping artists are apt to become insular, and even parochial, and the exclusive use of the telepiano would undoubtedly tend to root the *virtuoso* in one spot and promote a sedentary and immobile existence. Why should he go to Buenos Ayres or the Klondyke, he will argue, when all that is necessary is for him to sit comfortably at home and discourse wireless music to expectant auditors at the uttermost ends of the earth? I, for one, could never bear to exchange the life of the travelling *virtuoso*, so richly fraught with adventure and emotion, for this lethargic and humdrum existence. A man is not only a better man, but an infinitely more exhilarating performer, for having experienced a typhoon in the China seas, witnessed a war dance of Amazons in Dahomey, grappled single-handed with a gang of Nihilists in Nijni-Novgorod, or crossed the Grand Sahara on the ship of the desert. Besides, it is not enough for an audience to listen to the tones of a piano. Unless the artist is present before them, the performance loses more than half its virtue. Capillary attraction, gesture, play of facial expression, costume—all are eliminated by the telepiano." Mrs. BAMBERGER, who during the interview sat at the feet of her illustrious husband on a richly decorated Japanese footstool, cordially endorsed his views.

M. PADEREWSKI, on the other hand, professes himself a warm supporter of the telepiano. He writes from Schloss Manru, Poland, to say that it has solved a problem which for long has greatly exercised his mind—how to give pleasure to the world without incurring the risk of being mobbed and almost torn to pieces by his fanatical admirers. "At my last recital at Chicago," writes M. PADEREWSKI, "several tufts were forcibly removed from my *chevelure*, the little finger of my right hand was dislocated, and my best butterfly tie torn from my neck. This beneficent invention will henceforth enable me to continue my pianistic career without danger to life, limb and beauty."

M. PACHMANN is even more bitterly opposed to long distance wireless piano-playing than Mr. BAMBERGER. "To expect people to listen to a pianist without seeing his face is the most preposterous notion that ever emanated from a lunatic asylum. It is like an omelette without eggs. But what can you expect from a firm with the name of Blüthstein? You cannot get blood from a stone."

Finally, Madame SOPHIE MENTER objects to the new system because every auditor has to put on a hearing cap, the effect of which is most unbecoming.

MULL.

TELL me not of Grecian isles
And a charm that 's olden,
Brooding on the turquoise blue
That the Argo's oar-banks knew,
Where a sun-steeped ease beguiles,
Far away, and golden!

There 's a Western isle I know,
Where the last land merges
In the grey and outer seas,
Southward from the Hebrides,
And through old sea-caverns go
Old Atlantic dirges!

Grey it is, and very still
In the August weather;
Grey the basking seals that flock
On their jaggèd lift of rock;
Starkly heaves a waste of hill
Grey, untouched of heather!

Grey streams go by cliff and hag,
Black their pools and quiet;
There the great grey sea-trout rise
Somewhat shortly at your flies
(If you want to make a bag,
Worm 's their favourite diet).

That 's the place where I would be,
Where the winds blow purely;
For I hear, by Fancy blest,
All the Fairies of the West
Sound their silver pipes for me—
"Horns of Elfland" surely!

CAIRO—LONDON AIRSHIP.

THE following extracts taken from *The Daily Letter* show the rapid progress this magnificent airship is making. In each case the paragraph emanates "From our Special Correspondent":—

Desert (*near Cairo*), *Oct.* 27, 1910.
The airship "Demmit-Bayloud XII.," which is to make a flight from Cairo to London, where it will be housed in *The Daily Letter* garage on Wanstead Flats, is rapidly approaching completion, and it is hoped that the vessel will reach London in time for Guy Fawkes Day.

Desert (*near Cairo*), *Dec.* 17, 1910.
The airship "Demmit Bayloud XII.," which is to fly to London, where it will be housed in *The Daily Letter* garage on Wanstead Flats, made an excellent trial trip to-day. The expedition was slightly marred by the motor exploding and badly injuring two men.

It is hoped that the airship will reach *The Daily Letter* garage on Wanstead Flats on Christmas Day.

Desert (*near Cairo*), *Dec.* 26, 1910.
Everything is in readiness for the flight of the airship "Demmit-Bayloud XII." from Cairo to *The Daily Letter* garage on Wanstead Flats, and it is expected that the vessel will reach *The Daily Letter* garage on New Year's Day.

The Daily Letter garage, which was specially erected at an enormous expense by the proprietors of *The Daily Letter*, is being decorated in anticipation.

Desert (*near Cairo*), *Jan.* 16, 1911.
The airship "Demmit-Bayloud XII.," which is to fly to *The Daily Letter* garage on Wanstead Flats, made a splendid trial trip of thirty-eight yards yesterday. Unfortunately, however, in descending her propeller was smashed.

It is expected now that she will not reach *The Daily Letter* garage on Wanstead Flats until the end of the month.

Desert (*near Cairo*), *Feb.* 9, 1911.
The airship "Demmit-Bayloud XII.," which is to fly from Cairo to London, where it will be housed in the garage specially erected on Wanstead Flats at enormous expense by the proprietors of *The Daily Letter*, remained in the air for over ten minutes to-day. It is confidently expected that she will arrive at *The Daily Letter* garage by St. Valentine's Day.

Desert (*near Cairo*), *March* 1, 1911.
The airship "Demmit-Bayloud XII.," which is to fly to *The Daily Letter* garage on Wanstead Flats, did a circular trip to-day, being in the air for nearly nineteen minutes.

The engineers are enthusiastic over

this performance, and they hope to reach *The Daily Letter* garage on Wanstead Flats before quarter-day.

The Daily Letter has spared no expense in equipping its magnificent garage, and thousands of people visit it every day.

Desert (*near Cairo*), *Mch.* 31, 1911.

The "Demmit-Bayloud XII.," which is to fly to *The Daily Letter* garage on Wanstead Flats, met with an unfortunate accident to-day, which may delay her flight to *The Daily Letter* garage.

From causes which are at present unknown, her envelope burst just as she was settling down after a magnificent flight of two hundred yards.

As soon as the repairs are effected, however, the airship will fly to *The Daily Letter* garage on Wanstead Flats.

Desert (*near Cairo*), *May* 26, 1911.

The airship "Demmit-Bayloud XII.," which is to fly from Cairo to *The Daily Letter* garage on Wanstead Flats, was to-day assaulted by a man named Smith.

It has transpired that Smith has erected stands on Wanstead Flats every other week since the beginning of November, and has dismantled them in each case on the following week.

These stands commanded a view of the magnificent garage erected on Wanstead Flats by the proprietors of *The Daily Letter*.

Later.

The injuries sustained by the "Demmit-Bayloud XII.," which is to fly to *The Daily Letter* garage on Wanstead Flats, are not so serious as at first anticipated. The airship is now confidently expected to reach *The Daily Letter* garage on Wanstead Flats by Derby Day.

Desert (*near Cairo*), *Aug.* 17, 1911.

It is possible that the flight of the airship "Demmit-Bayloud XII.," to *The Daily Letter* garage on Wanstead Flats may be delayed, as during a trial trip to-day the engine fell through the deck and was smashed to pieces on the ground below.

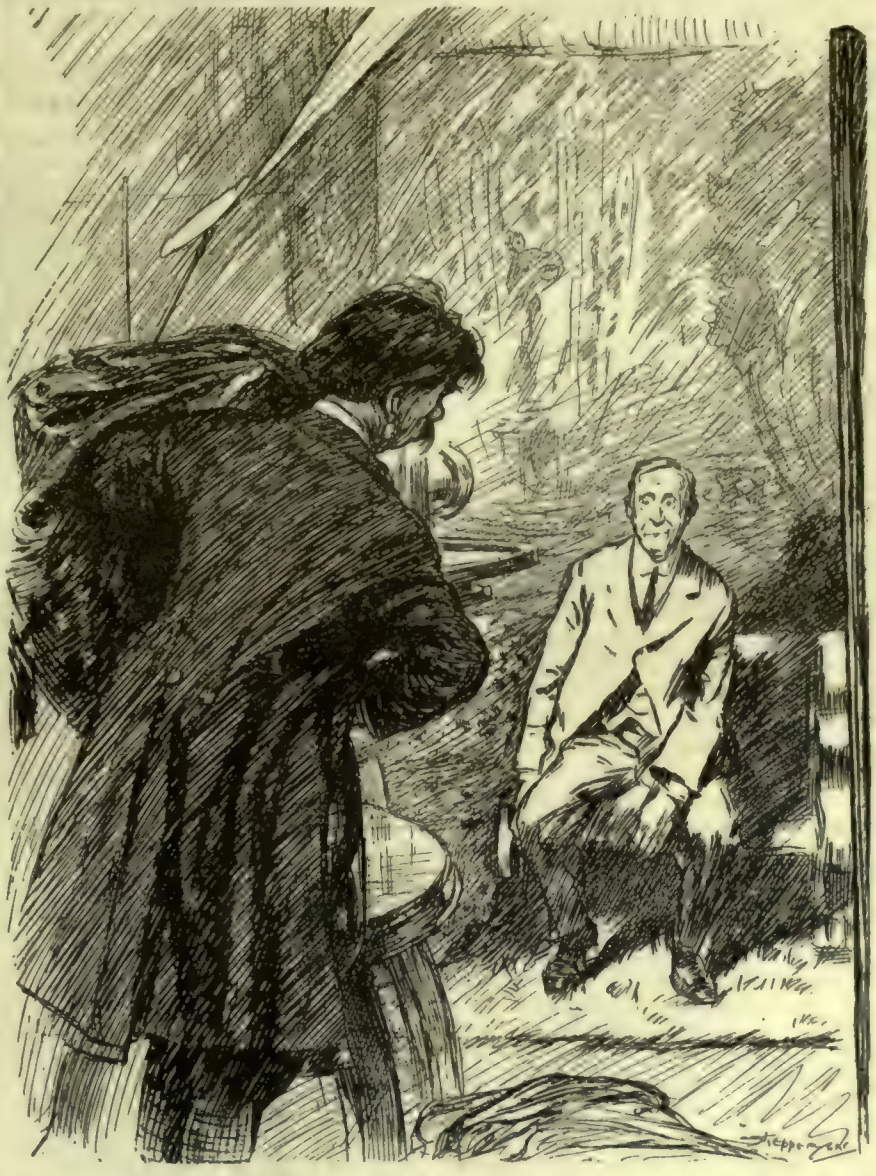
However, the engineers are fully confident of reaching *The Daily Letter* garage on Wanstead Flats during September.

Extract from advertising columns of "Cairo Telegraph," dated Jan. 1, 1912.

To Aviators. For sale, a large number of airship fittings in excellent condition and thoroughly seasoned. A bargain, only to be seen to be appreciated. Would take white mice in a cage in exchange.

Extract from advertising columns of "The Daily Letter," dated Jan. 10, 1912.

To be let or sold. Splendid building on Wanstead Flats, suitable for motor garage, skating rink, electric theatre, etc. No reasonable offer refused.



Photographer (*who, for the first plate, has taken a great deal of trouble to get his sitter to relax the unnaturally stern expression which men assume under the ordeal, and now prepares for a second exposure*). "I SHALL LEAVE THE EXPRESSION TO YOU THIS TIME, SIR."

Commercial Candour.

1. "TROUSERS FOR NOTHING! LAST TWO WEEKS."

Clothier's notice in "The Stockton and District Monthly Advertiser."

2. "OUR BOOTS SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

A Middlesboro' Bootmaker.

"For instance, what gives pleasure and physical exercise to the rower? It is the resistance between the sculls and the water created in the brain."—*From a pamphlet on Physical Training.*

Skulls, dear friend, not sculls.

More Records Broken.

"Champel had a slight mishap, but got everything right during the night, and at 5.30 in the morning had a trial flight, and in the afternoon covered over 32 miles in 57 secs."

Standard.

"His best partners were Bowley and Arnold, the latter helping him to put on 101 in eight minutes for the fifth wicket."—*Daily Telegraph.*

"A woman who lived on the charity of neighbours in the Belleville quarter of Paris, died suddenly from heart disease. When the authorities came to bury her at the public expense they found £2,800 hidden in her mistress.—*Weekly Dispatch.*

Accept this statement with reservation. There is a mistake somewhere; but how it came about we cannot see. It is not as if *maitresse* was French for mattress, as it ought to be.

A LORD OF LANGUAGE.

I HAVE had in my head for some days the words "Scale and drop," and I cannot get them out. "Scale and drop." What do they convey to you, reader? Nothing? Ah, that merely shows that you are not a military expert. If you were, you would realise at once that an offensive operation was going forward—assault and battery in the making.

But I will tell you. I live in the country, in a district that was recently the theatre of war. Mimic war, it is true, but earnest and serious, if rather self-conscious, war, none the less. Regiments marched up and down our hill, not only by day, but by night. Tired men in khaki, with the skin half off their faces and wholly off their noses, rested under our trees, consuming endless cigarettes and much chocolate, and leaving the wrappers of both behind. Yeomanry galloped over all the surrounding fields, except where notices said "Out of bounds." Now and then we were asked for water, not only for men but for beasts. In short, we knew something of what war meant.

And then at last, after days of silent manœuvres, came a battle with blank cartridges, so close that our house became a centre of headache. It was in the midst of this engagement that I walked out into the garden and stood in the doorway leading to the orchard to watch the fray. In fact we all did: old and young, the whole household. Now this orchard is surrounded by a wall which in places may be four feet high, but for the most part is three feet high; so insignificant that last week a cow in the next meadow placed her head against it, pushed a sufficient gap through it, and was found consuming our fruit trees. I had since then ceased to think of it as a wall at all: merely a symbol of ownership, privacy. Judge, then, of my amazement, and indeed pride, when, all the blank cartridges having been expended, the commander issued to his men the stentorian order, "Scale and drop!"

While we were still glowing at the employment of such noble words, the whole troop, a few of them with a half glance of confusion towards us, ran simultaneously to the wall and—got over it. I knew they would. I knew that scaling was as impossible as dropping. It was a case of lifting the legs one after the other; but the life-blood of the army—not less the Territorials than the Regulars—is precision, not only of deed but word, and "getting over walls" is unknown there. Quite right, too; and I applauded the officer for his fidelity both to the spirit and the letter. His command remains in my mind an example of sublimity.

HOW A GREAT AUTHOR WORKS.

["In wild surroundings man can but realise himself to be a trivial part of the great whole, while in the more formal environment of a garden he is free to deal with questions which arise from artistic creation."—*Daily Paper.*]

I VOWED (intrepid youth!) to go
  Where Nature's wildest blooms arrayed
A soil which had not felt the hoe
  Nor scraped acquaintance with the spade.
There I determined I would dwell;
  The Muse and I, with none to stop us,
Would hold communion for a spell
  And perpetrate a *magnum opus.*

But mid the wondrous wildness came
  The thought that man is very slight.
The world would go on just the same
  Were I a maggot or a mite.
My work would mingle with the dust,
  And what renown I gathered from it
Would be distinctly less robust
  Than was the tail of Halley's comet.

Such candid self-communion brought
  All hope of working to an end;
So I returned forthwith, and sought
  A sympathetic lady friend,
Within whose trim-kept garden I
  Told how, to morbid thoughts a martyr,
I'd found the source of music dry
  And Pegasus a rank non-starter.

And, just as she seemed like to melt
  In tears at my unhappy state,
With thrills of ecstasy I felt
  The artist's longing to create.
That garden struck a chord in me;
  A flood of melody came rushing,
As when one deals the rubber tree
  The blow that sets its sap a-gushing.

Of travelling I've had enough,
  It tends to baulk the poet's aim;
The sight of Nature in the rough
  Makes man's affairs seem very tame.
But put me where the pansy grows,
  And kindred blossoms even neater,
And, gazing on their ordered rows,
  At once I mould my thoughts in metre.

"A mile out of Shrivnal a picked escort met the women, making a gallant show of blue and red and gold, the sunshine flashing on the regimental colours, on sword-scabbards and steel shoulder chains, on serried rows of medals lying on gallant breasts."—"*Daily Mirror*" *Serial.*

They always do wear full-dress uniform and carry colours on the North-West Frontier of India. But why wasn't the band playing?

THE SEAMY SIDE OF HEROISM.

A CRISIS is suddenly come upon me. I sit in my office in Lincoln's Inn Fields, looking out from my window upon it and wondering whether I am going out to avert public disaster, or am going to sit quietly within, pretending that I have not noticed anything.

When I set myself to dream of heroic opportunities, I had my eye on Fires, Drownings, Riots, Wrecked Expresses or Fainting Aristocrats. My offer to Providence was that it should arrange a *mise-en-scène* including one of the above catastrophes and not omitting a large and appreciative crowd of onlookers. There was to be a first-rate disaster imminent, cowardice and panic rampant, and nothing wanted but a man to come along and do the manly thing. I was to be that man. I was to arrive, godlike, at the psychological moment, save everybody and everything from the worst, and then attempt a modest retirement, which, I trusted, would be prevented by the crowd, frenzied with admiration. Publicity and due reward, possibly even cash, should be forced upon me then and there, and a short, depreciatory speech extracted from my unwilling lips. Though I made known my preference for a fire in a theatre, with myself clambering on to the stage and thence directing the safe exit of a panic-stricken mob, I left the actual choice of catastrophes to Providence, and this is the best it can do.

For nearly an hour a private carriage has stood by the curb, opposite the door next to my own. There is no one inside; there is no one on the box. No one shows any sign of ownership, interim possession or desire to control. You say this is impossible. Why? Cannot the coachman have had a parcel to deliver on the top floor, and quite unintentionally have fallen down four flights of stairs? May it not be that . . . Anyhow, there is the phenomenon. A policeman has looked at it, stroked the horse's head, wondered what (if anything) he ought to do, and gone his ways. An errand-boy on a box-tricycle has enquired leisurely into the matter. He has looked carefully inside and on the box of the carriage. He has started to ride away and has returned to look underneath. Finding nothing there, he has scratched his head. He has scratched the horse's head and looked up at the neighbouring windows. With a little more head-scratching, he too has gone his ways.

That was nearly half-an-hour ago, and there the thing is, still unclaimed. Yet you do not believe. I, who am now watching it happen in the most



Nurse. "What's that dirty mark on your leg, Master Frank?"
Nurse. "Well, go at once and wash it off."
Frank. "Harold kicked me."
Frank. "Why? It wasn't *me* what did it!"

natural way in the world, begin to lose patience, and so does the horse. After a short prelude of restlessness, the ill-used creature has decided that it will wait no longer. An hour was just permissible; more it is unreasonable to expect of an active horse. He moves off at a slow walk. In a minute he will be trotting into Kingsway; in three, galloping driverless down Oxford Street. He is only just starting, has in fact stopped for a moment of his own accord. Before he goes on again, I can easily secure him and lead him back, awkwardly and unheroically, to his proper place. I shall endeavour to leave him and he will start off again. So I shall have to stay there and hold him until some owner does appear. If any crowd gathers, it will only be to ridicule a corpulent but eminently respectable old gentleman with a bald head, holding an apparently amused horse inefficiently. When the owner comes, will he shower praise and reward upon me? Not he. At the best he will give me twopence to get myself a drink. At the worst he will ask me what the something I am doing with his horse, and will accuse me of theft on an original and ambitious scale.

The horse, I tell you, has paused in its progress, showing that its movement was originally intended as a practical protest, expected to bring the driver quickly about his business. But the driver not appearing, and the horse having tasted the pleasure of independent motion, the longer and fatal journey is now contemplated. In a word, the pause is ended and the horse is walking off to do his worst. Ah, well! I suppose there is nothing for it. I shall have to go.

Really, Providence, don't you know the difference between a Hero and a Busybody?

TERMINOLOGICAL EXACTITUDE.

John Rogers, Esq., to Arthur Robson, Esq., M.A.

Dear Arthur,—I am on the point of engaging a secretary, and amongst those who have applied to me for the post is one Mr. Alfred Thompson. He informs me that he was recently a pupil at your school, and refers me to you for his character. I should be very grateful for any information you could give me as to his conduct when he was under your supervision.

My kind regards to yourself and your wife. Believe me, yours sincerely,

John Rogers.

Arthur Robson, Esq., M.A., to John Rogers, Esq.

My Dear John,—Alfred Thompson was a pupil of mine for some time, and I found his conduct generally good.

Yours in haste, Arthur Robson.

John Rogers, Esq., to Arthur Robson, Esq., M.A.

Dear Arthur, — Thank you very much for your letter. I am sorry to trouble you again, but I am afraid that I do not quite appreciate what you mean by "generally." Would you mind enlightening me a little further?

Yours sincerely, John Rogers.

Arthur Robson, Esq., M.A., to John Rogers, Esq. (Post Card).

By "generally" I mean "not particularly."—A. R.

"During 1909 the Mint made 1,138,480 more shillings than in 1909."—*Daily Express.*

This is the kind of paragraph that turns hair grey quicker than any of the advertised things.

"'Had they remained in the water, no doubt it would have been a triple fatality,' said the coroner at Blackpool yesterday afternoon."—*Birmingham Daily Post.*

Solon!

The reluctance of certain Territorials to march in the rain has been duly noted in Berlin. It would be just like the Germans to bring off the invasion on a wet day.



PROBLEMS OF WAR.

Excited Recruit (on outpost duty for the first time). "YON MAN SAYS I'M CAPTURED, SIR. COULD HE CAPTURE ME, SIR? THERE WAS ONLY ONE OF HIM, AN' ONE OF ME!"

ERGOPHOBIA.

IT was not that I wished to go away,
To leave my tasks undone, and wander free;
My noble spirit chafed at the delay,
For work (whatever my detractors say)
Is meat and drink to me.

The joys of idleness allured me not;
Indeed, I felt considerable pain
At being torn, uprooted from the spot
Where I might work, and give full vent to what
I wildly call my brain.

I did but seek the somewhat flagging power
Of that tremendous engine to restore;
I said, I will be idle for an hour,
Give it, in fact, a kind of thorough scour,
That I may work the more.

It was in that fine hope that I took wing,
For that I laid my well-loved labours by;
And, faring forth, I grew the sunniest thing;
I was a figure of incarnate Spring;
None bonnier than I.

Where'er I moved I carolled like a lark;
On lake, on links, the music of my mirth
Became the theme of general remark;
Yet ever, tho' I strove to keep it dark
From men of lighter worth,

In mind I sought that fuller time ahead
When I should leave ignoble rest behind
And tackle that dear work for which I bled
(Being, I fancy I 've already said,
Blest with that sort of mind).

So the days passed. And so the glad dawn broke
That haled me to the labour of my Art.
With joy I came; with joy resumed the yoke;
And up till now I haven't done a stroke—
I cannot even start.

My Muse, once supple, labours as a wain
That deeply creaks in unaccustomed ruts
(A pretty figure!); struggles are in vain;
And, as for what I madly call my brain,
It doesn't work for nuts.

Nay, worse. My old-time zeal has run to rust;
And work—a fact that fills me with dismay—
That very work, for which I felt such lust,
Makes me recoil with shuddering disgust;
I want to go away.

DUM-DUM.



THE IDLER MALGRÉ LUI.

Lord Kitchener. "THINK I SHALL EVER BE ANY GOOD AT THIS?"
Punch. "HOPE YOU WON'T HAVE THE TIME, SIR.'

[Lord Kitchener has recently been taking lessons in golf at Archerfield.]



MARGATE AGAIN!

"ENGLAND HAS A LARGE MARITIME POPULATION, OF WHOM SHE IS JUSTLY PROUD."

AN UNCONVENTIONAL PICNIC.

MONKS DORMING, as my sister Lavinia and I often say, has been simply a different place since Mrs. Rippentrop came to live at Sunny Bank. She keeps us all alive—*such* an energetic person, and *so* full of animal spirits and new ideas for social enjoyment! So we were quite excited when she called to ask us to join a picnic party she was getting up on some plan she had seen in a daily paper and was carrying out with additions of her own. "You really *must* come, dear Miss Priscilla; it won't be complete without you and Miss Miniver," she said, in that pretty way of hers. And, having no other engagement, we were of course only too delighted to accept. All we were *told* was that we were to send in such provisions as we liked to contribute, the evening before, and meet on the appointed day at Sunny Bank to receive further instructions.

When we arrived, the first thing we all had to do was to dress ourselves up in various articles that we found provided for us, exactly as if it was Charades. Colonel Potter looked extremely quaint in a pink bath-gown and a grey slouch hat with a blue woollen feather; as did Mr. Dillwater, our new Curate, in Indian shawls and a lilac sunbonnet—but both seemed just a *teeny* bit put out when we learnt that the picnic was to take place in Balmyside Woods, and that we were to drive there just as we were. Indeed, if they had not both been such devoted admirers of Mrs. Rippentrop, I almost doubt whether they would have consented to come at all. But she had thoughtfully engaged the station omnibus from the "Falcon," so we were comparatively unobserved.

We got out at the nearest gate to the wood, where Mrs. Rippentrop made us all put on half-masks of black paper before we went any further. Then we proceeded on our way, and hadn't got far when we were challenged by Mr. Wibberley, Miss Ingpen (who wrote a detective story for our Parish Magazine, which the Rector said was remarkably clever, but unsuitable), and Imogen Turk, with her small brother Bobbie. They had gone on in advance, and were supposed to be Scouts guarding the food, and, before we could pass, we each had to make up a plausible tale, and, if we escaped being recognised, the Scouts lost a point. Colonel Potter's story was brief, and not very plausible; Lavinia and I couldn't think of any story at all; Mr. Stodgeleigh (who is writing an important book on the History and Antiquities of Monks Dorming) told a very good tale indeed, though he took rather a long time over it. However, though we were so capitally disguised, we were all recognised; so we should never have got to the picnic at all if Mrs. Rippentrop hadn't persuaded them to let us pass, in spite of the rules. When we reached the picnicking ground *another* surprise was in store for us. This was Mrs. Rippentrop's own idea. The Scouts had been directed to hide the comestibles away in secret places, and we had to hunt them all out before the meal could be begun. To assist us in this Mr. Wibberley gave us a cryptograph, with rows of little dancing men, which he had imitated from a story of CONAN DOYLE'S, and we all

puzzled over it for quite half-an-hour before we were compelled to give it up. As it was already past two, the Scouts were permitted by Mrs. Rippentrop to give us hints as to the most likely spots. I must say the concealment had been *most* ingeniously contrived.

For instance, Lavinia's meat patties and my own jam puffs were so completely hidden under layers of bracken that dear old Mrs. Thudichum only discovered them by noticing the state her boots were in. And, although we observed a cork with a tiny flag floating in a dear little mossy pool, we had no idea, till we were told, that it marked the spot where Colonel Pŏtter's contribution—a lobster salad—had been submerged in a tin fish-can. The water kept the lobster beautifully cool, but unfortunately some rotifers and other pond-dwellers had gained admittance through the holes in the top of the tin, so we thought it more prudent, on the whole, *not* to partake of the lobster salad.

We then had a great search for a couple of cold chickens which Mr. Dillwater said should be somewhere about, and Mr. Wibberley advised us to try the bank of a charming rivulet close by—and sure enough, there were the chickens! They would have been welcomed, as we were getting really hungry by this time, but some animal—Mr. Stodgeleigh thought a water-rat—had evidently found them before us, so we went without them, which I fancy was rather a disappointment to poor Mr. Dillwater. In compassion for our feelings Imogen Turk then informed us where she had concealed a cold tongue. We should certainly never have found it out for ourselves, as the dear child had dropped it into a hollow tree, from which, though we tried for at least twenty minutes, it proved impossible to extract it. And the currant and raspberry tart—well, I must say that whoever secreted it in the undergrowth was ill-advised in putting it so near an ant's nest. Indeed, matters had reached such a pitch that I really thought it wiser, after coming upon Mrs. Thudichum's calves-foot jelly in the midst of a bed of rushes, to refrain from mentioning that, when I first saw it, a large speckly frog was seated panting on the top.

Luckily, there had not been time to think of a really clever hiding-place for the ham, and we found some bread and a jam-pot full of butter down a rabbit-hole, and not so *very* sandy considering, so with these and the jelly (which I did not touch myself) we managed to satisfy our appetites. There was not much to drink, because we only exhumed one bottle of claret and another of milk, poor little Bobbie being unable to remember where he had buried the others—*or* the tumblers. Still, paper funnels make quite passable substitutes for drinking-glasses, and after all, as Mrs. Rippentrop brightly observed, half the fun of a picnic consists in these little *contretemps*.

It was perhaps a pity that Miss Ingpen did not recollect until we had all done that there was a large pigeon pie perched in the fork of a tree directly over our heads. She is a great reader, and it seems she borrowed the notion of hiding an article in the most conspicuous place from a tale of EDGAR ALLAN POE'S. Nothing could have been more successful, but Mr. Stodgeleigh, for so great a philosopher as he is, all but lost his temper over it.

The bus *was* to have met us at five o'clock, but we were considerably behind our time, and as it had to go back to the station for the 6.15, we returned on foot. Colonel Potter was a little peevish at having to walk through the village in his disguise, and Mr. Dillwater openly dreaded lest he should encounter his Rector—which I regret to say he did. But there are never *many* persons about in Monks Dorming, and those we did meet made but few comments on our costumes. Altogether, as I said to dear little Mrs. Rippentrop, we were indebted to her for a most successful and delightful expedition. Still, somehow or other, she has not seen quite so much as she used to of either Colonel Potter, Mr. Stodgeleigh, or Mr. Dillwater. Indeed, I cannot find that either of them has been near Sunny Bank for the last fortnight. F. A.



She. "AND YOU'D GO THROUGH ANYTHING FOR ME, CUTHBERT?"
He (appealing to Heaven). "I SWEAR!"

INSURANCE FOR CRICKETERS.

The Daily Chronicle having announced the completion of its scheme for the insurance of footballers, *Mr. Punch* begs to state that he also has made arrangements of a somewhat similar nature for the insurance of cricketers. *The Chronicle's* project insures against accident, fatal or otherwise. Cricketers, however, are less liable to death than dishonour, and to injured limbs than to injured feelings. *Mr. Punch's* efforts are therefore directed to compensation for spiritual rather than bodily hurt.

A premium of £5 entitles the cricketer who makes a pair of spectacles to an expression of surprise and sympathy from Mr. LAURANCE WOODHOUSE in *The Daily Mail.*

A premium of £10 entitles the cricketer who has been given out unjustly l. b. w. to his portrait in *The Sketch*, entitled "Another Distinguished Victim of Bad Umpiring."

A premium of £7 10*s.* entitles the cricketer who is out for hitting the ball twice to facetious but gratifying mention in *The Daily Telegraph* by Major PHILIP TREVOR.

A premium of £5 entitles the cricketer who figures as a "did not bat" to a bottle of Mr. WARNER'S hair-restorer.

A premium of £10 entitles the cricketer who misses an easy catch (sitter) to commiserative sympathy of an apparently authentic nature from at least three spectators, strangers to each other, each of whom will remember a similar chance being dropped by an illustrious performer.

A premium of £3 entitles the cricketer who breaks his Achilles tendon to a paragraph by Sir HOME GORDON in *The Tatler*, comparing him favourably with Mr. C. B. FRY.

A premium of £8 entitles the cricketer who is bowled first ball each innings to a pound of HIRST'S toffee for life.



"AS OTHERS SEE US."

First Dog (*hired for the season*). "THAT'S THE FIFTEENTH TIME RUNNING HE'S MISSED."
Second Dog. "NONE TOO SAFE EITHER; LET'S CHUCK IT."

À OUTRANCE!

["Dear Sir,—On behalf of my Committee, I beg to inform you that it is proposed to hold a Lawn Tennis Match at Queen's Club, West Kensington, 'Authors *versus* Publishers,' and shall be glad to know if you care to play?"—*From a letter received.*]

"CARE"? What a feeble inadequate word it is!
Care, do you say, to take part in the match?
Why, I should count it the worst of absurdities
If I should fail to come up to the scratch.
When you afford me, by blessed fatality,
Chances for which I've continued to pine,
Can you imagine, in sober reality,
I shall be donkey enough to decline?

This is the happy occasion to dissipate
Sorrows that shadowed my life in the past;
This the delectable time, I anticipate,
When I shall crush the oppressor—at last!
Insolent publisher, now I shall trouble you!
Would you return me my epic unread?
Wait till I get you at Kensington (W.),
Wait till I bring off a smash at your head!

How I shall laugh at your feeble endeavour to
Cope with my service's wonderful flight!
(Rogue as you are, you will have to be clever to
Rob me of this, my American right).
How my cross-volley will humble your vanity!
How the spectators will mock at you, Sir,
As I remark, with delicious urbanity,
"Ah, the net system is what you prefer!"

"Why do I reckon" (I hear your satirical
Query) "that we are unequally matched?
What if these verses be merely a lyrical
Counting of chickens before they are hatched?"
Nay, the position is far from disquieting;
Plain is the fare that an author can get,
Publishers revel in opulent dieting—
You will be done at the end of a set!

So, in a scornfully challenging attitude,
Waving a racquet, behold me advance;
It would be simply the rankest ingratitude
Not to employ so consummate a chance!
Now I must stifle my eager elation to
Answer the person who said "if you care" . . . .
"Sir, I accept your polite invitation to
Play at West Kensington. *I shall be there!*"

"OLD COINS FOUND AT BURNTISLAND.—Some old Scottish coins were hardly decipherable, but yesterday a French coin in good preservation was picked up, having the name and effigy of Louis XIII. on the one side, and the fleur de lys and the date 1838 on the other."—*Scotsman.*

We advise the finder to alter the date before he offers it for sale to any but a very sanguine numismatist.

"WANTED immediately, in Scotland, Rabbiter; married, without family, 30 to 40; English; Church of England."—*Country Life.*

More ecclesiastical rancour; for of course Scotch rabbits are Presbyterians.

Keats on the flight that failed.

"And then upon the grass I sit and moan,
Like one who once had wings."—*Hyperion.*

A TUBE PROPOSAL.

I HAD been expecting the proposal for weeks, so often had he been on the verge and so often had I tactfully piloted him back to safe ground again, but when he ran me to earth, so to speak, in the Tube, and led me staggeringly down the train to the dim and deserted far end, I set my teeth grimly for I knew I was in for it. He is quite a nice boy and the juvenile lead of our Amateur Dramatic Society; but, though my heart may not be another's, it is certainly not his.

He began at once, fixing his passionate eyes on mine, and speaking in a voice of emotional entreaty. I was heartily sorry for him, for the Tube is an awful place to propose in; the roar and rattle drowned his best points, and I only caught a few words here and there, such as—"Katharine" (he was too moved to call me "Kitty"), "carry you by storm," "wife," "win you in the end." Then he came to a full stop and, seizing my hand, he faltered—

"Will you—oh, *do* say you will!"

"I wish I could," I sighed, giving his hand a sisterly little squeeze before I withdrew mine, "but it's impossible." As I spoke the noise and clatter were worse than ever, and, to my horror and annoyance, I saw, from the sudden rapture in his face, that he had misunderstood me, and, probably only catching my first words, had mistaken "I wish" for "I will."

His joy was so frank that for the first moment I simply hadn't the heart to undeceive him; the next, the train slowed up at our station, and we were obliged to perform a combined cake-walk down the oscillating compartment. I had no opportunity to correct his illusion on the platform or in the crowded lift, and I waited till we got outside, when he at once began gaily—

"You don't know how horribly nervous I felt before I asked, but I feel I can face any music now I am sure of *you*."

"I'm dreadfully sorry," I said bravely, "but there's been a mistake. You thought I said 'Yes' in the Tube, didn't you?" He nodded and looked down quickly and apprehensively in my face.

"Well, as a matter of fact, I said 'No,'" I answered as gently as I could. He turned very pale and did not speak for a few moments. Then he demanded in a hard voice—

"Why not? Are you engaged?"

I shook my head and averted my eyes.

"Then why won't you?"

"Because I don't want to," I blurted out, feeling truth was best.

There was a long pause.

"Oh, very well," he said quietly, "then I shall ask Cynthia Platt."

I own I was a little shocked at this; not piqued, but a little shocked. However, I exclaimed heartily, "That's very sensible of you. She's heaps better than I am."

"Well," he replied in a meditative voice, "of course she's taller and she's good-looking. But she's a bit too strong; she's got such a magnificent physique, you know."

"Why, surely that's all the better," I said.

"Oh, no," he replied. "You're a much more suitable size for me to chase round with a whip."

I gasped, and he smiled a little sadly at my expression.

"Oh, you needn't look alarmed," he said; "I shouldn't have actually touched you with it; my idea was just to rattle you along and crack it behind you."

"Well," I said, "if that's your idea of domestic happiness I consider it's an insult for you to have asked me to marry you."

He pulled up short and stared at me.

"I never asked you to marry me," he exclaimed.

"What!" I cried. "Not just now in the Tube?"

"Never," he said emphatically. "I told you they had cast me for *Petruchio* in *The Taming of the Shrew*, and I asked you to be *Katharine*, my wife in the play, don't you know."

I didn't speak; I couldn't; it was all I could do to choke back my tears of mortification, and we walked in a horrible embarrassed silence till I reached my gate. Then I glanced up and saw that his face wore a mingled expression of nervousness, amusement, and pity.

"I'm awfully sorry," he stammered, "but that beastly Tube makes such a row, no wonder——"

"Yes, doesn't it," I said quickly; "my mistake was almost excusable. And in any case," I added over my shoulder as I went in, "you won't forget I said 'No,' will you?"

From the Spanish paper *Blanco y Negro*.

> Don't kill the birds! the bitlle birds
> y hat sing about the door,
> soon as the joyons spring has come
> and chilling otorhms are ó er."

The author does not seem quite to appreciate the spell of Autumn.

"WAIFS AND STRAYS.

Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill left for the Continent on Wednesday."—*Oxford Times.*

We have seen many a happier heading than this.

UNEXPECTED ATHLETES.

ENCOURAGED by the stimulating example of Lord KITCHENER, several other eminent public men have decided to enter the athletic arena.

Lord FISHER, O.M., played his first game of golf at Sheringham on Friday last. The results were decidedly promising, though the gallant admiral occasionally gave vent to such marine exclamations as "Avast there!" on missing the globe. At the eighth hole, where he took a full swing with his Dreadnought driver, Lord FISHER hit the roof of the Lifeboat Station such a prodigious ponk that the ball flew off into the North Sea and was never seen again. At the tenth, Lord FISHER ran down a 6 in. putt in fine style, and at the thirteenth he cleverly sliced his drive into the tee-box, a thing which has never been done before. JOHNNY WALKER, who coached the illustrious neophyte, expressed keen satisfaction with his pupil's progress. "Man," he exclaimed on one occasion, "yon's the biggest divot I ever saw."

Lord ROSEBERY's unexpected appearance at the Highland Games at Strathpeffer has been quite the event of the week in Scotland. His lordship entered for several events, and carried off the veterans' 100 yards' handicap from the 30-yard mark in the fine time of 24 seconds. Lord ROSEBERY was also honourably mentioned in the egg and spoon race.

The announcement that Sir OLIVER LODGE would take part in a game of water polo in the Edgbaston Baths attracted a large and influential crowd to that fashionable resort on Saturday afternoon. The illustrious *savant*, who was tastefully clad in plum-coloured satinette, presented a truly noble appearance on plunging into the bath, and was the life and soul of the game. Playing centre wing forward with extraordinary gusto, Sir OLIVER again and again foiled the attack of the opposing scrimmagers. One magnificent run along the bottom of the bath aroused such enthusiasm that Mr. RAYMOND BLATHWAYT, though fully dressed in the height of the fashion, leapt into the liquid and was with difficulty rescued from a watery grave. Mr. HAROLD BEGBIE was reduced to tears of ecstasy, and Mr. BRAM STOKER, who was reporting the match for *P. A. P.*, broke into pæans of delight. As he put it in one happy phrase, "Since the days of Roncesvalles there has never been such an OLIVER as ours." At the close the aquatic hero was carried home shoulder high, preceded by the drum and fife band of the Edgbaston Telepathic Scouts.



THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME.

Gipsy (offering clothes'-props). "'ELP A POOR WOMAN, LIDY. EIGHTPENCE EACH, OR YOU CAN TAKE THE TWO FOR A SHILLIN'."

THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.

THE great Australian liner with the eminent Paragraph on board was already overdue as I stood waiting. Many well-known Pars were on the quay to meet their confrère.

The GLADSTONE twenty-six bites mastication story was standing next to an iron-haired anecdote about DISRAELI'S first speech, while two distinguished Pars who had, I found, both seen the light years ago in *P.U.P.*, stood and recalled old times. They had not met for years. The one about Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S resignation had gone out to South Africa at the time of the appointment of his son, Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, to be Under-Secretary to the Colonies, and had returned when he went to the Board of Trade. The other, about BOYLE ROCHE'S rat that was nipped in the bud, had only just concluded a tour of Japan and the Far East. At this moment the great ship hove in sight, and in a few minutes, amidst loud cheers, the venerable Par came ashore. I succeeded in getting a few words.

"You have been round the world?" I asked.

"Completely," answered the genial old anecdote. "I have appeared in 550 newspapers, magazines and reviews. When I came out in *The Honolulu Weekly Whisper* the paper went out of print. I leave again to-morrow by the thin paper edition of *Glad Bits, en route* for Chicago and the Far West, where I have a round of engagements booked. You mustn't keep me any longer. Pip! Pip!"

"Pip! Pip!" I responded; "see you in *Glad Bits* to-morrow!"

"I recall a remarkable incident in that innings very early on. A ball—bowled, if my memory serves, by Mr. F. S. Jackson—beat Mr. Spooner, and struck his leg stump so hard that it travelled to the boundary—yet the bails were undisturbed."—"*Old Ebor*" *in* "*The Yorks. Evening Post.*"

Frankly, we don't believe this. We can't help feeling that one bail, at any rate, must have fallen.

AN IDLE QUERY.

IF to his lyre the ancient minstrel trolled
Of doughtier deeds than modern eyes behold;
If raftered halls with braver songs were stirred
Than any sounding strains which now are heard;
One idly wonders if the long-ago
Knew nobler deeds than ever we may know;
Or if in those dim years that bred our sires
Were finer bards—or only finer lyres!

"The most significant feature of the analysis was that out of 87 overs sent down by the seven bowlers tried, only six failed to yield at least one wicket."—*Bristol Evening Times and Echo.*

It appears that Gloucester were playing eighty-one men to Worcestershire's eleven.

"Lost, from carriage in Henry Street, July 27, small Invisible Green Leather Bag."—*Irish Times.*

This should take some finding.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

OF the many novelists who can write with a semblance of extreme accuracy about a period which they never saw, most, I think, make the mistake of importing a far too modern conception of romantic sentiment into the hearts of their heroes and heroines. Mr. FORD MADOX HUEFFER has no use for this sort of thing: he feels, I suppose, that a time of artificial graces and studied manners exercised a constricting influence over the emotions of the people who lived in it. Thus, if you expect to find in the two principal figures of *The Portrait* (METHUEN), who flourished in the early part of the eighteenth century, a Victorian attitude of mind, you will be grievously disappointed. For myself I was more than pleased. *Squire Bettesworth*, of Winterbourne, Wilts, took a rash bet (amounting to £20,000) with *Sir Francis Dashwood*, the *Duke of Norfolk*, and other gentlemen, that he would "find, fetch, horse, and marry" the lady who had sat for the picture known as '*Celia* in her arbour,' and *The Portrait* explains how he did it, and how, incidentally, his pride was rather humbled in the process. The minuteness with which the author has described his interiors (in the painter's, not the psychologist's, sense of the word) is truly wonderful, and the ladies and gentlemen who strut in his pages are the most agreeable of marionettes. Especially do I like *Mr. Roland Bettesworth*, the hero's brother, and his method of enforcing a duel with *Sir Francis Dashwood:* "And you have about you, perhaps upon your handkerchief, or upon your stockings, or I know not where, of perfume of orange or of ambergris, or perhaps it is no perfume at all. But with perfume or the lack of perfume you have very much offended my nostrils. And this, sure, is quarrel enough for any gallant man." Like the *Earl of Pembroke*, who was present, I cordially agree.



LITTLE WORRIES OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

CONSTERNATION OF SIR AUBREY, WHO FINDETH THAT "THE DRAGON-SLAYER'S HANDBOOK" TREATETH NOT OF DRAGONS WITH MORE THAN ONE HEAD.

Eric Marshall fell in love with a girl whom he had heard playing the violin in an orchard. She was unfortunately dumb, not through any vocal defect, but because her deceased mother had refused to talk for many years, and had been appropriately punished by the birth of a speechless daughter. The probability of this seems to me a little dubious; but no matter. *Kilmeny* used to meet *Eric* in the orchard pretty often; till, one evening, a former suitor, being naturally irritated at the affair, came behind *Eric* with his little hatchet, and proposed to end things abruptly. *Kilmeny*, however, saw his approach, and, recovering what her mother had lost, spoke and warned her favoured lover. So they married—and I resist the temptation to wonder whether *Eric* ever thought wistfully about the silent past. The novel, of which this is the plot, is called *Kilmeny of the Orchard* (PITMAN). Although this kind of thing may make, indeed frequently has made, an acceptable short story, the allowance is rather small for a complete six-shilling volume. The author, L. M. MONTGOMERY, seems to have said, "Hang it all, they want another novel by me, so, as this is all there is in the house at present, it will just have to go round!" I am a little sorry for this, since earlier work by the same hand was evidently of better quality. *Kilmeny of the Orchard*, even enriched by four quite charming illustrations in colour, strikes me as not altogether fair value for the price.

I want to express such an opinion of *The Brassbounder* (DUCKWORTH) as will induce you to put on your hat and run out and buy it at once. You may say that you do not care for the sea or for them that go down to it in ships, or that you so well know and love these things in the life that any description of them in a book must seem second-rate and dull. Believe me, in either case you are entirely wrong. The most abandoned seaman and the most determined landlubber cannot fail to find delight in these sketches. Every change of the wind, every point of the compass, every phase of life on the deep when sailors still sailed and did not steam, is shown with the breadth and the buoyancy and the unsparing simplicity of a man who must have once done his business on the great waters. Such is the air of humanity about his crew, his mate and his Old Man, such the atmosphere of reality about the stress and humour of their choppy career, that one is forced to believe Mr. DAVID W. BONE, when he professes once to have been an apprentice, a "brassbounder," on a three thousand ton barque. I have my doubts whether his volume is the log of an actual voyage, polished up to readable form, or an effort of fiction shorn down to a seamanlike ruggedness; I am clear that his observation is perfect, his expression masterly and his resulting whole utterly charming. There are illustrations by the author—careful, suggestive pictures; but, as they lack some of the spontaneity of the written sketches, I confine myself to saying only that these are very good indeed.

"Mr. Willows . . . passed over Chippenham, Calne, Marlborough and Newbury and on to Reading, where he picked up the railway line."
Northern Echo.

This is what comes of employing sleepers to hold the metals. Any aeronaut can snatch them.

CHARIVARIA.

WHEN the TSAR meets the KAISER at Schloss Friedberg the grounds of the castle will, it is said, be flooded with police. We really do not believe that these precautions are necessary. The meeting, we are convinced, will be perfectly amicable.

* * *

Mr. RUFUS GAYNOR, the son of the Mayor of New York, reports that his father is now better than before he was shot. In spite of this we understand that other Mayors have not expressed any great eagerness to undergo the same cure.

* * *

A Londoner who is in search of a quiet spot for half-holidays asks the readers of a daily paper to help him in his quest. It will be in the highest degree regrettable if, when the name is announced, some half-million readers of the journal in question decide to share his seclusion.

* * *

"What 's the meaning of all these recent railway pools," inquires an old lady. "Is it the effect of the damp summer?"

* * *

Ladies' hats, a fashion prophet tells us, are to be smaller in girth but will increase in height. This is a cruel blow to those who had imagined that the height of absurdity had been reached already.

* * *

And pockets, it is said, are to come into fashion. In view of the fact that this would be a sensible innovation we cannot advise our readers to believe the rumour.

* * *

"The present season," says *The Express*, "has brought linen into vogue among fashionable people." This is quite correct. No smart man dare show himself now without a shirt and a collar.

* * *

Taxicab drivers have held a meeting to protest against the allegations that they embezzle £150,000 a year, chiefly by pocketing extras. The figure, it seems, is exaggerated.

* * *

There is, it is said, a scarcity of shillings. Times have been so bad for so long that people have given up complaining of the scarcity of sovereigns.

* * *

It was stated, last week, at a Stepney inquest, that a "bar" was a farthing. A call to the bar, however, frequently does not mean even that.



Enthusiastic Climber (*to exhausted companion*). "IT SEEMS A SHAME TO LEAVE YOU HERE, OLD MAN, BUT I MAYN'T GET ANOTHER CHANCE."

Exhausted Companion. "THAT 'S ALL RIGHT, OLD MAN; YOU GO AND CLIMB THE SILLY THING WHILE I CARVE ITS NAME ON MY ALPENSTOCK."

During the term instruction had been given as to the visit of the Dutch fleet to the Medway. In examination the following question was put:—"Explain the context of the passage: "This would never have happened if Oliver had been alive." One answer was as follows:—"This was said when they dug up the body of Oliver Cromwell after the Restoration."

* * *

The electric ventilating fan on the wall of the restaurant was whizzing round. A gentleman who had dined extremely well sat looking at it for some time. "Waiter," he complained at last, "that clock 's fast!"

A contemporary publishes an article on "Curious Collections." Some persons are very eccentric in this respect. We know a man who collects rates.

* * *

Seaside Pierrots are indignantly denying the charge that the ditties they sing are unfit for children to hear. We must confess that our experience is that most of their songs are just about suitable for babes.

* * *

A safe remedy for want of sleep," says a medical journal, "is the eating of onions." We should have thought the noise of the smell would have kept one awake.

THE TWO HOLIDAYS.

"Look here, upon this picture, and on this."—*Hamlet.*

[Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, who is responsible for the complicated inquisition on Land Values which is now ruining our holidays, is off, according to *The Daily Chronicle*, on a motor trip through Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, and will not return till the second week in September, when he proposes to assist at the Welsh Eisteddfod. By another report, golf is the main objective of his Continental tour.]

So you are off to see the sights,
To taste an unofficial beano
Full of the keen and pure delights
Which none but those with conscience free know;
And Heaven, you hope, is sure
To bless your German-Swiss-Italian tour!

And yet that pilgrimage must be
Funereal in its opening section,
For it will hurt your heart to see
A people ravaged by Protection,
Who live on underdone
Horses and dachshunds; this should spoil your fun.

Here it were well to go *incog.*,
Lest in those Tariff-ridden regions
The well-fed working-man should dog
Your wheels and cry in lusty legions,
"*Potz-tausend Teufel!* That 's
The man that says we live on food for cats!"

But, once in Switzerland, you 'll drop
Blond wig and *alias;* soon your road 'll
Take you to where on Rigi's kop
The Fatherlander yearns to yodel,
And you will bare your scalp
To all the winds that wash that noted Alp.

From German trippers swilling beer
In streams that nothing ever staunches
Southward you 'll fly in full career
(Eluding latent avalanches),
And find—the same old story—
More Germans swilling beer all round Maggiore.

Go where you will you 're on their trace;
They Teutonise from Spain to Turkey—
This Tariff-busted pauper race,
Incorrigibly fat and perky,
The recognised invaders
Of scenes once sacred to the best Free-Traders.

Be not on their account depressed;
They know which side their black bread 's buttered;
But, since your joys might gain in zest
If Pity 'neath your waistcoat fluttered,
Please be a little sad
For us in England. *We are going mad.*

We, too, had hoped to take our ease
In spots renowned for natural beauties,
But have, instead, to grind at these
Condemnable Land-Value-Duties;
Yes, while you romp about
We 've got to work your silly puzzles out.

By flowery routes you lightly bound,
But we, our holidays all rotted,
Await a fine of fifty pound
In case the answers can't be spotted;
And how to find the clue
We have no notion any more than you.

Within a space of thirty days
(In this the month for gathering roses)
We 've got to solve the sinuous maze
Or pay your minions through our noses;
While you at your sweet will
Go round and gambol with a rubber pill.

Well, pluck the hour; enjoy your jaunts;
Leave to its day the curse that 's coming;
But, when you reach your native haunts
In time to hear the Druids humming,
Beware the ways of men,
For we shall all be gibbering mad by then. C. B.

THE UNEXPECTED.

SCENE—*The hall of a country house. Time* 7.15 P.M. *He has just been let in at the front door by Her.*

He. Halloa! Why is this door locked so early? And where 's Parkins? I 've been ringing and shouti for about half-an-hour.

She. Yes, dear, I heard you all right—angels' ces, short and—no, they weren't far between.

He. Visits, not voices.

She. Voices this time, dear. I prefer voices, esp ally when it 's yours.

He. Well, why didn't you let me in?

She. I have let you in.

He. Where 's Parkins?

She. I 've given him an evening off.

He. What for? He ought to be here. Butlers ou n't to want evenings off.

She. Well, if it comes to that, what brings you he and why have you got an evening on? You went awa for lunch with your dress-clothes all nicely packed int your Gladstone bag, and you told me a fairy tale a t a dinner with some bachelor friend at Lowmead, an ow you 're back again.

He. It 's quite true.

She. I know it is. I can see you with the naked e .

He. I mean it 's quite true about dining with arry Talbot.

She. Then why aren't you dining with him?

He. Fact is, poor old Harry got a very sudde telegram——

She. It 's a way telegrams have.

He. Well, this one was more sudden than most. said that Harry's uncle had broken his leg in two plac and as he 's eighty they think it pretty serious, and Har had to dash off to London to get away North to-night. So I came back.

She. I 'm sorry for Harry Talbot, and I 'm sorr for his old uncle, but I 'm sorriest for you.

He. Oh, come, I say, I 'm all right. Instead of ning out I shall dine at home.

She. Dine!

He. Yes, dine. You don't seem overwhelmed wi joy at getting me back.

She. Yes, I am—simply crushed. But what d you think you 'd like for dinner?

He. Oh, anything. Let 's dine quite simply. So and a bit of fish; a cutlet with some peas, and a tart, o ome jelly. I don't care what it is.

She. Yes, I know. Your name 's easy.

He. Right you are; it is. I 'll go and tumble in my dress clothes.

[*He takes up his Gladstone bag and prepares to cend the stairs.*



"THE DESIRE OF THE MOTH FOR THE STAR."

Sir Wilfrid Laurier (*after expressing a passionate admiration for the "shining example" of English Free ade*). "WELL, AFTER ALL, IT 'S A LONG WAY OFF, AND THERE 'S NO RISK OF MY SINGEING Y WINGS JUST YET."



DEFYING THE SOCIAL LAWS.

Colonel Brown (soliloquising on his host). "CONFOUNDED FELLA—(*pff*)—RIGHT AND LEFT EVERY TIME, AND MADE HIS MONEY IN SOAP. IT 'S—IT 'S—IT OUGHTN'T TO BE ALLOWED!"

She. I wouldn't worry about dressing.

He. Why not?

She. Well, in the first place, you can't have any soup——

He. Why not?

She. Don't interrupt. You can't have any soup because it 's too late; and you can't have any fish because there 's none in the house and we can't get any. And you can't have any cutlet because there isn't such a thing to be had. You might possibly have a pea or two, but it 's absurd to think of tart or jelly.

He. But where 's the cook? What 's she up to?

She. I'm coming to that. She 's got an evening out, too.

He. But you don't expect me to dine on a pea or two?

She. I didn't expect you at all.

He. Well, but here I am. You 've got to feed me now you 've got me—with all your worldly foods you me endowed. You can't get out of it now. Besides, what are you going to eat yourself?

She. Oh, my dinner 's a mere nothing. The kitchen-maid 's going to do me a dish of buttered eggs, and I shall have some buttered toast and tea and a few cakes with pink icing.

He. But you don't mean to say——

She. Yes, I do. In fact, I 've said it. That 's going to be *my* dinner.

He. But——

She. And it 'll have to be yours too.

He. It 's the most awful——

She. What? Buttered eggs awful?

He. Yes, for dinner. And buttered toast!

She. I 'll tell you what, Charles. There 's a bit of cold tongue left. Yes, and there 's a pot of meat paste and some peaches. You 'll do all right. Pull yourself together and be a man.

He. But I can't drink tea. I really must draw the line at tea.

She. Well, you 've got the key of the cellar. Get out a bottle of champagne or port or anything you like.

He. No, I think I 'll drink water. But I shall be ill; I know I shall.

She. Not you. You 'll be all the better for it.

He. I shan't dress.

She. No, I thought you wouldn't. I 'll go and order a double quantity of buttered eggs.

[*She goes, leaving him plunged in despair.*

The American "Comedian."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—One would have thought that the theory of a "Britisher's" slowness at seeing a joke was too old and discredited a wheeze even for an American humorist. Yet the other night I was at the Palace Theatre and was compelled, between two entertaining turns, to listen to a gentleman, calling himself an "American Tramp Comedian," who smiled patiently at what he took to be the thick-headedness of his audience, and told them to "take their time." Well, most of his jokes, which were largely concerned with that vulgar and depressing theme, the fat woman, appeared to me to be as palpable as a porpoise (I missed one allusion, but that, I find, was through innocence and not dulness); but very few of them seemed worth troubling to laugh at. I dare say that his New York audiences grin readily enough at this kind of thing; but then I do not pretend to share their tastes. I recommend this Comedian to return to the place where he gets the most spontaneous appreciation. Yours faithfully, FRONT ROW.

HOLIDAY TIME.

I.—THE ORDEAL BY WATER.

"WE will now bathe," said a voice at the back of my neck.

I gave a grunt and went on with my dream. It was a jolly dream, and nobody got up early in it.

"We will now bathe," repeated Archie.

"Go away," I said distinctly.

Archie sat down on my knees and put his damp towel on my face.

"When my wife and I took this commodious residence for six weeks," he said, "and engaged the sea at great expense to come up to its doors twice a day, it was on the distinct understanding that our guests should plunge into it punctually at seven o'clock every morning."

"Don't be silly, it's about three now. And I wish you'd get off my knees."

"It's a quarter-past seven."

"Then there you are, we've missed it. Well, we must see what we can do for you to-morrow. Good night."

Archie pulled all the clothes off me and walked with them to the window.

"Jove, what a day!" he said. "And can't you smell the sea?"

"I can. Let that suffice. I say, what's happened to my blanket? I must have swallowed it in my sleep."

"Where's his sponge?" I heard him murmuring to himself as he came away from the window.

"No, no, I'm up," I shouted, and I sprang out of bed and put on a shirt and a pair of trousers with great speed. "Where do I take these off again?" I asked. "I seem to be giving myself a lot of trouble."

"There is a tent."

"Won't the ladies want it? Because if so I can easily have my bathe later on."

"The ladies think it's rather too rough to-day."

"Perhaps they're right," I said hopefully. "A woman's instinct—— No, I'm *not* a coward."

It wasn't so bad outside—sun and wind and a blue-and-white sky and plenty of movement on the sea.

"Just the day for a swim," said Archie cheerily, as he led the way down to the beach.

"I've nothing against the day; it's the hour I object to. *The Lancet* says you mustn't bathe within an hour of a heavy meal. Well, I'm going to have a very heavy meal within about twenty minutes. That isn't right, you know."

By the time I was ready the wind had got much colder. I looked out of the tent and shivered.

"Isn't it jolly and fresh?" said Archie, determined to be helpful. "There are points about the early morning, after all."

"There are plenty of points about this morning. Where do they get all the sharp stones from? Look at that one there—he's simply waiting for me."

"You ought to have bought some bathing shoes. I got this pair in the village."

"Why didn't you tell me so last night?"

"It was too late last night."

"Well, it's much too early this morning. If you were a gentleman you'd lend me one of yours, and we'd hop down together."

Archie being no gentleman, he walked and I hobbled to the edge, and there we sat down while he took off his shoes.

"I should like to take this last opportunity," I said, "of telling you that up till now I haven't enjoyed this early morning bathe one little bit. I suppose there *will* be a notable moment when the ecstasy actually begins, but at present I can't see it coming at all. The only thing I look forward to with any pleasure is the telling Dahlia and Myra at breakfast what I think of their cowardice. That and the breakfast itself. Good-bye."

I got up and waded into the surf.

"One last word," I said as I looked back at him. "In my whole career I shall never know a more absolutely beastly and miserable moment than this." Then a wave knocked me down, and I saw that I had spoken too hastily.

The world may be divided into two classes—those who drink when they swim and those who don't. I am one of the drinkers. For this reason I prefer river bathing to sea bathing.

"It's about time we came out," I shouted to Archie after the third pint. "I'm exceeding my allowance."

"Aren't you glad now you came?" he cried from the top of a wave.

"Very," I said from inside it.

But I really did feel glad ten minutes later, as I sat on the beach in the sun and smoked a cigarette, and threw pebbles lazily into the sea.

"Holbein, how brave of you!" cried a voice behind me.

"Good morning. I'm not at all sure that I ought to speak to you."

"Have you really been taking the sea so early," said Myra as she sat down between us, "or did you rumple each other's hair so as to deceive me?"

"I have been taking the sea," I confessed. "What you observe out there now is what I left."

"Oh, but that's what *I* do. That's why I didn't come to-day—because I had so much yesterday."

"I'm a three-bottle man. I can go on and on and on. And after all these years I have the most sensitive palate of any man living. For instance, I can distinguish between Scarborough and Llandudno quite easily with my eyes shut. Speaking as an expert, I may say that there is nothing to beat a small Cromer and seltzer; though some prefer a Ventnor and dash. Ilfracombe with a slice of lemon is popular, but hardly appeals to the fastidious."

"Do you know," said Archie, "that you are talking drivel? Nobody ought to drivel before breakfast. It isn't decent. What does Dahlia want to do to-day, Myra?"

"Mr. Simpson is coming by the one-thirty."

"Good; then we'll have a slack day. The strain of meeting Simpson will be sufficient for us. I do hope he comes in a yachting cap—we'll send him back if he doesn't."

"I told him to bring one," said Myra. "I put a P.S. in Dahlia's letter—please bring your telescope and yachting cap. She thought we could have a good day's sailing to-morrow, if you'd kindly arrange about the wind."

"I'll talk to the crew about it and see what he can do. If we get becalmed we can always throw Simpson overboard, of course. Well, I must go in and finish my toilet."

We got up and climbed slowly back to the house.

"And then," I said, "then for the heavy meal." A. A. M.

The Untimely Bag.

"Cruel was the hand and murd'rous eye
That glanced the rifle stem."

So says the author of "The Twelfth: Ode to a Dying Partridge" in the *Dunfermline Press*, and he ought to know.

"You may think that your own car is doing very well, for example, if it does 46 miles an hour maximum speed on the flat, yet, without changing anything, even in the way of the gears, a skilled tuner-up would be able to get anything up to ten miles an hour out of it if he had it at Brooklands."—*The Observer.*

The offer leaves us cold.

"In the 'Atlantic' appears an unpublished poem by Thackeray which has lately been discovered by Mrs. Anna Thackeray Ritchie. It is a nearly perfect rendering of Beranger's famous verses:

Advertise in 'The Bulletin' if you want boarders or roomers."—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

Not even THACKERAY could ever get the lilt of these two famous opening lines of BÉRANGER'S.

A PROFITABLE INTERLUDE FOR OUR QUICK-CHANGE ARTISTS.

Mr. Jones, journalist, on a holiday, discovers an old-world village, and obtains some very interesting copy from—



1. The oldest inhabitant (5/-).



2. A witty load-mender (3/-).



3. An old salt (2/6).



4. A picturesque tramp (2/-).



5. A Crimean veteran (3/-).



6. The copy-provider spends 15/6 at the "Golden Fleece."

RAILWAY AMENITIES.

OUT of an enormous quantity of luminous letters that have reached us dealing with this burning question we select the following:—

BATHS ON THE UNDERGROUND.

SIR,—The suggestions for promoting the amenities of travelling that have appeared in *The Times* seem to be lamentably wanting in actuality. So far as I have seen no one has yet ventured to propose a reform which would meet a crying want—I mean the installation of a swimming bath on every train on the underground. If this were done, instead of arriving at his destination in a grimy and dusty condition, the passenger would emerge, like Venus Anadyomené, in a state of sleek and radiant bloom.

I am, yours faithfully, K. C. B.

CORRIDOR CRICKET.

SIR,—Cricket on board ship has proved an admirable means of speeding the passage of the slow hours. Surely it should be possible to have a pitch in every corridor carriage. To avoid mishaps netting should of course be rigged up and passengers only allowed to leave their compartments when over was called. Another excellent idea that occurs to me is the establishment of winter gardens on the roof of the carriages, where the passengers might enjoy the air amid gay parterres, fountains, clumps of rhododendrons and other horticultural delights.

Yours obediently, TOPIARIST.

THE WAIL OF A VEGETARIAN.

SIR,—The staff of our railways, excellent in many ways, admits of enlargement in a variety of directions. There is one train on which a nurse is always in attendance, but I am not aware of any system which provides the services of a barber, a conjurer, a professional palmist, or a crystal gazer. Another point, which touches me keenly, is the inadequacy of railway cuisine. I have been a vegetarian from infancy, but have never seen a nut cutlet in the menu of the best of our restaurant cars.

I am, Sir, yours respectfully,
CASPAR WORPLE,
President of the Twickenham Isosceles League.

HOW TO BRIGHTEN OUR TUNNELS.

SIR,—Until aerial locomotion becomes universal we shall never be able to dispense with tunnels, and tunnels to persons of a nervous temperament are always a source of apprehension and alarm. But this discomfort could be greatly alleviated if a photographic camera were installed in every compartment for the purpose of taking flashlight pictures during the passage of the train through all long tunnels. It should thus be possible for passengers at the end of their journey to acquire albums of their fellow-travellers, and so to imprint on the tablets of memory agreeable impressions which might otherwise lapse into the limbo of oblivion. Yours faithfully,
MARMADUKE PODDLE.

TRAIN BANDS.

SIR,—We live in a musical age; we boast of our orchestral concerts, our various operatic companies, the Young British School, and so forth. Yet nothing has been done to enliven the monotony of railway travelling by providing concerts of classical and romantic music on board our trains. Imagine the pleasure of listening to *Elektra* on an electric railway, or BERLIOZ's "*Descent to the Abyss*" (from his *Faust*) while racing down Shap Fell! I commend the idea to the energetic and enterprising Mr. BEECHAM.

Yours faithfully,
PAGANINI JUNIOR.

AIDS TO SLUMBER.

SIR,—I have only two suggestions to offer for the improvement of railway travelling, but they are of vital importance. Pillows are already provided, but their soporific quality would be greatly enhanced if they were stuffed with hops. Again, travelling on Sunday would be rendered far more decorous if volumes of sermons were provided in each compartment. I feel sure, also, that if organs were placed in trains, Mr. CARNEGIE would bear half the cost of this amenity. Yours faithfully,
AMANDA PINKERTON.

"It is not every day that a vessel is launched at Troon on a Friday."—*Local Paper.*

That's where Troon's luck comes in; they don't have seven unlucky days per week.

"Alfred Williams said he was a spectator of the trouble. He saw Ah Shack, one of the accused, hit Ah Saw in the eye with a knuckle-duster."—*Daily Mail.*

With a name like that, AH SAW was simply asking for it.

Ménage à Trois.

"Bachelor (42), moderate position, desirous of residing in country, Wishes to Meet with a Domesticated Lady, similarly disposed, 28-35, view to Matrimony; sound health and amiable disposition essential; farmer's daughter would be entertained."—*Advt. in "Birmingham Daily Post."*

"THE CHILD IS FATHER OF THE MAN."

"Maxima debetur pueris reverentia."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I'm only a schoolboy, but I hope you'll read what I'm going to tell you about the Pater and Mater, because I'm sure you'll sympathise; of course, if I was the only chap that ever saw it, it would be all right, but sometimes the servants do too, and other people who are here, so I just thought I'd write to you.

First of all, when Mater comes down to breakfast, she creeps in on tiptoe and kisses Pater on the forehead; Pater's always down early to read his letters, and he's beginning to go quite bald now except round his neck and the back of his ears, where the Mater never kisses him, and Mater says, "Good morning, darling;" and it's so silly, because she's had lots of time to say everything upstairs. It's just as bad at lunch too; only it's Pater generally that kisses Mater's forehead then, and when she puts her hand on the table-cloth Pater puts his on the top of it; and I think it's simply rotten, don't you?

This has been going on ever since I can remember; but the awful part was when Smith Maximus came to stay with me a few days ago. Smith Max. is nearly two years older than me, and much higher up, but we're quite chummy, and he's very sweet on my sister Sibyl. I knew something awful would happen because on the very first day of his visit Pater and Mater were much worse than usual. I frowned hard at Pater to try to remind him that Smith Max. was looking, but Pater just told me not to pull faces, with that stale old joke about what would happen if the wind changed, so I just had to sit there and bear it all through lunch. In the afternoon, we had tea in the garden and when Mater began pouring out she found there was a cup short, so Smith Max., who's awfully polite, offered to go indoors and ring the bell; but Father said it would be all right and no need to bother as he'd drink out of Mater's cup when she'd done with it.

I didn't dare to look at Smith Max., but I know what he must have thought, and I've never felt so blushy and ashamed in all my life. Of course I apologised for them to Smith Max. afterwards, and he was awfully nice about it, and quoted some poetry about how much better it would be if we could only see ourselves as others see us, but I just couldn't stand it any longer, so I went off to the Pater and told him straight out. Pater roared with laughter and called the Mater, and she laughed too and kissed me, though

I told them I didn't see anything funny about it as Smith Max. is in the Upper Fifth, but that only made them laugh all the more.

I think you'll see how awkward it is for me, as I simply can't ask any chaps down to stay with me; and I don't know what Smith Max. will say about Pater and Mater when we get back to School next term. I wonder if you could write to the Pater about it and explain, or perhaps you could put something in *Punch* next week, as Pater always reads *Punch*, and he'd be sure to see it. Hoping you will be able to do something,

Yours truly, TOMMY BURDON.

(*Later.*)

It's all right about Smith Max., as I caught him just now in the pantry with Sibyl eating honey out of the same spoon, but I still want you to put something in *Punch* to stop the Pater in case I want to ask any other chaps who aren't spoony with Sibyl to come and stay here. Yours truly, T. B.

CRICKET NOTES.

THE following account of a meeting reported to have been held at the Albert Hall by delegates from the non-champion counties has been forwarded to us:—

Sir A. HAZLERIGG (Leicestershire), having taken the chair, said that the time had come for the non-champion counties to make a stand (*Laughter—easily quenched*) so that they might become champions. The only fair system was that losses should be ignored, draws be disregarded, and no attention paid to wins. By such means all the counties would be placed on an equality. (*Cheers, in which the representatives of Glamorgan loudly participated.*)

Mr. SAMUEL WOODS (Somersetshire) announced that any batsman over forty years of age ought to start at least twenty runs up. Unless this was done the control of the game would fall into the hands of babes and ducklings.

Mr. P. F. WARNER (Greater Britain) said that on all matters connected with cricket he thought Imperially.

Mr. H. S. GOODWIN (Warwickshire) stated that this was a democratic age. He was all in favour of one man one run. Under his system extras would be the most important item in the score.

Mr. J. CHAPMAN (Derbyshire) stated that Mr. GOODWIN seemed to have confused a score-sheet with an hotel-bill. Under such a system batsmen would be kicking out in all directions.



SCENE—*Outside Natural History Museum, Kensington.*

Barbara (*who has just had a lesson on protective colouring*). "DADDY, I KNOW WHY A GIRAFFE IS ALL OVER SPOTS." *Daddy.* "WELL, WHY IS IT?"
Barbara. "SO THAT IF A LION CAME ALONG HE WOULD MISTAKE IT FOR A LEAF."

J. T. TYLDESLEY (supported on all sides by his relatives) remarked that he represented Literature. He begged the meeting to consider the Press and not the crowd. No one, he continued emphatically, watched cricket nowadays, but everyone read about it. The future of the game was perfectly safe in the hands of *The Daily Mail*.

DENTON (Yorkshire) said that he had come to protest against his name being used by the Northamptonshire Twins. The law of copyright ought to protect him. How, he asked, in an impassioned voice, would GAUKRODGER like it if twin GAUKRODGERS turned up and played for Derbs?

CHIDGEY (Somerset) wished to draw attention to the fact that he was present. He objected to this discussion about names. (*Sympathetic applause.*)

DIPPER (Gloucestershire) cordially agreed with the last speaker. He would like Mr. WOODS to know that a water-ousel was a very different thing from a duckling.

At this point Glamorgan, speaking through a megaphone, demanded justice for Wales, and the meeting closed at once without having formulated any definite propaganda.

Headline in *Photography*:

"FAULTY CAMERA BELLOWS."

This looks like remorse.



Innocent Wife (walking round with her husband, who, after several futile strokes in the bunker guarding the first green, has miraculously played out into the hole). "MY WORD, HARRY, YOU'LL HAVE A JOB TO GET OUT OF THAT!"

IN SIGHT OF PORT.

It may be, as the dinghy left the haven,
I laughed aloud and said a foolish word;
Some idle sneer at Smith, whose heart was craven,
Mayhap the gods on high Olympus heard;
But, if to leftward croaked a warning raven,
I must have missed the bird.

We started when the morn was fair, and waxen
The sails that sported on the brine *ad lib.*;
Beneath my vest there rose the Anglo-Saxon,
From time to time I smacked a brass-bound rib;
I liked it when we went about and Jackson
Did something with the jib.

But ruthless is the nurse that rocks and pillows
The Viking on her lap—the unplumbed main;
Too soon I cried, "*Ah fortunatos illos,*
Who stopped at home!" too soon I cursed the pain
Of ever climbing up the climbing billows
And barging down again.

Yet still unscathed—and all the while those asses
Kept jeering at a soul about to die,—
I fought to fix my mind on mountain passes,
On meadow scenes and orchards near the Wye,
Gluing my optics to a pair of glasses
To make the land look nigh;

Till now—as when the long dissevered lover
Returns to find his mistress yet alive,
As when the panting roebuck flees to cover,
As when the golfer makes a splendid drive,
And two long brassies, and is sure to shove her
Down in a well-played five—

I saw the spindrift on the harbour breaking,
I saw (and now admired) the Norman church,
I saw the happy peasant pubwards making,
When lo! there came that last tremendous lurch;
The seagod took his toll!—but griefs so aching
It were not well to search.

EVOE.

To the Public.

Young gentleman (by nature), native of Manchester, unconventional, Socialist, Christian Scientist, vegetarian, teetotaler, member of the Peace Society, anti-vaccinationist, anti-vivisectionist, no fads, would like to meet a broad-minded person of similar tastes.

In the Winnipeg *Weekly Free Press and Prairie Farmer* (no, we can't say that again) there is an article entitled "Home Loving Hearts. A Page Especially for Them." It is in this article and nowhere else that we read:

"The best way to stop ordinary nose press with the fingers on the upper lid beneath the nostril."

"'The year is growing older,' writes an Essex correspondent."
Manchester Guardian.

They notice these things in Essex.



THE HOLIDAY TASK.

STUDY OF A FREE-BORN BRITON WHO, WITHIN THE PERIOD USUALLY ALLOTTED TO HIS HOLIDAYS, IS REQUIRED, UNDER THREAT OF A PENALTY OF £50, TO ANSWER A MASS OF OBSCURE CONUNDRUMS RELATING TO LAND VALUES, IN ORDER TO FACILITATE HIS FUTURE TAXATION.



RESTORATION OF THE GREAT WAX-WORK TABLEAU OF THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT IN THE BRUSSELS EXHIBITION.

THANKS TO A RETENTIVE MEMORY OUR ARTIST HAS BEEN ABLE TO REPRODUCE, FOR THE GUIDANCE OF THOSE CONCERNED, ALL THAT VIVID AND FAITHFUL PORTRAITURE AND MASTERLY GROUPING WHICH CHARACTERISED THE ORIGINAL CHEF-D'ŒUVRE. WE UNDERSTAND THAT NOT ONLY WAS THIS GREAT WORK WHOLLY DESTROYED, BUT, OWING TO ITS INFLAMMABLE NATURE, IT LENT AN ADDED FURY TO THE FLAMES.

STONES OF VENUS.

THE FOUR AGES.

Age the First.

FATHER, when thou dost pierce the mailéd pastry,
Give me not many of the plenteous plum,
Not that I deem the plum itself a base tree
(No Horner plied a more devoted thumb!),
But in my breast a youthful passion lords it,
And "THIS YEAR" I would see the business done,
So, as thou lovest all who at thy board sit,
I pray thee, give me ONE.

Age the Second.

Phyllis, my heart is beating like a piston—
Though pistons do not usually beat—
Yet does discretion urge me to insist on
Having but twain—a couple, I repeat;
For Love reiterates, "Delay is hateful,"
But Prudence whispers, "Will not 'NEXT YEAR' do?"
Therefore, my Phyllis, deal me not a plateful,
But merely give me TWO.

Age the Third.

I have essayed to sport with Aphrodite,
And I 've suspicions that the thing 's a sell;
Pile not my platter as men pile the high tee,
Give me but three (or seven would do as well).
Yes, I—for whom a dozen hearts have jumped—I'm
Waiting my time; and, as I wait, I see
That, at the earliest, it will be "SOME TIME"—
Therefore I ask for THREE.

Age the Fourth.

She is a fraud, that most misguided spinster,
For whom I grounded an adoring knee,
Thinking (poor fool!) my graces had convinced her
That 'twould be splendid to be Mrs. Me.
No more shall I invite the darts of Cupid,
"NEVER" exult in a transfixéd core;
To do the thing again would be so stupid,
So give me, give me FOUR.

COMMERCIAL CANDOUR.—"If you wear a —— Nurse Cloak once you will want another."

REFERENCES.

I SAID all that I had to say and waited for Aspodestera to respond. "All right," she said at last, and there followed the usual formalities proper to the occasion. After a little while, "Don't you think that you are a very lucky man?" said she.

"Ye—es," I answered, after a little hesitation, "though of course I cannot help thinking that you too . . . After all, money isn't everything."

Aspodestera regarded herself long and carefully in the glass over the mantel-piece and gave the matter full consideration. Then she looked critically at me and then at the glass again. "I am simply throwing myself away," she said at the end of it all.

"Well, well," said I, generously, "we will pretend that that is so for the present. But I am afraid you will soon hear what all the others think about it."

* * * *

The opinion of the respective families was not to be counted. Obviously one is biassed in favour of one's own relatives, though I should have liked to detect a little more bias on the part of my people. Mrs. MacPherson was the first outsider to write to Aspodestera and congratulate us on the engagement. "I have not met Mr. Himley often enough to know him intimately," she wrote, "but please tell him from me that he is a very fortunate man." Aspodestera always does, sometimes overdoes, what she is told, but I retorted that I did not deny that I took a lot of knowing. Mrs. MacPherson, I explained, would change her mind when she had seen a little more of me.

The second letter was to me and it was from George. "Does she know," he wrote, "what she is letting herself in for? However, I won't let on." I explained, again, that George was a humorous fellow and really meant that Aspodestera was much to be envied. She was a little slow to appreciate this, but I promised her that, when she had been engaged to me a little longer, she would be quicker at seeing things.

In about a week Aspodestera had accumulated a formidable batch of testimonials from friends, god-parents, acquaintances, old gardeners, governesses and unsuccessful candidates. Some of them had met me and some of them had not, but that made no difference to their burning anxiety that no doubt should be left in my mind of my extraordinary and undeserved good luck. When so many explanations become necessary they are impossible, so "It is a mere stereotyped form," I said loftily, and tried to carry it off like that.

"Never mind, dear," said Aspodestera, "I think you are very clever . . ."

I unbent a little. We were getting to the truth at last.

". . . very clever," she continued, "to have recognised a good thing when you saw it."

* * * *

Clearly drastic measures were necessary, so on the following day I turned up with a number of telegrams, just received. I thought Aspodestera might just like to have a look at them. Perhaps you, too, would like to see three or four of the less effusive of them:—

"Best of luck to my most valued friend. Hope the lady appreciates her good fortune.—WILLIAM."

"Best wishes and heartiest congratulations. Wishes for you, congratulations for her.—NESTA AND MARGARET."

"Just heard the news. Trust that your condescension and generosity are fully recognised by exceptionally lucky lady.—JOHN DERRY, Bart."

"Am directed by your regimental mess to forward respectfully best wishes to its most distinguished member. All hope that more than fortunate lady will prove worthy of great honour, but doubt if that possible.—ROBERTSON."

* * * *

For the benefit of those who contemplate taking this step in life, I append an account of the financial outlay necessary to become engaged:—

	£	s.	d.
Cost of ring (about) ...	25	0	0
Telegrams to self	0	17	6
	£25	17	6



USES OF A CHAMELEON.

OFFICIAL FOOD FOR BABES.

A LETTER which appeared recently in one of the London dailies quotes the following instructions issued by His Majesty's Stationery Office with every bottle of gum supplied. . . .

"In ordinary use the best and most nearly immediate result is obtained by using only such an amount of gum as will just uniformly moisten the surface without leaving any obvious excess to delay drying, the condition to be aimed at being that of a gummed postage stamp, just moistened, as ordinarily applied to a letter."

We consider these instructions terse, but perhaps hardly adequate. Not a word is said, for instance, about the condition of a gummed postage stamp, just moistened, as ordinarily applied to a receipted account; and this may lead to confusion.

It is perhaps not generally known that other papers of instructions are in course of preparation at His Majesty's Stationery Office and will shortly be issued. By the courtesy of one of the office boys we are in a position to give our readers advance information about these.

For Bottles of Ink.

"In every-day experience the finest and most closely instantaneous result is obtained by dipping the nib firmly and uniformly into the ink and then conveying it to the paper without leaving any obvious blots to delay drying, the condition to be aimed at being that of an ordinary letter, just moistened, before the blotting paper has been applied."

For Sealing Wax.

"In customary practice the most splendid and approximately sudden result is obtained by using only such an amount of heat as will uniformly seal the envelope without developing a puddle, the condition to be aimed at being that of a lump of butterscotch under a hot sun."

For Blotting Paper.

"Within the limits of the common routine the most glorious and generally surprising result is obtained by only using such an amount of pressure as will just uniformly dry the surface, without any obvious excess of friction to create smudges, the condition to be aimed at being that of a table-cloth which has just emerged from the mangle."

For Stamps.

"In the trivial traffic of the daily

round, the most superb and startling result is obtained by moistening the stamp before applying it. The old-fashioned method of affixing it with a pin is not so satisfactory, the condition to be aimed at being that of a closely-fitted mustard plaster."

For Tape.

"This must be red, and should be used in enormous quantities, the condition to be aimed at being that of a leg completely and hermetically encased in scarlet putties."

PIFFLE ABOUT PENMEN.

OF the writing of books (by Mr. Bellairy Hillock, M.P.) there is no end. If any one ventured to ask him when he proposed to stop, he would probably answer, "*Mais pourquoi?*" and go on writing. A treatise on "Cosmic Economics," from his indefatigable pen is just out, and now a volume of "Terrible Triolets" is announced by Messrs. Duckweed. Some one once observed that politics and poetry were irreconcilable, but it has been reserved for Mr. Hillock in this, as in so many other departments, to achieve the impossible—on his head.

Mr. Wilhelm Le Quill has written his reminiscences; but this, one devoutly hopes, does not mean that he has ceased to write novels. The Empire could not easily acquiesce in such a deprivation. Mr. Le Quill is of Canadian extraction, having been born on Goose Island, in the St. Lawrence, though he has long since made his home in London. We can count therefore on finding a characteristic sub-Arctic flavour in his volume, which bears the engaging title, "From Log Cabin to Carlton House Terrace."

Madame Sahara Grandison has a new novel—her 37th—appearing next month, called "Martha with the Game Leg," which, she thinks, surpasses her best previous achievements. The legless hero—to say nothing of the headless horseman—is not unknown in the annals of fiction, but this is, we believe, the first novel with a lame heroine, unless, indeed, Tom Hood's "Miss Kilmansegg and her Golden Leg" may be said to fill that bill. However, the heroine of Madame Grandison's story, it may be explained, does not rely on any artificial substitute, and in the end regains complete use of the defective limb.

Sir Philibert Barker's new novel, "The Mystification of Sir Galahad," will be published by Messrs. Greener and Greener some time during the Autumn. A peculiar interest attaches to this romance in view of the fact that the author's first cousin, Mrs. Verulam Gammon, was recently robbed of £25,000 worth of jewels while she was on a lion-hunting trip in Somaliland.

The Macmurdo Fivepenny series for this Autumn will include a long novel, "The Governor of Tipperusalem," by Mr. Otis de Soto, and "Tales of Men and Monkeys," by Mrs. Stanleyette Norton. No two Transatlantic authors attract us more than Mrs. Norton, the Ouida of Chicago, and Mr. Otis de Soto, the A. C. Benson of Oklahoma.

Miss Vivaria Runnymede is rewriting her novel, "The Prodigious Infant," in Tibetan, for publication in Lhasa, at the express command of the DALAI LAMA. MOLTKE was said to be able to be silent in four languages. Miss Runnymede can be voluble in fifteen.



"THAT 'S ALL RIGHT, MY MAN. KEEP THE CHANGE."

"THANK YOU, SIR. YOU 'RE A REAL GENT, YOU ARE; AND LOOK 'ERE, SIR, IF YOU 'RE DOIN' ANYTHINK FOR THE THREE O'CLOCK RACE TAKE MY TIP AND PUT YOUR BOOTS ON *MY GIRL II. I 'AVE!*"

Breaking up the Home.

"Messrs. A. S. and P. Elworthy owing to the dissolution of partnership and having disposed of considerable portion of their progeny have decided to offer their annual draft of 2, 6, and 8-tooth crossbred ewes at the Holme station yards."—*Timaru Herald.*

"Plum Run, Pa.

Dear Sirs:—My Baby was so nervous that it nearly went into spams at every loud noise. I saw your advertisement and gave it —— Syrup, and it is all over it."—*A Testimonial.*

We don't know what "spams" are, but we do know that if you give a baby anything sticky it is all over it in no time.

BRONZE WHILE YOU WAIT.

A TANNED face, we learn from *The Lancet*, is not necessarily an index of acquired health, as nowadays the mere pigmentary effect of the sun upon the skin can be readily imitated by employing the chemical or ultra-violet rays of the electric light, and in particular the rays of the quartz mercury lamp. A bronzed complexion can therefore be obtained in the space of minutes instead of at the cost of a holiday at the seaside extended over weeks.

Still, we are not altogether obliged to our contemporary for thus giving the show away, or, at any rate, if the revelation had to be made, for not doing so earlier. Here we have been toiling down to Margate for several week-ends in succession, and spending shillings in the attempt to develop a cherished set of freckles in some extremely fugitive sunshine, and it seems we might all the while have been bronzed during the lunch-hour at the local electrician's or the beauty shop round the corner.

We shall now accept with reservation the Continental *alibis* of Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. The travellers' tales of the more brazen-faced of our fellow club-members, reinforced with the foreign hotel-labels obtainable in Soho, shall henceforward be capped, and inexpensively. We commend the idea, too, to those of our weekly Territorials who have not acquired sufficient pigmentation during their recent brief campaign. Mr. HALDANE should see to it that a travelling clinic is attached to the manœuvres, with arrangements for leaving the upper part of the patient's forehead, and a narrow strip down the cheek (where the strap ought to go) satisfactorily *un*tanned, in contrast with the mahogany field of the rest of the features. The period assigned to the training of our fencibles can then be still further reduced.

Altogether this home-colouration scheme ought to save a lot of civil and military mobilisation during the holiday weeks, and at any rate we hope it will lower the price of excursion tickets. We propose to start forthwith a Quartz Mercury Touring Club for Londoners compelled to remain behind the blinds of their town houses.

In Extremis.

"EXCEPTIONALLY well bred and handsome Irish Red Setter and Pointer for Sale; little work will finish."—*Advt. in "Irish Times."*

Condemned Unheard.

From a notice in a Cornish church:

"The Preacher for next Sunday will be found hanging in the Church Porch on Saturday."

MY FIRST JUMP.

I WAS riding with Gertie and Dick;
The morning was cloudy and cool;
Unsampled sensations came thick,
For I'd only just learnt in a school,
And, though keener than mustard, not easily flustered,
I still felt a bit of a fool.

I could canter without holding on,
And the painful, inelegant bump
From my trot, so they told me, had gone,
But my heart all at once gave a thump,
For, while crossing the meadow, Dick suddenly said, "Oh,
Look, Joan! Here's a nice little jump!"

A ditch cut the meadow in twain;
I guessed I must let the mare go;
Resistance from me would be vain,
It was clear that she wouldn't take "No."
Though my "hands" might be wooden,
I gripped like a good 'un,
Sat down in my saddle—and lo!—

We were over as easy as pie.
Twang the lyre! Beat the drum!
Blow the trump!
My heart was as high as the sky.
Never more shall I suffer from hump.
Now for me there's no rational bar to the "National;"
Hooray! for I've had my first jump.

THE DESPERADO.

(*Latest London Style.*)

"DOCTOR," he said, "I want bucking up. A real tonic. Something that will fill me with courage and determination."

"But, my dear Sir," said the physician, "that's not my function. I am here to look into your general health, not prescribe for sudden emergencies. What you want is not a doctor but an American bar-tender. 'Leave it to Charley' was invented for such cases as yours."

"But surely the pharmacopœia contains something that imparts resolution and address?" said the trembling man. "I particularly don't want to take alcohol. There might be trouble, and my chances of carrying the thing through would be ruined if it could be proved I had just come from a bar. No, doctor, I implore you to give me something. I can't do it without."

"But what is it you have to do? Tell me that first."

The patient clutched at his heart. "It's terrible," he said. "I hardly know how to say it. I belong to a club—a new club—formed to deal with taxis. We are pledged not to take a cab unless the driver promises not to smoke. That is one thing. That is not so hard, but difficult enough to a retiring man like myself."

"Yes," said the doctor. "Yes. What next?"

"Ah!" groaned his visitor. "Next? That is much more serious. We are pledged not to tip the drivers. It seems that they get 25 per cent. of their earnings, and we think it's enough. So we took a terrible oath, and sealed it in a loving cup of petrol, never to tip them again."

"Well, and what has happened?" the physician inquired.

"Nothing yet," replied the shaking man; "we only begin to-day. We drew lots who should act first, and the lot fell to me. To me! I am pledged to take a taxi this morning at 12 o'clock, and first tell the man I won't have him if he smokes, and then, at the end of the journey, give him only as much as is marked on the meter. Doctor, it's a quarter to twelve. I implore you to give me something powerful—something that will make a hero of me. My heart is going 200 to the minute."

From a catalogue of books:

"For 'Lalla Rookh' Moore got £3,000. . . . He was so small that his writing could hardly be seen."

You should see the POET LAUREATE doing "England's Darling" on the back of a postage stamp.

"The drive through the park to the castle is charming, and thousands of rabbits may be seen by the passer-by. Everything at Lowther Castle is done on a princely scale."—*The Daily Mirror.*

The House of LOWTHER has always been munificent, even in the matter of laying down rabbits.

"WANTED, young Girl, able to do work of small horse."—*Advt. in "Western Mail."*

A sort of ½ h.p.? Well, you can't get 'em nowadays.

From a letter in *The Times:*

"There is no delay whatever in claiming luggage at a foreign destination. You present your registration ticket and a porter at once places it on a cab without any formality."

That settles the bother about the ticket all right, but there still remains the question of the luggage.

"Drexel's first long flight was for 38 min. 19 4-5 sec. In this time he covered 64 miles 1376 yards, at a speed of 30½ miles per hour."
The Daily Telegraph.

Audited and found incorrect.



Angler (new recruit to the gentle art, who is "flogging" the stream). "NOT SPLASH SO MUCH? WHY, BLESS YOU, IF I DON'T ATTRACT THEIR ATTENTION HOW ARE THE FISH TO KNOW THE BEASTLY THING'S THERE AT ALL?"

A LETTER TO MY MOTHER.

ON COUNTING CHICKENS BEFORE THEY ARE HATCHED.

(*A suggested sequel to "Letters to my Son."*)

June 1, 1931.

DEAR MOTHER,—That book of yours was rather a bloomer, wasn't it? Fancy going to all that trouble to make up a budget of anecdote and good counsel for your unborn son and then his turning out to be a girl after all! I'm really sorry for you, although I may not sound like it, for I know how frightfully you wanted to be an author, and how excited you were to have hit on a really new idea and one so calculated to appeal to the messier kind of reader, who loves obstetrics or the suggestion of them. It is hard lines that you never had a son after all, especially as I have not, I know, been a comfort to you. But really it was your own fault. If you had not written that foolish book you would never have filled your head with notions about a boy at all, and how he would grow up, and play cricket, and all the rest of it; and then you would not have been so disappointed when I was born.

And now that I am being so frank (and I have waited till my twenty-first birthday to be so) I will tell you that Oliver, as you call father, never really cared about that book of yours at all. He thought not only that it was silly in itself, but that it made him and you silly too; but he was too kind and weak to say so. But he has told me so, many times, during our long walks together. For though you have always looked on me as an interloper he and I have always been tremendous friends.

Your not too happy DAUGHTERKIN.

The Prince and the Principality.

Cardiff and Carnarvon are not the only claimants to be the scene of the proposed Investiture of the PRINCE OF WALES.

Emulous of the slashing yet erudite style of the Mayor of Cardiff's appeal in the Press, the Mayor of Llandrindod Wells writes:—"History be hanged. Give the lad fresh air and plenty of fun, when he is invested, and see that the crowds who come to witness the ceremony are properly accommodated in some of the most comfortable and reasonable boarding-houses and hydros in the Principality. This talk about the Castles of Cardiff and Carnarvon, and OWEN GLYNDWR and HENRY THE SEVENTH, is all bosh and nonsense. Our golf-links and town band are the best in Wales."

The head-waiter of the restaurant at the top of Snowdon writes: "It would be highly appropriate to have the ceremony on this ancient mountain, which stood here some years before either Cardiff or Carnarvon existed."

The Mayor of a town whose name contains upwards of two-score letters writes: "What about our town? Its name has been longer before the public than that of any other town, indeed."

The Mayor of Trefeglwys writes a letter of six sheets, beginning: "Y cwmllan bettws yniog, ap pwnllyth yffryn?"—and we gather from the gist of it that he would not personally recommend either Cardiff or Carnarvon.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

WHEN I hazard the opinion that *Vocation* (JOHN MURRAY) will appeal more to women than to men, I do not intend to speak disparagingly of Miss GRANT DUFF'S novel. From the many confidential chats of the *Misses Demerley* (there were three of them, but only two mattered), although they prattled to some purpose, I got the feeling that their heart-to-heart talks were a little overdone. Having, however, uttered this plaint, I hasten to add that Miss GRANT DUFF seems to know everything there is to know about women, and that psychologically her book is intensely interesting. *Lizzie Demerley*, struggling to be just to her hypochondriacal mother and at the same time to devote her life to art, is not the only brilliant portrait; and indeed, were it not for *Dr. Headstone*, I should have nothing but praise for the characters. This doctor (of ominous name) appears to be pitchforked into the book so that he might marry *Lizzie's* selfish mamma; but such a buffoon might with advantage have been omitted, even if *Mrs. Demerley* had to remain a widow. Besides, I do not believe that a lady of so many nerves would ever have consented to be called *Mrs. Headstone*. Nevertheless, the merits of *Vocation* are infinitely greater than its defects, and if I have emphasised the latter my excuse is that the former emphasise themselves.

One small point that struck me about *The Girl from His Town* (MILLS AND BOON) was that, although only the hero and heroine of MARIE VAN VORST'S story are supposed to be American, their expressive idiom is shared quite impartially by the English aristocrats to whom they seem intended by the author to supply a refreshing contrast. This is a pity; but, apart from it, the story itself is a mildly entertaining one, about a Millionaire, and a Duchess, and a Star-of-Musical-Comedy, and other such Super-beings as the ordinary man loves to read about, especially in hot weather, when he likes fiction that does not very much matter. The Duchess wants to marry the Millionaire for his dollars—the Duke, of course, being already deceased—but the Millionaire prefers the Star; chiefly, I gathered, because she also was from the States, and had served him with an iced drink in the days of their comparatively humble childhood. Eventually he marries her, and they all live happy ever after. Practically everybody in the tale is either supremely beautiful or supremely rich, and in some cases both. They all stay at the Carlton or the Savoy, and consume quantities of the most expensive suppers. Altogether it is very pleasant. I should, however, have had more faith in the English atmosphere of it all, but for those exotic touches of dialogue, mentioned above; and the frequent reference, in the theatrical scenes, to "call-pages." It took me quite a long time to think what these could be.

I don't know whether M. P. WILCOCKS means me to sympathise altogether with her hero, *Michael*, in *The Way Up* (JOHN LANE), but if she does I am afraid I am not on the side of the angels. This young man refused the assistance of his uncle's wealth (from conscientious objections to capitalism), and entered the Phœnix Iron Foundry as a common hand; then, falling in love with *Élise Lesurier* (butterfly), he married her and wished her to live in poverty while he used her money to start a scheme of co-partnership in the works. She left him after a while and went to London, to become—no, not a *prima donna* this time, but a fairly talented actress, whilst *Michael*, his love dying out, found a kindred spirit in *Philippa Halliday*, his typist and secretary, who shared his enthusiasm for co-operative schemes. To remove the only obstacle to their union *Élise* in the end drowned herself; but, as I did not care twopence for *Philippa*, and would have given a good deal to see *Élise* happy again, I was left sadly inconsolable. As before, this authoress shows a marvellous facility for metaphor, and has drawn her characters boldly and well. I particularly like *Louis Aviolet*, the novelist, and *Mrs. Strode, Michael's* mother, who is called a "Rabelais in petticoats," but is not really as sensational as all that. I forgot to mention, by the way, that the events of the story occur at Exminster, in Devon—oh, yes, we can do the industrial line down there nowadays, thank you, as well as the rural—and that I pierced this geographical *alias* without any trouble at all.

I suppose that Japan is still two entirely different countries, and that *The Dragon Painter* (STANLEY PAUL) is a story about the other one. At any rate, Mr. SIDNEY MCCALL has written it as though he were describing things he has seen, and yet I have found nothing at all like it at Shepherd's Bush. There are dragons at Shepherd's Bush, of course, but these (if you ignore notices) you can touch and make sure they are really there, whereas the pictures of the Dragon Painter of the story contain monsters which are invisible, even to one of his own race and craft. This part of the book, I am bound to say, is a little beyond me, and the illustrations don't help much, but there is a love-tale which is pretty—particularly the feminine part of it, for the painter loves rather furiously—and that I can grasp readily enough. Indeed, the majority of the few characters, apart from the young artist, are very human and understandable, and there is a glamour about this Japan which the other seems to be losing.



FASHION NOTES.

MISS D'ARCY'S GOING-AWAY DRESS.

"Nine hundred and ninety-nine husbands out of a hundred are thoughtless."—*Daily Dispatch.*

Friend, are you one of these?

CHARIVARIA.

ACCORDING to Reuter "the police do not attach any importance to the letters from English public men which were recently seized in the house of the ex-deportee, KRISHNA KUMAR MITTER, in Calcutta." A very nasty thrust.

* * *

According to Mlle. BADET, the dancer who is appearing at the Palace, every word spoken by a woman "should be accompanied by a gesture and expression which reveal her soul." If this rule might be extended to embrace the other sex, we should be glad to see the appropriate gestures to accompany the remarks of a Liberal property-owner engaged in the attempt to fill up one of the Land-Tax forms issued by his hero, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE.

* * *

Mr. J. VEITCH WILSON has written a letter to *The Observer* on "Sound Values in Pronunciation." Frankly, we think it a mistake to draw attention to them. We shall have the CHANCELLOR taxing them too.

* * *

It is estimated that more than £30,000 has been lost in this country over aviation meetings. Money, at any rate, flies.

* * *

More aviation news. "The experimental flying express train from Johannesburg to Cape Town reached its destination yesterday, having accomplished a journey extending over 1,000 miles in 35½ hours." We like these South Africans. They do not brag about what they are going to do. They just do it.

* * *

The Daily News publishes a photograph of the Guides' race in the Grasmere Sports, which it entitles "A Scramble up Buttermere." We are awaiting with some interest the companion picture, "A Swim across Helvellyn."

* * *

"The Liberal Party," says *The Nation*, "cannot go on year after year counting *Dreadnoughts*, and finding money to build them. If the Liberal Government cannot stay this process, the party must. It is a condition of its existence." But if a strong Navy is a condition of England's existence, and a weak Navy is a condition of the Liberal Party's existence, it looks as if one of them would have to go (the latter for choice).

* * *

Such success has attended the experimental delivery of telegrams by telephone that the G.P.O., it is stated, has decided to extend the system. This means, we believe, that in those cases where the addressee of a telegram has no telephone the contents will be announced to him from the nearest post-office by means of a powerful megaphone.

* * *

From Gloucestershire comes a report of a shower of frogs. This is good news. We were getting so tired of seeing it raining cats and dogs.

* * *

In its account of the preparations for the Thames Swimming Race *The Daily Mail* says, "Miss Alice Aykroyd, the Boston girl who has crossed the Atlantic to compete for the £20 gold cup, swam eight miles in the Richmond and Putney district yesterday, *leaving the stream as fresh as when she entered it.*" The italics are ours: the imputation that the other competitors ought to have had a good scrub first is our contemporary's.

* * *

Beads will be more popular than ever this year, says an authority on woman's dress. We hope this means that summer will soon be here.



Confused Holiday-maker at Slackton-on-Sea (who has spent everything and missed the boat back to London). "PARDONG, MOSSEW. POUVEZ-VOUS DIRECTER MOI AU BRITISH CONSULATE?"

From a Dublin advertisement:—

HAIR CUT
DONE WHILE YOU WAIT.

We suppose that this is very smart and up-to-date, but we must confess we prefer the old-fashioned plan of leaving your hair to be cut, and calling for it in a day or two.

* * *

Captain AMUNDSEN has discovered hot springs in the neighbourhood of the North Pole. The news is rather tantalising in view of the cold springs which we get every year in this country.

* * *

With reference to an article entitled "The Kaiser as Tradesman," which appeared the other day, an old lady writes to inform us that she has been told that, in Germany, the KAISER'S grandfather is known as "Kaiser Wilhelm der Grocer."

* * *

The Women's Imperial Health Association has declared war on the closed window. The Association has the tacit support of burglars all over the country.

SAND VALUES.

Ah! happy shore that skirts the sea.
Never for sale to any buyers;
A land that no man holds in fee,
But you and I may have it free
As annual occupiers.

There on the sea-shells' argent floor,
Where mermaids trill in liquid trebles,
No curious scribe will ask you for
The beach's "Mineral Value" or
What party "works" the pebbles.

There you may lie about all day
And hear the niggers sing inept tunes,
Or use at will your "Right of Way,"
In case you care to go and play
Next door, at Father Neptune's.

There you may course on patient mokes,
Or practise other harmless orgies;
May sit with simple-hearted folks
Imbibing Pierrot's limpid jokes,
Unvexed of Lloyds and Georges.

See where his plastic task he plies,
The jocund infant, moist and messy,
Moulding the surface into pies;
It's "undeveloped" otherwise
By either lord or lessee.

Or if, upon "improvements" bent,
He rears a castle rightly feudal
His labour leaves him well-content,
Knowing no tax on "increment"
Will fleece him like a poodle.

And when the sea usurps his land,
Razing the walls in which he revelled,
He need not fix with palsied hand
The "Site-Assessment" of the sand
With all its buildings levelled.

Ah! blessed fringe of this sad isle,
Where, as a tenant under Heaven, you
May sniff the outland airs and smile,
And with impartial lip revile
The Chiefs of Inland Revenue.

O. S.

THE MATCH-MAKERS.

Scene—*A large room leading through French windows into a garden.* Time—*3 o'clock on a Sunday afternoon in summer. He with his hat on and a stick in his hand has just entered and found Her prepared for a walk.*

He (*mysteriously*). Good! You're ready. Let's be off.

She (*with bated breath*). Half a minute, and I'm with you. What did you say to Freddie?

He. Told him he'd find us here in five or six minutes, and we'd all walk to the top of Saintsbury Hill together; and if he didn't find us he'd find Cynthia and I supposed that was what he wanted. That's all right, isn't it?

She. Yes, good boy; go up one. I told Cynthia if we weren't here she was to wait till we turned up.

He. Capital! And they won't find us here, and they'll be alone together, and——

She. They'll bring it off. Come on, I'm ready. Don't make a noise. They mustn't hear us or see us.

[*They go out into the garden and walk more or less on tip-toe across the lawn, talking as they go.*

She. Do you think Freddie will do it?

He. Do it? Why, he's been panting for the chance—begged and prayed me to arrange this week-end so as to bring them together; said he'd tried half-a-dozen times in London, but something had got in his way every time, either a brother or a mother or a sister. Once it was a maid who fetched her home from a dinner when Freddie had ordered the slowest four-wheeler in London, and thought he was going to take her home himself. He said if we'd ask 'em here together and give 'em just one chance of being alone for five minutes he'd—what's the matter?

[*She has turned round to look at the house and has gripped him suddenly by the arm.*

She (*excitedly*). Hurry up. They're coming out into the garden.

He (*looking round*). By gum, so they are! They mustn't see us. Don't pinch so.

She. Sorry. Let's skip behind those bushes, and then we can get off into the Lovers' Walk, and so out into the road by the corner door.

[*They skip, and take a furtive peep through the bushes.*

He. I don't think they've spotted us, but they're coming along a deuce of a pace. Perhaps he's done it.

She. No, they're not saying a word, and they're looking as distant as from here to Land's End. Come on; we must give 'em their chance.

[*They dive round some trees into the Lovers' Walk, a gravel path through a thick belt of bushes.*

He. I thought Freddy was running.

She. Nonsense! He's not such a fool. Duck down lower than that—much lower, or they'll see you through the gap. There—my hat's caught.

He. Tear it off; leave it behind you; do anything, but for heaven's sake come on. If they see us they'll think they *must* join us.

She. I hear their steps somewhere. They're coming along the walk.

He. No. They're in the open. It's all right. Quicker, quicker! When once we get to the end of this we'll be through the garden-door in a jiffy, and then we're safe.

[*They hasten on, but stop near the end of the walk.*

She. I thought I heard something. I'll stay here, and just you creep carefully round the corner and reconnoitre.

[*He does so, and returns to her pale and dismayed.*

He (*whispering*). They're out there at the end. I caught a glimpse of a skirt and a pair of trousers, and I nipped back. What shall we do now?

She. Let's go back to the other end. Then we can slip out by the gate at the bottom of the garden, and lose them that way.

[*They retrace their steps, but stop again before reaching the other end.*

He. I heard voices. You go on this time. I couldn't do it again. [*She goes on and returns in consternation.*

She. They're there. They must have run like hares.

He. What shall we do now? We can't race up and down this walk all day. I wonder what fool's game Freddie's playing at.

She. There's nothing for it. We must go out and face them. Anyhow, it won't be our fault. We've done our best for them.

[*They walk on and find a young man and a young woman waiting for them at the entrance.*

She. Oh, you're there, are you? We were just coming back to fetch you. I wanted to show Charles the new ferns I've had planted here. We can get started now.

[*They all start.*

He (*aside to Freddie*). What *have* you been up to? We left the coast clear for you, and then you spoil the


SPEECH
SPEECH
SPEECH





Umpire (in sympathy with the fielding side and forgetting himself in his eagerness for an l.b.w.). "How's that?"

whole show by coming out and chasing us up and down the garden.

Freddie. Sorry, old chap, I know I 'm a mug; but when I found myself alone with her in that big room I couldn't think of a word—just stood and looked at her. I did make a shot—upon my honour I did—but just as I was going to say, "Cynthia," I had to sneeze, and that threw me out of my stride. Devilish bit of bad luck. Then she saw you hopping round the bushes, and she was after you like a bird, and I had to come too. Worst of it is when we 're with other people I 'm as bold as a lion, but when I 'm alone with her I haven't got an ounce of pluck.

He. Well, you 've had your chance and wasted it. It isn't worth while giving you another.

[*They all walk on moodily. Gradually the party separates into two, the young people dropping some ten paces behind. Five minutes elapse.*

Freddie (*dashing wildly forward and seizing Him by the hand*). I 've done it, old man, I 've done it! You 're a ripper—no, I mean I 'm a rip—no, I mean everybody 's a ripper. Whoo-oop!

He. What 's up now?

Freddie. Cynthia's promised to marry me. I owe it all to you and Mrs. Bromley. If you two hadn't stuck to us—I mean if we hadn't stuck to you like leeches, I should never have dared. Oh, never mind; we 've fixed it up, and we 're going to be married in October——

She (*seizing Cynthia by both hands*). My *dearest* Cynthia!

He. Congratulate you heartily, old chap; congratulate you both. We 'll leave you together now.

Cynthia. Oh, let 's finish our walk.

[*They all four walk on together.*

RENUNCIATION.

Go, thrust my bat within the kitchen grate;
Fetch me a fluffy monkey; let me play
With something that can never agitate
My soul. I 've had the dickens of a day.

I bowled. The very first a "sitter" brought,
Which, rendering void my own insidious tricks,
I dropped, and he who smote and was not caught
Survived to help himself to ninety-six.

Barely was hushed the crowd's derisive scoff
Before a skier, swerving in the gale,
Came down to find long-on distinctly off,
And leave him doctoring a damaged nail.

Leg had one just two inches out of reach,
And (my misfortune, scarcely theirs the blame)
Cover and point declined a "snorter" each,
And then I missed another, I, *moi-même.*

Then, culminating horror that befell,
Two slips, the leather soaring overhead
(Such nice men, too. I know their people well),
Collided, whereupon I wept and said:—

"Go, thrust my bat within the kitchen grate,
Barter my pads for bricks and Noah's arks."
That (and the things I 've had to expurgate)
Comprised the general gist of my remarks.

"For Sale, Cow, genuine; can be seen any time between eight and eleven."—*Advt. in "Folkestone Herald."*

In three hours you ought to be able to make quite certain that it is a genuine cow.

HOLIDAY TIME.

II.—BECALMED.

"WELL," said Dahlia, giving up the tiller with a sigh, "if this is all that you and Joe can do in the way of a breeze, you needn't have worried."

"Don't blame the crew," said Archie nobly, "he did his best. He sat up all night whistling."

"*Are* we moving?" asked Myra, from a horizontal position on the shady side of the mainsail.

"We are not," I said, from a similar position on the sunny side. "Let 's get out."

Simpson took off his yachting cap and fanned himself with a nautical almanac. "How far are we from anywhere?" he asked cheerfully.

"Miles," said Archie. "To be more accurate, we are five miles from a public-house, six from a church, four from a post-office, and three from the spacious walled-in kitchen-garden and tennis-court. On the other hand, we are quite close to the sea."

"You will never see your friends again, Simpson. They will miss you . . . . at first . . . . perhaps; but they will soon forget. The circulation of the papers that you wrote for will go up, the brindled bull-pup will be fed by another and a smaller hand, but otherwise all will be as it was before."

My voice choked, and at the same moment something whizzed past me into the sea.

"Yachting cap overboard! Help!" cried Myra.

"You aren't in *The Spectator* office now, Simpson," said Archie severely, as he fished with the boat-hook. "There is a time for ballyragging. By the way, I suppose you do want it back again?"

"It 's my fault," I confessed remorsefully; "I told him yesterday I didn't like it."

"Myra and I do like it, Mr. Simpson. Please save it, Archie."

Archie let it drip from the end of the boat-hook for a minute, and then brought it in.

"Morning, Sir Thomas," I said, saluting it as it came on board. "Lovely day for a sail. We 've got the new topmast up, but her Grace had the last of the potted-meat for lunch yesterday."

Simpson took his cap and stroked it tenderly. "Thirteen and ninepence in the Buckingham Palace Road," he murmured. "Thanks, old chap."

Quiet settled down upon the good ship *Armadillo* again. There was no cloud in the sky, no ripple on the water, no sound along the deck. The land was hazy in the distance; hazy in the distance was public-house, church, post-office, walled-in kitchen-garden and tennis-court. But in the little cabin Joe was making a pleasant noise with plates. . . .

* * * *

"Splendid," said Archie, putting down his glass and taking out his pipe. "Now what shall we do? I feel full of energy."

"Then you and Simpson can get the dinghy out and tow," I suggested. "I 'll coach from the *Armadillo*."

"We might go for a long bicycle ride," said Myra; "or call on the Vicarage girls."

"There isn't really very much to do, is there?" said Dahlia gently. "I 'm sorry."

Simpson leapt excitedly into the breach.

"I 'll tell you what I 'll do—I 'll teach you all the different knots and things. I learnt them coming down in the train. Everybody ought to know them. Archie, old man, can you let me have a piece of rope?"

"Certainly. Take any piece you like. Only spare the main-sheet."

Simpson went forward to consult Joe, and came back with enough to hang himself with. He sat down opposite to us, wrapped the rope once round his waist, and then beamed at us over his spectacles.

"Now supposing you had fallen down a well," he began, "and I let this rope down to you, what would you do with *your* end?"

We thought deeply for a moment.

"I should wait until you were looking over the edge, and then give it a sharp jerk," said Archie.

"One *must* have company in a well," I agreed.

"They 're being silly again," apologised Myra. "Tell *me*, Mr. Simpson! I should love to know—I 'm always falling down wells."

"Well, you tie it round you like this. Through there—and over there—and then back under there. You see, it simply *can't* slip. Then I should pull you up."

"But how nice of you. Let me try. . . . Oh yes, that 's easy."

"Well, then there 's the hangman's knot."

Archie and I looked at each other.

"The predicaments in which Simpson finds himself are extraordinarily varied," I said.

"One of these days he 'll be in a well, and we shall let down a rope to him, and he 'll hang himself by mistake."

"That would look very determined. On the other hand there must be annoying occasions when he starts out to strangle somebody and finds that he 's pulling him out of the cistern."

"Why, how delightful, Mr. Simpson," said Myra. "Do show us some more."

"Those are the most important ones. Then there are one or two fancy ones. Do you know the Monkey's Claw?"

"Don't touch it," said Archie solemnly. "It 's poison."

"Oh, I must show you that."

Joe showed me the Monkey's Claw afterwards, and it is a beautiful thing, but it was not a bit like Simpson's. Simpson must have started badly, and I think he used too much rope. After about twenty minutes there was hardly any of him visible at all.

"Take your time, Houdini," said Archie, "take your time. Just let us know when you're ready to be put into the safe, that 's all."

"You would hardly think, to look at him now," I said a minute later, "that one day he 'll be a dear little butterfly."

"Where 's the sealing wax, Maria? You know, I 'm certain he 'll never go for threepence."

"What I say is, it 's simply hypnotic suggestion. There 's no rope there at all, really."

An anxious silence followed.

"No," said Simpson suddenly, "I 'm doing it wrong."

* * * *

"From to-night," said Archie after tea, "you will be put on rations. One cobnut and a thimbleful of sherry wine *per diem*. I hope somebody 's brought a thimble."

"There really isn't so very much left," said Dahlia.

"Then we shall have to draw lots who is to be eaten."

"Don't we eat our boots and things first?" asked Myra.

"If Simpson starts off on his yachting cap there 'll be no holding him."

"After all, there 's always the dinghy," said Archie. "If we put in a tin of corned beef and a compass and a keg of gunpowder, somebody might easily row in and post the letters. Personally, as captain, I must stick to my ship."

"There 's another way I 've just thought of," I said. "Let 's sail in."

I pointed out to sea, and there, unmistakably, was the least little breeze coming over the waters. A minute later and our pennant flapped once. Simpson moistened a finger and held it up.

The sprint for home had begun.

A. A. M.

"Oh, he was as nice as possible about it, even to owning there was a time when it might have been, but some woman—some devil, came between us. Oh, the *adjective* is mine, not his."—"*Daily Mail*" *Feuilleton.*

Oh, the italics are ours, not theirs.



SCENE—*Small Continental Seaside Resort.*

Proprietor of Hotel (*who advertises a perfect lawn-tennis equipment, to newly-arrived enthusiasts*). "VOILÀ, MONSIEUR ET MESDAMES! YOU PERCEIVE IT IS AT PRESENT ENGAGED, BUT THE LITTLE MONSIEUR AND MADEMOISELLE ARE VERY AMIABLE, AND WILL DOUBTLESS BE READY TO MAKE A PARTIE!"

BEAUTIFUL WORDS.

THE catalogues of beautiful words that have helped to fill the columns of *The Westminster Gazette* during this dull season do not include all.

How beautiful is the word "Yes" when used with an appropriate context. Soft lights, distant music, the seclusion of a scented conservatory, the radiant moon peeping in through the roof—and "Yes" murmured between coral lips and pearly teeth, with blush and hung head complete. Did SHAKSPEARE himself ever write a word more beautiful? Or when, in conversation with a friend of means, through the weather, the view, the new Land Taxes, and the weather once more, you approach the subject of a small loan, what sweeter sound could caress your ear than a gentle "Yes." Even "Ja" sounds beautiful in such a connection.

Take again the word "No." There is something that a Briton cannot fail to admire in the sturdy sound of its nasal consonant allied to the honest open vowel; and who has not felt the thrill of this word in responding to the classical question, "Are we downhearted?" The author of this question is unknown; but his genius must ever live if only because he has brought home to the English-speaking people the deep beauty of the little word "No"—when used in the right context, of course. Despite the habit of the pertinacious, there are times when it is well to take "No" for an answer.

The little word "And" has never received a due acknowledgment of its beauty. It has, of course, the added merit of utility; and indeed where is the beauty of a thing, however beautiful, that is not useful? Very well, then. This was quite a favourite word with SPENSER, SHAKSPEARE, and MILTON in days gone by, and is still regarded as the best of its kind by Messrs. HALL CAINE, LE QUEUX, and ALFRED AUSTIN in the present day.

Another word not rightly valued is "Enough." What could be more beautiful in its appropriate place than "Enough"? "Enough" is as good as a feast.

(Let 's try it here and see how it looks. Enough!—ED.)

"The Government are making a road to Porcupine Lake, using about fifty convicts for the purpose."—*The Record.*

This may not be the best kind of road, but it is better than if they had made one to Convict Lake, using fifty porcupines for the purpose.

From a penny novelette:—

"'Miss Saxe is a client of mine, Clare,' John explained. 'Her boxes have gone astray. She is about your size—your figure, I mean—can you lend her some things? I know there is a dress-suit of mine up in my old room.'

Dinner was rather late that night. Possibly Miss Saxe and Clare had been talking together; but when they came into the room John felt he was compensated for the delay."

It must have been worth waiting for.

Two extracts from one issue of *The Daily Mail*:

"The Orion is 545ft. long and has a displacement of 22,500 tons."

"With her engines and armament her tonnage will be nearly 24,000. She is 684ft. in length."

The worst of *The Daily Mail* is that it is so up-to-date that as soon as you get on to a new page the old page becomes obsolete.

A TAX ON THE IMAGINATION.

PROPERLY speaking, the only building I actually possess is a henhouse. The manifest disadvantage of allowing fowls to scratch in the garden impelled me to buy one rod, pole, or perch of land across the road, upon which was presently upreared a neat and unpretentious structure, painted a pleasant "art" shade, somewhere between blue and green, and with a tarred felt roof. I am pardonably proud of it; and, when I received a brochure that has been distributed gratis among the great landowners of this realm, the first problem in it that caught my eye was this:—

"Hypothetical cost of removing the buildings."

Angelina, finding me busy with figures, accused me roundly of wasting the morning in working out bridge problems.

"On the contrary," I explained, "I am trying to work out the hypothetical cost of removing the henhouse."

"Remove it? Why should you want to?" she asked.

"I don't want to," I replied, "but it seems that I am obliged, under heavy penalties, to suppose that its removal is required, and to arrive at an estimate of the cost of such removal. It's a new system of taxation," I continued airily, "which it would be useless to attempt to explain to a woman. With the whole realm of hypothesis open to me, what ought I to spend on removing the henhouse?"

"Where to?" asked Angelina in bewilderment.

"I'm afraid," I said, after five minutes' study of the monumental work before me, "that point has been overlooked. We will assume it has just got to be removed—demolished. Now, whom should I employ on the job?"

"You generally have Thomas Shadd. If he was doing no work at the Simsons' that week, I expect he would spin it out as long as possible. And he would want beer," remarked Angelina.

"There it is," I said. "These doctrinaire financiers are so unpractical. They never take human nature into account. Thomas's thirst varies in degree. But fancy is free, and we will assume, without unduly straining probabilities, that Thomas is *very* thirsty. A week at three shillings a day, with beer, would come to twenty-four shillings."

Angelina, who is of frugal mind, looked troubled.

"You might get Harold Bly," she said, "but he is *so* independent."

"All the same, Harold comes within the wide regions of hypothesis," I said, noting down his name, "and so, for that matter, do I. I might do the work myself."

Angelina smiled.

"Fancy is free," I repeated sternly. "It is *quite* within the bounds of supposition that I should myself remove the henhouse."

"Wouldn't it need a hammer?" asked Angelina. "You know you always hammer your thumb."

"Very well," I said, "we will allow for that, and for lockjaw and complications supervening. Then I should be ordered a rest-cure or a sea-voyage. Hypothesis," I said, warming to the work, "can pile the cost up to any amount. Now let us suppose I give the job to contractors,—to Williams and Clark, for instance."

"I can't suppose you would do anything so silly, after the muddle they made over the kitchen-boiler," replied Angelina.

"My love," I urged gently, "it is, no doubt, a little difficult to imagine any lapse on my part from a high level of sanity; but with a penalty of fifty pounds threatening and with a full appreciation of the duties of citizenship, it is necessary to suppose even this; and Williams and Clark would send in a bill for two pounds seventeen shillings and sixpence—on hypothesis.

"Hypothesis also allows removal by gunpowder," I continued, entering into the spirit of the thing. "I expect a shilling's worth would be effective; and cordite might be even cheaper. There is also fire to be considered; but perhaps the justest way of arriving at an estimate would be to take the average cost of all practicable methods."

It worked out like this:—

	£	s.	d.
To T. Shadd, for removing henhouse (with beer) . .	1	4	0
To Harold Bly, for do. (without beer)		9	0
Williams and Clark . . .	2	17	6
Removal by self (allowing for accidents with hammers and things, and subsequent sea-voyage and loss of time)	150	0	0
Gunpowder		1	0
Cordite			6
1 Swedish match			0
	£154	12	0

Roughly speaking, therefore, the cost of removing the building might be set down at twenty-two pounds one and eightpence halfpenny.

"But," said Angelina, "are you sure the question applies to henhouses?"

"That," I said, readjusting a wet towel about my brows, and patting the printed work in front of me, "is what I have to discover from this. All I know for certain is that, with the Broadening of the Basis of Taxation, a tax has been placed upon my imagination."

"After all," I concluded sombrely, "it was about the only thing left that was not taxed already."

ECCENTRIC APPETITES.

A CORRESPONDENT, in a letter to our esteemed contemporary, *The Scotsman*, describes the discovery of a needle an inch and a half long inside a hen's egg.

By the courtesy of the editor of *The Dictator* we are enabled to publish a selection of letters describing similar discoveries which will appear in the next issue of that journal:—

EX AFRICA SEMPER.

DEAR SIR,—When I was visiting Pietermaritzburg early in this year, the Curator of the Zoological Gardens told me of a curious incident that recently came under his observation. A valuable semi-Bombay Duck (*Anas incredibilis*) suddenly fell ill and died, and the *post-mortem* revealed the extraordinary fact that the bird had swallowed a pocket aneroid which had been inadvertently dropped into its cage by an absent-minded visitor. Curiously enough, the aneroid pointed to stormy, although the weather at the time was remarkably still and fine.

I am, Sir, very truly yours,
VERAX.

[Africa is indeed the home of marvels. With regard to the indication of the aneroid, may we not assume that this pointed to a local disturbance in the interior?—ED. *Dictator*.]

STRANGE CONDUCT OF AN EEL.

DEAR SIR,—My son, a Balliol undergraduate, was recently playing golf at Nairn and, duffing his approach at the fourteenth hole, sent the ball into the burn. His caddie failed to find it, but while looking in the burn scooped out a fine eel of about two feet in length. Noticing a curious protuberance in its body, he cut the eel in two with his pocket-knife, and found the ball, which is now preserved in the town museum.

Yours faithfully,
ALFRED DAVITT.

[The voracity of eels is, we believe, something quite exceptional. But surely a humaner method of making the eel disgorge the golf ball might have been adopted by the caddie. We fear that Caledonia is still, in some respects, "stern and wild."—ED. *Dictator*.]

RECOVERY OF AN OSTRICH.

DEAR SIR,—For many years I have kept a pet ostrich in my garden at Tulse Hill. The bird, which is of a most affectionate disposition, lives chiefly on hardware—old sardine tins, marmalade jars, and disused safety-razor blades. As a rule it enjoys robust health, but last winter it contracted influenza and pined away until I grew seriously alarmed. In fact, I was almost in despair when, at the advice of a vet, I decided to try feeding Oliver—for that is his name—on the works of an old grandfather's clock, a set of croquet balls, and a small mowing machine. The diet worked like magic, and in less than a week the dear creature was quite himself again. Yours most truly,

DECIMUS PHIBBS.

[It would be interesting to know whether the emu and the cassowary share the predilection of the ostrich for hardware. In regard to the choice of a medical adviser for ailing ostriches, it seems to us that our correspondent ought to have consulted a bird-doctor rather than a "vet." And yet, if we remember aright, ARISTOPHANES calls the ostrich *ἱπποαλεκτρυών*.—ED. *Dictator*.]

WONDERS OF THE SHORE.

DEAR SIR,—Last month, while I was on the beach at Weston-super-mare, I noticed a ring-tailed sand-pipit flying about near the water-line. Suddenly it swooped down and remained on the sand uttering short, sharp cries of distress. Hastily rushing to the spot I discovered, to my amazement, that the bird had been caught by an oyster. The bivalve had opened to enjoy the sun, but when the bird swooped down had closed on the intruder like a vice. Being unable to free the pipit I carried it, with its captor, to my house, and was operating on the crustacean with champagne nippers when my tame porbeagle jumped through the window and unceremoniously devoured both bird and oyster at a single gulp. I have only to add that I am a Commissioner for Oaths, a lifelong Free-Trader, and a confirmed believer in the Referendum.

Faithfully yours,

A. LEGGE PULLAR.

[We are delighted to publish Mr. LEGGE PULLAR'S well-authenticated communication. Our only regret is that he should have omitted to state whether his porbeagle suffered any untoward consequences from his strange meal. But an animal so quaintly named is *capable de tout*.—ED. *Dictator*.]

A TOUCHING APPEAL.

DEAR SIR,—Can any of your readers tell me the best diet for a viviparous blenny which is suffering from the mumps? I have tried it with Cambridge sausages, truffles, cold boiled pork and quince jelly, but no appreciable improvement is yet noticeable.

Yours anxiously,

(MRS.) TARA DIDDLE.

[We deeply sympathise with Mrs. Diddle in her distress, and gladly give the publicity of our columns to her appeal for information. We have the liveliest recollection of the discomfort of mumps, and sincerely trust that her interesting pet will soon recover its normal health.—ED. *Dictator*.]



Nervous Passenger (*during fog*). "BUT SURELY YOU 'RE NOT LEAVING THE BRIDGE, ARE YOU, OFFICER?"

Officer (*who has just been relieved*). "OH, YES. IT'S NO GOOD STOPPING UP THERE; YOU CAN'T SEE ANYTHING."

The Awkward Age.

"Children under 3 and over 12 Half Price to 6d. and 4d. seats."—*Advt. in "Gloucestershire Echo."*

The Euphemists.

The Inland Revenue Department writes to its friends:

"Any owner of land or person in receipt of rent in respect of land, who is required to make a return and fails to do so within the time specified in this notice, is liable to a penalty not exceeding £50."

Or, as they say in less polite society, R.S.V.P.

"WILL the lady who sent her boy for Repairs to Mr. Cantello, from Woodcote-place, on Saturday, July 16th, kindly communicate with him, as she has the wrong boots."—*Notice in "The Norwood Press and Dulwich Advertiser."*

This only shows how careful you should be to wear the right boots when you send your boy to the doctor (or vet) to be repaired.



Skipper. "WHO'S FOR A JOLLY SAIL? JUST A-GOIN' TO START. ONLY ONE MORE AN' OFF SHE GOES!"
Long-suffering Cornet Player. "FOR 'EVIN'S SAKE, GUV'NOR, MAKE IT A LITTLE 'UN AN' GIVE US A CHARNST!"

TO MY LADY—IN ABSENCE.

MATILDA, now that we are parted
By many a sundering mile,
Be sure that I am broken-hearted,
Be certain I revile
The engine with its pounding pistons,
That bore you to that dreadful distance,
But still—some arts the weary hours may while.

Where'er the next few weeks I wander,
By links or lawn or sea,
My lonesomeness be sure I 'll ponder,
But not exclusively;
The pain, although my heart it whittles,
Shall scarcely put me off my victuals;
No, I shall always make a tidy tea.

The flame, in fact (as *Tristram* puts it),
Shall burn beneath this breast,
As to and fro your lover foots it,
"Because so deep suppressed;"
My friends, mayhap, shall hardly notice
That here, beneath this Norfolk coat is
An aching wound—nay, sometimes I shall jest.

For, what with ozone, woods and heather
And mountain streams in song,
Though tight may be the love god's tether,
Though passion's links are strong,
Bereft, for weeks, by moors and what-not,
Of her whose face has tied that hot knot,
It 's wonderful how well one gets along.

These honest lines, by way of warning,
Matilda, I submit,
In case, some fine September morning,
When once again I knit
This hand with yours, my peerless lady's,
And swear that August seemed like Hades,
You ask me why I look so beastly fit. EVOE.

Answers to Correspondents.

"MOTHER OF CADETS."—No, Madam, "the Osborne decision," which is now exercising the minds of our Trade Union officials, has nothing to do with the case of *Archer-Shee v. The Admiralty*.

"SPORTSMAN."—If you have already returned your form for Duty on Land Values, and have declared "No Minerals," we would dissuade you from playing tennis on your own lawn in heavy shooting-boots. The nails are apt to leave marks, and if an official should be sent to inspect your land his suspicions might be aroused.

The High Master of Manchester Grammar School has been taking a party of his boys for a tour through Germany, and has given his experiences to *The Manchester Evening Chronicle*:

"Breakfast usually consisted of black bread—splendid stuff for marching on!—and apples. The bread sometimes came in very useful for hammering in the tent pegs!"

Now you see why it makes such a splendid surface for marching on.



A DIRTY TRADE.

Gutter Press. "HERE YOU ARE, GENTS! CHUCK US A FEW MORE COPPERS AN' I'LL *ROLL* IN IT!"



ANOTHER GREAT WAX-WORK TABLEAU FOR BRUSSELS.

If, in spite of our Artist's assistance, the reconstruction of the tableau of the British Parliament should prove too difficult, why not break fresh ground altogether and produce a tableau, equally lifelike and faithful in portraiture, of other British Celebrities?—Here are a few.

TO A CHALK-BLUE.

Butterflies, Butterflies, delicate downy ones,
Golden, and purple, and yellowy browny ones,
Whites, reds, and tortoiseshells, what 's in a hue?
You 're worth the whole lot of them, little Chalk-Blue!

Fabled Apollos, of bug-hunter's hollow tales,
Camberwell Beauties, Large Coppers, and Swallow-tails,
They 've fled from high farming, they 've gone down the breeze,
To Elfland perhaps, or wherever you please!

You, Master Blue, hold by man and his handiworks,
Chalk-pits, and cuttings, and engineer's sandy works,
Sway on his wheat stalks, most buoyant and bold,
A turquoise a-droop on a chain of light gold!

And on the links, where the chalk-downs go sweeping up,
Over the greens (where my handicap 's creeping up!)
Blue as the tide is, when white the cliffs climb,
I see you go sipping the sweets of the thyme!

Here was your home, ere the Legion's lean warriors
Laughed at the slings of Druidical quarriers,
Or ever the Eagles came swooping ashore,
You flew your blue ensign from Lizard to Nore!

Long may you linger and flourish exceedingly,
Dancing the sun round all summer unheedingly,
Sprite of his splendour, small priest of high noon,
Oh, bold little, old little, blue bit of June!

Self-Revenge.

"In trying to hit McDonell to the screen that bowler brought off a splendid catch high up with one hand."—*Evening News.*

We can't think why McDonell should want to hit himself to the screen; but it served him right to be caught like that, by his own hand.

THE FLOURISH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—You know everything. I know everything but one. Tell me that one thing.

I take it that when a man addresses another as I have just addressed you (not, mark, "you *think* you know everything") he has him in a mood of complacency for a minute or two at any rate. Let me use those minutes to tell you all about myself and Johnson and all the other brave and triumphant fellows I have met.

I am charitably disposed. I wish to go about doing good amongst my fellow men, cheering them up and spurring them into an optimistic frame of mind. Particularly note that I do not wish to expend money on that behalf; indeed, I should be glad to make a little out of it. I should not, of course, have written like that if I had been an independent entity with no duties in the world; but I have, as it happens, a number of sound limbs and a healthy appetite to support, and my first duty is to them. However, do not let that worry you, for I have decided upon my mission. I only want you to tell me where my district is. Where, briefly, does the great tribe of the Permanently Snubbed have its melancholy residence?

Gather round, *Mr. Punch* (you know you know everything), and let me refresh your memory about Johnson.

It was he who showed me my *métier*. Johnson is not the mild, milk-and-water young man you might, from your personal observation, suppose him to be. He—I have it from his own lips—is full of fire; he is not to be sat upon. You start saying nasty, rude things to Johnson, and you will very soon find that you have come to the wrong shop. No one, Johnson tells me, ever got the better of Johnson. Blustering bodies, bullies for the most part, have from time to time attacked him, supposing that he would take any amount of insolence and injustice like a lamb. But that is not Johnson's way. "I just looked at him," he has told me, in describing each encounter, with all the unbiassed accuracy of detachment, "I just looked at him, waited till he had finished, and then said quite quietly . . ." and, whatever it was that Johnson said, his antagonist was reduced instantly to pulp, blushed to the roots of his hair with the blush of conscious shame, fell upon his knees (I gather), bit all the dust immediately available and shrieked for Johnson's pardon and forgiveness. Which coldly granted, the bully has withdrawn to the retreat whose whereabouts I want to know, never more to appear in public, a prey for all time to the bitterness of his own self-reproach.

Mr. Punch, for all the blackguards' bullying and blustering, there can be no depth of human vileness which deserves the punishment of quite so snubbed and abject a condition as Johnson depicts. At the end of every narrative I have felt I must go and comfort the man, wrong one though he is, and make the last remaining days of his existence peaceful and painless, if they can never be actually happy. And, observe, it isn't only Johnson. All my relations, all my friends, all my acquaintances, all the people I have ever seen and overheard in the street—all seem thus to have treated someone, nay, everyone who dared to cross their path and to administer unjust blame and unmerited rebuke. Children and parents, pupils and pastors, curates and vicars, young barristers and judges, men and officers, clerks and employers, loafers and policemen, servants and mistresses—the contest is always raging, the cool retort always prevails: "I said nothing. I just looked him straight in the eyes, and then said quite quietly . . ." and that ended it. Virtue is, on its own showing, triumphant. The oppressor is pulverised, the proud spirit is broken. "You should," as Virtue triumphant concludes, "you should just have seen his face!"

Inasmuch as this thing goes on daily, there must be thousands of these squashed, blighted, and altogether sat-upon wretches somewhere. In your private ear, I confess to an occasional boast or two of this sort myself. There have occurred in my conversation crea-

MR. POPPLEWICK IN SCOTLAND.



I.—HOW HE PICTURED TO HIMSELF THE RESULTS OF HIS FIRST GROUSE-DRIVE.



II.—WHAT ACTUALLY OCCURRED.

Keeper. "ANYTHING TO PICK UP, SIR?"
Popplewick. "WELL—ER—NOT EXACTLY. GOT TWO OR THREE PRETTY HARD HIT."

tures, once overbearing, "who will never dare to speak like that to me again," who have subsided for ever before the cool and collected glare of my conspicuous righteousness. You say that I should know best where they now reside and languish? Frankly, but this must go no further, my own particular victims do not happen to exist. They never did, or, if they did, they were not by a long way my victims. Call me braggart, even liar, but there remains the word of Johnson and his countless imitators. Tell me, for that word is not to be doubted, where and who are the Permanently Snubbed? Why do we never meet them? Why do we only meet their Snubbers?

Your perhaps too inquisitive
CORRESPONDENT.

"*DO* I SLEEP? *DO* I DREAM?"

A LITTLE book has just been published, advocating self-suggestion as a cure for sufferers from head-ache, tooth-ache, nervousness, sleeplessness and kindred ills. For instance, the programme to be gone through in cases of insomnia (as quoted in *The Express* of August 25) is as follows:—

Repeat the subjoined exercises:—

Twice to yourself aloud: I am lying down to sleep and to sleep only.

Four times softly: I am feeling sleepy.

Twice softly: I am falling asleep.

Mentally a few times: I am asleep.

Mentally: I sleep, I sleep; and continue until you know no more.

We have been favoured with the nocturnal diary of a sleepless soliloquist to whom we recommended the treatment, and reproduce his remarks in an abridged and expurgated form:—

Midnight.—Well, now let's see if I can snooze off the effects of poker-patience and that lobster salad. . . . What have I got to say? . . . What the dooce *was* it? I thought I'd learnt it by heart! . . . let me see . . . "I am dying," no—"I am flying." . . . . What a vile memory I've got! . . . Ah, I know—"I am lying"—that's a nice confession to make! How *did* it go on? I shall never get to sleep at this rate—I'm getting more and more wide-awake every minute!

12.30 A.M.—I suppose I must light up and find that confounded book . . . Where *are* the beastly matches? . . . Dam—on the floor, of course! Nice thing to tread on with bare feet! . . . Now, where *did* I put that book? I can't go hunting round the bally house in pyjamas at this time of night! . . . Oh, here it is—brought it up in my coat-pocket after all . . . Guess I'm pretty shivery! Caught cold or something, I suppose . . .

12.45 A.M.—Ah, here's the page—Insomnia Cure . . . let's get this sportsman's rigmarole right—"I am lying down to sleep and to sleep only"—Hang it, that's what I went to bed for an hour ago—it's a platitude anyway . . . P'raps I didn't say it loud enough . . . don't want to wake the house.

1 A.M.—Wonder if it's time to try the four-times-softly trick! "I am feeling sleepy" . . . "I am feeling sleepy" . . . Dash it all, I *am* lying now . . . How many times was that? I've lost count . . . must begin over again! Hullo, there goes one o'clock!

1.30 A.M.—Suppose this joker wants me to murmur, "I am asleep," now! Well, *am* I? Not fifty per cent.! Also, I *don't* think! . . . Feel more like getting up and having a pipe . . . .

2 A.M.—Yes, I thought so . . . There's the next-door cat-party begun . . . Think I'll suggest them a jug of water . . . What's his cure for cats, I wonder . . . Do I shout, "I sleep!" or throw things? . . . I'll improve on him—"I snore! I snore!"

3 A.M.—Look here, I've had about enough of this ramp . . . May as well sit up and take notice . . . This mental business is driving me silly—prefer the good old sheep and the hedge.

4 A.M.—Ah, there's the beautiful dawn and the daylight and the sparrows' earliest pipe and the rest of it . . . It's about time for the early morning burglar to be going his rounds, so it's a useful cure for sleepiness after all.

ZIGZAG.



Tramp (to lonely spinster). "COME, MISSUS, ARST YER 'USBAND IF 'E AIN'T GOT A OLD PAIR O' TROUSERS TO GIVE AWAY."

Spinster (anxious not to expose her solitude). "SORRY, MY GOOD MAN, HE—ER—ER—NEVER WEARS SUCH THINGS."

THE ELUSIVE BLACKS.

THE monstrous allegation having been made that seaside niggers include in their hoary repertories songs which are not, to put it mildly, the best intellectual food for the young, all the Brother Bones's and Massa Johnsons of the littoral are up in arms. *Mr. Punch*, whose instincts are to be on the side both of the young and of the entertainer, at once sent one of his young men to investigate at first hand. He made three visits—one to Ventnor, one to Brighton and one to Margate—and he spent much time and some pence in the company of the Ethiopian inhabitants of each town. At Ventnor he found them singing a song entitled, "*I don't care if there's a girl there*," to an enraptured audience chiefly of the penniless class, using "penniless" not as meaning generally destitute but at its more exact sense of being without a penny. In other words, the audience was composed chiefly of children.

That section of the entertainment having come to an end, our representative drew aside the singer and asked him for his views on the ditty.

"What's the matter with it?" asked the burnt-corkian. "It's a good tune, isn't it?"

"Yes," said the young man.

"It's funny, isn't it?"

"Not very," our young man hazarded.

"It always goes very well," said the seaside Othello.

"Yes," said our young man. "But the children?"

"Don't you see them there?" asked the Moor of Ventnor sarcastically, "in their scores?"

"True," said our young man.

"Very well, then," said the dusky baritone.

There being no reply to this, our young man gave in.

At Brighton, the serenaders were at work with a ditty entitled "*Boiled Beef and Carrots*." The song told how this dish was the favourite food of the singer:—

> Boiled beef and carrots,
> Boiled beef and carrots,
> That's the stuff for your Darby Kell,
> Makes you fat and keeps you well.
> Don't be vegetarians,
> Food they give to parrots;
> Blow out your pants,
> While you've the chance,
> On boiled beef and carrots.

Such was the chorus, and from the way the children joined in there was no doubt that they appreciated it. Yet the moral influence?

A later verse told how the singer was so much under the dominion of this regimen that, when his wife presented him with twins (as the wives of comic singers always do), and they were taken to be christened, he replied to the parson who enquired what their names were to be, "Boiled beef and carrots." At this the children screamed with delight. Our young man anticipated no success when he tackled the singer on the subject, and he obtained none.

"Didn't you hear 'em laugh?" asked the son of grate polish.

Our young man admitted that he did.

"Well," said the nigritudinous warbler, "don't that satisfy you?"

At Margate, the favourite song was called "*For months, and months, and months.*" It told of a number of disasters; how the singer had taken a girl to skate, and how she had fallen so badly that she would not be able to sit down comfortably again "for months, and months, and months," and so on. Everyone was as pleased as could be, and the children sang it with gusto.

Our young man asked the singer if he had heard of the aspersion on two of his fellow-niggers' good taste. He said that he had. It was a crying shame. He had been singing comic songs for twenty years, and never before had he been attacked. No one loved and honoured children more than he; he had children of his own, and he therefore surely ought to know what they should like and should not like.

Our young man agreed.

"What songs do you want us to sing?" the ebony cantillator continued. "We get all the best comics as soon as they're out. All GEORGE ROBEY'S. All T. E. DUNVILLE'S. We never spare any expense, and the papers come along and attack us like that. It's a shame, that's what it is. Fathers of families as we are, too. But I must get back to work now," he added, and at once joined his company in order to take the solo part in "*Archibald, certainly not!*"

Mr. Punch, left to come to a decision on the question, is inclined to the opinion that niggers will be niggers and that children fortunately don't understand all they hear.

In some professions the difficulty of making a correct return of one's income is more acute than in others. The losses in the burglary at the Shepherd's Bush Exhibition, for instance, are estimated at £3,000 by *The Daily Mail*, £2,000 by *The Daily Mirror*, and £1,000 by *The Daily Chronicle*, and the thief is already writing to the collector of taxes asking him if he will accept the lowest estimate.

THE EVENT OF THE DAY.

WHAT time is your breakfast? To all those who have not yet taken their holidays and are looking out for a happy and bracing health-resort, this question is of vital importance. There may be little or no sunshine outside the house this year, but, thank goodness, wherever you are, *The Daily Mail* can be a source of light and warmth to you every morning as you eat your eggs and bacon. But suppose you are an early riser and select a spa where *The Daily Mail* is not shot till 12.30 P.M. Think of the lingering agony between breakfast and lunch. Worse still, if you get up at 11.30 in a place that has battened on *The Daily Mail* since 6 A.M. and realise that many of your neighbours have stolen a march upon you. For the convenience of tourists, therefore, we have prepared a handy guide to the beauty spots of Great Britain, on the lines indicated below:—

Breakfast.	*Daily Mail* arrives.	
Early	6.1	Afonwen.
Medium	8.15	Fritton-on-Sea.
Late to sluggish	11.5	Marazion.
Brunch	12.55	St. Just in Roseland.

After carefully studying the table of which this is an excerpt, holiday-makers will have no excuse for spending a morning soured by fretful anticipation, or an afternoon embittered by regret for lost opportunity.

OUR SILLY SEASON CORRESPONDENCE.

THE NEW COINAGE.

To the Editor of "Punch."

DEAR SIR,—I desire to put before the public my views on the reverse side of the penny. The warlike—I might go so far as to say the hectoring, truculent attitude of Britannia as there depicted is surely calculated to give offence to another Friendly Power. In these days of mutual good-will the trident and the shield can only be regarded as a barbarous anachronism. I trust that they will disappear in the new issue and we shall find Britannia surrounded by the arts of Peace. I would suggest that on those coins which bear the date of 1910 an umbrella might be substituted for the trident.

I am, yours, etc., PAX.

DEAR SIR,—If you had spent as much time as I have grubbing about on the tiled floor of the Bank for sovereigns that have run between people's legs, you would recognise, as I do, the absurdity of fashioning coins in the form of a mere wheel. Only the other day I had to chase half-a-quid



Irate Farmer (who has suffered considerable damage through being run into by motorist). "It's not a bit o' good your tryin' to hide like that. Here comes our pleeceman, and he'll *easily* be able to see yer!"

down the steps of the Bank and under the tyres of a motor bus. Now, if coins were square, triangular, or even knobbly at the edges, they would at least stop where they fall. There might, it is true, be some complaints from parsimonious persons that a sovereign did not go so far as it used to do.

I am, yours, etc.,
COMMISSIONAIRE.

DEAR SIR,—I am looking forward to the issue of the new coins with the liveliest interest. Already there are many curious aspects of our currency which are often overlooked. Are you aware, Sir, that it is impossible to put two three-penny bits on the face of a half-crown without their overlapping at the edge? How many pennies do you think one would have to pile one above another to make a column as high as a single penny set on edge? *Nineteen*, Sir. People generally guess about six or eight. Can you find the elephant's trunk on the Jubilee shilling? And have you ever tried on a billiard table. . . .

(This letter must now cease.—ED.).

DEAR SIR,—If the Government could see their way to call in all three-penny bits, so that sixpence would be the smallest silver coin, I am convinced that we should soon be able, by means of church collections, to wipe out the debt which still hangs over our new organ. I am, yours, etc.,

OPEN PLATE.

DEAR SIR,—Let us have no tampering with the penny. A moment's reflection will show that the gravest distress would be caused throughout the country by any interference with the vast volume of trade which is daily carried on by the swift and secret slot system. I am not one of those who believe that if the size of the penny were altered florins would be used to any marked degree in their place. I am, yours, etc.,

SHAREHOLDER IN
AUTOMATIC SWEETMEAT CO.

DEAR SIR,—In connection with the issue of the new coinage, may I make a very earnest appeal through your columns to those with whom the decision rests? The alteration which I suggest is a very slight one, but it would bring about a revolution in the morals of the masses by removing from them a temptation which continually besets them. Let as have both sides of the coin exactly a'ike.

I am, yours, etc.,
ANTI-GAMBLER.

"I know that my numerous friends of the National Service League will tell me that this system is insufficient, and that we must have at least three or four months' consecutive training, but if you cannot get to the moon, surely it is best to arrive at some minor planet which is on the road to the land of your desires."—*Daily Express.*

The difficulty is that you have to go so much further besides faring wor.e.

The Times on Hops:—

"Many growers have been washing during the past week, but our correspondent doubts whether their efforts have been attended with success."

It is the pickers who seem to want it most.

The German KAISER has once more declared himself to be the "Instrument" of Heaven. Yes, but what instrument? The trumpet or the triangle?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Veronica Hewson is one of the most human and understandable heroines that I have met for some time. The book in which she moves is *Kinsmen's Clay* (METHUEN), where you find her, at the beginning, a romantic child, living with her aunt, the housekeeper at an always empty great house in Ireland. You hear also that *Veronica's* father is reported to be "doing well" in soap. That brings the curtain down on the prologue; when it rises again, the father has already done so well as to be rich beyond the dreams of reasonable avarice, and *Veronica* herself is hesitating between the offers of a soiled duke and a hypochondriac earl. This is my one complaint against Miss MARY CROSBIE, whose novel has given me a great deal of pleasure — that I should like to have been told rather more of *Veronica* in her intermediate stages. She decides on the earl—hypochondria, eucalyptus and all; and, having married him, promptly discovers her real love for someone else. The scenes between these two seemed to me quite exquisitely written; full of real feeling and depth, without ever being melodramatic. Unfortunately the Destined Lover was quite obvious from a very early page in the book; and I could not help feeling that, had *Veronica* seen things as clearly as I did, she might have saved herself a lot of worry. But, after all, poor *Lord Steynham* dies at last, and thus allows *Veronica* to marry the object of her second thoughts, and a delightful tale to reach its expected ending.



Mountaineering Britisher. "SO YOU LOST YOUR PARTNER HERE LAST YEAR—RATHER SAD. HOW DID HE MANAGE IT?"

Adirondack Guide. "WELL, Y'SEE, I WUZN'T LOOKUN' M'SELF AT THE TIME. *I GUESS HE DIDN'T TAKE PAINS!*"

The Philippine Isle of the musical play
Is Lotusland. Damsels are singing
(Or dancing), and down in the languorous bay
A cruiser arrives; she is bringing
The party of English we saw in Act I.
And a breezy lieutenant (with solo).
All is Peace without stint. There's no ghost of a hint
Of that bogey, *The Law of the Bolo.*

To learn about this you must go to the book
By HYATT, a far-roving mortal,
Who early in childhood was offered and took
Two names: *i.e.*, STANLEY and PORTAL;
And later in life at Manila he found
That the native, when laying his foe low,
Relied on the aid of a sinister blade,
Some two feet in length, called the bolo.

In the yarn there's a strongly political trend,
Though I doubt if you 'll quite understand it,
But you 're certain to like *Captain Hayle* and his friend,
Felizardo, the chivalrous bandit.
The book (WERNER LAURIE: six shillings) has vim
And the public, I think, on the whole, owe
No little enjoyment to HYATT's employment
In writing *The Law of the Bolo.*

Mr. H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON has the gift of writing improbable romance in a most plausible manner, and what matter if the story told be past belief provided the telling of it never fails to entertain? There is much that is old-fashioned in *Alise of Astra* (METHUEN); the small European State with political indigestion, its brave and beautiful Princess simply asking to be conquered by love, and the hard-headed, silent diplomat, who never does a wrong thing. There is, however, this novelty in it, that the splendid and inevitable Englishman, who intervenes, observes a strict neutrality, or rather a scrupulously bilateral and evenly divided partisanship, helping both sides, getting suspected, captured and very nearly shot for a spy by both sides, and, in the final event, putting both sides gloriously in the right. After that bold enterprise *Sir Philip Temple* is surely entitled to a restful end, the conventional destiny of loving and, one may suppose, marrying the beautiful Princess. But do not let me appear to scoff at the book. With all its improbability and antiquity of design it is justified, as the publishers announce, by its wars and rumours of wars, its mystery and its passionate love tale. Not only are these things there; they are there in a prodigal and luscious abundance. For Mr. MARRIOTT WATSON, I repeat with ungrudging gratitude, has the gift.

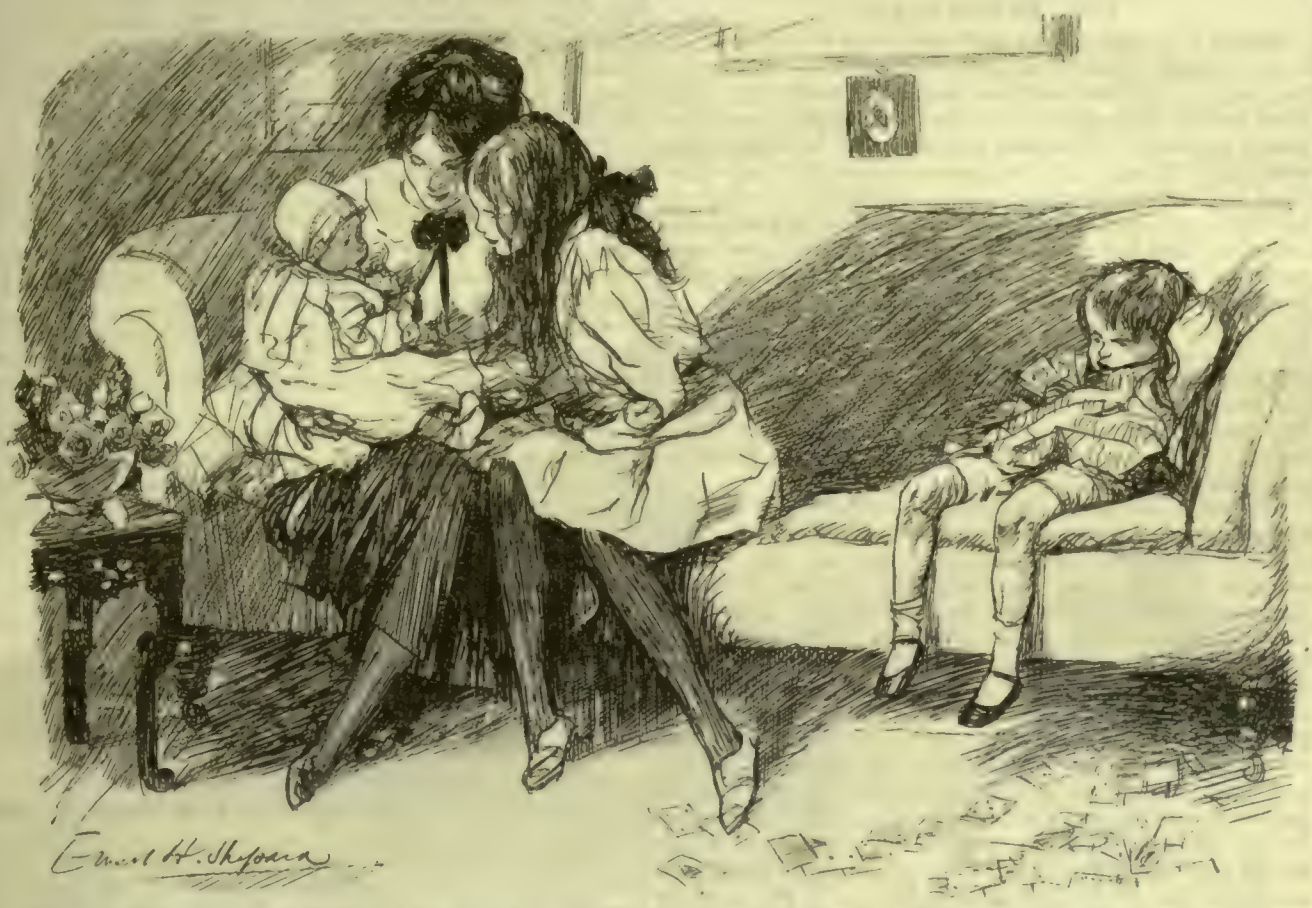
"Literary Aspirants.—Well-known Author undertakes to personally give advice and criticise aspirants' work."—*Advt. in "Daily News."*

Our immortal work on The Split Infinitive we shall not submit for criticism.

From *The Russian Road to China:*

"In the first booth a string of kettles hangs down, and knives, spoons, candlesticks and hammers are suspended so as to catch the eye."

An inhospitable trick to play upon strangers.



Inveterate Young Gambler. "ROTTEN NAME TO GIVE A BABY—PATIENCE—*I* THINK. MUCH BETTER CALL IT SNAP OR OLD MAID."

CHARIVARIA.

So much romance has been written about the arrest of two alleged spies in Germany that there was some excuse for the printer who placed the incident in the island of Bunkum.

* * *

Sir JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE has been eulogising the Fried Fish Shop. One great advantage is that even a blind man can find it if he wants it.

* * *

It is with pleasure that we note a distinct movement in favour of cleanliness and tidiness among our burglars. Many of them now wear gloves, and the other day at Birmingham some housebreakers who had tried unsuccessfully to open a safe washed it, before leaving, to remove their finger-marks.

* * *

No society sanctum in Washington, a contemporary tells us, is now complete unless it contains an image of BUDDHA. The new name for a room furnished in this style is a Buddhoir.

* * *

The most up-to-date seaside picture postcards have, we hear, the words, "Still raining," printed on them, to save the correspondent unnecessary trouble.

* * *

A propos of the wet weather a correspondent suggests that much inconvenience would be obviated if we were to be allowed to dispense with clothing. One's skin, anyhow, is waterproof.

* * *

Fourteen breakfasts stolen from workmen employed at Messrs. HARLAND AND WOLFF'S shipbuilding yards were, last week, found on one THOMAS REES, and he was sentenced to three months' hard labour. This should more than cover the period of assimilation.

* * *

During this slack season on the Stock Exchange they seem to have revived the old game of Buried Treasure, if one may believe the following headlines from *The Daily Mail*:—

CHAT ON CHANGE
THE LOW LEVEL OF CONSOLS
UNDERGROUND PROGRESS.

* * *

People are still grumbling about the Land Tax schedules, and not a few angry persons, according to a contemporary, are returning blank forms. The accompanying message, we presume, is:—"I return your —— form."

FATHER AND SON.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I see the Pater has been writing to *The Times* growling because the Government have sent him an examination paper and only given him thirty days to answer the questions! And yet he growls at me because I can't do a beastly paper much worse than his and only three hours allowed! And he 's allowed to refer to books, or get tips from his solicitor, while I mayn't consult the boy next to me, or even have a note or two on my shirtcuff. It 's no use *me* writing to *The Times*, which is chiefly read by people like the Pater; so I write to *Punch* instead.

Yours disgustedly, J. B., JUN.

"Was Longfellow in England or America when he remarked: 'The rain it raineth every day?'"—*Bradford Daily Argus.*

We don't know. It 's just as easy to quote SHAKSPEARE in one country as in the other.

THE ELDEST SON.

WHEN I arrived in the day-nursery at 6.15 P.M. I was a mere casual intruder, knowing nothing of the glories that awaited me. To be sure there had been during the afternoon certain hints which the observant might have interpreted correctly. Florence (aged eleven) had more than once said "Hush" in a mysterious tone; Gertrude (aged nine) had had several giggling fits in a corner, from which she had been extracted flushed and breathless, but resolutely secretive; and Maud (aged seven) had turned a good many sudden somersaults on the floor or on the lawn, that being her method of expressing uncontrollable excitement. At the moment, however, these portents had not struck me. All I noticed was that at six o'clock the lower regions of the house were uncommonly quiet, and I went upstairs and into the nursery to discover what had happened to its tumultuous population. Without the least warning I found myself plunged into the midst of a theatrical performance.

The room had been divided by a large screen which—somewhat imperfectly—represented a curtain. In front of this the audience, consisting of all the female servants of the house, was ranged on chairs. Behind it the actors were preparing for the Second Act. I gathered, not from the attitude of the audience, which was one of resignation rather than of hilarity, but from what the Queen herself told me, that the First Act had consisted of a banquet and a revelry to celebrate the home-coming of the Queen's eldest son, who had been to the wars and might now be expected to arrive at any moment. He had not, however, arrived in time for the First Act, but the festivities had not been in the least impaired by his absence, Prince John in particular having consumed a whole ox, served with French beans, roasted potatoes, and vegetable marrow, while the Lady Lavinia had held the company enthralled by the delicacy of her wit. The Queen, I ought perhaps to add, was Florence, robed majestically in a bedspread of variegated colours, and having her head bound round with a band of yellow-and-black silk which was always coming off. The Lady Lavinia was acted by Gertrude in a gauzy silvery dress with a pair of wings (the remains of a Christmas entertainment), while the important part of Prince John found a minute but brilliant representative in Maud, who wore with great courage a white sweater, a pair of quasi-Turkish knickerbockers, gaudy Roman stockings, and a green knitted cap. I was informed that the date of the play was "Once upon a Time," as, indeed, the dresses sufficiently indicated. The programme, neatly written by Gertrude, promised the following entertainment:—

A Fairy Play,
Dances,
Drammatik Event,
The Queen's Farewell to her Ladies.

The play itself, however, appeared to possess a power of internal development which made the programme quite irrelevant and useless, except to the servants, who never failed to consult it with great solemnity as the action proceeded.

All was now ready for the Second and, as it proved, the final Act.

"Let the curtain now go up," said the Queen, the screen being accordingly removed by the nurse, who then promptly resumed her place in the front row of the stalls. The Queen was thereupon revealed sitting on her chintz-covered throne, with the Lady Lavinia standing airily beside her, and Prince John sitting at her feet in an attitude expressive of devotion.

"There ought to be a crash of martial music," continued the Queen, "but the musical box won't work properly. You must imagine it. (*Aside*) Gerty, give the old box another turn and shake it." This having been done, the box at last consented to wheeze out "The Blue Bells of Scotland," and the Queen proceeded.

"Prince John," she said, "will now tread a measure. Bother this silk band; it's coming off again. Quick, Prince John, show your paces, as you used to in the happy days of twenty years ago. The Lady Lavinia will be your partner. I will watch you and think of my unhappy lot. Do put your shoes on, Gerty, or we shall never get started. What ho! Let there be revelry."

She then composed herself on her throne, and Prince John, assisted by the Lady Lavinia, trod a measure, while the musical box drifted on and on with the "Blue Bells."

A dreadful event then took place. It appeared that whilst all this was going on the Queen's eldest son—though no information of this had been given to the audience—was engaged in fighting desperately without. As soon therefore as the dance came to an end the following dialogue took place:—

The Queen. Go, Prince John, and learn how my eldest son is getting on, for he is fighting his best against many foes.

Prince John. I will, your Majesty. Your hair 's coming down again.

[*Exit hurriedly through the door while the Queen adjusts her hair.*

The Queen. I am afraid they will defeat him.

Prince John (*re-enters jauntily*). Your Majesty's eldest son has just been killed.

The Queen thereupon gave a loud yell and fainted on the floor, and desperate attempts were made to revive her by means of brandy administered from a clothes-brush by Prince John. This proving ineffectual, the Prince and the Lady Lavinia blew very hard on every part of the Queen's face, who then raised herself into a sitting posture and ordered Lady Lavinia to go to the window and gather further details. Lady Lavinia accordingly danced lightly to the window, gazed through it into the sky, and declared in a perfectly matter-of-fact tone that the eldest son was alive. "It was the other one," she added, leaving us to infer that some other son had, in fact, succumbed. All was now rejoicing, and so remained until the Queen, still struggling with her hair-band, commanded Lady Lavinia to tell her what that noise was.

Lady Lavinia. Your Majesty, it is a gun.

The Queen. What is it doing?

Lady L. It 's shooting, your Majesty.

The Queen. Is it shooting at a far distant country, or at this lonely old castle?

Lady L. At this castle, your Majesty.

Prince John (*with decision*). Then I 'm off.

[*Exit accordingly.*

Apparently overcome by this cruel desertion the Queen then declared the drama at an end, the screen was ceremoniously replaced, and we never set eyes on the eldest son after all.

"If the Block is the head-royal, the increased cost of living is Britannia on official India's current coin that is not. Anglo-India is as well aware as England is ignorant of the meaning of this well established phrase."—*The Pioneer.*

Speaking for England (if we may every now and then) we admit our ignorance, while recording our admiration, of the phrase.



THE TRUE ECONOMY.

John Bull (*on the Territorials*). "FINE SERVICE, WHAT? PITY THEY 'RE SHORT OF MEN."

F.-M. Punch. "YES, MY FRIEND, AND IF YOU WANT YOUR VOLUNTARY SYSTEM TO GO ON YOU 'LL HAVE TO PUT YOUR HANDS A BIT DEEPER INTO YOUR POCKETS. YOU 'LL FIND IT CHEAPER IN THE END."



The Picture of Misery. "YUS, LIDY, THERE WAS A TIME W'EN I 'AD MONEY TO BURN, AN' WHERE I MADE THE MISTAKE WAS W'EN I DID BURN IT."

The Old Party. "AND PRAY WHAT DID YOU BURN IT WITH?"

The Picture of Misery. "WIV AN OLE FLAME O' MINE."

THE RIGHT TO DRIVEL.

[A leading article in *The Times* has defended the customary silly season correspondence on general topics as embodying the Socratic system of philosophic inquiry.]

NOTING how simple may seem to a Balham eye
Problems that dons have decided to shelve,
Shall I complain of your critical *calami*,
"Householder," "Englishman," "Mother of Twelve"?

Now, when the newspapers roll us so dry a log,
Shall I be bored by your amateur quills?
Or shall I muse on that master of dialogue
Famed for arousing his Athens to thrills?

He, had he lived with us, he whom the Agora
Daily supplied with conundrums to guess,
He would have startled the swoon of mandragora,
Poppies of autumn that brood on our Press.

Joining in earnest affray with some witty ass
(Women, *e.g.*, do they understand men?
What do you think of it, Glaucon or Critias?)
Ah, how *The Mail* would have pined for his pen!

Yes; but if sheets like *The Times* (or *The Chronicle*)
Serve us in lieu of a Socrates now,
Publishing letters profoundly ironical,
Probing the Truth with a pertinent "How?"—

Let them be thankful that England is merciful
Even to writers of absolute rot,
Papers that harbour the output of "Percival"
(Writing from Peckham), for Athens was not.

Tired though we be of epistles by "Curious,"
No one can stifle the prints where they bloom,
Sending a tankard of highly injurious
Hemlock around to the Editor's room. EVOE.

Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte.

"In the active treatment of corns a hot foot-path is the first step."
Preston Guardian.

Perhaps you wouldn't want any steps after that first one.

"England N.W. and North Wales—Southerly to Westerly and North-Westerly Breezes, Fresh at Times Locally: Unsettled: Some Rain: Thunder in places, Fair or Fine Intervals: Local-Coast Mist or Fog: Cool: Close."—*Meteorological Office Report.*

Everything, in fact, except earthquakes. Of course it *would* be rather awkward if there were an earthquake, but you *must* take risks.

HOLIDAY TIME.

III.—A DAY ASHORE.

"WELL, which is it to be?" asked Archie.

"Just whichever you like," said Dahlia, "only make up your minds."

"Well, I can do you a very good line in either. I've got a lot of sea in the front of the house, and there's the *Armadillo* straining at the leash; and I've had some land put down at the back of the house, and there's the Silent-Knight eating her carburettor off in the kennels."

"Oh, what can ail thee, Silent-Knight, alone and palely loitering?" asked Simpson. "KEATS," he added kindly.

"Ass (SHAKSPEARE)," I said.

"Of course, if we sailed," Simpson went on eagerly, "and we got becalmed again, I could teach you chaps signalling."

Archie looked from one to the other of us.

"I think that settles it," he said, and went off to see about the motor.

* * * *

"Little Chagford," said Archie, as he slowed down. "Where are we going to, by the way?"

"I thought we'd just go on until we found a nice place for lunch."

"And then on again till we found a nice place for tea," added Myra.

"And so home to dinner," I concluded.

"Speaking for myself——" began Simpson.

"Oh, go on."

"I should like to see a church where KATHARINE OF ARAGON or somebody was buried."

"Samuel's morbid craving for sensation——"

"Wait till we get back to London, and I'll take you to Madame Tussaud's, Mr. Simpson."

"Well, I think he's quite right," said Dahlia. "There *is* an old Norman church, I believe, and we ought to go and see it. The Philistines needn't come in if they don't want to."

"Philistines!" I said indignantly. "Well, I'm——"

"Agagged," suggested Archie. "Oh no, he was an Amalekite."

"You've lived in the same country as this famous old Norman church for years and years and years, and you care so little about it that you've never been to see it and aren't sure whether it was KATHARINE OF ARAGON or Alice-for-short who was buried here, and now that you *have* come across it by accident you want to drive up to it in a brand-new 1910 motor car, with Simpson in his 1910 gents' fancy vest knocking out the ashes of his pipe against the lych-gate as he goes in . . . And that's what it is to be one of the elect!"

"Little Chagford's noted back-chat comedians," commented Archie. "Your turn, Dahlia."

"There was once a Prince who was walking in a forest near his castle one day—that's how all the nice stories begin—and he suddenly came across a beautiful maiden, and he said to himself, 'I've lived here for years and years and years, and I've never seen her before, and I'm not sure whether her name is Katharine or Alice, or where her uncle was buried, and I've got a new surcoat on which doesn't match her wimple at all, so let's leave her and go home to lunch. . . . And *that's* what it is to be one of the elect!"

"Don't go on too long," said Archie. "There are the performing seals to come after you."

I jumped out of the car and joined her in the road.

"Dahlia, I apologise," I said. "You are quite right. We will visit this little church together, and see who was buried there."

Myra looked up from the book she had been studying, *Jovial Jaunts Round Jibmouth*.

"There isn't a church at Little Chagford," she said. "At least there wasn't two years ago, when this book was published. So that looks as though it can't be *very* early Norman."

"Then let's go on," said Archie, after a deep silence.

We found a most delightful little spot (which wasn't famous for anything) for lunch, and had the baskets out of the car in no time.

"Now are you going to help get things ready," asked Myra, "or are you going to take advantage of your sex and watch Dahlia and me do all the work?"

"I thought women always liked to keep the food jobs for themselves," I said. "I know I'm never allowed in the kitchen at home. Besides, I've got more important work to do—I'm going to make the fire."

"What fire?"

"You can't really lead the simple life and feel at home with Nature until you have laid a fire of twigs and branches, rubbed two sticks together to procure a flame, and placed in the ashes the pemmican or whatever it is that falls to your rifle."

"Well, I did go out to look for pemmican this morning, but there were none rising."

"Then I shall have my ham sandwich hot."

"Bread, butter, cheese, eggs, sandwiches, fruit," catalogued Dahlia, as she took them out; "what else do you want?"

"I'm waiting here for cake," I said.

"Bother, I forgot the cake."

"Look here, this picnic isn't going with the swing that one had looked for. No pemmican, no cake, no early Norman church. We might almost as well be back in the Cromwell Road."

"Does your whole happiness depend on cake?" asked Myra scornfully.

"Very nearly. Very nearly indeed. Archie," I called out, "there's no cake."

Archie stopped patting the car and came over to us. "Good. Let's begin," he said; "I'm hungry."

"You didn't hear. I said there *wasn't* any cake—on the contrary, there is an entire absence of it, a shortage, a vacuum, not to say a lacuna. In the place where it should be there is an aching void or mere hard-boiled eggs or something of that sort. I say, doesn't *anybody* mind, except me?"

Apparently nobody did, so that it was useless to think of sending Archie back for it. Instead, I did a little wrist-work with the corkscrew. . . .

"Now," said Archie, after lunch, "before you all go off with your butterfly nets, I'd better say that we shall be moving on at half-past three about. That is, unless one of you has discovered the slot of a Large Cabbage White just about then, and is following up the trail very keenly."

"I know what I'm going to do," I said, "if the flies will let me alone."

"Tell me quickly before I guess," begged Myra.

"I'm going to lie on my back and think about Simpson."

"Well, wake up by half-past three, that's all."

"Are you sure," asked Simpson, "that you wouldn't like me to show you that signalling now?"

I closed my eyes. You know, I wonder sometimes what it is that makes a picnic so pleasant. Because all the important things, the eating and the sleeping, one can do anywhere.

A. A. M.

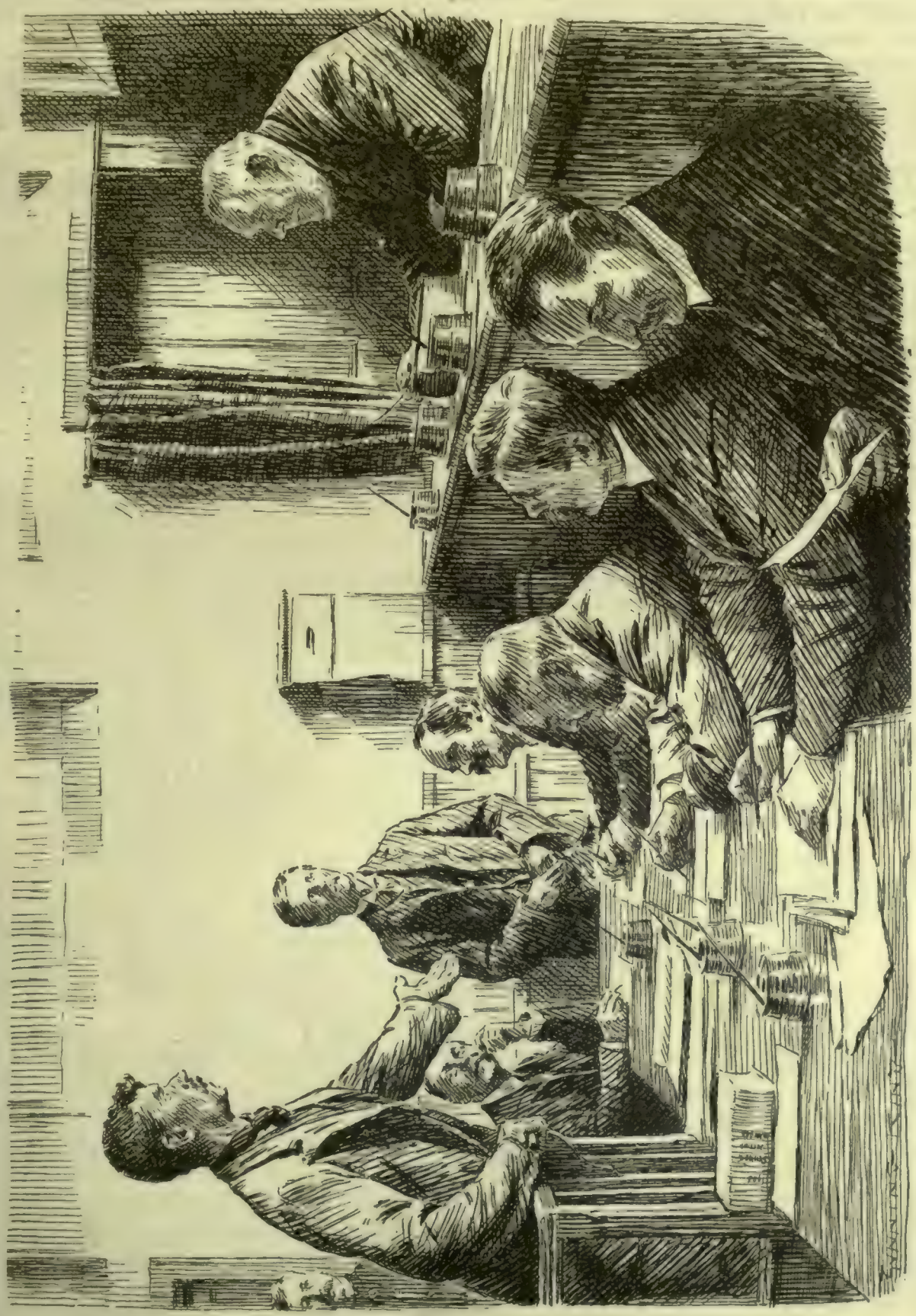
"Teeth; beautiful sets, 10*s.* 6*d.*; evenings only."—*Advt. in "Glasgow Evening Citizen."*

This seems inadequate; you might want to wear them for a matinée.

"Accumulator Hand wanted; used to assembling best class portables."—*Advt. in "Daily Chronicle."*

If they want a burglar they should say so.

"Hindhead Beauty Spots," says a contemporary. The best place is to have them on the forehead or somewhere where they can be seen.



Magistrate. "NOW, IF YOU TWO MEN HAD HAD ANY COMMON SENSE YOU WOULD HAVE SETTLED THIS MATTER OUT OF COURT."

Defendant. "JUST WHAT I WANTED TO DO, YOUR WORSHIP, BUT THE BLIGHTER WOULDN'T FIGHT."

ENGLAND FOR THE ENGLISH.

TO THE EDITOR OF "PUNCH."

SIR,—Superintending as you do, with your traditional perspicacity, the processes involved in the manufacture of History, you cannot have failed to notice the Manifesto recently issued by the group of Caledonian gentlemen who style themselves "The Committee to Promote National Self-Government for Scotland." But, engrossed as you are in guiding the trend of more fundamental issues, you may have omitted to put to yourself, as I and doubtless many other Englishmen have done, the joyous interrogation which that Manifesto carries in its wake.

My pen trembles. Seldom have I taken that instrument in hand with a weightier sense of the importance of the occasion. The temporary weakness is excusable. I am no Stoic, no stern-faced Gael or unresponsive Celt, but a Saxon, with all the emotional weakness of his race.

If I am capable of drawing a logical inference from a given proposition (and I have hinted, Sir, that I am English), I venture to say that we seem to be approaching a time—I hope I am not unduly optimistic—when this country will be left entirely in the possession of those who own it by right of national title. If this be not the case, what other conclusion can we draw from all these symptoms of Gaelic nostalgia, these outbreaks of Celtic Zionism, these homesick yearnings of the tribes who have so long made our laws, stampeded our Parliamentary division lobbies, and robbed our poultry dormitories?

Is Ireland about to secede? Well! well! Erin-go-Bragh! Let them see that the process of government is properly carried on under Queensberry rules. And must Wales follow her? Tut, tut! but—Cymru am Byth! They were ever a cantankerous lot. But Scotland, Sir, *Scotland!* What! relax the age-old grip on the fleshpots of England? renounce the Southern right of way so hardily won at Bannockburn? restore to the Saxon his privileges of place and power? Sir, hoping with all my heart that it may be so, I scarcely dare to believe it. England Scot-free! England de-Picted again as in the frescoes of HADRIAN'S Villa! Beats there the true English heart that can contain itself on hearing this glad news?

It behoves us, however, to be cautious. The resources of Gaelic humour are infinite, and I vaguely fear that Mr. MUNRO-FERGUSON and his fellow-committeemen are attempting to pull the Saxon's leg. Political manifestoes issued during the dog-days sometimes have a certain savour of fishiness. Have you lately noticed an odour, a passing reek—dear, dear, there it goes again!—of red herring?

I am, Sir, Yours, etc.,
AN ENGLISH HOME-RULER.

THE COMPLETE LAND TAXER.

(*A Guide to the Duties of a Citizen.*)

To assist owners of land who may be confused by the returns for Duties on Land Values demanded by the Commissioners of Inland Revenue the following notes have been compiled, giving more complete information, especially as regards the penalties, than the meagre "Instructions" only covering two pages of foolscap.

It is well first to define "land," which the Commissioners describe as an "expression." By ignorant persons it is thought to be solid earth. For the purposes of the Duties on Land Values—see Instruction 199 (viii), (x) (y) (z), 27, 385, Paragraph 95 (k) (xxxvi)—it also appears to include buildings which are not structures and buildings which are not buildings, likewise caravans, tents, aeroplanes, trees, shrubs, weeds, cows, pigs, poultry, rats, mice, snails, slugs, birds and butterflies thereon, and all minerals, brickbats, potatoes, broken bottles, flint implements, chalybeate springs, treasure trove and earthworms on, in or under the surface. For further particulars of the component parts of "land" see Instruction 73, 948 B. Part 369, Sections 51, Air; 52, Fire, and 53, Water.

Having thus a clear idea of the nature of "land," the next duty of the owner is to read all the instructions, with the Notes, Sub-notes, Marginal References, Parenthetical Alternatives and Appendices. Penalty for not understanding all of them, £50. By devoting sixteen hours a day, with the assistance of a solicitor, licensed valuer, licensed victualler, thought-reader and puzzle-editor of any periodical, these Instructions could be mastered in four weeks, leaving two days for answering the questions. Penalty for not answering them, £50.

Before entering on these solemn duties of citizenship, the landowner should practise on a small subject, such as his dog-kennel, which is a structure and therefore "land," for which a separate form must be filled up. He must give his own name. Penalty for any confused owner writing "Not known" in this space, £50. He must also carefully state the Name of the Parish, of the Occupier ("Spot" or "Jack," as the case may be), the Description of the Land, the Extent of it (say, one square yard—no perches), the Amounts of Rent, Land Tax, Tithe, Improvement Rate, Repairs and Insurance; whether there are Public Rights of Way through the Dog-kennel; if allowed by tenant; or Public Rights of User of it, or Rights of Common over it, giving full particulars in every case in the space of a single line two inches long (penalty for going beyond this space, £50), and also the Particulars of the last Sale of it.

At this point there is a sort of breathing-space, with a blank for "Observations." They are probably best indicated by a blank, though a dash might be allowed. There is then a space for the name and address of any person to whom the landowner might desire similar interesting communications to be sent. Obviously someone against whom he has a grudge. Perhaps "Lloyd George, Wales" would do. Penalty for writing "Old Nick" or any similar name in this space, £50. Finally, he must state whether the minerals, brickbats, bones, etc., under the Dog-kennel are comprised in a mining lease, or worked by the proprietor, or scratched up by the tenant.

He need not even stop then, for he can go on to give Additional Particulars "if desired," as clearly set forth in Instruction 121 (MCC) (i), (o), (u), and Instruction 926, 731 (cc), (o), (i), (c). Penalty for giving the particulars, if not desired, £50. Penalty for desiring to give but not giving them, £50.

When the beginner has mastered this first exercise he will go on to a cow-shed, a motor-garage, an hotel, a gasometer, a swimming-bath, a fish-pond, and other sorts of "land." He will then do well to take a holiday on the sea, which, according to some old-fashioned authorities, is not "land," and give his brain a complete rest.

Finally the advanced student will be able to answer the most abstruse questions, such as:—

(i) What is the full site value of the Bank of England, if divested of the Bank of England, together with all growing timber, fruit trees, fruit bushes and other things growing thereon?

(ii) What would be the full site value of the present garden of the Bank, if occupied by (a) an orange grove, (b) a vineyard, (c) a golf links, (d) two shrubs and six blades of grass, (e) an American sky-scraper, and (f) nothing?

(iii) What was the full site value of the Bank of England on April 1st, 1909?

(iv) What was the full site value in



MR. POPPLEWICK IN SCOTLAND.

[Mr. P., when advocating Scotland for the Autumn, had represented to his wife that she could take up shooting.]

Duncan. "I'M THENKIN' YE'LL CAN SAFELY GET UP, SIR; SHE'S FINISHED THE NOO."

the time of (a) the late Queen ANNE, (b) BOADICEA, (c) NOAH? [For Definition of "Land" entirely covered by water, see Sea (C) (c)].

"Generally the first week in September . . . is one of the finest in the year. It is quite as usual to have a wet opening for September."
Sheffield Daily Telegraph.

You know, he isn't really helping us at all.

"Unless a better system than that introduced by Lancashire can be evolved, the present style of awarding points will, and must, stand. It cannot be bettered." *Bristol Evening News.*

Evolvers seem to have their work cut out.

"At 4.20 Drexel went up for a magnificent performance, sweeping out towards Enniskerry, and rising to 2,000 feet. He was occasionally lost in the clouds.

Drexel's official height was 1,150 feet."
Dublin Evening Mail.

Dull pedants, these officials.

An Echo of "Ouida."

"At Magdalen he captained the school eleven against the pick of Balliol College in a game that won for him a little temporary distinction. The last year of his school term came to an abrupt end. It was hinted in one Australian newspaper that he had lost his fellowship by too boldly declaring certain Agnostic tendencies at a meeting of University professors."
"Daily Telegraph" Feuilleton.

IN THE SOCIAL SWIM.

(With acknowledgments to our Radical contemporaries.)

LORD and Lady Pendragon arrived at Lundy Island in their turbine yacht *Penguin* on Thursday last, after a stormy cruise in the Bristol Channel, and on Friday morning Lady Pendragon opened the new Vegetarian Restaurant. In the afternoon she visited the School of Occult Needlework and gave away the prizes, which consisted of a superb tea-cosy, a dozen re-made golf balls, and a copy of *Whitaker's Almanack* bound in limp lambskin. Lady Pendragon looked lovely in her yachting costume of stamped Japanese satinette draped with some wonderful old point-de-Venise lace. Miss Margie Boodle, who was with Lady Pendragon, is the second cousin of Lady Helmsdale.

Sir Felix Schlumberger, who is staying at Cruden Bay for golf, while playing in a three-ball match with the Grand Duke Raphael and the Countess Katinka Gorky, did the sixteenth hole in sixteen strokes, thereby lowering his own record.

Lord and Lady Witley are staying at the Thistle Arms, Killiecrankie, and have not taken a lease of the Island of Rum, as has been incorrectly stated. It is only right to add that the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Dalmatia stayed at the Thistle Arms Hotel when they visited Killiecrankie a few years back.

Princess Fritzi Baldinsky is among the guests of Mr. Otis Polk, the American millionaire, at his magnificent shooting lodge, Jemimaville, near Cromarty, and the stags that have fallen to her rifle include one weighing, according to Russian measurement, 490 poods.

Lady Vinolia Ditchingham, half-sister of the Duke of Bungay, has left Flaxman House, Chelsea, where she has resided when in town for the last ten years, and her address in future will be 159, Swan Walk. Lady Vinolia is one of the best amateur whistlers in society.

The brilliant and crowded audience at the *première* of *Henry VIII.* included Sir Aubrey and Lady Blond, Sir Moses Schienemann, Lord Kosherville, Sir Felix Carmel, the Chevalier Boguslawsky, Miriam Lady Rondebosch, Mr. and Mrs. Wallaby Dumper and the Lord Mayor of Jaffa.



"GOOD HEAVENS, ETHEL! WHAT THE DOOCE——"
"I'M VERY SORRY, DEAR, I CAN'T HELP IT. YOU DIDN'T PUT THE PEGS IN FIRMLY ENOUGH, AND THEY ALL CAME OUT WHEN I WAS HALF DRESSED, AND MY THINGS BLEW AWAY, SO I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE ME HOME LIKE THIS."

ENGLAND'S HOPE.

[In the annual report of the Meteorological Office it is stated that on only five occasions during the past twelve months was the department tempted to forecast a spell of two days' fine weather. On October 1 the Office is to have a new chief, and at the same time will be moved from its present dingy quarters in Victoria Street to what the papers describe as a "palatial" new building erected in Imperial Institute Road, South Kensington. The following lines of earnest exhortation are addressed to Mr. LEMPFERT, the new Clerk of the Weather.]

SIR, you are called upon to rule a roast
That 's like to prove a tough affair; but still it is
A noble task, and brimful of the most
Glorious possibilities.

Your predecessor did his best, it 's true;
And, if 'twas mostly evil that he prophesied,
What could one have expected him to do
When he his dingy office eyed?

He did his work according to his lights,
But they were far from brilliant; and I guess he missed
The Sun so badly that his days seemed nights,
And he became a pessimist.

No man could hope by methods such as these
To woo the weather-gods, however well he meant;
With tactful flattery he should appease
Each unpropitious element.

You, Sir, with your as yet unblemished slate,
Have no occasion for the least propensity
To dark forebodings, which but aggravate
The atmospheric density.

For you we 've built a palace which a king
Might eye with envy; there we will not suffer you
To lack for aught; the best of everything
Will scarce be good enough for you.

From fleshly cravings thus completely weaned,
Look to it lest your character degenerate;
Be brisk and bright—and have your windows cleaned
Once every month, at any rate.

Then, should the Sun-god chance to pass your way
(You know by now what a capricious god is he),
He 'll look you up, and see what you 've to say
About his latest Odyssey;

And, if your stuff and style do not offend
His fancy, he may be disposed to pleasure ours
And in our grateful company to spend
A portion of his leisure hours.

So give your oracles a cheerful turn;
Whatever doubts you harbour, don't exhibit 'em;
And, if the trick comes off, be sure you 'll earn
Your country's thanks *ad libitum*.

Social and Personal.

The Report that Mr. KEIR HARDIE, M.P., has been appointed "Big-Stick-in-Waiting" is premature.



THE HIGH-FLIER'S RETURN.

THE KAISER-BIRD (*re-entering cage*). "IT 'S ALL RIGHT; I 'M GOING BACK OF MY OWN ACCORD. BUT—(*aside*)—I GOT PRETTY NEAR THE SKY THAT TIME. HAVEN'T HAD SUCH A DAY OUT FOR TWO YEARS!"



SOME MORE STARTLINGLY LIFE-LIKE WAXWORKS OF BRITISH CELEBRITIES FOR THE BRUSSELS EXHIBITION.

ODE TO A "RABBIT."

WHEN, striding boldly to the stumps, you take
"Two leg" or "middle," as the case may be,
It is not yours, my lop-eared friend, to make
The crowd, a-quiver with expectancy,
Remark, "That's him" (or "he").

Yours is a humbler lot: to go in last,
Scratch for some half-a-dozen balls or so,
Then, with the ecstasy of batting past,
To stand bow-legged and let the boundaries go
Serenely through the bow.

Save when, Dame Fortune frowning on the side
And batsmen garnering a goodly bunch,
You bowl (the tenth expedient to be tried)
The sort of stuff that even I could punch
All day, except at lunch.

Full many a time and oft I've heard you say,
Politely smiling as the captain cursed,
You play the best that lies in you to play;
In zeal, at any rate, the peer of HIRST.
Defend us from your worst!

Still, your're a sportsman (let our censure cease).
You do not play because you hope to find
A bubble glory at the popping crease;
Love of the game it is that fills your mind.
Love can be very blind.

From a South African paper:—

"The Standards commenced the second half in brilliant fashion and making tracks for equalise, the play of the opposing forward line was safe guarded by good watchfull back divisions, namely Kalie, F. Charles (captain), and C. M. Arumugam, and the play being betwin G. B. Ward, C. P. Tommy, I. Timothy, and V. C. Harry, little to be desired, wile in this positions Standards did remarkably well and got to the Stars quarter, this young lad Albert, now playing left out with his capital defence droved a good shooting which Moon nicley saved in goal. However C. P. Tommy was on his own play waiting for the ball theire comes the ball after a good save here heads Tommy and resulted 1 goal within 8 yards and been sure for his mark, and this event was soon followed by another one similary organised by the Stars, thus Stars 2 goals, Standards 1 goal. Now the game become to be faster than what it was. However, F. Charles the unselfesh (captain) remarked play up my Lads, we ill reach the Post, and whont be long, Yet the Lads pressed well for all they could, C. P. Tommy with good movement made a splendid dive an ended up a brilliant work by scoring in the end."

Kindness to Animals.

"Remove the sting of a wasp or bee with a watch key, pressing the place with it; then rub the sting with a slice of raw onion, moist tobacco or a damp blue bag."—*Daily Mirror.*

Press gently, dry, dust with boracic powder and return it to the bee (or wasp).

"Her dark eyes narrowed as they swept the breakfast-room. No, he was not there. Nevertheless, she tackled cold veal pie and drank coffee, being all the time wholly unconscious of the stunning blow about to descend on her unwitting head."

For the rest of the veal pie see next week's *Home Circle.*

AT THE PLAY.

"HENRY VIII."

NOBODY can accuse Sir HERBERT TREE this time of having spoilt a good drama by excess of embroidery. *Henry VIII.* is too bad a play for that. It has, of course, its detached passages, full of dignity and pathos, and one great dramatic scene—in the Hall at Blackfriars—but for the rest it is a matter of pageantry and little else. Character and motive, in the persons of King and Cardinal, remain obscure; BUCKINGHAM'S tragedy, coming before we have had time to take any interest in him, leaves us unmoved; and the final scene (happily omitted at His Majesty's) of the christening of baby Elizabeth was the consummation of a courtier rather than a dramatist. Again, any study of HENRY was bound to be imperfect which only shows us a brace of his wives, and gives no hint of that habit of re-marrying which became an obsession with him; though I admit that the introduction of the King in his private box at Westminster Abbey, watching the Coronation of Queen No. 2, does perhaps offer a suggestion that this kind of thing was likely to recur from time to time as a form of operatic entertainment peculiarly adapted to his tastes.

And, since a poor play needs all the accessories that it can get, we must gratefully recognise that in their illustrations of the manners, costumes and architecture of the period, the management has done all of us (not excluding the author) a very true service. Extraordinary pains have been taken over the smallest detail, even down to the lettering, T. C., which figures on the livery of the urchins and other menials in the retinue of the Cardinal. (I am assured that T. C. stands for Thomas, Cardinal, and not for TREE'S Company, nor the Turf Club, nor yet the Tooting Crusaders).

Sir HERBERT, in his crimson robe that trailed half across the wide stage, was a pageant in himself. Freed from the managerial burdens of a first night, he will do himself a finer justice; but already his Cardinal's personality imposes itself. Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH, a splendid figure as QUEEN KATHARINE, gave their full value to her lines, and in the trial scene at Blackfriars (an interior even more impressive and dignified than that of our present Divorce Court) touched a very high level of dramatic force; but she had begun, in the Council Chamber, on rather too loud a note, and once or twice made one think a little of her namesake, the Shrew. To the tedious scene of her final decline from power



Wolsey (Sir HERBERT TREE) to *Thomas Cromwell* (Mr. REGINALD OWEN). "Cromwell, my boy, you have been a good secretary to me. I shall bequeath to you my liveries. You will find the initials T. C. already sewn on them, so you won't need to have them marked again."

and health and happiness the old habit of the irrepressible smile lent a faint note of insincerity. Still, altogether, it was a notable performance.

The most intriguing figure was that of Mr. BOURCHIER'S HENRY VIII. I pass over his home-grown beard, a topic on which the curiosity of the public has been sufficiently tickled in the gossip of the press, and just say



Another Pavlova-Mordkin triumph at the Palace (Wolsey's).

Henry VIII. ... Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER.
Anne Bullen ... Miss LAURA COWIE.

that the realism of his make-up was amazing. His postures, too, were astonishingly in the picture. And if he left us a little in doubt how far his hypocrisy went, and how much weakness of purpose was hidden under his bluff and masterful exterior, that, also, was perhaps part of the game.

Mr. HENRY AINLEY, an obvious choice for the *rôle* of BUCKINGHAM, did not touch me very greatly, in part for the reason, already given, that we have no time to get into sympathy with him. I was glad, for his sake, that he got off so early; and disappointed, for his sake again, to find that he had felt it his duty to remain behind the scenes, in his trappings of woe, so as to assist at the final bow before the curtain.

Miss LAURA COWIE was an extremely pretty and piquante ANNE BULLEN (*sic*, please). I thought she used her glances too freely at her first meeting with the amorous Monarch; but I learn from Sir HERBERT TREE'S instructive little brochure, *Henry VIII. and his Court*, that in real life "she had the beckoning eye."

Finally, to Mr. LOUIS PARKER, Garter King of Pageants, to Mr. PERCY MACQUOID, specialist in antiquities, to Mr. EDWARD GERMAN and his late Majesty King HENRY VIII., who made the music between them, to Mr. JOSEPH HARKER, who did the splendid and very difficult scenery, to Miss MARGARET MORRIS (so called from the gay Morris dance she arranged for the Banquet Scene), and to SIR HERBERT TREE, Moving Spirit and Overseer of All Things, I give my warmest praise and thanks. If I had had to choose between dumb show with their decorative assistance, and all the talk without it, I should not have hesitated to say, "Cut the cackle and come to the pageant!" O. S.

"THE ETERNAL QUESTION."

AT the tense moment in the second scene of the First Act, when *David Rossi* (Hero and Leader of the Socialist Party in the Italian Chamber of Deputies) tells *Donna Roma Volonna* the romantic secret of his birth, I looked down the list of runners in my programme and tried to guess which one of them would turn out to be his missing father. There appeared to be only two actual starters—*Baron Bonelli* (Villain and President of the Council) and *Pope Pius XI.* Out of sheer wilfulness I decided to put my little bit on the Pope . . . and to my surprise Act III., Scene 2, showed that I was right.

I mention this, because it was the only surprise I had during a long and tiring evening at the Garrick. When,



THE LAST STRAW.

Despondent Proprietor of Weighing Machine (as he puts on his only remaining weight). "BLESS ME, IF THIS DON'T LIFT THE OLD LADY I'LL HAVE TO GIVE HER HER MONEY BACK!"

in the first scene, *Roma* announced her intention of revenging herself on *Rossi* by making him fall in love with her and then spurning him ("Within a week he will lie as tamely to my hand as a ripe apple on a wall"), I knew she would end by falling in love with him herself. When *Bruno Rocco* took his seven-year-old son to a mass meeting of Socialists at the Coliseum ("Trust me to take care of him, Sir. He 's the apple of my eye"), I knew that *Little Joseph* would be shot by the soldiers. When, at the trial of *Rossi* for causing a riot, a dagger was left carelessly on the table within reach of the witness *Bruno*, I knew that he would kill somebody with it. He killed himself; and perhaps this *was* a little surprise, for I was by way of marking down *Minghelli*, the Secret Service agent, as the man we should lose. But at moments like this one cannot think of everything—don't let us blame *Bruno*.

But I must tell you more about *Rossi*. First, then, although he was the leader of the Socialist Party, he had never been photographed. (What *are* the Roman ha'penny papers doing?) So when the police wanted him they had no portrait to "despatch to the Governor of every province in the kingdom." Stay! The bust of him which *Donna Roma* had been sculping! "Never!" cries *Roma*, the woman triumphing over the artist, and with one blow of the mallet she breaks it into fragments.

Again, when the wicked Baron says



The Hero and Heroine, after a spirited competition for the privilege of being tried for a murder of which neither is guilty, decide to share the honour. (Prison Governor, deeply touched, takes off his hat.)

David Rossi ... ... MR. VERNON STEEL.
Donna Roma ... ... MISS TITTELL-BRUNE.

Good-bye (or, rather, "Addio") to *Roma* after this, and goes away leaving his cloak behind him (a thing one is always doing), she says to *Rossi*, who has just turned up, "Look—the Baron's cloak. He was here and left it behind him, and it 's the very thing to see you through the streets." So *Rossi* effects a complete disguise by putting it on, and escapes at leisure. But the habit grows on him. When *Roma* is in prison charged with murdering the Baron (he had threatened *Rossi* with a pistol, and *Rossi* had knocked his arm up and the pistol had gone off—I suppose at the wrong end—and killed the Baron), then *Rossi* puts on the cloak of *Father Pifferi*, deceives everybody again, and joins her. So they are condemned (or acquitted—the play stops here, luckily) together.

You guess, perhaps, by now that it is a bad play. Halfway through it *Roma* cried despairingly, "Is there no way out?" and I cried back, "There is; but I 'm in the middle of the row, and it would look rather rude." So I stayed, and pretended that I was at the Follies. Mr. PELISSIER is a very funny man, but he has a powerful rival in Mr. HALL CAINE. M.

COLONIAL ATTRACTIONS.

[The energy with which our Colonies appeal to the Mother Country to exploit them is making us daily more familiar with the resources of the Empire.]

WESTRALIA for husbands!
Three men to every woman.
Assisted passages.
State honeymoons.
Wedding rings under cost.
Three square miles, a kangaroo and a husband.

FIJI for fathers of families.
No dressmakers' bills.
No matinée hats.

CHATHAM ISLAND.
The rich man's refuge.
13,000 miles from LLOYD GEORGE.

ANDAMAN ISLANDS.
No golf links.
The only place in the Empire with this undoubted attraction.
Pure air and language.

UGANDA for sport.
A Zoo at home.
Lions' roars lull you to sleep.
Leopards in the larder.
Buffalo in the back garden.
Gnus in the gneighbourhood.
Don't be nervous, ROOSEVELT and WINSTON have GONE.

Keep cool and go to LABRADOR.
Lowest temperature in the Empire.
100,000 square miles free rinking.
Bring the girl and save money.

Stop shivering and start for BRITISH GUIANA.
Nearest colony to Equator.
Lowest Coal Bills in the Empire.
Wealth and warmth.
Rubber.

NIGERIA for bachelors.
No white women.
No Suffragettes.
Strongly recommended by Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD.

SOMALILAND.
Camel-riding on golden sands.
Why go to Blackpool?
Warm welcome from local religious leaders. (M. Mullah, Sole Advertising Agent.)

FALKLAND ISLANDS.
Farthest South.
A haven of rest.
You cannot get *The Daily Mail* till eight weeks after publication.

FISH FOR ALL.

GREAT DEMONSTRATION.

A MONSTER public meeting was held on Friday at Fishmongers' Hall to promote the Consumption of Cheap Fish. The Chair was taken by Mr. C. B. FRY, who said that they were brought together by a common devotion to a great cause—a crusade on behalf of Cheap Fish—in response to the clarion call of Sir J. CRICHTON-BROWNE. It might be remembered that not so long ago that great hygienist had proclaimed himself a whole-hearted believer in the efficacy of chops. They were proud to welcome him as a convert to and protagonist of the piscivorous propaganda. The task before them was twofold. They must first break down the snobbish cult of expensive fish, notably the salmon, the sole and the turbot, and secondly they must strive to dispel the foolish prejudice which had restricted the consumption of equally nutritive but less fashionable members of the finny tribe, such as skate and conger-eels.

Mr. GLUCKSTEIN, rising in the body of the hall, protested against the personal tone of the Chairman's remarks, but was promptly ruled out of order.

The Chairman having invited suggestions from the audience, Mr. HAROLD BEGBIE said that there was a great deal in the movement that appealed to him, especially the dethronement of the salmon (*renewed protests from* Mr. GLUCKSTEIN), that emblem of sybaritic plutocracy, from its pride of place. Further, as a convinced democrat he wished to register his protest against the continued use of the phrase, "Silly kipper." Kippers were not silly. They were the wholesome food of the poor but honest artisan, who, again, was the backbone of the nation.

Mr. BRAM STOKER said that it was impossible to write stories about Vampires on a fish diet. He had tried it when he was engaged on *Dracula*, but was obliged to return instanter to a carnivorous regimen. (*Cries of "Shame."*) Professional contortionists, he added irrelevantly, were partial to a diet of eels. (*Interruption.*)

Mr. FRANK T. BULLEN said that he wished to put in a plea on behalf of the whale. The extermination of whales was going on fast enough already without resort to whale meat as an article of diet. He begged to move that this massive and magnificent monster should be regarded as an historical monument and excluded from the list of fish recommended for wholesale consumption by the proletariate. (*Cheers.*)

Sir FREDERICK POLLOCK here favoured the meeting with a fine rendering of "*Caller Herrin'*," accompanied on the *tromba marina* by Sir DAVID GILL.

Mr. PIKE PEASE cordially endorsed Sir J. CRICHTON-BROWNE's eulogy of fried fish shops; but they wanted a great Ichthyophagic Restaurant to serve as the central rendezvous of the movement, where meals should be conducted to the sound of sea trumpets in sight of a magnificent aquarium, and where lectures should be delivered by expert pisciculturists all day long. Why should vegetarians monopolise all the occult and esoteric creeds? Let the Ichthyophagists show that they also could swim in the mid-stream of transcendental mysticism.

LA LOIE FULLER, who desired to associate herself with the humane remarks which had fallen from Mr. BULLEN, expressed a hope that a similar immunity would be extended to the sea serpent. LA LOIE FULLER added with much energy that it was quite untrue that she had ever thought of introducing a dance called the Conger Reel.

Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE entirely agreed with the last speaker. Their enthusiasm for fish food should be tempered with discrimination. The fact that sharks occasionally devoured men was no reason why men should eat sharks. He appealed to his brother-novelists to take up the cause. The consumption of cod had been enormously increased by Mr. KIPLING's *Captains Courageous*. Why could not Sir ARTHUR QUILLER COUCH render a similar service to the Cornish pilchard, or Mr. HALL CAINE to the Manx Cat-fish? They had all of them enjoyed reading *The Sorrows of Satan*. He suggested as a suitable pendant *The Delights of the Devil Fish*.

Miss DAISY BUCKTROUT was then escorted to the platform by Mr. GEORGE HADDOCK, and played a transcription of SCHUBERT's *Die Forelle* amid loud applause.

Mr. RICHARD WHITEING said that he was convinced the movement would advance by leaps and bounds if they started a newspaper specially devoted to its furtherance. He said that he thought it would be a mistake to confine themselves to a single fish, otherwise *The Daily Whale*, or, better still, *The Daily Scale*, would be an excellent title.

The Chairman, in a brief concluding speech, thanked the speakers for their luminous and instructive suggestions, and a motion was unanimously passed inaugurating the Ichthyophagic League for the promotion of the Cheap Fish Crusade.



Golfer. "WELL, GOOD-BYE, OLD MAN. I HOPE YOU'LL HAVE A GOOD GAME, AND BE TOP SCORER, WITH BIG FIGURES!"
Cricketer. "OH, THANKS AWFULLY. SAME TO YOU!"

RENOVATED DRAMA.

THE action of Mr. HALL CAINE in producing a modernised version of his masterpiece, *The Eternal City*, with the dialogue brought down to date by the introduction of references to "the Socialist movement and the Woman question," has not unnaturally roused great interest in theatrical circles. We understand, on the most questionable authority, that various other classics of our dramatic literature are shortly to undergo similar renovations as below:—

It is reported that a feature of special interest, in the next revival of *Hamlet* in the West End, will be the introduction of an entirely new and topical character, to be sustained by the now well-known actor, whom music-hall managers have learnt to appreciate as "Mr. GEORGE." This gentleman will play a part similar to the one with which his name is already associated—that of a common informer, who, at the instigation of *King Claudius*, confronts *Hamlet* during the Play Scene, and charges him with the production of an unlicensed dramatic entertainment. The subsequent dialogue has been specially composed by a member of the Managerial Association, and is said to put forth the views of that body on the subject of Sketches and the Compromise, in an exceptionally able and dramatic fashion.

Should the curtain rise upon Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS's long-threatened production of *Richard III.*, we are informed that playgoers may look forward to an altogether uncommon treat, in the form of a blank-verse monologue by the chief character on the subject of Poor Law Reform. Those who have hitherto known Mr. HICKS rather as a comedian than a lecturer on social problems will doubtless be astonished at the power of his delivery of this trenchantly dramatic and polemical novelty.

A tremendous success is anticipated for that distinguished and go-ahead tragedian, Mr. Barnes-Stormer, in his forthcoming revival of *The Lady of Lyons*; late-special edition. The scene in *Claude's* cottage, including as it does some exquisite and original lines on the subject of small holdings and the French system of intensive culture, is stated to be a distinct and welcome improvement on the play as hitherto presented. The climax of emotional interest, however, is now found in the scene between the hero and the ruffianly Land Valuers, which for combined pathos, passion, and political instruction is stated to be without its equal on the modern stage.

Certain critics have long held that the great drawback to *The School for Scandal* as a paying proposition was a lack of actuality in the subjects discussed by the characters. We are happy to learn that this defect is in process of removal, and that for its next revival at the Victoria Theatre SHERIDAN'S snappy little comedy will be thoroughly brought into line with modern requirements. It is confidently expected that the scene in *Lady Sneerwell's* drawing-room, the dialogue of which has been entrusted to the able hands of the editor of a well-known sporting weekly and a memoir-writing peeress, will draw all London. Further details it would be obviously unfair at this juncture to disclose; but, when we mention that a special department of the box office has been instituted to deal with the expected pressure of libel-writs and injunctions, our readers will be assured that the promised revival will be of a thoroughly interesting and poignant character.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

STEVENSON said (or quoted somebody else as saying) of WILLIAM BLACK's novels that they ought to be read three times: once for the story, once for the fishing, and once for the sunsets. How many times a novel by MEREDITH should be read I would not dare to say: once for the shining spirit which breathed life into it, and twice for that, and three times—well, I only know that I have not lived with *Celt and Saxon* (CONSTABLE) long enough yet to appraise it rightly. It is only a fragment, little more than a quarter, I should say, of what it was to be; but there are chapters which it is like a home-coming to meet. "The Dinner Party"—how often the bodily refreshment of his characters has gone to the spiritual refreshment of his readers; never more pleasantly than in this chapter. "The Great Mr. Bull"—dare I begin to quote from that? "Then with one big bellow, the collapse of pursiness, he abandons his pedestal of universal critic; prostrate he falls to the foreigner; he is down, he is roaring; he is washing his hands of English performances, lends ear to foreign airs, patronises foreign actors, browses on reports from camps of foreign armies. He drops his head like a smitten ox to all great foreign names, moaning 'Shakespeare!' internally for a sustaining apostrophe" . . . written thirty, forty years ago! Well, just so many years ago the story was given up; what it would have been and why given up are things now only to wonder over. Would *Adiante* have taken her place with *Clara* and *Carinthia*, *Dahlia* and *Rose?* We hear of her for a moment, we see her portrait, should we have been at her feet with *Philip?* "'Philip, I've put the knife to my father's love of me; love me double'; and so she just half swoons, enough to show how the dear angel looks in her sleep: a trick of kindness these heavenly women have that we heathen may get a peep of their secret rose-enfolded selves; and dream 's no word, nor drunken, for the blessed mischief it works with us."



Traveller. "I'M AFRAID I'LL HAVE TO CARRY THIS ONE MYSELF."

Obliging Porter. "THAT'S ALL RIGHT, SIR. JUST HANG IT UP."

My sole objection to *Sir George's Objection* (NELSON), by Mrs. W. K. CLIFFORD, is that the title is a little ponderous, and that *Sir George* does not begin objecting till p. 382. Otherwise I have nothing but praise for a book of great charm and brightness, with just one long shadow thrown by the past to give quality to its sunshine. Mrs. CLIFFORD does not trouble her nice head about any literary style in particular; she simply goes straight on where her heart and her good sense direct her, and never misses the way. Of subtlety there is no pretence; but her characters and her delightfully garrulous dialogues are the very duplicate of life. The author's freshest study is that of a *dépaysée* American who intrudes herself at every turn with the happiest results. One lonely villain (female) has to serve as foil to a collection of the most charming people, among whom, though he was a bit of a prig and on the heavy side, we must include *Sir George*, if only because he withdrew his objection just in time. And Mrs. CLIFFORD's scenes are made as lovable as her characters. The little village by the Italian lake, where nearly everybody in the book occurs at one time or another, should be the goal of many pilgrimages next season. Will she please let us know the real address? We won't spoil the place, but we should just like, between two boats, to take that walk up to "the other country." Meanwhile we are deep in her debt for a clean, sweet story, good for all whose hearts are young and their brains not too exigently analytic.

To contrast Belgravia with Whitechapel and do full justice to both is a heavy responsibility; it has been a little too much for Mr. ARTHUR APPLIN. But with Whitechapel he has been successful, and *Bill*, the Terror of London, is worth knowing. "They well forgot," is his own account of himself to the Salvationists, "ter give me a soul when they made me. They only give me a halmighty thirst." *Lady Letty Lumley*, on the other hand, was as clever as she was beautiful, and a little bit more virtuous still. Every one adored her: and the Whitechapelites, including *Bill*, fell at her feet in a mass when she went down to live and work among them. She will leave the average reader comparatively cold; a little virtue one can stand, but her perfection is intolerable. With the plot of *Rags* (F. V. WHITE) I hardly dare bore you. Suffice it that there is pathos in excess when the West goes forth to visit the East, and a dastardly burglary when the East returns the call. It is superfluous to add that the house looted is *Lady Letty's* and the looter is *Bill*. But there is so much that is human and humorous in the book, that you would be well advised to forgive the plot and *Lady Letty*, and make yourself familiar with the worst side and the best side of a London slum.

Suppose an airship which excels
  All others that were ever made;
Equip it with explosive shells
  Of an unprecedented grade;
And anyone, if he possess
  A sympathy with such creations,
Can conjure up a limitless
  Supply of thrilling situations.

It seems so very easy, yet
  Most airship stories come to grief,
Because their authors quite forget
  That there are bounds to one's belief;
So, since GEORGE GLENDON knows just where
  Credulity may come a cropper,
I say *The Emperor of the Air*
  (From METHUEN) is a real tip-topper.

CHARIVARIA.

LORD ROBERTS, last week, informed the GERMAN EMPEROR of the accession of King GEORGE. Unfortunately, however, we do not appear to be able to keep secrets like our rivals. The KAISER had evidently been advised already of the event—through the agency, no doubt, of the wonderful system of espionage which is at his service.

* * *

In the recent cavalry manœuvres, which Sir JOHN FRENCH described as highly successful, four horses succumbed owing to their exertions. Army horses are so scarce that a few more costly successes like this, and there will be no more cavalry.

* * *

An American baby which is heir to £20,000,000 has recently crossed the Atlantic. Every precaution is taken to prevent its being stolen, but the statement that it is locked up every night in a safe is an exaggeration.

* * *

"Fashionable women's figures," *The Express* tells us, "are to resemble pillar-boxes, owing to the new mode which abolishes the waist-line." Our information, however, is to the effect that the waist-line is not to be abolished; it will merely coincide with the neck.

* * *

From *The Daily News*:—

"SWEETHEARTS' SHIP.
CANADIAN LINER CARRYING
GIRLS TO THEIR FINANCÉES
IN THE NEW WORLD."

We had feared that it might come to this. In a New (and Better) World there will be no men at all.

* * *

One hears much of the difficulty of obtaining Curates nowadays, and apparently illiterates are accepted. *The Express* informs us:—"The Curate-in-charge of one of the Yarmouth district churches announces in the parish magazine that a member of his congregation as four terrier puppies for sale."

* * *

We learn from a letter in *The Daily Chronicle* that a Swiss Professor named BUNGE has proved conclusively that there is not a word to be said in favour of alcohol. If "Bunge" be Swiss for "Bung," history knows no more contemptible traitor.

* * *

In a paper which he read at the Conference of Sanitary Inspectors, Mr. E. B. BARNARD, the Chairman of the Metropolitan Water Board, stated that if they could build a tank the size of Trafalgar Square, and the height of Nelson's Column, London would empty such a tank twice in twenty-four hours. We suppose that is why it is not done.

* * *

Mr. BARNARD congratulated Londoners on the purity of the present water supply. Unfortunately there is no such thing as pleasing everybody. People are still heard complaining that there is not so much sustenance in the water as formerly.

* * *

With reference to the aloe which is now blooming in the Zoological Gardens, a correspondent asks how it came about that it is confined there. The answer is obviously that it is a wild flower.

* * *

All the church collecting-boxes in Truro Cathedral were forced open the other night, but, as they had been cleared in the morning after a long period, the thieves, it is thought, only got a few shillings. This is the sort of thing which sours so many of our criminals, and turns them into enemies of Society.

* * *

"The worst of autumn," said the Irishman, "is that it gets late so early."



First Gossip. "WELL, GOOD-BYE, DEARIE. BE YOU HAPPY AND VIRTUOUS."
Second Gossip. "GET ALONG WITH 'EE, ME DEAR; I'LL SEE 'EE LONG AFORE THAT."

TO AN UNKNOWN DEER

(SOMEWHERE ABOVE THE HEAD OF LOCH FYNE).

KING of the treeless forest, lo, I come!
This is to let you have the welcome news
That you will shortly hear my bullet's hum
Shatter Argyll amid her mountain-dews;
Will hear, from hill to hill, its rumour fly
To startle (if the wind be not contrary)
The tripper gathering picture-postcards by
The pier at Inveraray

This is your funeral, my friend, not mine,
So play the game, for slackness I abhor;
Give me a broadside target, large and fine,
A hundred paces off—don't make it more;
If in a sitting posture when we meet,
You mustn't think of moving; stay quite steady;
Or (better) rise, and standing on your feet
Wait there till I am ready.

Lurk not in hollows where you can't be found,
Or let the local colour mock my search;
But take the sky-line; choose the sort of ground
That shows you up as obvious as a church;
Don't skulk among your hinds, or use for scouts
The nimble progeny of last year's harem
To bring reports upon my whereabouts
In case I chance to scare 'em.

If I should perforate you in a place
Not strictly vital, but from that rude shock
Death must ensue, don't run and hide your face,
But let me ease you with another knock;
And if, by inadvertence, I contrive
Initially to miss you altogether,
Stand till I empty out my clip of five,
Or make you bite the heather.

As for your points, I take a snobbish view:
I dearly love a stag of Royal stuff;
But, if a dozen 's more than you can do,
Ten (of the best) will suit me well enough;
As for your weight, I want a bulky beast,
That I may win a certain patron's benison,
Loading his board, to last a week at least,
With whiffy slabs of venison.

Finally, be a sportsman; try to play
Your part in what should prove a big success;
Let me repeat—don't keep too far away;
My distance is a hundred yards (or less);
So, ere the eager gillies ope your maw,
I 'll say, in tones to such occasions proper,
The while I drink your death in usquebagh,
"He is indeed a topper!"

Nor shall that sentence be your sole reward;
Our mutual prowess in the fatal Glen
Your headpiece, stuffed and mounted, shall record
And be the cynosure of envious men;
And when they see that segment of the bag,
And want the tale again and I must tell it,
I 'll say how stoutly, like a well-bred stag,
You stopped the soft-nosed pellet. O. S.

Overcrowding.

A notice at the First-class end of the River Dart steamboats says: — "Circular passengers pay excess fare." Quite right too.

H.I.M. THE EMPEROR OF AMERICA.

Extracts from "The Times," October 4, 1910.

(*By Marconi Special Service from our own Correspondent.*)

New York, October 3.

THIS morning Mr. ROOSEVELT, by a daring *coup de main*, overturned the republican institutions under which these States have existed for one hundred and thirty-four years, possessed himself of the supreme executive power, and was promptly proclaimed Emperor of America. This astounding revolution has so far been unaccompanied by any effusion of blood. The secret, though it must have been known to hundreds of conspirators, had been well kept, and the strong measures taken by his Imperial Majesty and his friends paralysed any spirit of resistance that might otherwise have manifested itself. At 5 a.m. the White House was surrounded by a strong detachment of Rough Riders, and Mr. TAFT and his family were arrested in their beds. They were subsequently conveyed to an unknown destination. At the same time the Vice-President and the members of the Cabinet were seized and imprisoned. The chiefs of the Army and the Navy have already sworn allegiance to the new Sovereign. At 10 a.m., his Majesty, attended by the Princes of the Imperial House and accompanied by a brilliant staff, rode through the streets of Washington amid deafening popular acclamations. Halting before the Capitol, he made an impassioned speech, calling on all those who valued stability of government and believed in his policies to rally round his throne and person. He had, he said, entrusted the preservation of public order to the Editorial Board of *The Outlook* and any complaints must be addressed to them, though for his part he could not conceive that any loyal subject would want to complain of anything. The great policy of Conservation would now be carried out. His Majesty concluded by saying that he was having a bully time.

Later.

The New York American, in a special edition published at mid-day, calls upon the people to rise against the usurper. Mr. HEARST has been arrested, and will be tried on a charge of treason. Mr. W. J. BRYAN, in an interview, declares that he has suspected the EMPEROR from the beginning. The triumph of the Democrats, he thinks, is now assured. *The Evening Post* denounces the EMPEROR as an unscrupulous prevaricator, and declares that no self-respecting American can consent to bow the knee to Baal. The office of the paper has since been destroyed by an infuriated mob. Mr. ROCKEFELLER has taken refuge in a church and refuses to come out. The EMPEROR is now engaged in composing a message of 100,000 words strongly affirming both the Monroe Doctrine and his own right to the Imperial crown. As soon as the message has been delivered Congress is to adjourn for an indefinite period. Seen at 3 o'clock, the EMPEROR said that if he had known what a bully thing a revolution was he would have started in much sooner. The order for the manufacture of the Imperial crown has been entrusted to Messrs. TIFFANY. It is to cost a million dollars, and is to be bigger and more brilliant than any other crown in existence.

From "The Spectator," October 8, 1910.

We cannot pretend to be surprised by the news which has reached us from America this week. That Mr. ROOSEVELT (if we may be pardoned for speaking of him by a name which is now merged in a more splendid and, we believe, a more appropriate title) should have assumed the Imperial purple cannot startle anyone who has made him-



"I SPY!"

BOTH (*together*). "PEEP-BO! I SEE YOU!"



"THE SEA HATH ITS PEARLS"—EVEN ABOVE THE SURFACE.
(Shrimping on the coast of Normandy.)

self conversant, as we have endeavoured to do, with the tendencies of American public life and the opinions of American public men, especially of Mr. ROOSEVELT himself. There can be no harm now in saying that during his recent visit to this country Mr. ROOSEVELT (as he then was) expressed to a few intimate friends his contempt for all non-despotic systems of government. He thought that when America managed to shake off Republican institutions men of sense and honest capacity would come by their own. That was his ideal, and he could not help feeling—the expression was his own—that it was a bully ideal.

We cordially congratulate his Imperial Majesty and his loyal subjects on what has taken place. We are amongst those who believe that his Majesty is, with perhaps the exception of the Archbishop of CANTERBURY and Mr. WILLIAM HIGGINBOTHAM, the greatest and strongest and most statesmanlike man in existence. Since we need the Archbishop for the work of the Church of England, and since Mr. HIGGINBOTHAM continues to devote himself exclusively to the fight against Socialism in Balham, Mr. ROOSEVELT was obviously the only man who was both sufficiently just and sufficiently tenacious for the great office of Emperor of AMERICA. It is just this quality of tenacity (on the importance of which we have so frequently insisted) that marks the latest Emperor off from those who may well be proud to consider themselves his fellow-men. We shall continue to watch his Majesty's career with that benevolent and admiring interest which is due to one whose purpose, we believe, will be to bind the sister Empires of Great Britain and America in bonds that cannot be torn asunder.

Things One Ought to have been Told Before.

"YOUR FIRST DANCE will be a genuine triumph if you attend the function possessing a Set of Artificial Teeth designed by ——. Many ballroom devotees attribute their success to a visit to the —— Teeth Depot."

TO A FOX-CUB.

You stole through the hedgerow's high tangle of bramble,
You knew of the gap by the hazel-tree's trunk,
As sharp as a needle, as red as a CAMPBELL,
Surprised, very likely, but not in a funk;
Demure as a kitten, yet wise and hard-bitten,
You pricked a keen ear to the crash in the scrub,
Where Grateful and Glitter had stirred up the litter,
O bandit beginner—O cool little cub!

You went like a dream, yet an eye of cold yellow
You cocked in a crafty but confident glance,
As much as to tell me, "Now, be a good fellow,
Say nothing about it and give us a chance;
Those lashing white ladies can gallop like Hades,
They 'd slate me—at present—in less than a mile;
I 'm small, I 'm a baby, sit quiet, and maybe
I 'll live to reward you with something worth while!"

Discreetly I watched you dive under the double;
I moved not an eyelid, I give you my word;
If out of the belt by the ten-acre stubble
A jay screamed a menace, well, nobody heard;
For far in the whinnygreen depths of the spinney
A brother, ill-fated, was biting the mud,
Borne down in a flurry of furies that worry
And bristle and clamour for blood, and for blood!

And so it 's a bargain, my boy, you 'll remember;
Some day we shall ask you to settle the bill,
Some soft, misty day in a distant December,
When you, a great dog-fox, glide out down the hill:
They 'll find you by noonlight, and run you till moonlight,
And I would be with them the whole of the day,
By brook and by village, by grass-land and tillage,
To lose you, or eat you, three counties away!

HOLIDAY TIME.

IV.—IN THE WET.

MYRA gazed out of the window upon the driving rain and shook her head at the weather.

"Ugh!" she said. "Ugly!"

"Beast," I added, in order that there should be no doubt about what we thought. "Utter and deliberate beast."

We had arranged for a particularly pleasant day. We were to have sailed across to the mouth of the—I always forget its name, and then up the river to the famous old castle of—of—— No, it's gone again; but anyhow, there was to have been a bathe in the river, and lunch, and a little exploration in the dinghy, and a lesson in the Morse code from Simpson, and tea in the woods with a real fire, and in the cool of the evening a ripping run home before the wind. But now the only thing that seemed certain was the cool of the evening.

"We'll light a fire and do something indoors," said Dahlia.

"This is an extraordinary house," said Archie. "There isn't a single book in it, except a lot of *Strand Magazines* for 1907. That must have been a very wet year."

"We can play games, dear."

"True, darling. Let's do a charade."

"The last time I played charades," I said, "I was HORATIUS, the front part of ELIZABETH'S favourite palfrey, the arrow which shot RUFUS, JONAH, the two little Princes in the Tower, and Mrs. PANKHURST."

"Which was your favourite part?" asked Myra.

"The front part of the palfrey. But I was very good as the two little Princes."

"It's no good doing charades, if there's nobody to do them to."

"Thomas is coming to-morrow," said Myra. "We could tell him all about it."

"Clumps is a jolly good game," suggested Simpson.

"The last time I was a clump," I said, "I was the first coin paid on account of the last pair of boots, sandals, or whatnot of the man who laid the first stone of the house where lived the prettiest aunt of the man who reared the goose which laid the egg from which came the goose which provided the last quill pen used by the third man SHAKSPEARE met on the second Wednesday in June, 1595."

"He mightn't have had an aunt," said Myra after a minute's profound thought.

"He hadn't."

"Well, anyhow, one way and another you've had a very adventurous career, my lad," said Archie. "What happened the last time you played Ludo?"

"When I played clumps," put in Simpson, "I was the favourite spoke of HALL CAINE'S first bicycle. They guessed HALL CAINE and the bicycle and the spoke very quickly, but nobody thought of suggesting the favourite spoke."

Myra went to the window again, and came back with the news that it would probably be a fine evening.

"Thank you," we all said.

"But I wasn't just making conversation. I have an idea."

"Silence for Myra's idea."

"Well, it's this. If we can't do anything without an audience, and if the audience won't come to us, let's go to them."

"Be a little more lucid, there's a dear. It isn't that we aren't trying."

"Well then, let's serenade the other houses about here to-night."

There was a powerful silence while everybody considered this.

"Good," said Archie at last. "We will."

The rest of the morning and all the afternoon were spent in preparations. Archie and Myra were all right; one plays the banjo and the other the guitar. (It is a musical family, the Mannerings.) Simpson keeps a cornet which he generally puts in his bag, but I cannot remember anyone asking him to play it. If the question has ever arisen, he was probably asked not to play it. However, he would bring it out to-night. In any case he has a tolerable voice; while Dahlia has always sung like an angel. In short, I was the chief difficulty.

"I suppose there wouldn't be time to learn the violin?" I asked.

"Why didn't they teach you something when you were a boy?" wondered Myra.

"They did. But my man forgot to put it in my bag when he packed. He put in two toothbrushes and left out the triangle. Do you think there's a triangle shop in the village? I generally play on an isosceles one, any two sides of which are together greater than the third. Likewise the angles which are opposite to the adjacent sides, each to each."

"Well, you must take the yachting cap round for the money."

"I will. I forgot to say that my own triangle at home, the Strad, is in the chromatic scale of A, and has a splice. It generally gets the chromatics very badly in the winter."

While the others practised their songs, I practised taking the cap round, and by tea-time we all knew our parts perfectly. I had received permission to join in the choruses, and I was also to be allowed to do a little dance with Myra. When you think that I had charge of the financial arrangements as well, you can understand that I felt justified in considering myself the leader of the troupe.

"In fact," I said, "you ought to black your faces so as to distinguish yourselves from me."

"We won't black our faces," said Dahlia, "but we'll wear masks; and we might each carry a little board explaining why we're doing this."

"Right," said Archie; and he sat down and wrote a notice for himself:

"*I am an orphan. So are the others, but they are not so orphan as I am. I am extremely frequent.*"

Dahlia said:

"*We are doing this for an advertisement. If you like us, send a shilling for a free sample concert, mentioning this paper. Your money back if we are not satisfied with it.*"

Simpson announced:

"*World's Long Distance Cornetist. Holder of the Oboe Record on Grass. Runner-up in the Ocarina Welter Weights (strangle hold barred). Mixed Zither Champion* (1907. *Covered courts*).

Myra said:

"*Kind friends, help us. We were wrecked this afternoon. The cornet was sinking for the third time when it was rescued, and had to be brought round by artificial respiration. Can you spare us a drink of water?*"

As for myself I had to hand the Simpson yachting cap round, and my notice said:

"*We want your money. If you cannot give us any, for Heaven's sake keep the cap.*"

We had an early dinner, so as to be in time to serenade our victims when they were finishing their own meal and feeling friendly to the world. Then we went upstairs and dressed. Dahlia and Myra had kimonos, Simpson put on his dressing-gown, in which he fancies himself a good deal, and Archie and I wore brilliantly coloured pyjamas over our other clothes.

"Let's see," said Simpson, "I start off with '*The Minstrel Boy*,' don't I? And then what do we do?"

"Then we help you to escape," said Archie. "After that, Dahlia sings '*Santa Lucia*,' and Myra and I give them a duet, and if you're back by then with your false nose properly fixed it might be safe for you to join in the chorus of a coon song. Now then, are we all ready?"

"What's that?" said Myra.

We all listened . . . and then we opened the door.

It was pouring.

A. A. M.

"SIGHTFUL" SWITZERLAND.

I HAD been reading KEATS, and a desire to "sit upon an Alp as on a throne" brought me to Switzerland for a holiday.

The "throne," so far, has been a basket-chair in the glass verandah of the "Kulm Hotel," and it is surrounded by other thrones of the kind, filled to overflowing with people of German persuasion. I have sat upon it now for seven days—watching the falling rain.

By now I am soul-sick of my throne and these eternal "*Ja, ja's,*" and want a change. I take up my *Hotels und Bergbahnen der Schweiz*—with an English translation, "Hotels and Mountain Railways of the Switzerland," and begin my search. I have only turned a leaf or two when I begin to be cheerful. I even laugh as I go further to think of all the delightful places there are in the world.

There is that hotel in Rheinfelden—"On elevated terrace oft the town in nice peasant, and from rough winds protected situation, with friendly gardens and shadowy parcs, Modernst furnished it has the agreeable of a comfortable cure place. It contains 70 friendly noble fitted rooms and saloons (the greatest part of it with wide sight at the charming Rhine valley and the Schwarzwald, many of these with sightful balconies) comfortable acceptance for 100 guests. Pleasant resort during day-heat offers the shadowy linden-alley before the Hotel with great stalactite grotto and beautiful garden-grounds with garden hall and next to it forest-park till to the Rhine. For the youth are Play and Gymnase-places, croquets, lawn-tennis and run about. From June to October there are concerts of the cure-music." The only drawback is that "Terms vary *after* choice of rooms," and I like to know where I am at the time.

So perhaps I shall go to Aarau. There "A game-parc with numerous beasts in the utmost idillic small valley is situated 15 minutes from the town," and I am so fond of beasts. But I am also much interested in geology and feel drawn to another place where "The richdom of shapes of these caverns is not to be thought greater. Besides animal like forms as crocodile, turtle, stone eagle and bear, there hang tender fruits and plants as grapes, sponges, moss and racine petrifications."

Why, though, should I not be diverted as well as instructed? Why not go to Baden—which is "The centre of amusing bath-life. In the best possible situation, free around, the Hotel has an embracing sight at the charming and by age honourable town of Bath and the changing country." Well, I am unreasonably nervous, I suppose, but I do like the country to be fixed and not keep on changing.

Davos Dorf might be possible. "The Hotel lies in finest and viewfullest place opposite to the post office and railway station. The newly built Vestibule with an artful wall of natural wood, is worth to be seen and offers to the guests an agreeable staying. The hotel not being adopted for health resort of ills or phtisics, is only preserved for the sojourn of passengers, tourists and sportsmen."

I wish to see that artful wall of natural wood; but here, in Ragatz, is something more practically seductive: "House of old renowned reputation offers all desirable comfort. Large dining and society-halls, extended shadowy garden, 100 beautifully furnished foreigner-rooms, with 145 renowned good beds. Excellent cooking as well as only genuine wines."

That takes me quite. I have no idea where Ragatz is; but it seems to contain all that man could sigh for. No wine that isn't wine, renowned good beds, and—before and beyond all—"special rooms for foreigners!" I shall go to Ragatz.



"FATHER." "WELL, WHAT IS IT?"
"IT SAYS HERE, 'A MAN IS KNOWN BY THE COMPANY HE KEEPS.' IS THAT SO, FATHER?"
"YES, YES, YES."
"WELL, FATHER, IF A GOOD MAN KEEPS COMPANY WITH A BAD MAN, IS THE GOOD MAN BAD BECAUSE HE KEEPS COMPANY WITH THE BAD MAN, AND IS THE BAD MAN GOOD BECAUSE HE KEEPS COMPANY WITH THE GOOD MAN?"

WINSTON DAY BY DAY.

August 25.—Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL decides that the best place for a Home Secretary to spend his holiday is in Asia Minor.

August 26.—The HOME SECRETARY invites Mr. F. E. SMITH to accompany him on Baron DE FOREST'S yacht, *Honor*. ("If you can't spike the enemy's guns, carry them off.")

August 27.—Mr. F. E. SMITH accepts invitation in a humorous telegram which decimates the officials at St. Martin's-le-Grand: "Delighted to levant to the Levant."

August 28.—HOME SECRETARY and party start for Marseilles. While crossing the Channel Mr. F. E. SMITH asks original riddle, "Why is our host like an unsaleable wood? Because he's a barren Forest." HOME SECRETARY dislocates his jaw and Mr. JOHN CHURCHILL has a spasm of the glottis.

August 29.—Yacht *Honor*, starting from Marseilles, collides with a liner—a "surprise 'packet,'" as Mr. F. E. SMITH wittily calls it. The HOME SECRETARY faints and dislocates his funny bone.

August 30.—Nothing of importance occurs. HOME SECRETARY merely falls from the crow's-nest, but breaks his fall on Baron DE FOREST; and Mr. JOHN CHURCHILL, while aiming at an albatross, falls overboard and narrowly escapes being devoured by a shark, which is, however, fortunately driven off by a well-aimed witticism from Mr. F. E. SMITH.

August 31.—Baron DE FOREST'S yacht runs aground on the coast of Crete. Mr. F. E. SMITH remarks, "How nice to be indiscreet!" HOME SECRETARY has convulsions.

September 1.—While shooting partridges at Cnossus Mr. F. E. SMITH peppers the HOME SECRETARY in the legs. "Never mind," says the witty K.C. to his victim, "it will make a good cartoon for Partridge."

September 2.—Amid the Isles of Greece. Baron DE FOREST recites the Odes of SAPPHO. HOME SECRETARY in bed with appendicitis.

September 3.—Baron DE FOREST seriously considering the wisdom of treating HOME SECRETARY like JONAH. "Ah," says Mr. F. E. SMITH, thinking of LLOYD GEORGE and the Land Taxes, "we're all swallowed by Wales nowadays." Serious illness of Baron DE FOREST.

September 4.—Arrival at Constantinople. Lunch with the SULTAN. Mr. F. E. SMITH delights HAKKI by saying, "You are the Boss for us." The SULTAN, who has not heard this before, appoints Mr. F. E. SMITH Court Buffoon. Order of Modesty (Third Class) conferred on HOME SECRETARY.

September 5.—Baron DE FOREST'S yacht illuminated. During a display of fireworks HOME SECRETARY is struck by a catherine-wheel, and has to be medically treated. "Cheer up, old fellow," says Mr. F. E. SMITH, "it will make good copy for Reuter, poor devil."

September 6.—HOME SECRETARY, who is confined to his state-room, complains of the meagre proportions of the *Honor*. "But what can you expect," says Mr. F. E. SMITH, "when we're in Asia *Minor*." HOME SECRETARY sprains his chest.

September 7.—Arrival of the party at Mitylene. Baron DE FOREST'S yacht runs aground on a sand-bank. "We're carrying too much grey matter," says Mr. F. E. SMITH.

September 8.—Consternation at Constantinople. Resignation of HAKKI PASHA. Turkish fleet of tugs sails to the rescue of the stranded yacht.

September 9.—Arrival of Turkish tugs at Mitylene. Serenade by band of Lesbian lyres, playing "The Flowers of the Forest." HOME SECRETARY, while trolling for sunfish, is prostrated by sunstroke. ACTING-GOVERNOR of Mitylene recites an Alcaic ode of condolence. Mr. F. E. SMITH replies with an appropriate conundrum. ACTING-GOVERNOR resigns.

(To be continued.)

WHO WAS DICKENS?

THE LATEST LITERARY SENSATION.

THE day having come when all thinking men are agreed that people have had rather more than they want of the problem as to the authorship of the plays of SHAKSPEARE, we hasten to put before the public a literary mystery more in touch with modern times.

It will come as a surprise to many to learn that the novels commonly attributed to CHARLES DICKENS came from no less a pen than that of SAMUEL JOHNSON. At least we sincerely hope it will.

The main difficulty in the search for the real authorship of the "DICKENS" novels is that of deciding where to begin, but a little thought will soon overcome this. *The Pickwick Papers*, as being different in form from any of the other works, suggests itself as the key to the mystery, and so, on investigation, it proves.

The attentive reader of *The Pickwick Papers* can hardly fail to be struck by the fact that both *Mr. Pickwick* and his servant have the same Christian name. "Surely," he will soliloquize, "this is more than an example of the adage, 'Like master, like man,'" and he will be right. It *is* more—much more. We would even say very much more.

Supposing you write down the consonants of the English alphabet in a column and let B equal one, C equal two, and so on. The consonants in *Pickwick* will add up to a total of fifty, and so, too, will those in *Weller*. At once we see a design in this apparent coincidence. We know that we are working on the right lines, and it is a reasonable assumption that the author's real name will likewise add up to fifty. Does DICKENS? It don't; not even with CHARLES thrown in.

But now let us go back to the Christian name. Why "Samuel"? Obviously because the author was fond of the name. It cannot have been that of his fiancée. We are therefore driven to the conclusion that it was his own name; in fact, that the real author was called "Samuel."

All that remains now is to find an author whose name was "Samuel," and a glance at the dictionary at once suggests JOHNSON. Now comes the thrill! J stands for seven, H for six, N for eleven, and S for fifteen. Total thirty-nine (loud groans). But what about the second N? Another eleven and we have the magic number fifty.

Having thus proved that JOHNSON was "DICKENS," we find a confirmation of the fact staring us right in the face, thus proving once more that the obvious is the best hiding-place. The title-page of the key-book runs, "The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club." JOHNSON was undoubtedly dead when it appeared, and the papers were admittedly posthumous. *You* thought it was the club that was dead.

King Arthur's Bounty.

"£596 now paid for triplets by *Pearson's Weekly*."

"Ald. Johnston moved that pending the passing of the street bylaw, that all vehicles on Columbia street be required to keep to the left going up and to the right going down."—*The British Columbian.*

Ald. JOHNSTON frequently wakes up in the middle of the night with brilliant ideas like this.

Commercial Candour.

"The —— Hotel is admitted by all to be the most unequal they have ever stayed at."—*Italian Hotel Advertisement.*



Albert (gallantly giving way). "YOURS, PARTNER!"

QUI S'EXCUSE . . .

IF I allow myself twenty minutes to dress for dinner, I am five minutes late. If I allow myself half-an-hour, I am ten minutes late. That is the naked truth, though I cannot explain it. To-night I allowed myself a good hour, and there was every prospect of my never getting to the Johnsons' at all.

It was partly the stud's fault and partly Mr. CYRIL MAUDE'S. You know all about studs and very likely do not wish to be reminded of their malice, out of business hours. You know all about Mr. CYRIL MAUDE, but you have never seen my imitation of him. No one ever has. It is reserved for privacy and my mirror, and I may tell you that it is just about perfect. To-night, I was starting upon a new stick of a new sort of shaving soap, and the directions said:—"This soap will produce a rich, creamy lather, if spoken to nicely. In order to soften the beard and secure a perfect shave, allow a short interval to elapse between the lathering and the application of the razor." I gave it its interval and amused myself meanwhile with the imitation. The rich, creamy lather on my cheeks gave it just that touch of humour and pathos needed to make it perfect, and the performance, owing to the frequent encores, took much longer than it ought to have done. In fact, when I had finished shaving there were about 25½ minutes in which to complete my toilet and get to Knightsbridge by eight o'clock; ten minutes to finish dressing, five to get to the Tube, five to Knightsbridge, five to the Johnsons' flat (wherever it was exactly), and half a minute for general purposes. The thing could just be done.

What with one thing (miscalculation) and another (further imitations, full-dress rehearsal) it was five minutes past eight when I got to the Tube. "What I want," I said, as I approached the booking-office, "is a good excuse," but they only gave me a ticket, and left me to it. Whether it was the ozone of the underworld or mere personal ability, it is not for me to say, but I eventually found myself in the higher regions of Knightsbridge, with the most perfect excuse of modern times at my fingers' ends. It ran as follows:—

"I am deeply grieved to be so late, the more so as I am a man of the strictest punctuality. Acting in accordance with my own insistent principles, I started dressing in good time this evening, and avoided with scrupulous care any digressions or distractions which might involve the least risk of procrastination. Dressed and prepared to start a quarter of an hour before I needed, I set forth at once in this direction. I remember meeting a clock which informed me that I was vastly in advance of schedule time. 'However,' I recollect saying to myself, 'it is better to be early than late or never,' and so I arrived at Knightsbridge more than punctually. What was my chagrin to discover that I had left your letter of invitation at home, on which alone I relied for your exact address! You will recall in my favour that I have never been here before." (Here they were to be at liberty to interrupt, and say something about coming again.) "I knew you lived in Knightsbridge, and I believed it was at 3, or 33, or 333, Rutland something. But that was not good enough. There was nothing for it but to return and get the letter, and, blaming myself for a slip for which, though it was perhaps excusable, I could not excuse myself, I did so return, and hence the delay. *Please* do not apologise."

After all, it was only 8.15, and that seemed an excuse quite long enough for the time involved. "So now," I said, feeling in my pockets for the all-important letter, "now for their address."

You are quite right. I *had* forgotten the letter.



Sportsman (who has handed his flask to the stalker to celebrate the death of the stag). "WON'T YOU HAVE THE CUP?"
Stalker. "I'LL NO REQUIRE IT, THANK YE. MY MOOTH JUST HAUDS A GLASS."

A SCORE OFF THE WEATHER.

YE winds that are wasting the hedges,
Ye squalls that have blotted the hills,
And have doomed us to toy with the edges
Of ivory pills,
You may laugh, but I tell you, by thunder,
You make the most horrible blunder
If you think that I minded this morning the moan of the rills.

Not a protest of misery move I,
Nor gird at the heavenly powers;
Nay, rather, O Juppiter Pluvi!
Come on with your showers;
Blow, hurricanes! tempests, be bigger!
And, James, will you pass me that jigger?
We shan't have to go to the Thompsons' at Tettleby Towers.

All night I was needlessly racking
This brain for a decent excuse,
And still with the dawn it was lacking,
But, praiséd be Zeus,
I shan't have that pow-wow to suffer;
Old Thompson 's a bore and a duffer;
His wife is a snob, and the girl is a regular goose.

And the place is miles off, and too many 's
The times they have tortured me there,
And there may, or there mayn't, be some tennis,
And what should I wear?
And I hate, I detest garden parties,
And Dora (the queen of my heart) is—
She mentioned it yesterday evening—invited elsewhere.

So here 's to the blizzards that soften
The links to a suety mould;
They have rained on us rather too often;
This time they were sold.
Did you see that remarkable cannon—
The way that it twisted and ran on?
We shan't have to go to the Thompsons'. Oh, morning of gold!

EVOE.

A VERY PROPER CRITICISM.

SIR,—I found in *The Times* the other day a letter signed by a Toronto gentleman, asking for assistance in the editing of the reminiscences of the late Professor GOLDWIN SMITH. The writer particularly requires information concerning a number of names, which he copies out, remarking that his excuse must be that he is 3,000 miles from the British Museum Reading Room and the Bodleian. Now, Sir, these two institutions are some sixty miles apart, and any place in the Western Hemisphere to be equidistant from both would have to be much nearer the Equator than Toronto. As a matter of fact, Toronto is practically in a line with them, and thus, if it is 3,000 miles from Oxford it must be 3,060 miles from London, or if 3,000 miles from London it is only 2,940 from Oxford. Such looseness of phrase I cannot but think extremely deplorable in any one proposing to superintend the publication of Professor GOLDWIN SMITH'S Memoirs.

I enclose my card, and am Yours, etc., NORTH BRITON.



TRADE DISUNION.

Boiler-Maker. "WHEN I CHUCKS MY TOOLS DOWN, I *CHUCKS* 'EM DOWN!"
Trade Union Official. "YES—AND YOU DON'T CARE WHERE THEY FALL."



IS FOREIGN RIVALRY TO BE FEARED IN THE "WAX-WORK TABLEAU" LINE AT BRUSSELS?

WE TRUST THERE IS NO TRUTH IN THE RUMOUR THAT FOREIGN NATIONS, FIRED BY OUR HUGE SUCCESS AT BRUSSELS, ARE PRODUCING WAXWORK PRESENTMENTS OF *THEIR* CELEBRITIES, AS STARTLINGLY FAITHFUL IN PORTRAITURE AS ANYTHING PRODUCED IN HUDDERSFIELD.

THE CAT-AND-DOG CLUB.

[Lady, having quarrelled with all her friends, desires to meet another in same position." —*Advertisement in "T. P.'s Weekly."*]

THERE is such a refreshing frankness about the above announcement that we feel the matter ought to be taken up, and are accordingly starting "The Mutual Aggravation Society," with the following provisional rules:—

1. Individuals of either sex with a grievance, the more militant suffragettes, misogynists, man-haters, candid friends, curmudgeons of established reputation, anonymous letter-writers, socialists, cranks, dyspeptics, red-haired people, and approved failures in any capacity, shall be eligible for election to the Society.

2. No candidate for election shall become a member unless duly black-balled by a proportion of one black in three.

3. The objects of the Society shall be the promotion of acrimony by suitable debates, the washing of dirty linen in public, the recital of home truths, the exhibition of tactlessness, and general treading on corns.

4. Discussions shall be held at stated intervals between Baconians and Stratfordians, Free Traders and Tariff Reformers, Globites and Flat-earthers, Vivisectionists and Anti-vivisectionists, Mr. FRANK RICHARDSON and wearers of "face-fins," Mrs. PANKHURST and Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, Coroners and Christian Scientists, and pro- and anti- partisans of any subject calculated to engender sufficient asperity.

5. The catering department shall be in the hands of a *femme incomprise* with a ready turn for repartee, or an ex-Anglo-Indian with a taste for pugilism and cayenne.

6. Confirmed snorers, club bores, bill-disputers, by-law sticklers, and waiter-baiters shall be admitted at half fees on giving proof of their respective talents in those directions, or satisfactory references from previous antagonists.

7. Family gatherings of a severe description shall be permitted on visitors' afternoons in the padded tea-room, but in case any matrimonial dispute should be in danger of terminating amicably the club chucker-out shall be in attendance, and before proceeding to extremities shall remind the offenders that the ordinary animosities of the best British home life should be observed.

8. The lady (in *T. P.'s Weekly*) who has quarrelled with all her friends, and the friends in question, shall be elected honorary and original members.

ZIG-ZAG.

How to Spend a Honeymoon.

"The honeymoon is being spent on the South Coast, the bride wearing a green costume with a black hat." —*The Herald, Wimbledon.*

We know of few pleasanter distractions for the early days of married life.

criminologist, is that all wickedness and misery are due to education and the gregarious instinct, while ignorance and isolation make for felicity. At the same time the poet seeks to emphasize the value of the resources which science places in the hands of strong and self-assertive natures.

Briefly, *Tossico* is the last word on the expression of individuality at all costs, and this noble lesson is reinforced by the momentous score of Herr Ödön Philibert.

Herr Philibert, it will be remembered, is of French extraction, but was born in England. He subsequently became a naturalised Hungarian, married a Bohemian lady, and settled in Cracow. Deeply versed in contrapuntal science, he is also renowned for his prolificacy as a composer and the superbly unbridled morality of his operas, which are based on a profound study of CASANOVA, BENVENUTO CELLINI, and other didactic humanists.

FUR AND FEATHER FASHIONS.

[An American has recently taken out a patent for eyeglasses for fowls.]

ALL SMART GIRAFFES
BUY OUR
NECK WEAR.

Our "Regent's Park" collar gives style combined with comfort, and is unequalled for value. When ordering state number of yards required.

Collars forwarded in our own crates, and delivered free to any Zoo in the world.

NO MORE WET FEET.
EVERY DUCK SHOULD ASK TO SEE OUR NEW GOLOSH.

Made specially for use in negotiating damp village ponds. Only geese refuse to wear them.

Home Blobs contains every week a special article entitled "Chats about the Chicks," telling hens what their young ones should wear. ORDER IT.

SHEARED SHEEP LOOK HERE.

Great sale of Sheep's Over-coatings. All smart styles. Apply for self-measurement form. We guarantee all our goods to be free from wool.

BARR, BARR, BLACK & Co.

All self-respecting Storks should write for patterns of our up-to-neck Trouserings.

TO ELEPHANTS AND OTHERS.
TRY OUR "JUMBO"
TUSK POWDER.

AT THE PLAY.

"A BOLT FROM THE BLUE."

IMAGINE for a moment, please, that you had forged a will. What would be the first thing you would do? Obviously you would write long letters to the lady with whom you were in love, telling her all about it, so that she might love you still more. Now suppose that she quarrelled with you (for this or some other reason) and threatened to expose you. What would be the next step? Well, you would look about in the poorer parts of the city for somebody to steal the letters. You find, we will say, an excellent man for the purpose—a professional cracksman, ready to break into the lady's



THE PROBLEM OF THE UNEMPLOYED.

Claude Brévin (Mr. ARTHUR WONTNER), in search of work, accepts with a very bad grace, at the hands of *Père Tabac* (Mr. EDMUND GWENN), a comfortable berth as deputy murderer to a high-class firm.

flat and obtain the proofs of your guilt. "No use," you say. "I want a man who can wear evening clothes like a gentleman, make the lady fall in love with him, murder her, and *then* steal the letters." The burglar replies that he can get the letters quite easily without murdering anybody; at the same time, if murdering is in the bill, he has no objection, and could probably do it without making the lady fall in love with him first. "No," you repeat, "I *must* have a gentleman for it."

Now suppose that you are the gentleman—starving, and therefore easily bought. Loathing the idea of murder, you admit without argument that if the letters are to be successfully stolen the lady must be murdered. So you meet her at a reception one midnight, make love to her for twenty minutes, and are taken home by her to supper. (All quite proper, of course, just as if her uncle were a Dean.) By this time you are almost in love with her, for she is extremely charming, reminding you, in fact, more than a little of Miss IRENE VANBRUGH. As you prepare to kill her, she is attacked by a real burglar (the one mentioned above, who wasn't quite a gentleman). You defend her, fall wholly in love with her, and confess your fell purpose. She forgives you, she pities you, she says that you may have the letters—she never meant to hurt anybody with them. A moment afterwards the man who bought you appears in the flat; you give him the letters and tell him that you have murdered the lady. He pays over the blood-money to you in banknotes and departs. The lady returns . . .

Now then. Would you ask her if you are to keep these notes? would you hold them in your hand for some seconds while you work the problem out? and would you then, slowly and melodramatically, as if doing something heroic, set fire to them? . . . I wonder.

Anyhow, without being a forger or a murderer, you can see of what poor stuff is this play at the *Duke of York's* "by TRISTAN BERNARD and ALFRED ATHIS; adapted by COSMO HAMILTON." I expect TRISTAN and ALFRED are the real culprits, but Mr. HAMILTON and Mr. FROHMAN are accessories after the fact, and cannot be let off altogether. Indeed, in the Second Act Mr. HAMILTON, unless I have quite forgotten his touch, puts in a little satire about the stage all on his own. I am afraid he is not a born satirist.

Mr. DENNIS EADIE and Miss IRENE VANBRUGH were wasted on parts which they could always play on their heads (figuratively speaking). But Mr. ARTHUR WONTNER gave a very fine performance indeed as the gentleman-murderer. It made me wish that Mr. FROHMAN had presented him and his beautiful voice in the repertory plays, where he could have played the part of a real person. M.

"The Malakand leopard . . . one night met a native officer, who was going his rounds but escaped before he could draw his sword."
Civil and Military Gazette.

Neglect of ceremonial may be forgiven at a crisis like this.

"Sir,—Please allow me to support your correspondent 'Mens Sana in Corpore Sano.'"

This is from a letter to *The Manchester City News*, signed: "Mon-sibi, sed omnibus." A weird language, Latin.



"OH, UNCLE! HOW AWFUL!" "WHAT ON EARTH 'S THE MATTER?"
"ONE OF MY STOCKINGS HAS A HOLE IN IT, AND I CAN'T REMEMBER WHICH!"

THE MOST UNKINDEST CUT.

["Dressing well tends to a general refinement of character."—*Daily Paper.*]

He stood at my suburban door
In all his raggedness,
Soliciting (or asking for)
Doles of my cast-off dress;
And, finding in his tragic tale
A truth I dared not doubt,
I robbed the local jumble sale
And turned my wardrobe out.

I fixed him up from head to feet,
And in a jocund mood
Trusted he 'd think the patterns neat
And that the cut was good;
Till he, responsive to my chaff,
Ventured a cheerful wink,
And said, in vulgar slang, "Not 'alf,"
And also, "I don't fink."

Time passed; some seven months or so
Had made my memory dim,
When next he crossed my path, and oh!
The difference in him.
Within his soul refinement dwelt;
His mien was so correct
I raised my hat, and really felt
Inclined to genuflect.

I realised how much my worn-
Out clothes had changed him, when
He showed a true patrician scorn
For common things (and men).
Disdaining my uncovered head,
My deferential air,
He absolutely cut me dead
And froze me with a stare.

THE PROTECTIONISTS.

It is now, when Summer—as we are constrained to call it, for want of a better word—is merging into Autumn, that the wise person begins to think seriously about taking cold, and does what he can to prevent it. You are a wise person, so let us consider the thing together. Many schemes are recommended, but the most popular of them is the hardening process. A new development of the hardening process scheme has just been proposed in the daily Press, the inventor of which urges people to accustom their skins to the open air by sitting at the window for twenty minutes night and morning with nothing on, either reading or writing, or drying very slowly after the bath.

No doubt this counsellor has the root of the matter in him. To harden is the thing; and the more ways there are of hardening, the better. Let us try to think of a few.

Sitting wilfully in draughts is good. It will also make you very popular. "Are you in a draught?" you will say. "I 'm so sorry. But I love them. Do change places with me." Draughts, of course, can be found only too easily at any place of entertainment; but in the daytime the mouths of the Tube lifts are a sure hunting ground. A Tube lift man either never has a cold or never has anything else.

Going long motor rides in pyjamas is also excellent.

And pomading the hair with ice cream has had wonderful results.

"Going to the first, Wilkie landed his third within three yards of the pin, and succeeded in getting the hole with his next shot, which was a six yards' putt."—*Northern Whig.*

He must have been very badly stymied.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

ASSUMING that the titles given to Occidental magazines in *Martin Eden* (HEINEMANN) are real or recognisable, their editors must either be sitting in sackcloth and ashes (a very uncomfortable wear for this time of year) or else scouting for Mr. JACK LONDON with six-shooters. The whip of scorn has often been applied to newspaper men by novelists, but never before, I should think, with so unsparing a hand. The hero of this book is a sailor who has roughed it in many ports, but being endowed with a wonderful vitality and a keen sense of the beautiful, and having by chance fallen in love with a girl of superior station, determines to carve out a career ("make good," he calls it) in literature. The scene is laid in Oaklands (Cal.), and the story of the man's struggles through grammar and etiquette and economics and philosophy, the progress and final disillusionment of his romance, and his occasional bouts of hard manual labour, are told with a rude strength and realism that I don't think any other living author could compass. Everybody discourages *Martin Eden* and tells him to "get a job"; editors persistently refuse his MSS. or cheat him out of payment for them; finally *Ruth Morse* throws him over. Then he suddenly makes a hit, and two continents go wild over his work, which has been in constant circulation for years amongst tasteless journals and despised by illiterate friends. The world is at his feet, but he is embittered by its hollowness, takes his passage for the South Seas, and, quietly slipping overboard, drowns himself. I am sorry to seem querulous, but at this point I am bound to say, "Why?" Would it not have been better to write a scathing satire on the so-called culture of the present generation and get it published in a nice green cover, say, by Mr. HEINEMANN?



FRESCOES FOR PUBLIC BUILDINGS.—I. THE BANK.

"INDUSTRY BEING REWARDED BY FORTUNE, BANKRUPTCY FOLLOWING IN THE TRAIN OF EXTRAVAGANCE."

Why break your heart for the briny breezes of bracing Brighton, or any other of the alliterative allurements of the advertising agents, when you can enjoy *A Week at the Sea* (STANLEY PAUL) sitting comfortably at home, under the drip of your own umbrella on the lee side of your own rain-gauge? Personally I look upon holidays spent on the beach as an over-rated amusement. I cannot dig with a wooden spade; and to go down to the sea in bathing-machines I am ashamed, which is one reason perhaps why I love *Mr. Skittlebury*, the dear old watchmaker who is the wheel within wheels of Mr. HAROLD AVERY'S diverting comedy of mistaken identities. *Mr. Skittlebury* didn't bathe during his week's holiday because he was too shy to ask the young lady behind the counter for the necessary minimum apparel. But he made friends with everyone he met, including a hard-working burglar, who for business reasons had temporarily assumed the *nom de guerre* of a well-known artist while carrying on his arduous trade in the country houses of the neighbourhood. The burglar, quite a smart young man in his way, decided that *Skittlebury* was a successful London doctor, and the old man was so pleased with the dignity thus thrust upon him that he decided to keep it till the end of the week. But when "*Dr.*" *Skittlebury* took the Scotland Yard man by whom the burglar was wanted for a famous novelist, and the rightful owner of the borrowed pseudonym for the criminal, things began to get rather mixed, and at last Scotland Yard fixed its eye on the "Doctor" as a suspicious character, and very nearly ran him in. "Instead of which" he performed prodigies of valour—but I mustn't give away the whole story. Only I strongly advise you to read it, whether you can or can't go to the seaside yourself. In either case you will find it consoling.

Of the making of village-books there appears to be no end. The latest, and not by any means the worst, that I have read, is *Peace Alley* (SIDGWICK AND JACKSON), in which Miss DIANA MEYRICK pleasantly depicts various rural types, and weaves their history into one of the least convincing plots that I have ever encountered. Only one of the inhabitants of *Peace Alley* can be called in any sense new to fiction; the rest of them have dwelt in every literary hamlet since the fashion for this kind of book began. *Miss Delia Quarendon*, for example, is an elderly and lovable spinster of direct *Cranford* descent; and the others, from the *Rev. Aloysius Kingdon* downwards, are all more or less familiar types. The exception is *Maisie Kingdon*, an excellent and refreshing study of the youthful female bounder. She deserves a better setting. The device of keeping the lovers apart by means of a dropped letter, which turns out to be a page from a manuscript novel, is really too amateurish to be allowed to pass without protest. I am sure, too, that Miss DIANA MEYRICK is capable of better things; and I look to see her writing them before long. The fact is that one is getting a little tired of "studies of rural life." These students are in danger of outnumbering the models. If they would only select the same village, and "study" each other, I should like to read the result.

"As a matter of fact, the nine of diamonds was known as 'the curse of Scotland' long before the Tudor cause was finally crushed on Culloden Moor."—*Daily News.*

In fact even before the Plantagenet cause was finally biffed at Waterloo.

"The average bag of Grouse is 200 Brace. The Fishing is Motor Houses, and Three Cottages for men."—*Advt. in "The Scotsman."*

"It 's no good, James, the motor houses aren't rising."

CHARIVARIA.

THE Army Council has called for a list of all military statues or memorials known to exist in or near London. Optimists are hoping that the most trying of these are to be used as targets.

***

"The House of Lords," we read, "is in the hands of the decorators and builders, and the Peers will assemble after the recess in what may be described without exaggeration as the most magnificent legislative chamber in the world." Can this, we wonder, be an attempt on the part of the Lords to secure increased compensation in the event of the abolition of their House?

***

It is, we trust, a hopeful augury that the name of the place which Lord KITCHENER has bought in Kent is Broom Park.

***

Lieutenant HELM, it is stated in Berlin, merely came to our country for the purpose of studying the language. He has already learnt that S-P-Y-I-N-G spells T-R-O-U-B-L-E. And we imagine that he realises now that a German officer ought not to be caught mapping.

***

An official report just published shows that during 1910 £20,000,000 will be paid in salaries alone in the United States to ministers of the gospel. The ugly feature of this is that these gentlemen will largely earn this money by working on the day of rest.

***

The whale which was recently washed up near Scarborough is to be buried at the expense of the Board of Trade. Our sympathy goes out to the family of the deceased; for among the best fish it is considered a great disgrace to be interred at the public expense.

***

From *The Daily Mail* fashion page:

NOVELTY OF THE WEEK.

MALACCA CRUTCH STICK FOR THE MOTOR CAR.

The novelty for next week is to be a set of silver-plated arm-splints; and, for the week after, a complete suit of diachylon plaster.

***

A contemporary informs us, in regard to ladies' dress, that the train is coming into vogue again. We are sorry to hear this, and we hope men will put their foot down on it.

***

The following articles, an American journal tells us, were found inside a man who was operated on for appendicitis in a hospital at Cairo (Ill.):—A button-hook, a hat-pin, three keys, a lead pencil, a needle, and a toy pistol. It is thought that some of these may have been a contributory cause to the ailment from which he was suffering.

***

We hear that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is about to offer a prize to the person who suggests the best means of intimating to lobsters that there is a close season for them. At present, we understand, these poor ignorant creatures endure all the agonies of anticipated capture even when they might be leading a life free from care.



The Vicar. "I HAVEN'T NOTICED LITTLE WILLIE IN SUNDAY SCHOOL LATELY, MRS. BROWN."

Mrs. Brown. "NO, ZUR, 'E BIN AN' TAKEN A POSITIVE DISLIKE TO THE NEW CURATE. IT BE SUMMUT DREADFUL THE WAY 'E DO GO ON ABOUT 'IM."

A Way they have in the Navy.

"Now that His Lordship, after steering the ship of Indian state through stress and storm and bringing her to a haven of safety, is laying down his oars, let us thank the Captain for his good seamanship." *The Empire* (Calcutta).

Journalistic Candour.

From a placard of *P.I.P.*:—

"THE POLICE FORCE FROM WITHIN. INCREDIBLE EXPOSURES."

From the musical programme in a Birmingham *café*:—

"CHARACTERISTIC NIECE. 'Ina Pagoda.'"

What is there about Ina that is so typical?

WINSTON DAY BY DAY.

September 10.—The yacht *Honor* is successfully floated. The HOME SECRETARY while watching the proceedings falls overboard, but is successfully hooked and landed by F. E. SMITH with a porpoise line. "The first time," says "F. E.," "I ever caught a 5,000 pounder."

September 11.—Arrival at Beyrout. Baron DE FOREST insists on attending the Beyrout Festival. Intense disappointment on discovering he has come to the wrong place. The HOME SECRETARY, in order to appease him, sings "*The Star of Eve*" with intense feeling and horrible *brio*. Baron DE FOREST faints.

September 12.—The party travel by train to Laodicea, where the HOME SECRETARY enjoys a lukewarm bath under the tank hose. Mr. HARRIS, of *The Times*, astonishes the natives by his tweeds. Mr. SMITH refuses to bathe. "No tanks," he says. Renewed collapse of Baron DE FOREST.

September 13.—*Manchester Guardian* bursts into lyrical rapture over the HOME SECRETARY'S holiday. "The HOME SECRETARY'S political foe," it wrote, "was no less *abandonné* in this glorious holiday, and 'FRED' did what 'WINSTON' did. Time and place were ignored, all social trammels flung aside, and the whole party, oblivious of the 'gallery,' enjoyed their holiday like 'troutlets in a stream.'" Panic among Manchester Liberals.

September 14.—The HOME SECRETARY and F. E. SMITH arrive at Ephesus on the cowcatcher of the engine. Ephesians endeavour to capture Baron DE FOREST to make new sleepers. F. E. SMITH repels them with innuendoes.

September 15.—Duck shooting at Soutledge. F. E. accidentally pours the contents of both barrels into the HOME SECRETARY'S legs. "No doing things by halves about me," he explains.

September 16.—HOME SECRETARY returns to Smyrna to have the pellets extracted. Mr. HARRIS of *The Times* obtains services of an elderly Minor Asiatic nurse named Gamp to attend him. F. E. develops wonderful bedside manner. Reads *De Forest Lovers* to the sick man.

September 17.—Recovery of the HOME SECRETARY, who, landing at Rhodes, and finding that the Colossus no longer exists, offers to stand there in its stead. "Do," says F. E., "and teach me how to do it. I'll be your Rhodes scholar." The *Honor* again runs aground.

September 18.—The HOME SECRETARY leaves for Constantinople, leaving the rest of the party on their *Honor*. He is personally shown over the Treasury by Pegwel Bey. "Do you have Tammany methods here?" he asks. "No," says the Bey, pointing to the water, "we know better: this is the Bosphorus." HOME SECRETARY in convulsions.

Sept. 19.—Return of the HOME SECRETARY for England. Asia Minor in tears. Official mourning in Yildiz Kiosk.

MAIL-BAGS.

No. 1.—THE ACTOR-MANAGER'S.

DEAR MR. WILMINGTON,—I really must write to tell you how perfectly *sweet* you looked as the hero in *The Strong Right Arm*, and how *noble!* I was in the third row of the upper circle last night—did you see me? I was next to Papa. All the girls at school are mad about you, and we have got up a sweepstake on your age. I have chosen 26, and I *do* hope it is right. I feel it *must* be. Please tell us!

Your admiring friend,
DULCIE HOPE.

(*Answer:* Mr. Wilmington regrets to say he is a grandfather.)

DEAR SIR,—I have never seen a finer performance in my life than yours in *The Strong Right Arm*. The strength, the virility, the grip in it was tremendous. It electrified me. I have seen GARRICK, KEAN, MACREADY and all the great actors, but they cannot touch you, Sir, in dramatic power. I feel you are precisely the right actor to play the title-rôle in my five-act drama in blank verse, *Rameses the Great*. Probably you read this when it appeared in the columns of the *Toodleham Guardian* in 1876. It was most favourably commented on in Toodleham and district. Believe me, Sir,

Your sincere admirer,
JONAS GOLDSWORTHY
(Retired District Councillor).

(*Answer:* Mr. Wilmington is unfortunately not a constant reader of the *Toodleham Guardian*. He fears that, owing to the political situation, it would be unwise to stage a drama dealing with Egypt just at present.)

MY DEAR WILMINGTON,—You are absolutely *great* in the comic scenes of *The Strong Right Arm*. I laughed till my sides ached. It reminded me of the good old times when we played together on tour in *A Trip to Margate*. You remember I always said you had the makings of a first-class comedian in you. Just now, dear boy, I am meeting with a streak of rotten luck. To be quite frank, I haven't a fiver to my name, and I owe more than that for rent. Of course it would be only a temporary loan—next week I hope to be straight again.

Your old pal,
MARMADUKE DE MONTMORENCY.

(*Answer:* Mr. Wilmington has never played in *A Trip to Margate*. He encloses cheque for one guinea, and hopes it will help Mr. de Montmorency to become straight.)

DEAR MR. WILMINGTON,—I am so afraid you will think it forward on my part, but I can't keep my feelings back any longer. You must have guessed when you saw me in the pit night after night—I could see you were trying to look away so that people wouldn't suspect. Dear Mr. Wilmington, you are the lover of my dreams, my ideal of the man who should one day make me his wife. Please let me know how you feel about this.

Yours only, MABEL BINKS.

(*Answer:* Mr. Wilmington, while appreciating the honour, regrets that he is married at present, and engaged three deep beyond that.)

SIR,—I have just been to see *The Strong Right Arm*, and I find it difficult to give adequate expression to my indignation. Do you realise, Sir, that your play is lifted bodily from an unpublished drama of mine entitled *The Life and Times of Henry of Navarre?* Do you understand, Sir, that your play is the most unblushing, the most dastardly piece of plagiarism that has ever disgraced the British stage? Are you aware, Sir, that in this country the thief is punished, and punished severely, by the Law, and that a theft more deliberate, more scoundrelly, more—words fail me.

Sir, I await your explanation!

JNO. THOS. JONES.

(*Answer:* Mr. Wilmington has added Mr. Jones's name to his list of claimants to the authorship of *The Strong Right Arm*. Mr. Jones comes seventh on the list, and his claim will in due course receive every attention.)

"It would be cruel to inquire too closely into the exact validity of the stories connecting Edward II. with the Castle of Carnarvon. None the less, the connection undoubtedly exists, and the fortress at the mouth of the Conway has only obtained its historic rights."—*Observer.*

It would be still more cruel to inquire into the geography of the editor, and the exact validity of the story connecting the Castle with the mouth of the Conway.

An All-round Man.

"Gardener wishes situation; life experience, all branches; wife, cow or poultry."—*Advt. in "Scotsman."*



"PRESERVING" THE COUNTRY.

BRITISH AUTUMN MANŒUVRES—ANY YEAR.

[Certain "sportsmen" are still to be found with so poor a notion of patriotism that they refuse to allow troops to pass through their coverts for fear that sport should be spoilt by manœuvres which are over two months before their first shoot.]





WE OFFER A SUGGESTION TO FOREIGN OFFICERS ENGAGED UPON "OBSERVATION" WORK IN THIS COUNTRY.—WHY NOT ASSUME SIMPLE BUT EFFECTIVE DISGUISES SO AS TO RENDER YOUR DETECTION IMPOSSIBLE?

THE ISLANDERS.

MR. SAMUEL HAIGH'S purchase of the Calf of Man has given the island market a long-desired fillip, and prices now rule high. We understand that the veiled lady who has long been making efforts to acquire the Isle of Man, but hitherto without success, is not, as some supposed, Miss TITTELL-BRUNE, but a not unknown authoress of hectic novels with a gigantic circulation. Her avowed purpose is to sink it.

Mr. C. K. SHORTER (the "Spherical Sainte-Beuve") is said to be in negotiation for Lundy Isle, with the idea of dating his weekly literary *causerie* from that retreat.

A spirited contest for possession of the Cocos Islands is said to be in progress between Mr. GEORGE CADBURY and Mr. ST. LOE STRACHEY.

Several literary men are endeavouring to acquire Samoa, among others Mr. BERNARD CAPES and Mr. MARRIOTT WATSON.

Offers for the Isle of Wight have been received from the German EMPEROR, who proposes, in addition to the purchase money, to bestow the Order of the Red Eagle on all the members of the National Liberal Club. Negotiations are still pending.

We have good authority for stating that a syndicate of titled Backwoodsmen are negotiating the purchase of Borneo. They have, however, found a spirited rival in Mrs. Wiggs of the famous Cabana Patch Company.

Mr. SOLOMON J. SOLOMON, R.A., has recently acquired the Solomon Islands and will shortly pay a protracted visit to his new possession in the company of DJAVID Pasha, Lord SWAYTHLING and Lord Mondschein of Slains.

Messrs. LYONS, the eminent caterers, with a view to consolidating their position in the Pacific, have purchased the Sandwich Islands at enormous cost. As the breadfruit tree grows in abundance and the islands are overrun with pigs, the effect of their purchase is anxiously awaited by several railway *restaurateurs*.

"The Silent Isle," Mr. A. C. BENSON'S newly acquired property, of which he gives a charming account in his new volume, is, we understand, one of the Magdalene group, and is not one of the Isles of Sunset, of which Mr. BENSON is also the proprietor.

The Scilly Isles are being reserved as a home of rest for landowners who have been foiled by Form IV.

"According to the rules Romford, Romford United, Leytonstone, and Wanstead are exempt until the semi-final."—*Essex Times.*

Still, the other clubs may as well amuse themselves by going in for the preliminary rounds.

HOLIDAY TIME.

V.—MAROONED.

"STROKE, you're late," said Thomas, butting me violently in the back with his oar.

"My dear Thomas, when you have been in the Admiralty a little longer you will know that 'bow' is not the gentleman who sets the time. What do you suppose would happen at Queen's Hall if the second bird-call said to the conductor, 'Henry, you're late'?"

"The whole gallery would go out and get its hair cut," said Archie.

"I'm not used to the Morse system of rowing, that's the trouble," explained Thomas. "Long-short, short-short-long, short-long. You're spelling out the most awful things, if you only knew."

"Be careful how you insult me, Thomas. A little more and I shall tell them what happened to you on the ornamental waters in Regent's Park that rough day."

"Really?" asked Simpson with interest.

"Yes; I fancy he had been rather overdoing it at Swedish drill that morning."

We gave her ten in silence, and then by mutual consent rested on our oars.

"There's a long way yet," said Myra. "Dahlia and I will row if you're tired."

"This is an insult, Thomas. Shall we sit down under it?"

"Yes," said Thomas, getting up; "only in another part of the boat."

We gave up our seats to the ladies (even in a boat one should be polite) and from a position in the stern waited with turned-up coat-collars for the water to come on board.

"We might have sailed up a little higher," remarked Simpson. "It's all right, I'm not a bit wet, thanks."

"It's too shallow, except at high tide," said Myra. "The *Armadillo* would have gone aground and lost all her—her shell. Do armadilloes have shells, or what?"

"Feathers."

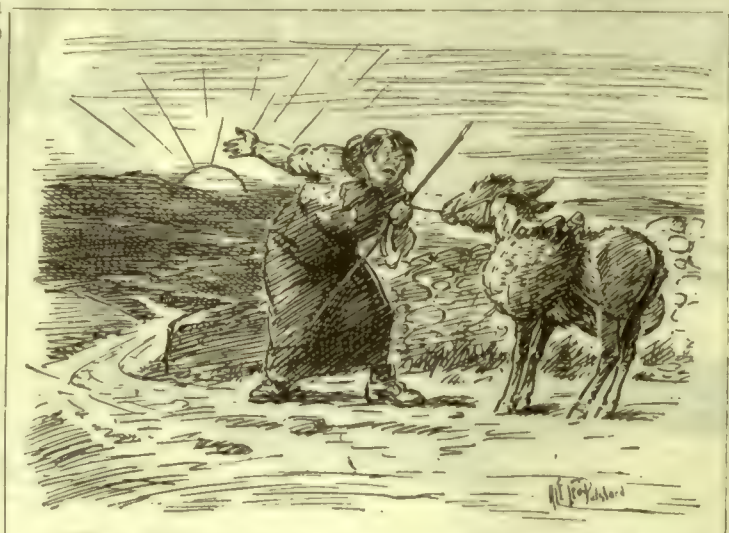
"Well, we're a pretty good bank-holiday crowd for the dinghy," said Archie. "Simpson, if we upset, save the milk and the sandwiches; my wife can swim."

The woods were now beginning to come down to the river on both sides, but on the right a grassy slope broke them at the water's edge for some fifty yards. Thither we rowed, and after a little complicated manœuvring landed suddenly; Simpson, who was standing in the bows with the boat-hook, being easily the first to reach the shore. He got up quickly, however, apologized, and helped the ladies and the hampers out. Thereafter he was busy for some time, making the dinghy fast with a knot peculiarly his own.

"The first thing to do is to build a palisade to keep the savages off," said Archie, and he stuck the boathook into the ground. "After which you are requested to light fires to frighten the wild beasts. The woodbines are very wild at this time of the year."

"We shall have to light a fire anyhow for the tea, so that will be very useful," said the thoughtful Dahlia.

"I myself," I said, "will swim out to the wreck for the musket and the bag of nails."



"WILL YE LUK AT TH' SUN, YE IJIT? WE'LL NOT GET HOME TO-NIGHT."

"As you're going," said Myra, unpacking, "you might get the sugar as well. We've forgotten it."

"Now you've spoilt my whole holiday. It was bad enough with the cake last week, but this is far, far worse. I shall go into the wood and eat berries."

"It's all right, here it is. Now you're happy again. I wish, if you aren't too busy, you'd go into the wood and collect sticks for the fire.

"I am unusually busy," I said, "and there is a long *queue* of clients waiting for me in the ante-room. An extremely long *queue*—almost a half-butt in fact."

I wandered into the wood alone. Archie and Dahlia had gone arm-in-arm up the hill to look at a view, Simpson was helping Myra with the hampers, and Thomas, the latest arrival from town, was lying on his back, telling them what he alleged to be a good story now going round London. Myra told it to me afterwards, and we agreed that as a boy it had gone round the world several times first. Yet I heard her laugh unaffectedly — what angels women are!

Ten minutes later I returned with my spoil, and laid it before them.

"A piece of brown bread from the bread-fruit tree, a piece of india-rubber from the mango-tree, a chutney from the banana-grove, and an omelet from the turtle-run. I missed the chutney with my first barrel, and brought it down rather luckily with the ricochet."

"But how funny; they all look just like sticks of wood."

"That is Nature's plan of protective colouring. In the same way apricots have often escaped with their lives by sitting in the cream and pretending to be poached eggs."

"The same instinct of self-preservation," added Archie, "has led many a pill called Beauchamp to pronounce its name Cholmondeley."

Simpson begged to be allowed to show us how to light a fire, and we hadn't the heart to refuse him. It was, he said, the way they lit fires on the veldt (and other places where they wanted fires), and it went out the first time because the wind must have changed round after he had begun to lay the wood. He got the draught in the right place the next time, and for a moment we thought we should have to take to the boats; but the captain averted a panic, and the fire was got under. Then the kettle was put on, and of all the boiled water I have ever tasted this was the best.

"You know," said Archie, "in Simpson the nation has lost a wonderful scout-master."

"Oh, Samuel," cried Myra, "tell us how you tracked the mules that afternoon, and knew they were wounded because of the blood."

"Tell us about that time when you bribed the regimental anchovy of Troop B to betray the secret password to you."

"I ignore you because you're jealous. May I have some more tea, Miss Mannering?"

"Call me Myra, Scoutmaster Simpson of the *Spectator* troop, and you shall."

"I blush for my unblushing sex," said Dahlia.

"I blush for my family," said Archie. "That a young girl of gentle birth, nurtured in a peaceful English home,



HOW MISS REDCLIFFE BECOMES *LA PLUS CHIC DE TOUT KENSINGTON.*

brought up in an atmosphere of old-world courtesy, should so far forget herself as to attempt to wheedle a promising young scoutmaster, who can light a fire, practically speaking, backwards—this, I repeat, is too much."

It was Thomas who changed the subject so abruptly.

"I suppose the tide comes as far as this?" he said.

"It does, captain."

"Then that would account for the boat having gone."

"That and Simpson's special knot," I said, keeping calm for the sake of the women and children.

Archie jumped up with a shout. The boat was about twenty yards from the shore, going very slowly up-stream.

"It 's very bad to bathe just after a heavy meal," I reminded him.

"I 'm not sure that I 'm going to, but I 'm quite sure that one of us will have to."

"Walk up the river with it," said Myra, "while Dahlia and I pack, and the one who 's first digested goes in."

We walked up. I felt that in my own case the process of assimilation would be a lengthy one. A. A. M.

"It may be said of him, as 'Hamlet' said of his father:—

'His life was gentle; and the elements so mixed in him that Nature might stand up and say to all the world: "This was a man."'"

Darwen and County Gazette.

Hamlet was full of these nice ideas about his father.

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.

June, 1908.—Announcement of the betrothal of Miss Tilkins, daughter of Senator Tilkins, to the Duke of the Niubuzzi.

July, 1908.—Senator Tilkins denies that there is an engagement between his daughter and the Duke of the Niubuzzi. She shall marry, he says, no one but an American citizen.

August, 1908.—The Duke of the Niubuzzi expresses his willingness to become an American citizen. Announcement of his engagement to Miss Tilkins, daughter of Senator Tilkins.

September, 1908.—It is officially announced that the engagement between the Duke of the Niubuzzi and Miss Tilkins has been forbidden by the King of ITALY.

October, 1908.—The Duke of the Niubuzzi leaves for the North Pole.

June, 1909.—Return of the Duke of the Niubuzzi from the North Pole, and announcement of his engagement to Miss Tilkins, daughter of Senator Tilkins.

July, 1909.—Denial by Senator Tilkins that the Duke of the Niubuzzi is engaged to Miss Tilkins. The Duke of the Niubuzzi leaves for the Andes.

November, 1909.—Return of the Duke of the Niubuzzi from the Andes, and arrival in New York. He is in daily attendance at the Tilkins' mansion.

December, 1909.—Official announcement of the engagement of the Duke of the Niubuzzi to Miss Tilkins, daughter of Senator Tilkins.

January, 1910.—The marriage of the Duke of the Niubuzzi and Miss Tilkins forbidden by the POPE. The Duke of the Niubuzzi leaves for the South Pole.

June, 1910.—Return of the Duke of the Niubuzzi from the South Pole, and announcement of his engagement to Miss Tilkins, daughter of Senator Tilkins.

July, 1910.—Senator Tilkins demands full Quirinal and Vatican rights for himself and family if the engagement proceeds.

August, 1910—Although the Duke of the Niubuzzi expresses his readiness to kiss Senator Tilkins' toe, the opposition to the match in the highest quarters is too much for him.

September, 1910.—Official denial that the Duke of the Niubuzzi is engaged to Miss Tilkins, daughter of Senator Tilkins.

Spanish Chestnuts.

"On the contrary, as the Spaniard said on board ship when asked if he had had his breakfast."—*Daily Mail.*

Why drag in Spain?

"Billiard Table, 6in. × 3in., complete accessories."—*Advt. in "Daily News."*

Unless the accessories include a long rest we cannot take it.

"Subconsciously Percy noted that papa's shoes were of terrible thickness, and numbered at least eleven."—*Harper's Magazine.*

It 's a mistake to marry into a centipede's family.

IT'S SO SIMPLE!

WE gather from the report of the Whitehall Conference, held last Wednesday, on Land Valuation Form 4, that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE still persists in considering its language to be intelligible to the merest child. As, for instance, the following paragraph from the "instructions" defining "site value":—

"The full site value of land means the amount which remains after deducting from the gross value of the land the difference (if any) between that value and the value which the fee simple of the land, if sold at the time in the open market by a willing seller, might be expected to realise if the land were divested of any buildings, and of any other structures (including fixed or attached machinery) on, in or under the surface, which are appurtenant to, or used in connection with, any such buildings, and of all growing timber, fruit trees, fruit bushes, and other things growing thereon."

It is, of course, quite admirably pointed and terse; but still we have a feeling that the fourth-form boy, or, for that matter, the average householder, would better appreciate the full beauty of the passage if it were rendered in a more familiar dialect, and fortunately there is an available model at hand, as somewhat thus:—

This is the Site that LLOYD GEORGE taxed.

* * * *

(*We omit the crescendo.*)

This is the Piffling Amount at command
By which the Gross Value, to wit, of the Land
One fine day exceeded its fee simple's Worth
Attached at the time to that same Plot of earth,
Which the Seller, impelled by dictates of his heart,
Converted and turned into cash in the Mart
(The same being open—I quote from Form IV.),
That divested the Plot of the Buildings it bore,
Not to speak of the Structures and other things fixed,
Such as pigstyes and barns and machinery mixed,
On, in, even *under* the Landscape in view,
And connected therewith and pertaining thereto,
That embraced growing timber, fruit bushes and trees,
And any removable thing you could seize
On the Trumpery Site that LLOYD GEORGE taxed!

ZIGZAG.

Motto for Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S Land Valuation Scheme: "Small profits, quick returns."

GUIDE TO BILLIARDS.

Attitude.—For ordinary strokes it will be found by practical experience that the best results are produced by placing the feet on the floor—not on the table—in an easy, natural manner. If this is done calmly and without premeditation the feet will spontaneously adopt an angle of 45 degrees to each other. This angle is called the "natural angle," a thorough knowledge of which is the basis of all good billiards. It is essential that the feet should be, as nearly as possible, a pair.

The weight of the body is now taken off the cushion rail, upon which it has hitherto been resting, and placed upon the legs. The body is then gently inclined towards the table, care being taken that the chin is not allowed to rest upon the bed.

While the stroke is being made the feet must be planted firmly on the floor. Should they show signs of mobilisation it is advisable to place a heavy weight upon them until the stroke is played. In clubs and public rooms the marker will be delighted to sit on the player's feet if necessary.

Holding the Cue.—In making an ordinary stroke the cue should never be held by more than one person at a time. Some players hold the cue loosely in the hand, a few inches from the butt-end. Others grasp it firmly at a point a few inches from the middle. The former arrangement is better suited to the Spring-Tip cue, which is rapidly ousting the old-fashioned article. The cue-arm is generally bent at the elbow, but splendid results in all-round cannons have been achieved with swinging shoulder shots.

Many good patent cues are now on the market. For weak people the Percussion Cap Cue or the Spring-Tip Cue may be recommended. The latter is an ingenious arrangement, which saves the player a lot of trouble. You merely take aim at the ball and press with the thumb a button in the butt. This action releases a coil spring behind the tip, which flies out in the direction aimed at, hits the ball, and returns to its place in a flash. Most people have found it impossible to acquire that steady, straight, piston-rod action which is desirable in good billiards. The Spring-Tip Cue dispenses with the necessity for studying this feature of the game. We understand from Messrs. Worroughes and Batts, the patentees, that it is impossible to cut the cloth with this cue. The Telescope or Guest-Cue—for long or short players—is very suitable for private house purposes.

The Bridge.—The bridge is built about nine inches from the ball to be played, and may be constructed in the old Roman style or on the cantilever principle. For people with long thumbs the latter is perhaps most suitable. Nervous players should not make bridges. They are advised to lay a piece of billiard chalk on the cloth about a foot from the ball, place the patent Spring-Tip Cue across it, take aim, and fire.

Addressing the Ball.—In addressing the ball the point is to make your remarks about your opponent's style of play and the position he has left for you as sarcastic and cutting as you can. During the address, if you happen to touch the ball with your cue, it counts one to your opponent.

Taking aim.—When tipping a cue the marker invariably leaves parts of the tip ragged and untrimmed. This is to assure correct alignment for the player when he looks along the cue—the untrimmed part of the tip forming the front sight, and the bridge providing the back sight. When taking aim it is not necessary for the beginner to know where the balls will ultimately settle, if he should succeed in striking them; this knowledge comes in the fulness of time.

Striking the Ball.—This is the most important feature of the whole game. Indeed, some authorities hold that if the balls were not struck now and again it would be almost impossible to play billiards.

What more than anything else distinguishes a good player is the correct contact of his cue tip with the ball. That contact which emits a crisp, clicking noise as the tip touches the ball is correct. And this crisp noise may be produced by slightly toasting the tip before fixing it to the cue. Players of a "soft" game use buttered tips, but plain toasted tips, when brought into contact with nicely warmed balls, produce the crispest noise.

Never give your ball a hint of the exact spot upon which you intend to strike it. Make a few feints before you hit out—so as to put it off. If, for instance, you wish to screw back, you must pretend you are really trying for a follow through; aim to hit your ball on the scalp, and then, before he has time to recover his guard, jab him hard in the belt. Always act quickly. Ivory balls are very tricky and suspicious.

Touch and Tone.—A good ear can be cultivated only with the aid of ivory balls. "I tried for a B-flat cannon, and got a losing hazard in G-sharp," is a common wail of those who play with composition.



Seaside Visitor (*admiring a seagull*). "HOW NICE AND CLEAN HE LOOKS."
Boatman. "AH, MA'AM, IF YOU SPENT AS MUCH TIME IN THE WATER AS HE DOES, *YOU'D LOOK CLEAN, TOO.*"

THE PLANTAIN.

WHENEVER I meet, as I sometimes do,
A man who is all but bent in two;
Whose hand is tense, while his eyes look down,
And his brow 's cross-hatched with an awful frown;
Whose lips are tightened to show beneath
Two furious rows of gleaming teeth,
I know him at once; "Well met," I cry;
"You 're a Plaintain-Demon, and so am I."

You should see me mark in a slow advance
My track on the lawn with a two-pronged lance.
I prod with might and I stab with main
The deep-set root of the tough plantain;
And then with a heave and a groan I prize,
And out, but never quite out, he flies;
He leaves an eighth of an inch or so
And immediately sets to work to grow.

Sometimes he fights, as a plantain can
When he rallies his strength against a man;
I settle the lance-head deep and true,
And it 's up—come up! But the leaves slip through.
Then I set my jaws and I dig and dig,
While the earth flies out and the hole gets big,
And the gardener, watching the work, looks blue in
His gardening clothes, and the lawn 's a ruin.

I was never a man to work by snatches,
So I stick to my task till the lawn 's all patches,
And the weeds attest in a heaped-up hill
My dauntless force and my deadly skill.
But, oh, when after a week I come
To the scene of the fight my heart is glum,
For every patch where a plantain grew
Is alive with a new one, some with two!

So I set my jaws, and I set them tight,
And I stab with main and I prod with might,
And, although I own that I cannot see an
Advance in my more than Sisyphean
Self-set task as a plantain-spitter,
I won't give up, for I 'm not a quitter.
I shall die some day, for such labours pith me,
And then you must bury a plantain with me.

"The Premier says the work of inspecting rabbits is carried out by properly qualified officers connected with the export trade.

'I can scarcely believe,' adds Mr. Wade, 'they would allow any rabbits to go into consumption that are unfit for food.'"
Sydney Herald.

Certainly no rabbits which have gone into consumption are fit for food.

Students of Esperanto are complaining that there is not a single "swear word" in the language. What a chance for a happy combination of the leading expletives of all nations!



A WASTE OF MATERIAL.

Sympathetic Nephew (to aeroplaning Uncle, who has slipped badly). "WELL, IT *IS* ROTTEN LUCK FOR YOU, UNCLE, HURTING YOURSELF LIKE THIS FALLING DOWN SILLY OLD STEPS, WHEN YOU 'VE GOT AN AEROPLANE!"

THE PHILOMELOGRAPH.

["During the coming winter the nightingale's song will be heard on the gramophone."—*Evening Paper.*]

BROWN Attic bird, this is indeed a pleasure!
No more in darkling woods to wait about,
But all day long to have your liquid measure
Emerging from a corrugated spout;
Thrice happy thought! the youngsters whisper, "Daddy,
Turn on the nightingale"—and lo! you play,
Rending the calm that follows "*Yip-i-addy*
I-ay-i-ay."

Ah me, what ecstasies the pagan poets
Have missed by dying early! What wild treats
Till now have never been recorded! Oh, it 's
A shame to think of COLERIDGE and KEATS:
That he (the last), who loved your swift effacements
In labyrinthine gloom, could never write
On what you sounded like through Earl's Court casements,
Ope to the night;

Could never fade away when cares were pricking
Through parlour windows where the firelight gleams,
And Jones pretends he likes your guttural clicking
Far better than the latest comic themes;
Could never feel that voice (if thus translated)
On Ruth, amidst the alien corn-sheaves sad,
Worse than all else would probably have grated—
It was too bad.

But we are happier; we can hear it mingle
With "all the well-known operatic stars;"
Ay, and with all the catchy tunes that jingle
In music-halls and restaurants and bars.
What sounds shall smite the air, what vocal *mêlée*,
When wails for Itylus shall lead the van,
Fighting (across the way) demands for KELLY,
KELLY from Man!

And, oh! unhappy bride beloved of Procne—
You whom a lurid past forbade to frisk,
Eternally remorseful! now the cockney
Can buy your wood-notes on a metal disc;
Whate'er to ancient Greece you do (or did) owe,
If but the griefs within your bosom pent
Can utterly outmourn the *Merry Widow*,
I am content. EVOE.

"FORTUNE-TELLING IN THE TEACUP.—Can any reader give instructions in fortune-telling by tea grounds, so that one can tell if they may expect a visitor, letter, present, etc.? Can I get a book with directions?—PEARL."—*Farm, Field, and Fireside.*

Yes, you *can*, but it requires a very tricky combination of tea-grounds. It is much easier to get a visitor or a letter.

"Biscuit foreman wanted; to take entire charge of a small plant."—*Advt. in "Scotsman."*

We know several gardeners prepared to take entire charge of a small biscuit.



THE ARCH-DRUID OF DOWNING STREET.

A Musical Correspondent at the Eisteddfod writes.—"Mr. Lloyd George then obliged with '*Land of My Fathers.*' The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in his rendition of the famous Land song, gave its full site value to every note."

ANOTHER OPEN LETTER TO MR. LLOYD GEORGE.

THE subjoined would appear, from internal evidence, to have reached our office in mistake for that of a distinguished contemporary. *Mr. Punch*, however, whose politics are above question or party, has pleasure in publishing it, with the usual reservations, as a striking instance of—

(*a*) Yet another once-flourishing industry ruined by the most predatory Government of modern times: or

(*b*) The grumbling of a discredited Tory minority (according to the taste and fancy of the reader).

SIR,—Permit me respectfully to call your attention to an especially sad case (my own) whose present unfortunate position is directly due to the iniquitous measure associated with your name; though so far it has not, I believe, received even the consolation of publicity. Know then, Sir, that, as an occasionally literary man, it has been my custom, for many successive Augusts, to address, at the beginning of that month, some signed communication of general interest to the hospitable columns of a morning journal, which it would be superfluous for me, in this place, further to particularize. As these communications are invariably of such a nature as to evoke sufficient replies to last, with care, for two pages daily throughout the entire vacation, I have been in the habit of receiving, at its conclusion, a generous pecuniary reward from the grateful editor whom it has thus been my pleasure to serve. For this autumn, helped perhaps by the recent spells of wet weather, so conducive to composition, I had prepared a selection of topics of an exceptionally promising and provocative character, ranging in extent from queries such as "Should Women Aviate?" to "Is Food Dangerous?" In short, I had every reason to look forward to a remunerative season; and my small but deserving family, whose annual holiday by the sea is in great measure financed by my productive pen, were already anticipating the delights of salubrious Southend, when what, Sir, do I find? That paper to which I have already referred, whose chivalrous welcome was ever (in August) extended to the down-trodden and the verbose, is already filled, well-nigh from cover to cover, with *real letters from real people on a real grievance*. Sir, I need say no more. "You take away the means by which I live" (SHAKSPEARE). For this year at least, an indignant family must go without their ozone, because the money to provide it remains unearned, and unearnable, increment. This is what your so-called land valuation scheme has done for

Yours despairingly, A SIDE-VICTIM.

POPULAR SONG ILLUMINATED.



"SHE IS FAR FROM THE LA-A-ND——"



"——WHERE HER YOUNG HERO SLEEPS
(ETCETERA, ETCETERA, ETCE—TERA!)."

BROTHERLY LOVE.

["To a certain extent every musician is a poet."—*Daily Paper.*]

ALL down the street each day he calls
And turns his organ's handle round,
While blatant ditties from the Halls
Throughout this tenement resound.
His garb and trade appear to be
Twin proofs of grinding poverty.

And I have cursed him well at times.
His music clothes with added pain
The painful task of wrenching rhymes
Out of a none too fertile brain;
I weep to think how often "Yip-i-addy" 's given me the pip.

But now my anger waxes dim;
He stands quite high in my regard,
Since I can recognize in him
A kindred soul, a brother bard.
To-morrow, when he comes, I think
I 'll go and offer him a drink.

HINTS ON YACHTING.

To own a yacht—think of it! A yacht of your very own, riding proudly at anchor in Mudsea Bay—tugging at her headstall, as it were, waiting for you to mount and, spurning the angry waves, to round the Nore on her, and be as ill as you like. If you are a true Briton, the call of the sea will come one morning in your life—on a Thursday, perhaps—and you will calmly inform your wife at breakfast that you are thinking of buying a small yacht.

Having chosen the kind of craft you can afford, you should pay for it, and immediately splice the main brace—but don't overdo it. Splice it once, and have done with it.

Let us now assume the yacht chosen, paid for, the main sprice placed, the sheets well aired, the white sales over, and all mouseholes stopped, and everything is ready to put her in commission.

In Commission.—This ceremony need not deter the ardent yachtsman. It can be performed on, say, the first fine Saturday afternoon. Of course, you are going to make a week-end of it, and you can take the Bounderbys with you—if they will go. They will; so with your new yachting cap at the coveted angle, one hand upon the tiller and the other at your mouth, you shout, "Let go that painter, Bounderby!" and, hey presto! the thing is done—providing Bounderby knows what you mean, and does it. Then with a "Yo, heave ho!" your craft slips over the shining waters, and Mudsea, flashing like a jewel in the sun, lies under your lee. The call of the sea has now got thoroughly into your blood, and you don't care if it snows.

Setting the Dog Watch.—This expression seems to have got warped with age. But the dogs must be set to watch, as there are a lot of tramps knocking around at sea. Turn this job over to Bounderby, and sleep till eight bells, or when your wife says breakfast is ready. Avoid hot ham.

Boxing the Compass.—This is splendid exercise, all contests being under B. of T. rules. (See also Spars.)

Spanker.—On second thoughts, don't bother about this. She is probably doing her best, and isn't used to cooking over a slush lamp.

Peak Halyards.—Oh, those peak halyards! How many a gallant mainsail has been lost for want of a few peak halyards. Take plenty of them. Fill your pockets with them.

On the Port Tack.—With strong-soled canvas shoes on, this should not be very painful, but if your feet are in "the altogether" at the moment remember that you are not at home, and that Mrs. Bounderby was strictly brought up.



VIRGINIBUS PLUVIISQUE.

"SHALL WE STOP NOW, DO YOU THINK?"
"WELL, P'RAPS WE 'D BETTER. THE LIGHT 'S GETTING A BIT TRICKY."

Cleats.—These are her (the yacht's) hairpins, and will be found all over the place, after the manner of these feminine necessaries.

Becalmed.—If this should happen on Monday morning, it will be deucedly awkward, especially if you are five miles from anywhere, and simply must catch the next train to town, which leaves Mudsea in fourteen minutes. There are two alternatives, so aptly expressed by Sir Peter Peary, the great amateur yachtsman, in five words, "Get on, or get out." As, obviously, it is impossible to get on, you must get out and push the silly thing.

Putting the Yacht out of Commission.—This is the easiest possible matter. You will probably not be on speaking terms with the Bounderbys by the time you have warped up at Mudsea, or have rowed ashore, or have got off, landed, gone ashore or otherwise disembarked, as lawyers would say. This being so, and an immediate start for the station being imperative, the yacht is left to herself and the ceremony is complete. The subsequent transference of the *Saucy Susan* or the *Pretty Polly* to her former owner at half-price is another story.

AN ELEMENT OF DISCORD.

IT was a big crowd. Any Cabinet Minister would have been proud to address it. I stood on the outskirts near a young man with a cigarette, a buttonhole, and a flexible cane, also a girl next to the cane. Near me was a stout person with a way of nodding his head triumphantly when attracted by something the speaker said, or shaking it in a menacing manner when he disagreed, and looking sternly at the orator as a man taking advantage of an audience unendowed with his particular critical capacity. He had on one of those hats which are not really top hats though lofty in stature, and are not correctly speaking bowlers, but rank in the social scale between the two, and belong either to Prime Ministers who look like butlers or butlers who are mistaken by romantic and foolish people for Prime Ministers, which is hard on the butlers.

"Had him there," said the dignified gentleman, with the air of a man who has foreseen the inevitable, and hopes he does not appear wiser than his fellows.

The young man with the cane smiled confidentially, and sent a cloud of smoke down his nostrils, showing very clearly how little the argument weighed with him.

"Wot d'yer say?" asked a simple-looking little man in a dirty frock coat and soiled collar.

The dignified gentleman stared at him coldly.

"I said—he—had—him—there," he repeated slowly and turned away. It was very decisive.

"Where?" asked the new-comer in the voice of one craving for knowledge. "Where? That 's what I want to know. Where?" He smiled.

"I suppose you think that 's funny," said the dignified gentleman sourly.

The orator paused and eyed one part of his audience with some annoyance.

"If you want to 'ear yerselves talkin', go away," he said; and a murmur of approval ran round the crowd.

The dignified gentleman began to explain.

"Now stow it," interposed the orator. "Jest becorse you sport an Aunt Sally 'at you think you can put in yer spoke where it ain't wanted."

We all looked ashamed, except the new-comer.

"Wot 's the matter with his 'at?" he asked indignantly, and criticisms were audible from all parts of the audience.

"I like it," said the new-comer stoutly, like a man prepared to defend a lost cause.

"I don't care tuppence for his 'at," cried the orator furiously; "wot I was sayin' was——"

"It 's a darned sight better nor your 'at," resumed the new-comer, and turned with an encouraging smile to the dignified gentleman.

But the latter had vanished.

"Wot I was saying was this—wot we want is not opportunity, rightly speakin', or hideals——"

"'Ear, 'ear!" from the new-comer with profound satire.

"Hideals," continued the speaker, ignoring him; "it 's more than that—it 's *power* we want."

There was a dramatic pause.

"Yus, it 's power we want—I tell yer it 's power we want—er—" (becoming a little confused and eyeing the new-comer desperately)—"it 's power——"

The newcomer raised his voice.

"Yer wrong, Mister," he cried in a spirited fashion.

The orator turned helplessly upon him. We all waited expectantly.

"It 's ideas yer want," screamed the new-comer triumphantly; and as rats are said to forsake a sinking ship so the throng began to melt away and disappear.

The sun was setting, grey shadows crept over the Park. The orator unfolded his stand in a moody silence.

I looked for the new-comer. He was nowhere to be seen. Then in the distance I heard his shrill, plaintive voice. As I passed another gathering, homeward bound, I caught a glimpse of an authority on Tariff Reform shaking his fist in the direction of the new-comer, whose face wore the look of a man craving for the truth.



Mrs. Jones (who, on quitting French soil, is anxious to use her last chance of encouraging her family to speak the language of the country). "ALLONS! OU VOUS SEREZ GAUCHE DERRIÈRE!"

THE LAST TEEN.

WHEN I was merely "M or N,"
Engaged in "*dolce far niente*"
(Meaning I did but little then),
I thirsted for the moment when
I should achieve the years of men
And reach the glorious age of twenty.

Nor had my ardour lessened yet
When I discarded G. A. HENTY,
Learned to indulge without regret
The humours of the cigarette,
And, in a word, contrived to get
Most of the faults that come at twenty.

As leaps the bullet from the bore,
As leaps the matron's bosom when tea
Advances coyly from the door,
So leapt my heart a year before
When I observed how little more
I had to wait ere I was twenty.

But . . . be the years approaching lean
Or be they fat (*deo volente*),
They will not be as this has been,
This last and most delightful teen;
And I shall make a sad, sad scene
On Friday next, when I am twenty.

"The Muscleless Wonder."

"In jest I asked at the booking office for 'a bottle of Bass' and tendered the regular fare, but this joke seemed to be stale, for the clerk, without moving a muscle, handed me a ticket with alacrity."—*Kilmarnock Standard.*

We shall look out for this clerk at the Hippodrome one day.

"Butcher.—Smart young man, 21, requires driving or walking round."—*Advt. in "Daily Chronicle."*

We should prefer one who worked without this form of persuasion.

A RIDING LESSON.

Interior of a Riding School, a large gloomy oblong building, the floor thickly covered with tan. The Riding-Master, a weary and worn individual in the middle, directing the movements of three flushed, nervously excited lady pupils, mounted, two astride and one sideways, on three bored-to-tears-looking hacks.

Riding-Master. Now, ladies, I shall call you No. 1, No. 2, and No. 3. Walk your 'orses round the school. Sit straight in your saddles. 'Ands down and 'eads up! Bodies erect and HEASY! (*Intones*) W-A-L-K!

[*They do so, swaying easily in their saddles, but betraying their inexperience by constantly adjusting the reins in their fingers and their feet in the stirrups.*

No. 2 (*pretty, learning to ride astride because her mamma has her eye on a sporting fiancé*). I'm sure my horse is vicious, he keeps tossing his head in a most inconvenient manner.

No. 1 (*riding side-saddle because she has a good figure*). Tiresome creature! I'm so pleased you think my coat fits all right. It ought to, I had it built at Dobbin's.

No. 3 (*stout but timid, taking lessons for her weight and paying for them out of her own pocket*). I wish we could walk all the time. It feels so nice and safe. But I hope he'll notice we're starting ten minutes late and won't give us a short lesson. Each minute costs money.

Riding-Master. No. 2, you're 'anging on to your curb. No. 1, your left shoulder's stickin' out again. No. 3, try to remember your 'orse's mouth isn't cast hiron. Now we'll try the trot. Are you ready? (*Intones*) T-R-O-T!

[*All clutch their reins tightly and bump painfully in their saddles, with set and suffering expressions on their faces.*

No. 2. *Do* get on a bit faster! I shall run into you if you don't.

No. 1. I can't, this creature doesn't take any notice of the cane.

No. 2. Dig your heels into him!

[*No.* 1 *obeys, and promptly loses her stirrups.*

No. 3. Oh dear! Oh dear! This dreadful jarring may be good for my liver, but I'm sure it's bad for my spine!

Riding-Master. One, two—grip! One, two—grip! One, two—grip! No. 1, you must keep your stirrups by a light and heasy play of the hinstep and hankle. Oh, yes, you can if you try. No. 3, *don't* come down so 'eavy—you're rising too 'igh. No. 2, don't 'old your reins so tight. I want you just to "feel your horse's mouth."

No. 1 (*to Riding-Master*). May I have another horse, please? This one has got such a cold. I nearly go over his head every time he sneezes.

Riding-Master. It's grip you want, not another horse, Miss. (*Intones*) Grip! Grip! Grip! GRIP! GRIP! G-R-I-P! No. 3, you're all over your saddle again.

No. 3 (*pathetically*). I can't help it: it's so slippery this morning.

Riding-Master. You're riding too "long," that's what it is.

No. 3 (*aside*). Good gracious! I've barely had half an hour yet! I know he wants to skimp my time. (*To Riding-Master*) Oh, no; I'm all right, *really*, thank you.

Riding-Master (*intones*). R-I-G-H-T I-N-C-L-I-N-E!

[*The pupils blunder into each other.*

No. 1 (*to No.* 2). There! That was *your* fault. You jagged your wrong rein.

No. 2. I didn't! I jagged the left one.

No. 1. Well, the left *is* the wrong one.

No. 2. It may be for you, you're astride—but it's different for me. I'm sideways.

No. 3. Oh, do get out of the way—I shall be off in a moment! My horse won't stop, I've no influence over him at all.

Riding-Master. 'ALT! 'ALT! Very bad indeed. No. 3, why do you go hon when I tell you to 'alt? (*Picks up and returns sundry combs and hair ribbons to their panting owners, and makes them do it over again.*) That's better—much better. Now, ladies, we'll try the canter. Don't rise in your saddles. Sit down as if you're in harm-chairs, and when I say "Canter," raise your 'orse's fore hand.

No. 2. What *does* he mean by that?

Riding-Master. No. 3, let your feet go "home."

No. 3 (*emotionally*). Oh, I wish I could afford to!

Riding-Master. C-A-N-T-E-R!

[*Horses amble dejectedly round the School in a slow canter, indifferent to their burdens of squeaks, feminine cries, and heavy thuds.*

No. 1. Heavens—my—hair's—coming—down!

No. 3. So—am—I! Oh—oh—I'm being bumped to death!

No. 2 (*safely supported by pommel*). Isn't it glorious? (*To No.* 1) Aren't you enjoying it, dear?

No. 1. Yes—(*bump*)—rather!—(*bump*)—if I can only—(*bump*)—get round this corner—(*bump*)—without losing my pedals—(*bump*).

No. 3. My hat's gone! Oh—I've had enough! I can't *bear* any more; I must tell him so!

[*Glances at clock—sees there is still five minutes more to go, and heroically determines to stick it.*

Riding-Master. 'ALT! That will do, ladies.

[*Whistles loudly, and grooms run in and sympathetically assist pupils to alight.*

No. 3 (*tottering after the others, with a frenzied look on her white face*). We've had *three* minutes short time again! It isn't fair, he ought to be spoken to about it.

Riding-Master. Good morning, ladies. You've done very well. Next time you two astride pupils must take your feet out of your stirrups and cross them on your horse's neck.

No. 1 (*looking back aghast at No.* 3 *as they enter the dressing-room*). How awful! Did you hear what he said?

No. 3 (*desperately, collapsing into a chair*). Yes—I heard.

No. 1. But I shall never be able to do it as long as I live. Shall you?

No. 3 (*with a groan*). No—but that can't be very long at this rate. Oh! why wasn't I satisfied with my size?

TO AN ELECTRIC KETTLE.

You are a kettle still in shape and name,
Though tethered now with insulated wire,
And if, perforce, your brightness I admire
Unsullied as it is by smoke and flame,
Yet am I bound to say that all the same
I much preferred you in the drab attire
You wore when Polly put you on the fire,
And thereby won you both immortal fame.

Yet still you sing, perhaps with louder pitch,
And songs unnumbered ceaselessly provide
When, summoned by an unromantic switch,
Continuous currents through your being glide.
Should I too sing more often and grow rich
If haply I might be electrified?

A SON OF MARS.

THE Colonel is a scarred, chipped veteran and, properly speaking, he belongs to our reserves. James and I purchase three shining beautiful new balls apiece every day, but they do not take kindly to actual service conditions, and sooner or later one of us is certain to call the grand old fellow out, and send him, as far as is possible, to the front. I have sometimes suggested that we should score, not by holes, but by number of balls up at the end of the round; there are so many places on this course where a young feather-brained article is apt to lose its head and go wrong. Of these places, the two worst, I think, are the oat-field at the third, whose proprietor I suspect of holding rubber shares, and the coppice at the ninth (it is called a coppice on the map at the club-house, but James and I have found quite a lot of other names for it). At any rate, it is at these two holes that we have sunk most capital; I, because of the strong sea wind and the disgusting lies—herbal inexactitudes, I mean—of the course; James through his rank bad play. The Colonel, however, though he has roughed it such a lot and knows almost every blade of grass on the links, has somehow survived, and yesterday he achieved the crowning triumph of his career. I was unusually unlucky, and pulled my tee-shot at the third into the oat-field and my brassy at the ninth into the coppice. Later on, at the sixteenth I hit a very fine long cleek shot just over the brow of the cliff. This a very difficult thing to do against the wind. My caddy and I both ran to the spot instantly, and heard a piteous squeaking that proceeded from a clump of gorse. This, however, turned out to be, not (as we had fondly hoped) the lamentations of my ball, but those of a young rabbit which was being butchered by a stoat.

So the Colonel was requisitioned once again on the seventeenth tee. He deployed rapidly to the right at first, and then, after a brief reconnaissance in the heather, entrenched himself strongly behind the bunker guarding the green. I lost that hole and was one down. The eighteenth demands a straight high drive of about 150 yards over a nasty patch of furze, and always into a head wind. James played a nice straight shot along the carpet that gallantly skirted the ladies' sand-box and went light-heartedly on into the undergrowth. "This," I said to the Colonel as I put him in station and gave him his sealed orders, "will certainly be your last campaign." Then I swung. The Colonel soared up straight and high, and passed rapidly beyond what poets would have called our ken. We searched high and low for him to left and right of the green, and even beyond it, where there is a fatuous and unprintable briar-bed. Then by chance James's caddy went up to the hole and looked into it—and there the grand old warrior lay literally clasping the flag to his breast.

* * * *

He did a lot of pedestrian work (for a Colonel) while he served with the colours, but now that he has retired, James and I are going to have him mounted. He was always something more than an ordinary Colonel, and we speak of him reverently now as The Nut.



Spartan Mother. "WHAT'S THE MATTER? WHAT ARE YOU CRYING FOR?"

Stung Hero (who has been taught never to cry for bodily pain). "OH, I—I'VE SAT DOWN ON A BEE, AND—I'M SO AFRAID I MUST HAVE HURT IT!"

"Spaniels.—For sale, three healthy dog 6 ft. high, practically new, including tilt, price £8 10s."—*Advt. in "West Sussex Gazette."*

Just the thing when you're shooting under dogs.

"Coach painter seeks constancy."
Advt. in "Birmingham Daily Post."

Ah, where can you find it nowadays?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I HATE to have to confess it, but I am afraid that when Mr. FINBERG's book, *Turner's Sketches and Drawings* (METHUEN), came to me it must have felt rather contemptuous. Mr. FINBERG has used these masterpieces of TURNER'S as the starting points of many valuable and interesting journeys of conjecture, based on "the problem of the relation between form and content, between treatment and subject, between portrayal and portrayed." On most of these journeys I followed him happily enough, though at times it was heavy going; but at length I came upon this sentence: "If the work of art as operative is nothing but a connection of content, it can rely upon no other driving force than that of systematic rationality." When I read that, I realised that the book must have been laughing at me in its sleeve. I seemed to hear it saying, "Thought you knew something about TURNER, did you?" Well, I 'm certain I 'm not the only one. However, even if that sentence, and others similar, did not add much to the genuine enjoyment I got from the book, it will be very useful to me in other ways. It will be priceless next winter when airmen are weather-bound and table-talk flags.

Alfred Allington, the hero of *The Lost Halo* (METHUEN) and the son of a small boot-maker, was, at the age of twenty or so, preaching to the Bible Independents of Little Field Street on "Man's Nearness to God," and to his sister on the danger and sin of hypocrisy. So far *Alf's* halo may be said to have been too large for his head, but after he had written a book—which he wished to call "I and my God"—I am sorry to say that his head was too swollen for his halo. Indeed so suddenly did he lapse that, already an epicure in emotions, he became also an epicure in wine. In these days even his materially-minded sister was shocked at him; but on recovering from his excesses (and very little was too much for him) he started on such a desperate game of Hunt-the-Halo that he upset many plans and people. We leave him on the way to join "a religious body with monastic aims," and as nothing except champagne inclined him to matrimony, I think that perhaps it was time for him to withdraw from ordinary society. Mr. PERCY WHITE is not at the top of his form in this novel, but he has drawn his characters with so much sympathy that I almost wish that there had been a final election to a Haloship. *Alf*, however, had to be less bibulous before he could be really biblical.

The Fortune Hunters (MURRAY) and the twelve short stories included in the same volume, having for the most part appeared already, might better have been allowed now for the most part to disappear. Their easy style and rare touches of very happy humour do not justify their reproduction. In Venice knaves compete to marry money and are thwarted; in India and Scotland men see mysterious things which are not there; in England and Wales the course of love, after some hitches and a little delay, runs smoothly enough; in Cairo and elsewhere practical jokes are played in comical disguises. When so wide an area is covered, it would need the perfect cosmopolitan to check the accuracy of all the local detail, but even I know that "coolees" are generally spelt with an "i," and that "sir-names" are not worn among the educated classes. Of Miss VIOLET JACOB the old schoolmasters of my past would have reported that "she shows considerable ability but lacks application." I appropriate their phrase, and add that if she will take more trouble in future, will give less play to her easy knack of writing conventional short stories and more work to her good observation and imagination, she may count me in advance among her regular readers.

Verity Lads (WERNER LAURIE) professes to be a series of letters written by a Yorkshire boy of eleven, the son of a small shopkeeper, and somehow that gives it for me an air of unreality. Boys of eleven, though they may have all the mischief and ingenuity and ingenuousness and imagination of young *Harry Verity*, are not generally so capable of putting these things on paper. Still, perhaps in Yorkshire—my experience is limited—the young idea shoots earlier than elsewhere into phraseology of an undeniable quaintness and descriptive value. If you can accept this as a hypothesis (and, after all, why shouldn't you?) I can recommend Mr. KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN'S book as a very pleasant entertainment.



FRESCOES FOR PUBLIC BUILDINGS.—II. SCOTLAND YARD.

"JUSTICE LETTING LOOSE THE FURIES ON THE TRACK OF CRIME."

A MARCHING TOMMY'S APPEAL.

WHEN we used to straggle all acrorst the way
(Same as droves o' sheep and pigs and cattle go),
Till the orficers called, "Hi!
Let that motor-car go by,"
You might 'oot an' 'oot, but 'ad to run dead slow.

But now we keeps so careful to the left,
That you 're able on your "Third" to thunder by,
Showerin' dust when it is 'ot,
Scatterin' mud when it is not—
Which is bad for our complexions, wet or dry.

So when we go foot-sloggin', toe and 'eel,
When we leg it, tramp, tramp, trampin' down the road,
If you 'll keep your gear to "First"
You 'll be blest instead o' cursed,
And 'ave done a bit to ease the soldier's load.

Commercial Candour.

"Having bought the pick of the market, I am determined to regain the confidence of my customers after 34 years' standing."

From a catalogue.

CHARIVARIA.

SEVERAL thousand sets of artificial teeth were stolen last week from the premises of the Invicta Teeth Manufacturing Company. For some time past burglars have been complaining of the difficulty of negotiating prison food, and here, possibly, may be found the explanation of the theft.

* * *

Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN is having an edition of the catalogue of his miniatures reproduced in colour on vellum, and will present one copy to each of the crowned heads of Europe. One can understand now why Prince DANILO of Montenegro was so anxious to become a king.

* * *

In Sunday Paper circles surprise is being expressed that, at the sale of Dr. CRIPPEN'S furniture, nothing was acquired for the nation.

* * *

The preparations for a General Strike are described as "A new Trade Union Step." Suggested title for this new Step:—"The *Pas de Patriotisme*."

* * *

"DEPARTURE OF AUSTRALIA'S FIRST DESTROYERS," runs a headline in a contemporary. We trust that they may prove to be not her destroyers but her saviours.

* * *

In California prehistoric human skeletons have been found with distinct traces of horns. Alas, my poor father!

* * *

Next year, it is announced, there will be held in London the first Universal Races Congress. It will take place, we suppose, in the Stadium at Shepherd's Bush.

* * *

There is some talk of SHAKSPEARE'S *Tempest* being produced entirely by child actors. Will its name, we wonder, be changed for the occasion to *A Storm in a Tea-Cup*?

* * *

A Yorkshire tailor, *The Express* tells us, has just completed a house which he has built entirely himself. He drew the plans, dug the foundations, prepared the stone, and executed all the brickwork, joinery, painting, plastering, and slating in his spare time. More remarkable still, it is said that he is going to live in it.

"The elderly woman of to-day," says *The Gentlewoman*, "is *chic*." That, we suppose, is as near as she can get to being chick.

* * *

We hesitated to believe the rumour that in the coming season all smart coats for ladies will have pockets, for we could see nothing absurd in this new fashion. The report, however, is turning out to be true, but the pockets, it seems, must on no account be used or they will make the costume look baggy.

* * *

A large pike, known to almost every angler in the Wigston district of Leicestershire, which has been hooked and has escaped on numerous occasions, was captured at Kilby Bridge last week. The authorities are now being asked, in the interests of sport, to place another fish in local waters.

* * *

Winter is almost on us—and wise men realise it. About twenty overcoats were stolen by housebreakers last week from a shop in High Holborn.

* * *

"Yes," said the untiring parish worker, "I had a difficulty in getting enough mothers to come to my Mothers' Meeting, so I invited a number of unmarried girls as well, and called them 'Probationers.'"

* * *

"A locust of the species found in Egypt has been captured," we read, "at Newton Abbot." This reflects great credit on the local constabulary, and we trust that any extradition proceedings will be strenuously resisted.

* * *

Royal sport indeed! Says a *Morning Leader* telegram:—"After three days' successful shooting Kaiser Wilhelm yesterday left the Archduke Frederick's Hungarian estate. It is said that the Kaiser was greatly satisfied with his sport, his most successful shot being *a stag of twenty antlers*." The italics are ours: the trophy the EMPEROR'S—perhaps.



A MOVING APPEAL.

Tenant of New Flat (exultantly). "THERE'S NO DOUBT THESE TOP FLOORS ARE THE HEALTHIEST."

Remover's Man (huskily). "YOU 'RE RIGHT, SIR. 'IGH AN' *DRY*, AS THE SAYIN' GOES. 'IGH AN' *DRY*, SIR."

Streets Worth Walking Up.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—My friend William reports to me from Northern France as below, and I pass the information on to you for what it is worth.

In the first place he has discovered a street, but has forgotten where, in which the houses are numbered One, Two, Three, Four, Five, Six, Seven, Eight, Nine, Ten, Knave, Queen, King. I hope you will be kind enough to give him credence. I, knowing him, do not.

The second piece of information is verified by full particulars. "In Rouen," he declares, "I have seen with my own eyes and traversed with my own boots La Rue d'Hôpital. First came the hospital, then a cemetery, then a stonemason who specialised in gravestones, then a florist who specialised in wreaths, then a stationer who specialised in mourning cards, and last and least obtrusive was a café. The name of this last was Café de la Consolation."

YOUR INCREDULOUS CORRESPONDENT.

The Hope of His Side.

"Capt. Morrison has a powerful and steady forward stroke which resulted in his securing a number of brilliant leg byes and maiden overs."
Vancouver Daily Pioneer.

FORM IV.

[Extract from specimen Return showing how some of the questions should be answered.]

Particulars extracted from the Rate Book.

Parish.	St. George's, Suburbia.
Name of Occupier.	John Smith.
Description of Property.	House.
Situation of Property.	9, Bandersnatch Avenue.

Particulars required by the Commissioners.

Parish or Parishes in which the Land is situated.	Lloyd George's—I mean St. George's, Suburbia.
Name of Occupier.	John Smith (as above).
Christian Name and full postal address of the person making the Return.	Still John Smith (as above), 9, Bandersnatch Avenue, Suburbia (as above).
Nature of Interest of the person making the Return in the Land.	A puzzled surprise.
Whether Freehold, Copyhold, or Leasehold.	Leasehold.
If Leasehold, term of lease and date of commencement.	There you have me. I quite forget.
Name and precise situation of the Land.	9, Bandersnatch Avenue (as above). Turn down by the "Red Lion" and it's the fourth house on the left, opposite the lamp-post.
Description of the Land, with particulars of the buildings and other structures (if any) thereon, and the purposes for which the property is used.	Gravelly and very dry, except the paths, which are muddy and wet. One house, one cycle shed, and the greater part of a cucumber frame. House used for eating and sleeping and shelter from rain (partial only in case of attics); cucumber frame as retreat for cats; garden for the benefit of the gardener.
If the person making the Return is also the Occupier, state the Annual Value.	That depends upon whether you want to buy it or to assess me at the amount declared.
Amount of Land Tax (if any) and by whom borne.	Am not certain, but I know most things are borne by me.
Amount of Tithe Rentcharge or of any payment in lieu of Tithes and by whom borne.	One shilling in offertory for Clergy Fund, borne by my wife.
Whether all usual Tenants' Rates and Taxes are borne by the Occupier.	Yes, and more.
By whom is the cost of repairs, Insurance, and other expenses necessary to maintain the Property, borne?	Me; but why rub it in?
Whether the Land is subject to any:—	
(i.) Fixed Charges.	No; the charges appear to rise every year.
(ii.) Public Rights of Way.	Access to front-door for visitors and postmen, to back-door for tradesmen and tax-collectors.
(iii.) Public Rights of User.	As a depository of rubbish from neighbouring gardens.
(iv.) Right of Common.	Pasturage for a large number of cats, snails, etc.
(v.) Easements affecting the Land.	The armchair in which my wife sat on the grass-plot has made four holes in it.
(vi.) Covenant or Agreement restricting the use of the Land, and, if so, the date when made.	My wife has promised not to put the chair on the grass again when the ground is soft. Last Saturday, after the rain.
Observations.	[These are suppressed. ED.]
Does the person making the Return own the minerals comprised in the Land?	Partly: the shilling I lost somewhere in the garden is mine, but not the sardine tins.
If so, state:—(*a*) Whether the minerals were, on 30 April, 1909, comprised in a mining lease, or being worked by the proprietor.	One of the sardine tins must have been opened about that date.
(*b*) Whether the minerals are now comprised in a mining lease or being worked by the proprietor.	Would gladly lease or sell them; at present am working them into the soil as far as possible.
If not, state the name and address of the proprietor of the minerals.	Not certain, but I strongly suspect that the sardine tins belong to Jones at No. 8.
Signature of person making this Return.	John Smith (don't you want my address again?)
Rank, Title, or Description.	Medium height; well proportioned; hair slightly grey since filling in this form.

WILD-GEESE.

THEY 're shy as the otter, they 're sly as the fox,
They 're worse to approach than the craftiest hind,
You may freeze on the fore-shore or crouch on the rocks,
You may soak in the sea-fog or wait in the wind,
Though their magical music will give you no peace,
Yet your bag shall go empty, for aren't they wild-geese?

Honk-honk, honk-honk, the distant voices clank it;
The wet retriever trembles at your knee;
For he hears the lone notes falling,
Where the long grey tides are crawling,
Through the shouting West-wind's buffets or the dripping fog's chill blanket,
As the wild geese come shoreward from the sea!

You may stalk them at sundown, at dawning's first flame,
They 've ears for the wariest, softest of treads,
And, stook-time or snow-time, the end is the same—
A picket gives warning and up go their heads;
Yes, your boots (wet as sponges in spite of their grease)
You may wear to brown paper in chasing wild geese!

Yet still, *Honk-honk*, a northern charm shall fold you,
Though Shot shall shake the raindrops from his sides,
Though you catch the drifting clamour
Through the sleet squall's sting and hammer,
Still the flight shall work its magic and the breathless stalk shall hold you,
When the grey geese come calling off the tides!



THE IMPEACHMENT OF WOLSEY BY HIS HEADSTRONG FOLLOWERS.

A SUGGESTED ADDITION, BY THE RESTLESS TORY PRESS, TO THE TUDOR SCENES NOW BEING PAINTED FOR THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.





Fond Mother (*whose children have been to an afternoon party*). "ARE THE CHILDREN BACK?"
Butler. "YES, MY LADY; BUT THEY HAVE BEEN UPSET." *Fond Mother*. "GOOD HEAVENS! IN THE PONY-CART?"
Butler. "NO, MY LADY, THEIR—ER—THEIR DIGESTIVE FUNCTIONS."

TO THE FOLLIES.

WHEN life seems drear and hollow,
When Fortune wears a frown,
I haste to the Apollo
And plank my money down.
Outside the tempest vollies
Against uplifted brollies;
I care not, for the Follies
Are back in London town.

PÉLISSIER, prince of "potters,"
You earn our grateful thanks—
You and your fellow plotters,
Co-partners in your pranks—
For slating smart inanity,
Or Fashion's last insanity,
Or histrionic vanity,
Or madness *à la* Manx.

At times you 're Corybantic,
Then for a change you choose
To illustrate romantic
Or sentimental views,
Till pipes grow esoteric,
Potatoes atmospheric,
And haggises hysteric,
When bidden by your Muse.

From introspective thinking
In any minor key,
Good SYDNEY, grimly blinking,
You set my spirit free.
If laughing makes one fatter,
Then list'ning to your chatter,
O very harebrained hatter,
Has added pounds to me.

Nor must my brief laudations
Omit the genial DAN;
Or HARVEY'S imitations,
Framed on a novel plan;
Or BEN, that priceless super,
Moustachioed like a trooper,
Who plays like MARGARET COOPER
Were she a superman.

'Twould need the fire of Uriel
To hymn your female stars,
For MURIEL 's most Mercurial,
And GWENNIE 's surnamed MARS.
O GWENNIE, you 're a miracle
Of mimicry satirical,
Yet, when your mood is lyrical,
There 's not a note that jars.

There 's ETHEL, quick and clever,
With laughter all afroth,
And EFFIE, cook who never
Spoiled anybody's broth.
And all these stars who sprinkle
The dome of Folly, twinkle
With ev'ry knowing wrinkle
To lure the human moth.

Hail, merriest of mummers!—
When drearily resigned
To ever-dripping summers
And life 's unceasing grind—
When worried by the wrecker
Who rules o'er the Exchequer,
You only raise my pecker
And mollify my mind.

"The ways of the printer are as 'peculiar' as those of a historic character of Bret Harte's. I spoke last week of a *chose judgée* in connection with a burning question of local administration. The 'comp' put an 'f' for a 'j' and made it amusingly different."—*Willesden Chronicle*.

Who supplied the "d"? (We mean the one in *judgée*—not the subsequent ones.)

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE has been killing an adder. He has hitherto reserved his vengeance for subtractors.

HOLIDAY TIME.

VI.—A LITTLE CRICKET FOR AN ENDING.

WE came back from a "Men Only" sail to find Myra bubbling over with excitement.

"I've got some news for you," she said, "but I'm not going to tell you till dinner. Be quick and change."

"Bother, she's going to get married," I murmured.

Myra gurgled and drove us off.

"Put on all your medals and orders, Thomas," she called up the stairs; "and, Archie, it's a champagne night."

"I believe, old fellow," said Simpson, "she's married already."

Half an hour later we were all ready for the news.

"Just a moment, Myra," said Archie. "I'd better warn you that we're expecting a good deal, and that if you don't live up to the excitement you've created you'll be stood in the corner for the rest of dinner."

"She's quite safe," said Dahlia.

"Of course I am. Well, now I'm going to begin. This morning, about eleven, I went and had a bathe, and I met another girl in the sea."

"Horribly crowded the sea is getting nowadays," commented Archie.

"And she began to talk about what a jolly day it was and so on, and I gave her my card—I mean I said, 'I'm Myra Mannering.' And she said, 'I'm sure you're keen on cricket.'"

"I like the way girls talk in the sea," said Archie. "So direct."

"What is there about our Myra," I asked, "that stamps her as a cricketer, even when she's only got her head above water?"

"She'd seen me on land, silly. Well, we went on talking, and at last she said, 'Will you play us at mixed cricket on Saturday?' And a big wave came along and went inside me just as I was saying yes."

"Hooray! Myra, your health."

"We're only six, though," added Archie. "Didn't you swim up against anybody else who looked like a cricketer and might play for us?"

"But we can easily pick up five people by Saturday," said Myra confidently. "And oh, I do hope we're in form; we haven't played for years."

* * * *

We lost the toss, and Myra led her team out on to the field. The last five places in the eleven had been filled with care: a preparatory school-boy and his little sister (found by Dahlia on the beach), Miss Debenham (found by Simpson on the road with a punctured bicycle), Mrs. Oakley (found by Archie at the station and re-discovered by Myra in the Channel), and Sarah, a jolly girl of sixteen (found by me and Thomas in the tobacconist's, where she was buying *The Sportsman*).

"Where would you all like to field?" asked the captain.

"Let's stand round in groups, just at the start, and then see where we're wanted. Who's going to bowl?"

"Me and Samuel. I wonder if I dare bowl overhand."

"I'm going to," said Simpson.

"You can't, not with your left hand."

"Why not? HIRST does."

"Then I shan't field point," said Thomas with decision.

However, as it happened, it was short leg who received the first two balls, beautiful swerving wides, while the next two were well caught and returned by third man. Simpson's range being thus established, he made a determined attack on the over proper with lobs, and managed to wipe off half of it. Encouraged by this, he returned with such success to overhand that the very next ball got into the analysis, the batsman reaching out and hitting it over the hedge for six. Two more range-finders followed before Simpson scored another dot with a sneak; and then, at what should have been the last ball, a tragedy occurred.

"Wide," said the umpire.

"But—but I was b-bowling *underhand*," stammered Simpson.

"Now you've nothing to fall back on," I pointed out.

Simpson considered the new situation. "Then you chaps can't mind if I go on with overhand," he said joyfully, and he played his twelfth.

It was the batsman's own fault. Like a true gentleman he went after the ball, caught it up near point, and hit it hard in the direction of cover. Sarah shot up a hand unconcernedly.

"One for six," said Simpson, and went over to Miss Debenham to explain how he did it.

"He must come off," said Archie. "We have a reputation to keep up. It's his left hand, of course, but we can't go round to all the spectators and explain that he can really bowl quite decent long hops with his right."

In the next over nothing much happened, except that Miss Debenham missed a sitter. Subsequently Simpson caught her eye from another part of the field, and explained telegraphically to her how she should have drawn her hands in to receive the ball. The third over was entrusted to Sarah.

"So far," said Dahlia half an hour later, "the Rabbits have not shone. Sarah is doing it all."

"Hang it, Dahlia, Thomas and I discovered the child. Give the credit where it is due."

"Well, why don't you put my Bobby on, then? Boys are allowed to play right-handed, you know."

So Bobby went on, and with Sarah's help finished off the innings.

"Jolly good rot," he said to Simpson, "you're having to bowl left-handed."

"My dear Robert," I said, "Mr. Simpson is a natural base-ball pitcher, he has an acquired swerve at bandy, and he is a lepidopterist of considerable charm. But he can't bowl with either hand."

"Coo!" said Bobby.

The allies came out even more strongly when we went in to bat. I was the only Rabbit who made ten, and my whole innings was played in an atmosphere of suspicion very trying to a sensitive man. Mrs. Oakley was in when I took guard, and I played out the over with great care, being morally bowled by every ball. At the end of it a horrible thought occurred to me: I had been batting right-handed! Naturally I changed round for my next ball. (*Movements of surprise.*)

"Hallo," said the wicket-keeper, "I thought you were left-handed; why aren't you playing right?"

"No, I'm really right-handed," I said. "I played that way by mistake just now. Sorry."

He grunted sceptically, and the bowler came up to have things explained to her. The next ball I hit left-handed for six. (*Loud mutters.*)

"Is he really right-handed?" the bowler asked Mrs. Oakley.

"I don't know," she said, "I've never seen him before." (*Sensation.*)

"I think, if you don't mind, we'd rather you played right-handed."

"Certainly." The next ball was a full pitch, and I took a right-handed six. There was an awful hush. I looked round at the field and prepared to run for it. I felt that they suspected me of all the undiscovered crimes of the year.

"Look here," I said, nearly crying, "I'll play any way you like—sideways, or upside down, or hanging on to the branch of a tree, or——"

The atmosphere was too much for me. I trod on my wickets, burst into tears, and bolted to the tent.

* * * *

"Well," said Dahlia, "we won."

"Yes," we all agreed, "we won."

"Even if we didn't do much of it ourselves," Simpson pointed out, "we had jolly good fun."

"We always have *that*," said Myra.

THE END.

A. A. M.

A LYING SPIRIT ABROAD.

In vino veritas: but then, you see, George, James and I are teetotalers.

"I remember," said George, though I begged him to forget,—"I remember what a narrow shave my brother Thomas once had of getting married.

"Whether it was done for a jest," George continued, "or because he did not know what else to talk about as they were sitting out between the dances, I don't know, but there is no doubt that Tom said things that might be construed, with a little ingenuity, into an offer of marriage. I should say that Miss Bickerstaff, who had more years than money and whose name (through no fault of her own) was Jane, did not get many opportunities. Anyhow, she took this one, and in a couple of months Tom found himself in church saying all sorts of things he didn't mean. Fortunately for the moment, he found, when they got to the important part, that he had forgotten the ring, so the ceremony had to be put off."

"But . . ." I interrupted.

"No," George shouted me down, "they all thought of that at once, but found it to be impracticable. Besides, there were not any curtains in that church. Anyhow, in another month she made Tom have another try, but this time he was so busy remembering the ring that he forgot all about a parson to officiate, so another adjournment was found necessary. Jane Bickerstaff was determined to go through with it and said she would make one last attempt, this time herself looking after things. And so at the next date everything was in order half-an-hour before time, with ring and parson complete and some spare sections in the vestry in case of accidents. But it was not to be. Old Tom's carelessness was one too many for them, for this time—would you believe it?—he actually went and forgot himself."

"That is a remarkable story," said I, "but it seems to me to want developing in parts. I didn't know you ever had a brother."

"Now I come to think of it," said George, "I don't believe I ever had."

James, who had but recently woken up, now began to open his mouth.

"If it is going to be a yawn," I said, "yawn it by all means. If not, tell us what talking about Jane reminds you of, and let's get through with it."

"I don't suppose either of you fellows," said James, "have ever tried to come up to town from St. Albans by the 9.27 train?"

"But surely it's name wasn't Jane?" I said, reaching for the Bradshaw.



A Voice from the Stairs. "IS THAT SOMEONE WHO WANTS TO SPEAK TO ME, BRIDGET?"
Bridget. "'TIS NOT, MA'AM. 'TIS SOMEWAN WANTS TO HAVE THE WRONG NUMBER."

"I admit that its real name was Mondays Only, but whatever George had said, it was going to remind me of that train. Whether it was the affected art shade of its boiler or because it had once blown a lot of smoke into his signal-box, Henry de la Touche, the signalman at St. Pancras, took a violent dislike to the engine, and nothing would induce him to let it poke its funnel into St. Pancras station. Week by week it used to run up as far as the signal-box, but it never got any further. The engine-driver used to offer de la Touche a couple of nice bits of coal and as much hot water as he wanted, and the guard used to offer him a nice new green flag to play with, if only he would let them through that once. But, no: de la Touche, who, mark you, was as fond of a green flag as any of us, would never give in and as regular as clockwork that poor old train had to turn round and go dismally back to St. Albans."

"But surely," said I, "that tale, though as homely and as pathetic and in its way as poignant as any I ever heard, cannot be true?"

"Ah, well!" said James, closing his eyes again, "if it cannot be true, it probably isn't."

* * * * * *

I see that the reader is surprised to learn that two such liars as George and James ever existed. To tell the truth, they never did.

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

OF STAGS AND OTHER GAME.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—Here I am, putting in a lovely time, with Bosh and Wee-Wee, deer-stalking. My own friend, it 's the game of games, the sport of sports! You 've never lived, my Daphne, if you 've never stalked!—*bien entendu*, of course, that you 're one of the few women who look really fetching in a sporting rig, that your complexion is windproof, and that you 've a nice, amusing partner. I don't say I 've even *seen* a deer yet (this is in confidence), but *stalking* them is *divine*.

Lulu Mainwaring and I take cover behind some bushes or something on the hillside or somewhere, you know,—he holds both the rifles because I find mine a bit of a bore in more ways than one,—and sometimes we peep round the bushes to look for the game, and sometimes we forget to, and we talk all sorts of absurdities in whispers (it 's *de rigueur* to whisper when you 're stalking, or the deer will hear you).

Lulu is such a funny boy; so deliciously hopeless about himself and everybody else; so lively in a melancholy way, and so melancholy in a lively way; and *so* grateful to me for taking any trouble with him! I find him quite an interesting study. Then his eyes are just a little bit remarkable. I don't know *even now* whether they 're grey or brown! At lunch we all talk *deer*—how far they can see and hear and sniff, how to manage the wind, and how to get near the beasts. Norty said he should adopt the Indian method, so as to get close up to the game, and disguise himself as an animal they 're not afraid of. He says he shall come out to-morrow on all fours, got up as a sheep. "Why not come as an ass?" said Lulu. "No good," said Norty; "there 's one of *those* on the premises already!"

Josiah has been going on in the old sweet way, forbidding everything and disapproving of everything else. You 'd hardly believe, my dearest, how many 'nots' an hour he 's capable of. Just now his idea is to form a collection of pictures, and he 's on a tour through some of the great continental galleries "to form his taste!" *Isn't* that lovely? He *positively* wanted *me* to go with him. There 's no limit to what these men expect of one. Wasn't it enough that in my innocent youth I was dragged through those galleries, a helpless victim, by my educational pastors and masters!

I gave him, however, a few hints as to how he might recognise some of the best known masters without the trouble of consulting a guide, printed or otherwise. "If the picture is a woman *horribly* in need of corsets and pearl-powder," I told him, "it 's RUBENS. If it 's cows, it 's CUYP; and if there 's so much sunset light that you can't see *what* it is, it 's CLAUDE. If it 's a man in a flopping hat or a woman dressed in cardboard, it 's VANDYCK. If it 's boys with grimy faces and too much teeth, it 's MURILLO. If it 's hares and poultry standing on their heads among fruit and vegetables, it 's WEENIX. If it 's so big that you have to walk backwards through several rooms before you can make it out, it 's either PAUL VERONESE, TINTORETTO, or SALVATOR ROSA. And if you see a group of people with their mouths wide open and no speculation in their eyes, it 's a dead cert they 're looking at a RAPHAEL or a TITIAN!"

Did I tell you of the sly trick that little cousin of mine, Rosemary, has played on us all? You remember she was with me in town in the summer, and I sent her home thoroughly *well* engaged. Jack Muschamp is a better match than she could have ever *hoped* for;—one of the Monmouthshire Muschamps, with a house in Grosvenor Square and two places in the country. His temper may be a weeny bit peculiar, but he only wanted managing; and, as to what people say about *madness* in the Muschamp family, a great many families have madness in them. Norty was saying the other day that we 're *all* mad; the only difference is that some can hide it better than others! And then when everything was going on quite nicely, the day fixed, and the presents beginning to come in, the child gave them the slip at home and she 's "o'er the border and awa'" with that young strolling artist who had been making love to her before her people asked me to have her. I 'd a long rigmarole from her last week, trying to excuse her runaway match, and raving about their happiness and about love in a cottage, and all sorts of *bêtises* of that kind. "You absurd little idiot!" I wrote back. "What do you *mean* by writing me all that ricky stuff about love in a cottage? The 20th century knows *nothing* about love in a cottage. That cottage fell down ages and ages ago, child, and they 've built a block of flats on the site,—and, I suppose, even *you* will hardly have the face to gush about *love in a cheap flat!*"

I 'm just an ittey bit horribly envious of the *coup* Beryl Clarges has succeeded in bringing off. She positively persuaded the powers that be to let her have James Parkinson and Ada Batts, the chief figures in the Forest Hill murder trial, down at Clarges Park for a week-end. She 'd a big crowd to meet them, and everything went with a snap. I 'm whipping my brains to think how I can get even with her.

Apropos de Beryl, I hear that, during a flying visit to town lately, for shopping, she was waiting for her car one day outside Fallalérie's, wearing one of the straight, waistless gowns in the new red, and several people came up to her and tried to post letters—in her *mouth*, I suppose: it 's quite wide enough! Ever thine, BLANCHE.

MAIL-BAGS.

II.—THE POET'S.

Hubert Valentine, Esq.,
119, *Cheyne Walk, Chelsea.*

DEAR SIR,—We have in course of preparation an anthology of English Masterpieces of Verse, which will be published in fortnightly numbers at the popular price of 7*d.* net, and by means of lavish advertising will reach the home of every peer and peasant in the U.K. This collection will contain gems from the pen of such well-known writers as Messrs. AUSTIN, BROWNING, BYRON, FRAGSON, LONGFELLOW, MILTON, PÉLISSIER, SHELLEY, SIMS, etc., etc., and we shall be happy to include your name in the list of authors if you will kindly fill in the enclosed form and return same with your cheque for ten guineas.

Yours faithfully,
THE ABSOLUTE LIMIT PUBLISHING CO.

N.B.—This offer is open only until the end of the month. Take it now!

(*Answer:* Mr. Valentine feels himself unworthy of the honour. He suggests that application should be made to his fellow-craftsman, Mr. WILKIE BARD.)

DEAR MR. VALENTINE,—I quite went into raptures over your charming *Songs of the East* when I came across the poems yesterday at my bookseller's. Really, I was almost tempted to buy a copy. What a *great poet* you are! I think people ought to know more about you, so I want you to come and give a recitation to us at my Penny Reading on Saturday evening. Do come! It is quite easy to get here—you only have to change at York and at Morton Peveril, and then a motor-bus runs you from Haddon Bridge to within two miles of the rectory.

I think something light and amusing would be best for the recitation—our people always like that kind of thing,



Highland Postmaster (to party sheltering from rain). "WULL YE NO COME IN OOT O' THE RAIN, YER LEDDYSHIP, AN' I'LL GIE YE A WHEEN POSTCAIRDS TO READ TO WHILE AWA' THE TIME? THERE'S SOME GAY QUEER ANES BY THE LAST POST!"

and I am sure you could be *really funny* if you liked to.

Yours very truly,
HENRIETTA MCMULLEN.

(*Answer:* Mr. Valentine regrets that he is confined to the house with a severe attack of melancholia.)

DEAR MR. VALENTINE,—I wept all night over your beautiful *Songs of the East*! Oh, how exquisitely you express your thoughts! What a lovely mind you must have! My poor little manuscript—*Buttercups and Daisies* is the title—seems so paltry in comparison! Will you help me with it and put in some of those delightful little touches of yours? I am sure you could transform it utterly! I am at home to-morrow evening and the evening after! Let me know what time will be convenient! I am longing to have your help! Will you use your great influence to place it for me?

Your very sincere admirer,
LAVINIA BROWN.

(*Answer:* Mr. Valentine regrets that he is confined to the house with a severe attack of writer's cramp.)

SIR,—Should like to have your name in my autograph collection. Please send six specimens by return, in ready addressed envelope, and oblige,

Yours, etc., SAM SNELLING.

(*Answer:* Mr. Valentine has pleasure in enclosing six typewritten autographs.)

DEAR SIR,—Hearing you 've been writing some songs of the East, I beg to say that if you want real snappy accomps. for them, yours truly is the man. I expect you know I turned out the big panto. successes, "*Won't you be my Goo-Goo-Goo?*" and "*Harriet, aren't you Married Yet?*" and in fact anything with my name to it has got the op. ses. with the managers. On the Oriental lay I 'm just dead nuts, and if you do coster songs as well I can make your forch. Terms mod. and satisfaksh. guaranteed. "Prompt, punc. and pally" is the motto of

Yours truly, ALF. DAWKINS,
Composer.

(*Answer:* Mr. Valentine is afraid that his songs would provide but poor material for Mr. Dawkins' talents.)

THE POET'S PARADISE.

THERE was a time I feared the poet's bays
Were not for me, since rhymes were very coy,
And many an hour of wearisome employ
Left me still searching for the proper phrase.
Blank verse I viewed with reverent amaze,
Too modest to attempt the minstrel boy
In such a metre, lest I might destroy
The pleasure I derived from SHAKSPEARE'S plays.

But now my doubts have all been put to rest.
My Muse and I from half-past ten to five
Labour together daily, unoppressed
By details of technique, for we contrive
Verses that need not rhyme nor scan at all;
We 're writing lyrics for the Music Hall.



WILD LIFE ON THE MOORS.

Sportsman (being photographed in the act). "LOOK HERE! EVEN IF IT WILL APPEAR IN *ALL* THE PAPERS I CAN'T KEEP LIKE THIS MUCH LONGER."

SARAH IN OUR "COLI."

WHO would ever have thought to find SARAH in a London music-hall? No one, ten years ago, or even five years ago perhaps—but to-day there is nothing strange about it: nothing "bizarre," as LITTLE TICH, one of the most illustrious of her new colleagues, says of the gas meter in the bath-room. Everything is changing (except SARAH herself), and the Halls are changing most of all. "Indignity" has passed from the actors' dictionary—and a very good thing too—and it is now considered as desirable to delight or thrill an audience that smokes as an audience that (by order of the LORD CHAMBERLAIN) may not. But it was left for SARAH—supreme as ever—to put the crown on the new movement: to supply the Halls with their apotheosis. In spite of the passage of time SARAH is still the greatest star in the Thespian firmament, and SARAH is doing her "turn" at the Coliseum, amid variety performers, twice daily, and filling the house more consistently than it can ever have been filled before. She gives the Second Act of *L'Aiglon*, where the little *Duke of Reichstadt* plays with the wooden soldiers. It would be too much to say that SARAH is a realistic youth, but even if she is not altogether *la guerre*, she is *magnifique*, and the audience remains spellbound. And they have had to endure something too before the Great Attraction arrives—at about 4 o'clock and 9.30 o'clock—for if one excepts the Balalaika orchestra, it must be admitted that nothing but some very small minnows have been engaged as programme-associates of the great Tritoness.

SWEEP.

AULD Sweep, your muzzle 's grey
As the rime at skreigh o' day,
Ye 're no fit to tak the brae,
Grass, nor ploo,—
You that wis sae gleg an' bauld,
I' the het an' i' the cauld,—
Ay, ye 're wearin' gey an' auld,
Sweep, the noo!

Ye 'd come, I ken it fine,
Limpin' far ahint the line,
Sittin' doon at dykes, to whine
Sair perplexed;
Hirplin' on aye, stiff an' lame,
Till the Laird wad pit ye hame,
Wi' the cairt that taks the game,
Maybe vexed!

Ye 're deef an' slaw an' blin',
An' ye 're by wi' muir and whin,
Pickin' up or drivin' in,
Braw an' douce;
An' ye 're a' rheumatic pains,
Gin the wet gets to your banes,
Sae ye 'll need to bide your lanes
Ben the hoose!

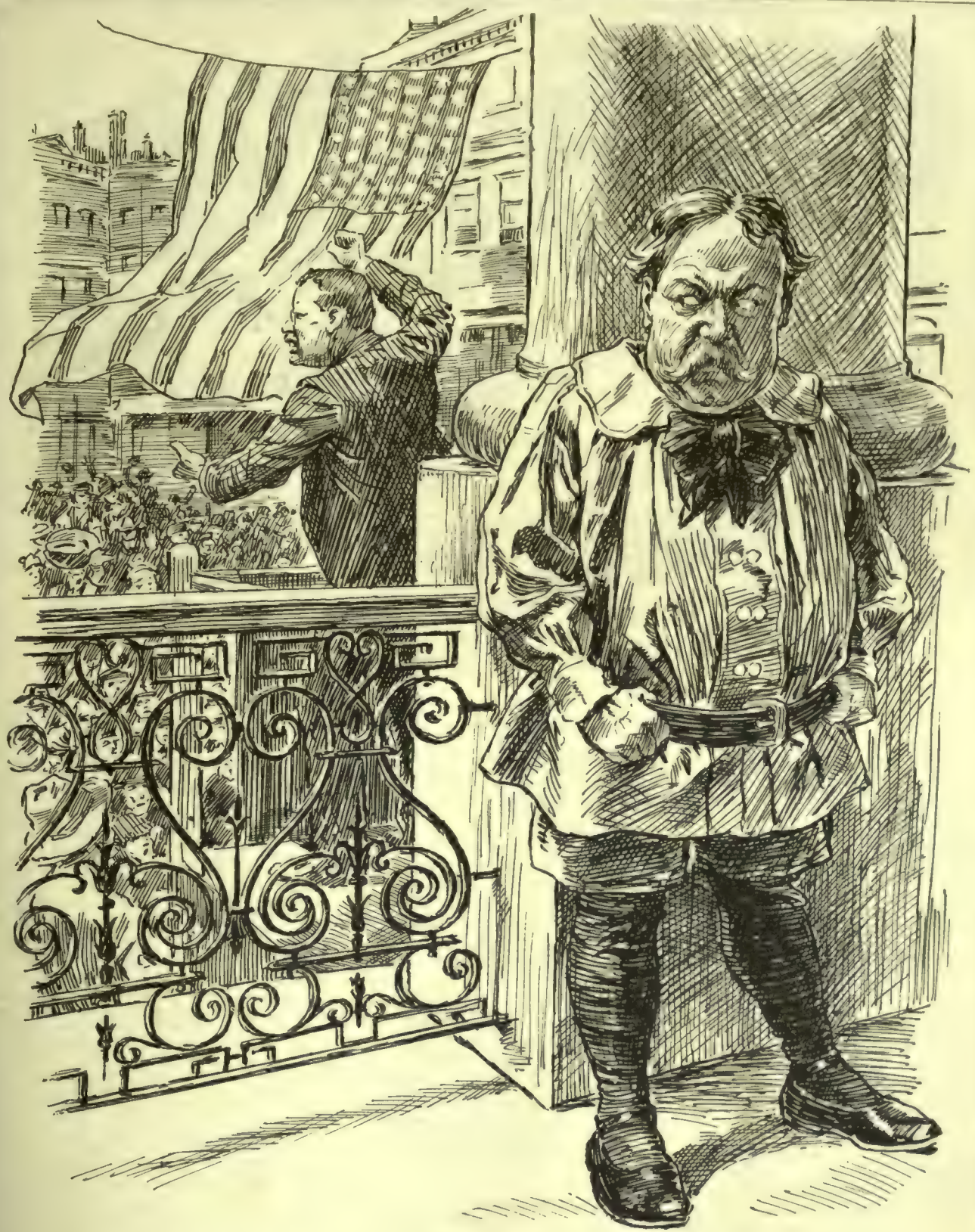
The young dog 's fleet an' spang,
An' he 'll rin the hale day lang,
Yet it 's sweir am I to gang
Wantin' you,
For traivel East or West,
Aye the auldest freends is best,
An' ye 're aulder than the rest,
Sweep, the noo!

"The ship, which cost about £2,500 and was insured for £24,000, belonged to the German Airship Navigation Company."—*Leicester Daily Post.*

That 's the way to do business.

Why is an earth-keeping aeroplane like a sulky trout?

Because it won't rise to a fly.



THE PRODIGAL FATHER'S RETURN.

BILL TAFT. "SAY, IF THAT'S POPPA'S NOTION OF 'LITERARY CALM,' I WISH HE'D NEVER COME HOME."

Mr. Roosevelt, replying on September 13 to a request to comment on the Democratic victory in Maine, is reported to have declined, his reason being, "I have just returned from a hygienic tour to steep myself in literary calm."



Cyclist (who has been inadvertently crowded into the ditch by immaculate youth cub-hunting). "I'LL TELL YOUR GOVERNOR NOT TO LET YOU 'AVE THE PONY AGAIN ON HEARLY-CLOSIN' DAY!"

MR. PUNCH'S AUTOGRAPH SALE.

EXTRACTS FROM THE CATALOGUE.

HEWLETT, MAURICE, A.L.S., to JOHN SENHOUSE, Esq.

. . . I doubt if after all I can allow Sanchia to educate the numerous sons that are coming to you. I shall send them to Eton. After "Rest Harrow," "Floreat Etona" will be such a good title. £3 3 0

ROOSEVELT, THEODORE, A.L.S., to a member of the R.S.P.C.A.

. . . Let me, with all the emphasis of which I am capable, deny that there was cruelty. It is true that several eggs were left after I had shot both the male and female ostrich; but KERMIT and I sat on them ourselves and hatched out all but one. They are fine strong birds, and until their day arrives will continue to be the pets of my younger children. As for the egg that would not hatch, I am keeping it for President TAFT. . . . £1 10 0

SHAW, G. BERNARD, A.L.S., to a correspondent who had sympathised with him over a hostile notice. 1 p.

DEAR SIR,—Thank you for your letter. The article did not trouble me. My best reviewers and most intelligent critics are not yet born. Yours faithfully, [*Signature.*] £2 2 0

WARE, FABIAN, Editor of *The Morning Post*, A.L.S., to the Right Hon. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, M.P., Sept. 23.

. . . Hope you saw our first leader this morning, in which we compared your superb reticence about the Conference with the blazing indiscretion of EDWARD GREY, and went on to say—"The Foreign Secretary is in home politics far too violent a partisan to care anything for national interests or to observe the ordinary dictates of political prudence and decency." That's the way to touch off a responsible Minister. We're getting on, aren't we? . . . 2½d.

CAINE, HALL, A.L.S., to Magistrate's Clerk, explaining why a dog licence had not been taken out. 8 pp.

. . . I assure you that there has been a great mistake. Is it likely that for the sake of saving seven-and-sixpence, the price of but three pit seats at my play in London, which is drawing crowded houses every night (so much so that I think of re-naming it *The Nocturnal Congestion*), I should deliberately defraud the revenue? Surely you must see this. A leader of thought in my position is hardly likely so to imperil his position. I therefore demand that the fine be set aside. . . . £0 5 0

GEORGE, D. LLOYD, A.L.S., to the HOME SECRETARY.

. . . You will notice in the papers that I have been doing what I can to get a holiday reputation too; but not to much purpose yet. Criccieth offers few opportunities compared with Asia Minor, and the Master of ELIBANK, though a good fellow, is not an F. E. SMITH. But I killed a snake yesterday—a real one—and next week. . . . £10 0 0

Jokes of the Week.

"Form fours."—Serviceable land valuation joke with military flavour. Suitable for regimental clubs. Nearly new.

"*Ne Sutor ultra crepidam.*"—Bearable court-martial joke with Latin accent. Has been popular at "At homes," but now slightly *démodé*.

Mr. *Punch* begs to thank the 11,937 correspondents who have brightened his life with the above.

Do we eat too much?

"At the close of the session the party lunched at University, Queen's, Trinity, Wadham and New Colleges."—*Daily Chronicle.*

"The entrée was as follows:—

Salmon and Cucumber,
Roast Beef and Horse-radish Sauce,
Roast Fowls, Trifle,
Jellies.
Stewed Fruit and Custards.
Liquers. Claret. Whiskey."

Halstead and Colne Valley Gazette.

This would seem to be quite the best *entrée* to satiety.

"STRADIVARIUS VIOLIN FOR SALE CHEAP. Almost new."

Advt. in "The All-Story Magazine."

The product of STRADIVARIUS'S later days in the Tottenham Court Road.

AFRICAN TRAIL GAMES.

(A PICTORIAL COMMENTARY ON MR. ROOSEVELT'S GREAT BOOK.)



The State of Ma(i)ne; or *Stars* and *Stripes* in Africa.



THE HEARTY-BEAST.

"The hartebeest, according to their custom, *continually jumping up on the ant-hills to get a clearer view of me.*"



"I killed a couple of 'tommies,' one by a good shot, the other running, after I had missed him in rather a scandalous fashion while he was standing."



KERMIT'S WART-HOG.

"He ran into her on *horseback* after a sharp chase of a mile or two, and *shot her from the saddle.*"

THE RESUMED RELUMED.

"NEVER seen me smoke a pipe before? Oh, come, I say, that 's absurd. I used to smoke lots in the old days—this is one of 'em; I fished it out again from the top shelf in the cupboard—m-puff, m-pufff, m-puffff. Thanks, I 've got a match-box—m-puff, m-puff, m-puff. That 's got it. Well, you see, I found I was smoking too many cigarettes. Oh, dear no—not my wife. She didn't object—never said anything about it. I just made up my own mind, you know, got out the old pipe, and there I was. Of course it 's much healthier than cigarettes. You don't inhale, and it 's better in every way. May I have one of your matches? That was my last one. Thanks—m-puff. Sorry; I blew it out. May I have another? I 'll take half-a-dozen if you don't mind. M-puff, m-puff, m-pufff. There, it won't go out again, I 'll bet. No, it isn't bird's-eye or honey-dew. It 's a mixture of my own. My tobacconist makes it up for me. *Vade Mecum* Mixture, he calls it. It 's the only cool tobacco in the world, and it 's capital stuff for keeping alight. Most tobacco will go on going out, and—where 's my prodder? It was on the table half a minute back. You know the thing, with three sorts of things all tacked on to it, one for stuffing the baccy down, and another for prodding it or raking it out, and the other thing for—— Well, upon my word, I never knew what the third thing was for. Oh, there it is, on the floor. Thanks. I 'm afraid I 've stuffed this pipe too full. I 'll dig it out and put in another fill. There, that ought to be better. M-puff, m-puff, m-puff. Got it this time. Yes, we have had a perfectly beastly summer, and then these new taxes coming in on the top of it. No, I haven't got any land myself, but I know a lot of chaps who have, and they tell me—m-pufff, m-puffff. Bother the pipe, it 's out again. M-puff, m-puff, m-pufff. I think that 's fixed it. Fact is one mustn't be careless about lighting a pipe; one ought to see that the thing 's really caught on before chucking the match away. It 's a knack, I suppose. Some chaps have it and some haven't. I generally manage to—m-puff, m-pufff, m-puffff—no, you don't—m-puff. It 's all right, but it was a near—m-puff. There, it *is* out after all. Still, it did pretty well that time. Yes, she 's drawing all right. I cleaned her out yesterday—blew half a wine-glass of sherry through her. The pipe 's right enough. M-puff, m-puff, m-puff. There—m-puff—she 's going like a furnace. Oh, the Conference—m-puff—I never took much stock in that myself. It 's bound—m-puff, m-pufff—it 's bound to bust up soon. Of course—m-puff, m-pufff, m-puffff—they all pretend it 's going on quite smoothly, but—m-puff, m-pufff—she 's out again; no, she isn't—m-puff, m-pufff—yes, she is, I 've only one match left. There, it 's out. Never mind, I 'll take another half-dozen of yours, old chap. It 's wonderful what a lot of matches you get for a penny nowadays. It beats me how they can manage to do it. Of course that 's no reason for wasting 'em. There 's the first one broken—that 's the worst of these wooden matches, and the wax ones make such a filthy smell. There goes another—oh! it 's on my thumb. Here 's the third for luck—m-puff, m-puff, m-pufff—got him. Let me see, where was I? Oh, yes—the General Election. You mark my word: it 's certain to come in January. I met a chap yesterday—no, it was Tuesday—well, anyhow, he was a Member of Parliament—m-puff, m-pufff, m-puffff. It 's no good, old chap; I simply can't keep the thing alight. I 'm out of form to-day. A cigarette? Well, as you are so pressing, I don't mind if I do, just this once. M-puff—well done, little one! Now we can talk."



Irishman (as someone knocks at his door). "SHURE, IF I DON'T ANSWER, IT 'S SOME WAN TO GIVE ME A JOB, AN' IF I DO IT 'S THE LANDLORD AFTER THE RINT."

TO THE MAN ABOVE.

["Stout people should shorten their time of rest if they want to grow slim, for weight is put on very rapidly during sleep."—*Weekly Paper.*]

There are, my friend, who 'd feel inclined to swear,
If, late returning from your toil, you took
Your jocund flute and, beating out the air
With feet 'neath which your floor (their ceiling) shook,
Poured, as I plainly hear you pouring now,
Your soul out in a dickens of a row;

Who 'd find entirely destitute of charms
Your tuneful instrument's entrancing tones,
And, nightly wrenched back from the gentle arms
Of Morpheus by the heavy feet of Jones,
Would (as I 've mentioned) very likely say
"Tut Tut" in quite a disagreeable way.

Not such am I! For I have had to see
A pleasant plumpness that became me well
Change to a hideous rotundity,
Which many an anti-fat has failed to quell,
And often am malevolently eyed
In carriages where there are five a-side.

Although you play for weary hour on hour,
You will not find me prone to rage or sulk,
For only sleeplessness possesses power
To ban the further bulging of my bulk.
So since your music bids my fat begone,
Give me excess of it. Play on! play on!

"The engagement is announced of Miss Mr. and Mrs. H. S., to Mr. S. L., of Auckland."—*Weekly Graphic and New Zealand Mail.*
It often comes to that in the end.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE MAN FROM THE SEA."

MR. LOCKE struck the wrong note for me in the First Act, when he persuaded *Ruth* and *Daisy* to skip into the *Dean's* garden at Durdleham, announce with a swing of the racquet that they were about to play a set, and then skip out again. There are certain stage conventions which I am just learning to overlook; as, for instance, that every man who has read a letter taps it before he puts it back in his pocket; or that it is impossible for a man to tell the time without extending his watch in the palm of his left hand and supporting both with his right. But when a stage lawn-tennis player skips into no matter how realistic a drama, then, as far as I am concerned, the illusion goes. *Ruth*, I am sorry to say, was always skipping about the stage. The impression this creates of youth and high spirits and happiness is not a lasting one.

Mr. LOCKE himself was as conventional. When one character said to another, "I wonder who *Mrs. Averill* really *is*. Nobody seems to have heard of her before she came here"; when *Mrs. Averill* and *Marion Lee* discussed the case of a village girl who had fallen, and the former was very tender and forgiving, and the latter said in a loud voice that she could never forgive anyone—*anyone*—who sinned in that way; when the *Dean* mentioned that his brother-in-law, *Jan Redlander*, was just coming back from Australia, and *Mrs. Averill* (in the front of the stage) started and pressed her hand to her heart; well, well, well, Mr. LOCKE knows how to get the creak of the machinery across the footlights.

It was a pity that he couldn't get to work upon his theme—the struggle of a good woman's heart with her conscience—without all this business. The problem *Marion Lee* had to solve was whether she should tell the *Dean* (put like that, it always made me smile—I suppose because I cannot imagine a dean being told anything serious) the story of *Daphne Averill's* past. *Daphne* had been married to a villain in Australia; he left her to go to prison, and she came away to live in Durdleham with *Dr. Averill*. *Marion's* conscience tells her that she must denounce this; *Daphne* makes the old, old plea that it is a "special case." *Marion* was true to her conscience until the last moment, when her love for *Jan Redlander* made her true to her heart.

That is the idea of the play, but there is really lots more plot than that. How *Pontifex Pye* overheard a private conversation between *Jan* and *Daphne*; how he found a letter in *Marion's* blotter addressed to the *Dean* and delivered it; how *Jan* pretended he was married to a lunatic; how a telegram came saying *Daphne's* convict husband was dead—a pageant of real life on the stage is presented to you in pictures like these.

Mr. ROBERT LORAINE and Miss NINA BOUCICAULT did their best—a very good best—with the parts of *Jan* and *Marion*. The author did not seem quite certain whether the breezy rover who had looked beneath the veiled curtain of the eyes of savages was himself or *Jan*. Perhaps *Redlander* was a great reader of the modern novel. At any rate he



MR. ROBERT LORAINE (*Jan Redlander*). "Do you hear the sea calling in the shell?"

MISS NINA BOUCICAULT (*Marion Lee*). "Well, really it's rather difficult to hear anything while you are on the stage. If you'd stop talking for one second I might have a chance."

recited several pretty little pieces by Mr. LOCKE (notably one about a shell), which he must have learnt by heart in the silence of the South Seas. And somehow I found it hard to believe in *Marion*; it seemed impossible that *Jan* could have fallen in love with her or she in love with anyone. But *Daphne* I accepted thoroughly, and I offer my thanks to Miss BERYL FABER for her fine performance. M.

The Matchmaker.

"A telegram from Lille states that the police are on the track of a new case of espionage. Someone has attempted to bride subaltern officers."—*Daily Graphic.*

"It is a picturesque fourteenth century building, and one of the finest specimens of Elizabethan architecture in Stratford-upon-Avon."

So said *The Daily Mail* twice in the same article, in case you thought ELIZABETH flourished in the sixteenth century.

"The enervating influence of a Lacedemonian latitudinarianism would be fatal to its existence."—*Manchester Guardian.*

Right O.

THE APPLAUDER OF PLUCK.

HE was sitting on one of the seats on Primrose Hill reading a review of the cricket season, and now and then he sighed and glanced at me. At last he spoke. "It's a hard thing," he said, "to have seven dull months before you."

I agreed.

"No fun in life for me," he went on, "until next May."

"I'm very sorry," I said. "Are you ill?"

"No, not ill," he said; "merely without any motive, any real interest."

"But winter has plenty of entertainment," I suggested.

"Not for me," he said. "Cricket's my game. I care for nothing else."

"Oh," I said, "I see. Do you play much?"

"No, I don't play at all," he replied, "I look on. I never miss a match at Lord's, and if there's nothing at Lord's I go to the Oval. I have a kind of semi-official position."

"Indeed," I said. "What is that, may I ask?"

"It's not paid, of course," he answered. "And the M.C.C. have nothing to do with it. As a matter of fact, I lead the applause on both grounds."

"That must keep you busy," I said.

"Oh, I don't mean all the applause," he explained. "I don't clap everything. The applause that I lead is not for strokes, but for heroism.

"I don't quite understand," I said.

"Well," he continued, "you must often have seen a batsman get a nasty knock from the ball? Yes? Well, then you have noticed that he stops a moment or two to rub his leg, or stamp, while very often the wicket-keeper pats him on the back?"

"Yes."

"Very well, then, when he has done and resumes batting, there is a ripple of applause round the ring, isn't there? I lead that."

I congratulated him.

"Yes. I felt that such courage and endurance ought to be recognised, especially after attending a match or two where no notice was taken of it; so I took up the thing seriously."

I congratulated him again.

"But this has been a bad summer," he said. "Too wet. The ball rarely rose. A dry summer is the time! But it's all over now, anyway. No fun till next May."

"What about football?" I asked. "That's full of injuries."

"Oh, I can't stand football," he said. "It's too cold. Besides, injuries are part of the game. No, I'm a cricketer all through, that's what I am."



Patrol Leader (waking up old gentleman). "FORGIVE MY TROUBLING YOU, SIR, BUT WOULD YOU MIND SLEEPING EAST AND WEST, AS WE EXPECT THE ENEMY FROM THE NORTH AND ARE BADLY IN WANT OF COVER?"

DIFFIDENCE AT DINNER.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am profoundly perplexed over certain problems raised in my mind by an article, printed in a recent number of *The Spectator*, on "The Shyness of the Superior." Personally, being a shy man, I found the article extremely soothing; indeed it offers an explanation for my shyness which I myself had hitherto been too shy to formulate. "Now and then," says the author of the article, "stupidity has a terrific effect in inspiring shyness. To be obliged to spend a given amount of time—say, the length of a dinner—in company with some one upon whom it is our duty to leave a fairly agreeable impression, and who is evidently very stupid, is enough to turn one to stone." How heartily do I echo this valuable remark! It has occurred to me, nevertheless, that though in my own case—may I say, in *our* own cases, *Mr. Punch?*—this particular form of prandial petrifaction could never be confused with that induced by other causes, the diagnosis might, with some people, be less obvious. I suggest, therefore, that you should enliven your pages with a competition in which awards are offered for the best guesses in answer to propounded situations such as the following:—

Mr. BERNARD SHAW dines with the Editor of *The Spectator*.

Which of the diners (if either) is shy?

Mr. GRANVILLE BARKER dines with the Author of *The Eternal Question*.

Which is the more out of countenance?

Miss CHRISTABEL PANKHURST dines with Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD.

Which is the stonier?

Sir HENRY LUNN dines with a refractory Swiss hotel-keeper.

Which is the more sheepish?

Mr. BONAR LAW dines with Mr. CHIOZZA MONEY.

Which of the diners feels it his duty to leave a "fairly agreeable impression," and what are the consequences?

Rev. Sir WM. ROBERTSON NICOLL dines with Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL.

Both of course would be tongue-tied; but whose tongue would be tied the tighter?

Master WINSTON CHURCHILL dines with his old nurse.

Which is the humbler?

The German KAISER dines with ——

No, that would be too easy.

Believe me, dear *Mr. Punch*,

Yours, etc., DIFFIDENT.

Mr. HAROLD SPENDER in *The Daily Chronicle*:

"We are angling for big fish on an invisible ledge of rock some twenty fathoms—sixty feet—beneath our keel. How do we know that that ledge is there?"

It isn't. A fathom is six feet.

The story of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE and the snake having proved so popular, keep your eye on our columns next week for the true incident of Mr. HALDANE and the hippopotamus. Special to this paper.

"This bold cliff of trap-rock was, and remains, the site of an old volcano of the Carboniferous Age."—*The Scotsman*.

Some of these old volcanoes are very touchy about changing their site.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

WHEN I took up *The Lantern Bearers* (METHUEN) it was with a glow of pleasant anticipation; partly because I had been waiting this great while for somebody to call a novel by that very title, and partly because Mrs. ALFRED SIDGWICK, who has now done it, is a writer for whose work I entertain the highest regard. But I am bound to admit that the result is just a little bit disappointing. You know, of course, who the original lantern bearers were; the boys of STEVENSON'S delightful memory, who went about with lighted bull's-eyes beneath their buttoned coats, spiritually upheld by the smell of blistered tin and the consciousness of the hidden flame. Mrs. SIDGWICK'S lantern bearers are her hero and heroine; and the light they carry is the fact that they have been secretly married. *Helga Bryne* was the daughter of a German mother and a father who had been ruined by an unscrupulous partner named *Ashley*. The *Brynes* were very poor, so much so that, till she was nineteen, and the story began, *Helga* had never even been to a party. But she goes to one in the third chapter, and, having been warned all her life to avoid all intercourse with the hated *Ashleys*, the very first young man she meets, and promptly falls in love with, is—who do you think? Quite right. So *Clive Ashley* and *Helga* are united by the registrar, despairing of their parents' consent. Which was wise, as far as it went, because shortly afterwards old *Mr. Bryne* hit *Mr. Ashley* on the head in public, and there was a lot of trouble. And then, just when matters were nicely involved, and I was thoroughly interested, the whole thing comes to an abrupt end, with everybody blessing everybody else, and preparing to live happy ever after. Much as I enjoyed the story, I protest emphatically against Mrs. SIDGWICK (of all people!) letting me down with so abrupt and inartistic a jar. I incline to think, indeed, that the author of those adorable *Severins* shared with me a conviction that her latest creations were by no means so human.

The County Coast Series (FISHER UNWIN), to which *The Cornwall Coast* is the latest addition, merits a cordial greeting. The reader—be he bent on motoring, cycling, pedestrianism, or even on learning something of a country of which he knows little—is in no danger of indigestion from the information provided for him. To Mr. SALMON'S book on the Cornish Coast I give an especial word of praise, and even if he had not done his work so well I should have found it difficult to criticise an author whose point of view is so admirable. Mr. SALMON has a tender regard for Cornwall; and while pointing out its beauties is at pains to show that they can be easily damaged. Until, however, a change sweeps over the Duchy it is no place for the tourist who delights in brass-bands, and who marks his devastating course by a litter of paper and banana-skins. Clearly we see that Cornwall remains the land for those who wish to spend their holidays free from meretricious accompaniments, and that to take away its restfulness is to take away a large part of its charm. But I am at variance with the author when he suggests that such a custom as the Helston Furry dance "might as well be decently buried." For although it is true that the country-people smile at these ceremonies they love them all the same, and there are less drastic ways of treating ancient customs than by abolishing them. Excellent photographs add to the attractions of the book, and I hope that this particular SALMON will not be out of season for many a year.



IMPROBABLE SCENES.

I.—GOVERNMENT OFFICE CLERKS SPOILING TO GET AT THEIR WORK.

From the report of a tariff tripper, as reported proudly in *The Sheffield Daily Telegraph*:—

"Here we had a look round the shops. The price of foodstuffs compares easily with our home prices, clothing and boots especially."

If Tariff Reform means boots for breakfast, why not say so?

CHARIVARIA.

THE SPEAKER has been elected permanent Master of the Blencathra Foxhounds. We congratulate him on this graceful tribute to the way in which he has managed the House of Commons.

* * *

Speaking at the Church Congress, the Bishop of BRISTOL expressed the view that motoring had done much for the Church. Yes, but not so much as it has done for the Churchyard.

* * *

At a meeting of the Yarmouth Guardians, it was stated that an inmate of the workhouse had received a land valuation form to fill up. This is but a foretaste of the time when all land-tax forms will have to be addressed to the workhouse.

* * *

"Do not lose courage," said Mr. KEIR HARDIE to the Egyptian Nationalist Congress. "The Young Egyptians will one day see the statues of MUSTAFA KAMEL and FARID BEY in the streets of Cairo." Well, they will need all their courage if the statues should be anything like the majority of those one sees in the streets of London.

* * *

One of the most interesting revelations made at the Congress was the name of MUSTAFA KAMEL'S brother. It is ALI BEY JAHMY KAMEL. He sounds a rollicking fellow, and we are prepared to like him.

* * *

In a race across the Atlantic the North German Lloyd liner, *George Washington*, beat her competitors by five hours, and the captain, on being interviewed, stated that he had not forced his ship unduly. We should like to hear the ship's own view about this. If there is anything in a name, we ought to get at the facts.

* * *

Leicester has lately been *en fête* to welcome her home-coming citizens. Now Colchester is preparing to give a banquet in honour of the return of *her* natives.

* * *

Lady DOROTHY NEVILL in her new book mentions the case of the Duchess of CLEVELAND who was so proud of her small feet that she went to extravagant lengths in her endeavours to attract attention to them. This reminds us of the Irish lady who was similarly gifted. She used to wear extra big shoes in order to compel people to notice the smallness of her feet.

* * *

It is really rather thoughtless of Miss GERTRUDE KINGSTON. The names of the authors of the pieces she produces at her Little Theatre are not to be divulged until after their *premières*. This means that many critics will not know until it is too late whether the plays are good or not.

* * *

The suggestion of Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES that "a candid person should make out a list of the sayings and doings that provoke the loudest laughter at the theatres he visits" has been acted on by *The Express*, which sent a representative round the play-houses to take notes of the current jokes. Even outside the ranks of War Correspondents there are brave men on our Press.

* * *

Meanwhile Mr. JONES has suggested, as a result of the journalist's revelations, a tax on foolish and banal jests in theatres. It might be called the Undeveloped Brain Tax.

* * *

We are glad it is not dying out, for it is such a quaint, picturesque old custom. A Peer wedded an Actress last week.

* * *

"Brazil having laid down a ship of 32,000 tons, it follows as a matter of course," says *The Naval and Military Record*, "that in the near future the naval authorities of England, Germany and America will go one better." That should come to just 32,001 tons.

* * *

"BOMBARDED WITH BROWNINGS" is a sub-heading in *The Pall Mall Gazette's* account of the Berlin riots. It sounds strangely like an echo of the old days of the Robert Browning Clubs.

* * *

With reference to the new Post Office regulation as to flats, *The Daily Mail* says: "A new factor has been introduced into the dispute by the suspicion that some postmen are voluntarily climbing stairs rather than offend the tenants by standing on the strict letter of the regulation." To stand on their letters (whether strict or not) would indeed be a gratuitous insult to the tenants.

* * *

A newsboy tenor made his *début* in London at a National Sunday League concert the other night. We understand that it is hoped to train a choir of them, to be called "The Evening Pipers."



"NOW THEN, MISTER THREE-A-PENNY, WOT D' YER MEAN BY KNOCKIN' THE BOTTOM OUT OF THE BLOOMIN' MARKET?"

TO SUMMER.

[Probably off by the time these lines appear.]

Welcome, Stranger, though your face
Looks a little out of place
In the order of the dancing Seasons' cycle;
Though you 've missed the last cuckoo,
And there 's only left a few
Of the fatted geese beloved of Holy Michael.

Never mind the gathered sheaves
Or the lisp of falling leaves;
Don't you fret about the narrowing hours of daytime;
Try and fancy, just for fun,
That your race is yet to run,
That you 're starting, bright and punctual, with the Maytime.

If you *could* arrange to stay,
We could keep you fairly gay
With the kinds of sport you seldom take a part in;
Very rare those visits are
When you dodge the calendar
And illuminate the Mass of good St. Martin.

Can't your flitting be deferred
Till the driven partridge-bird
Drops like manna on the stark October stubble?
Won't you smile on Reynard's track
Till the parched and tongueless pack
Deems the game is really hardly worth the trouble?

Won't you melt the morning rime
Till the Long-tail in his prime
Leaves his feathers round the wistful jaws of Rover?
Won't you please—it 's getting near—
Stay and warm our Christmas cheer?
Won't you kindly wait, in fact, till Winter 's over? O. S.

THE STAY-AT-HOME.

I.

I have some depressing news for you. Your old friend George is become intolerable.

In a way it may be said that James began it, but I am loth to attach any of the blame to him, because James happens in real life to be myself. Speaking then from an entirely unbiassed point of view, George's behaviour in the matter is despicable, and James's patience and forbearance throughout is most praiseworthy. Let us praise James and despise George.

The burning question was that of travelling abroad. James in the beginning of things had shown considerate and kindly solicitude for George in this respect. "George, old boy," he had said, "you ought to travel a bit. Your mind wants broadening. You want to get out of your own country and see a little of the Continent." Was George grateful? Not in the least. Indeed, he behaved in a manner as childish as it was disgusting, and certainly unworthy even of him. He refrained from asking James's advice as to what countries he should visit, though he well knew that James was only too willing once more to describe to him every foreign journey he had made. In fact, he did so in spite of George's pettiness, and it is only one more proof of his magnanimity . . . but you grant all that.

It appears that James had been to the South of France, Switzerland and the Isle of Wight. The last he had visited on a half-day trip, at his own expense, the other two places in the capacity of a paid tutor. The general impression, however, left on the mind of those who were fortunate enough to catch sight of the tutor and the tutored *en route* was distinctly that James was not only standing everything, but was also sole lessee and manager of the countries visited. I should perhaps not have mentioned that last fact, but forgot in the excitement of writing who James is in real life.

"You have never been abroad, have you, George?" pursued he on this occasion.

"Oh, yes," said George, without conviction, "lots of times."

"I had a delightful chat with your father last night," continued James irrelevantly. "All about you. We started at the cradle and ended at the end of last week. We hardly left a day unaccounted for. Tell me, apart from Ireland, have you ever really been abroad?"

George did not answer.

"And have you even been to Ireland more than once?"

Still the pigheaded George did not answer.

"Really, George, you ought to go abroad. You are becoming insular and narrow. You ought to go and see a little of Europe. I don't want to boast . . ."

"Then don't," said George briefly.

II.

George is an evil-disposed person, full of the worst guile. I will not have James abused in any way, but I do think he was a little weak to be deceived by George's polite manner when, about a month later, he approached him again on the same subject. With a little alertness he might have discovered that George had got a job out of England.

"James," he said sweetly, "I want a few tips from you about travelling." James nodded graciously.

"It is awfully nice of you to be so awfully nice. I am sure you will tell me all I want to know about the world. It is a real pleasure to talk to a cosmopolitan like you, not one of those self-satisfied, conceited, narrow-minded braggarts who have never been outside Europe. I am going abroad."

James gathered up his face into a businesslike frown. "My dear boy," he said, "it will be the making of you." Then he dealt at length with the South of France and Switzerland. Since he had heard of George's Ireland he had dropped his own Isle of Wight.

"That is all very interesting," commented George, "but I was talking about the world and travelling. Have you ever been to Rio de Janeiro?"

"Have I ever been to Rio?" said James, ridiculing the question and hoping for the best.

"Yes. And where exactly is it?" pursued the obstinate George.

"Where is it?" said James, hard put to it to gain time. "Why don't you go to some place with an easier name, to begin with?"

"I have always wanted to go to Africa," he answered with a most deceptive expression.

"You might do worse. I almost wish I was coming back to the old place with you."

"Rio? But where exactly is it?"

"In the more Eastern part of Africa," said James, plunging. "I could show it you in a minute if I had a map."

"When I looked at the map this morning," said George slowly, "it was in South America. Tell me, have you ever been there really? What! Is it possible that you have never been outside Europe? Really you ought to travel a bit. You tend to become very continental and confined. To see something of the world would make quite a man of you. Now I . . ."

"At times," James said to himself, but not so quietly that he might not be overheard, "at times old George's face seems to be almost repulsive."



THE TEUTONISING OF TURKEY.

German Kaiser. "GOOD BIRD!"





Booking Clerk. "NOW THEN, SIR, WHERE TO?"
Golfer. "WELL, I HAVEN'T QUITE DECIDED. D'YOU KNOW IF ONE CAN GET DECENT BRASSIE LIES AT SANDSHOT?"

A FITTE OF FURS.

(*Induced by the study of a catalogue.*)

WHEN I behold some charming girl
Escaping from a bus-squash,
With cherry lips and teeth of pearl
(Compare the ads. of Tusk-Wash),
I think—and, oh! my heart 's a-whirl—
"I would I were a musquash!"

I crave to be the pendent fur
The pointed fox or sable—
It is not likely to occur,
But would that I were able
To constitute the comforter
About this Maud or Mabel!

That, though in life through leagues of cold
The hunters made me skip it,
The husk that was my spirit's mould,
With many an alien snippet,
Until the goods were pawned or sold,
Might dangle from her tippet.

Might even touch her swan-like throat,
Her cheeks like apple-blossom—
I say, when girls like this I note
With peltry flung across 'em,
I think, "Oh, happy, happy stoat!"
"Oh, fortunate opossum!"

If they could know the end, the prize
That waits for hair so dapper,
The minks would come with moistened eyes
Obedient to the trapper,
The marten's vision ere demise
Would be to make a wrapper.

Yes, ev'n the skunk would turn, mayhap,
With mute surrender, if he
Could know, in death, beyond the trap
(Which only lasts a jiffy),
His hide, embalmed on beauty's lap,
Would cease to be so whiffy.

EVOE.

"The strike of the tramway employees at Perth, Western Australia, has been settled."

In *The Daily News* this is headed "Northern News in Brief." Wherever the strike did take place it seems clear that our contemporary's staff knew (collectively) that there were two Perths: an upper Perth and a lower Perth.

THE CULT OF THE GROWNUP.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—For a holiday task we had to write a essay on any subject we liked. I chose "The Cult of the Grownup" because in a magazine there was a prize essay on "The Cult of the Child" with bites out of poets and poeple and I only had to change it a little to make the things fit. It isnt cheeting because I had to change it and I left out a lot and I made up the end myself. I hope I shall get the Prize for my essay and if you put it in the London Charivari you will have to send me some money. I copied all the stops from the other essay. I put Notes like in Literature for you to understand.

With love and kisses
Your loving little friend
EVANGELINE SMITH. (Aged 11¾)

THE CULT OF THE GROWNUP.

Grownups! How sweet they are! So soft and tender to cuddle![1] So loving, and trusting—ready to confide to you all their innocent thoughts! One shudders to remember that there are

children who say they can't bear grown-ups, they can't be bothered with them, they are so quiet and tiresome. Oh, the hard hearts! Strange indeed that children, who will have to be grown-up themselves, should have so little patience—so little feeling for the beauty of the dear old lives! And then their aloofness![2] How often when you are talking to them their eyes take on a dreamy, far-away look and you know the big minds are wandering with the stars or the servants![3] Perhaps the great charm of grownuphood is its sleep—the long lashes brushing the big smooth cheeks, the busy hands at rest, the large feet still. But I must not forget to mention their eagerness to be helpful. Mother is working at her knitting perhaps, and you ask her to run and fetch your handkerchief or to pick up the bricks you have spilt. How delightedly she hastens to obey! And even if she only says "No! whatever are you thinking of?" it isn't really unkind.

Notes.

[1] Some arent but it doesnt matter in Literature.

[2] You can tell what that means from what comes next.

[3] This was "Fairies" in the other Essay.

P.S.—Sylvia allways wants to do the same as me so she wrote a essay too only she would call it plain Grownups. She cried when I said hers wasnt good enuogh to print so I had to send it. If you dont want to put it in you can say something nice like the Aunties in the Magazines to fill up.

GROWNUPS.

Grownups are not all the same. Some are nice and some are no better than toads. I like the nice ones. All grownups are cross sometimes and then they think it is us. That is their natyer. They want their own way. They are a lesson to us all.

SYLVIA SMITH. (Age 7).

"Mamet, after a careful survey of the clouds, when appealed to by a 'Burton Daily Mail' representative, declared that he would ascend at 'trois heures,' meaning, doubtless, 3 p.m."

Why couldn't he have said so like an honest man?

THE ANIMAL INVASION.

(Special.)

THE tremendous success alleged to have been achieved by the terrier Tim in Mr. HALL CAINE'S drama, *The Bishop's Son*, is likely to lead to far-reaching results in the casting of old and the construction of new plays.

Already we understand that Mr. GALSWORTHY is hard at work on a dramatised version of his novel, *The Country House*, in which the central *rôle* will be allotted to the dog *John*.

Mr. CYRIL MAUDE is said to be considering a military drama written by an officer of the Welsh Fusiliers, in which the part of hero is allotted to the famous goat which accompanies that regiment on the march.

That ardent Baconian, Sir EDWIN DURNING-LAWRENCE, Bart., is, we are assured, engaged on a sensational melodrama entitled *The Great Impostor*. By a happy inspiration the part of the good genius of the plot is assigned to a learned pig.

Major FRANK RICHARDSON'S remarkable drama, *The Worst Bloodhound in the World*, is now finished, and will shortly be produced at the Cynodrome. The scene is laid on Salisbury Plain, and the last Act in Major FRANK RICHARDSON'S original version culminated in the capture of the fugitives at Stonehenge in the most distressing circumstances. But as Mr. FROHMAN, who presents *The Worst Bloodhound in the World*, is notoriously tenderhearted, the author has consented to replace this harrowing scene by one in which the Major's bloodhounds are seen caressing the fugitives outside Salisbury Cathedral.

An unusually strong cast has been retained by Mr. HUBERT FRENCH for the production of *The Brown Dog* at his Repertory Theatre. It includes Mr. Robert Dingo, Mr. George Griffon, Mrs. Brown-Chow, Miss Airedale, Mlle. Schipperke, and Master D. Dinmont.

Finally, by the exercise of that clairvoyant faculty for which *Mr. Punch* has long been celebrated, we are enabled to present our readers with the following interesting article from *The Spectator* of April 1, 1911:—

Though we only occasionally notice plays in our columns, the performance of *Hamlet* at the Sirius Theatre last Saturday, in which the title *rôle* was assumed for the first time by a Great Dane, is so exceptional an event as to warrant our offering a few words of heartfelt congratulation to the hero of the moment. Since SALVINI no actor has appeared more richly endowed for the interpretation of heroic and tragic *rôles* than Mr. Woof. His presence is dignified, his countenance is instinct with a noble melancholy, and his voice is at once deep and penetrating. The scenes with *Ophelia* were rendered with a touching devotion; but it was in the final dogastrophe that the canine histrion reached the full measure of his artistic stature—he stands nearly four feet high—and brought down the house by a display of pathos that was nothing short of soul-shaking. The part of *Ophelia* was charmingly played by Miss Mimi Catterwall, who imparted into her impersonation a feline charm which was all her own. We sincerely hope that readers of *The Spectator* will avail themselves of the opportunity presented by the engagement of Mr. Woof and Miss Catterwall, which only lasts for a fortnight.



"DIRT-EE! DIRT-EE!!"

SCENE—*A Football League Match.*

THE GREAT SPORT-LOVING PUBLIC HAVE JUST APPLAUDED A SUCCESSFUL FOUL ON THE PART OF ONE OF THE HOME SIDE, AND HAVING NOW DETECTED A SIMILAR MOVE ON THE PART OF THEIR OPPONENTS INDULGE IN PROPER INDIGNATION.



REASSURING.

Terrified Rider (in hired Motor-car). "I SAY—I SAY—YOU 'RE GOING MUCH TOO FAST."
Chauffeur. "OH, YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, SIR. WE ALWAYS INSURES OUR PASSENGERS."

THE AUTOGRAPHER.

HE was sitting forlornly on the shore at Swanage, toying with an open knife. Fearing that he might be about to do himself a mischief, I stopped and spoke.

"No," he said, "I 'm not contemplating suicide. Don't think that. I 'm merely pondering on the illusion that England is the abode of freedom."

"But isn't it?" I asked.

He laughed bitterly.

"What 's wrong?" I said.

He jerked his thumb towards the stone globe which is to Swanage what THORWALDSEN'S Lion is to Lucerne, or the Sphinx to the desert.

"Well?" I said.

"Have you seen the tablets?" he asked.

"No," I said.

"They 've put up two tablets," he explained, "with a request that any one wishing to cut or write his name should do it there rather than on the globe."

"Very sensible," I said.

"Sensible?" he echoed. "Sensible? But what 's the use of cutting your name on a place set apart for the purpose? There 's no fun in that. Things are coming to a pretty pass when Town Councils take to sarcasm. Because that 's what it is," he continued. "Sarcasm. They don't want our names anywhere, and this is their way of saying so. Sarcasm has been described," he went on, "as the language of the devil; and it 's true."

"But why do you want to cut your name?" I asked.

He opened his eyes to their widest. "Why? What 's the use of going anywhere if you don't?" he retorted. "You 'll find my name all over England—on trees at Burnham Beeches, on windows at Chatsworth, on stone walls at Kenilworth, on whitewash at Stratford-on-Avon, in the turf of Chanctonbury. You 'll find it in belfries and on seats. I should be ashamed of myself if I didn't inscribe it—and permanently, too. But this is too much for me. I came here only because I heard about the stone globe; and then to find those tablets! But I haven't wasted my time," he continued. "I went over to the New Forest the other day, and to-morrow I 'm going to Stonehenge."

"That 's no good," I said.

"No good? Why, I 've bought a new chisel on purpose for it. I 'm told the stone 's very hard."

"You won't be able to do it," I said. "It 's enclosed now, and guarded."

He buried his face in his hands. "Everything 's against me," he groaned. "The country 's going to the dogs."

"But surely you 'll visit Stonehenge just the same?" I inquired.

"Why?" he asked.

"Well, it 's very impressive and wonderful. A Druidical temple, you know. A——"

But he cut me short. "That doesn't interest me," he said. "I don't want Druidical temples *as* Druidical temples; I want Druidical temples that I can have my way with. Good afternoon."

He turned away, and I left him still moodily regarding his knife.

"Ralph de Palma to-day drove a Fat racing car ten miles in 8 mins. 31 1-5 secs."—*Dublin Daily Express.*

That must have taken some of it off.

LITTLE CONVERSATIONS.

One of the accusations which the older generation is in the habit of bringing against the younger is that the art of conversation is being allowed to die out in England, owing to the fact that the youth of to-day is unable to express itself clearly. After a careful study of the subject we have come to the conclusion that our elders are (as usual) unduly pessimistic. The dialogues below, selected at random from those in which an average man might participate in the course of a single day (a Monday, for example), seem to show that even in this hustling age numerous opportunities are seized for the free interchange of thought.

I.—With an Early-Morning Caller.

"Your hot-water, Sir."

"Honk."

"It 's eight o'clock, Sir."

"Honk."

II.—With a Ticket Collector.

"But do I *look* like a man who would travel without a ticket?"

"Can't help that, Sir."

"Neither could I—it 's the way I was born, I suppose . . . . I've told you why I can't give you my ticket. It was a week-end one, and the return half is in a waistcoat pocket at the bottom of my bag. A thing that might happen to anybody."

"Must have a ticket."

"Well, what do you want me to do? I can't undress my bag on a public platform; it 's very indelicate of you to suggest such a thing."

"You might feel in your pockets again."

"But I tell you I had a different waistcoat on when I went down on Saturday. If you would only bring your brain to bear on the subject you would remember that it was a much colder day, and naturally I was wearing something with flannel at the back. To-day being quite hot . . . . Oh, here it is in the ticket pocket of my coat. No, don't apologise."

III.—With a Taxicabman.

"Have you change for a shilling?"

"No."

"Then I shall have to give you eightpence."

"'Ow much do you want?"

"Fourpence."

"Look 'ere, are you trying to be funny?"

"Not just now. I will try if you like. We 'll both try."

"If I start making *you* look funny, my lord, you 'll be sorry I began."

"Enough. Here is your fare—eightpence, and because you mistook me for a peer, which I am not, here is another penny for a bar of chocolate. Good morning."

IV.—With a "Kromeski à la Russe."

"Well, I 'll try another bite if you like; but I wish I knew who you were. Why this impenetrable secrecy? Tell me of your past life in Russia—how did you spend your days before they shot you? Did you float lazily over the gleaming minarets of Moscow, or did you gallop madly along the wild steppes of Siberia? Or were you a fish? Be open with me; I am your friend. . . . Ah, now I remember you. Sir, you 're an impostor. You 've never been in Russia in your life. We have met before; you were in mufti then, and I knew you for the common rissole that you are. Waiter! lead this away and bring me some cheese."

V.—With a Policeman.

"Name and address, *if* you please, Sir."

"Hang it all, I was barely moving."

"A furlong in eleven seconds *and* a fifth, Sir."

"Look here, you can't expect me to work that out. How much an hour does it come to?"

"About forty miles."

"Oh, well, there you are; now you 've given yourself away. I can *prove* you 're wrong. Because this car can't *go* more than fifteen miles an hour. I 've had it specially tested."

"P'raps it 's hungry or something to-day, Sir. Eleven seconds *and* a fifth."

"Yes, *that* part may be all right, but you 've probably worked the sum out wrong; getting furlongs into miles is very tricky work. I quite understand, because I was never any good at algebra and things myself. Rather lucky my spotting the mistake, though. If I hadn't had the car specially——"

"Hurry up, Sir, please. I can't stand here all day."

"But aren't I *telling* you that she *can't* go more than fifteen miles? She did *once* do twenty, but that was down River Hill when the brakes wouldn't work."

"Name?"

"Oh, well, if you *will* take this high-handed line. . . . But I warn you, I shall probably write to *The Times* about it."

VI.—With a Lawn-Tennis Partner.

"Yours! . . . Sorry!"

"Sorry! I thought——"

"Mine! . . . Sorry!"

"Sorry!" . . .

"Oh, I *am* sorry!" . . .

"*Awfully* sorry!" . . .

"Really, partner, I 'm ashamed——"

"Oh, but I 'm just as bad." . . .

"Oh, sorry!"

"Oh, sorry!"

VII.—With "Her."

"Good-bye. I've never enjoyed myself so much."

"You must come again."

"I should love to. What about to-morrow?"

"Oh! . . . I 'm afraid we shall be out to-morrow."

"Well, then, Wednesday and Thursday and Friday and Saturday and Sunday and Monday and Tuesday."

"You see . . . I 'm not sure . . . we *may* be going away."

"Then what about the week after?"

"Oh! . . . It 's like this—it 's just possible we 're going *abroad*. . . . Perhaps I 'd better write to you."

"I only wish you would!"

VIII.—With a Conscience.

"Well, we 've had another jolly day."

"H 'm! You managed to make a young fool of yourself once or twice."

"You always say that."

"And why don't you take life more seriously? How have you helped your country to-day?"

"Oh, *shut* up! I want to go to sleep."

* * * * * *

"Are you awake?"

"Well?"

"I've just remembered—my country will get five pounds out of me for furious driving . . . . *That* 's a nasty one for you!"

"Oh! Good night." A. A. M.

"The parrot and cockatoo at Maidenhead innovation was the Kaiser's orders that everything possible should be done to prevent the troops imbibing alcohol in any form."
Bristol Times.

A nice thought, but it would not deter *us*.

From a letter in *The Pioneer Mail*:

"In a recent match with John Roberts he beat the veteran by some 6,000. His average per stroke was 83, a truly wonderful performance for a boy."

Indeed, yes; counting revokes, clearboards, and everything, we have never seen more than 10 made in a stroke.

The journalists who were wantonly smitten by the sabres of the police in the recent Berlin riots have their consolation. After all, the pen is mightier than the sword, though you can't hit quite so well with the flat of it.



Chivalrous Party. "'OLD YER BLOOMING RAH, AN' GIVE THE OLD GEYSER A CHARNST, CAWN'T YER!"
Performer (tearfully). "THANK YE, SIR. (*Sniff.*) YE'RE THE ONLY GENTLEMAN IN THE 'OUSE."

A LOVE SONG.

OH, my love, my love! Would you know what sort of person my love is?

Very fair is my love. Her face is like the full moon on a fine night.
Her features are as rarest verse, perfect in expression and form;
Her eyes shame the Mediterranean blue on a picture post-card; she is of medium height;
And her hair is of a rich auburn, so vivid as almost to be warm.

My love rises in the morning, and the sun immediately becomes dim;
She moves in her garden, and the female rose hangs in shame upon her stalk;
She trills as she goes, and the blackbird gloomily confesses that it 's one too many for him,
While the peacock may be observed in a secluded corner trying to copy her walk.

How dainty are the feet of my love—she tells me that she takes small three's;
Which (*vide* the peacock) does not interfere with the unembarrassed freedom of her gait;
Her arms are like roseate marble, delicately veined in a manner suggestive of a new stilton cheese;
Her le—— But I do not wish to be indelicate.

My love's breath is a breeze laden with all spices of Araby except muskiness
(Oh, my love, my love, would I could inhale the fragrance of your sighs!);
Her voice I regard as the entire limit—sympathy without huskiness—
She can say "Boh!" in a manner to draw tears from your eyes.

Now that my love is away, I am become a subject to the gravest apprehension;
I droop as a lily; I wilt visibly; I am as melancholy as a Gibraltar cat;
As for my appetite, I have nothing of the kind about me worthy of mention,
For fear partly that something may happen to her, partly that she may meet one comelier than I (I 'm always afraid of that).

But when my love returns (catastrophe barred) I shall grow giddy, I shall stagger like one overcome with strong drink;
And, if she allows me (as I devoutly hope she will) to fortify myself with an affectionate and elaborate kiss,
Then will I fall before her little pink toes (at least, I suppose they 're pink)
And I will recite to her these verses; and that will indeed be bliss.

DUM-DUM.

"Mr. Richard Burdon Haldane, Secretary of State for War, is well beyond his fiftieth year, but he thinks a day's walk of sixty miles on country roads just the thing for his health, and often indulges in such a bit of strenuous exercise in spite of his years and two hundred pounds' weight."—*Liverpool Daily Post.*

Our promised story of Mr. HALDANE and the hippopotamus is now indefinitely postponed. We cannot compete with our contemporary.



Teacher (examining pupil in arithmetical signs). "NOW, BOYS, CAN ANY ONE TELL ME WHAT THAT STANDS FOR?"
Smart Boy. "PLEASE, MISS, KISSES—AND ALSO USED ON BEER BARRELS!"

ALTER IDEM ("SAME HERE").

[The figures recently published show that some 42,000 "illiterates" polled at the last election. The lament of a contemporary, that such voters could not have weighed the evidence on the questions involved, has touched one "literate" to song.]

O HORRIBLE! Most horrible! My flesh
Creeps, and a shudder shakes my very soul,
Noting the awful perils that enmesh
Who comes unlettered to the fateful poll.
Breathless, his country watches; ah, the loss
If he should boggle darkling at the deed!
A nation waits expectant of his cross,
And he—he cannot read.

Think of it, brothers. Down *The Daily News*
Dripped the old platitude and diatribe;
Daily *The Chronicle* expounded views
Beyond my pencil's power to describe;
The Telegraph had lessons for us each;
The Mail remembered what *The Globe* forgot;
Even *The Times* itself made bold to teach;
And he—he knew it not.

O miserable flotsam! Seas of ink
Bore him unconscious on their useless tide,
Unable at their worst to make him sink
In floods of yeasty phrases misapplied.
And so, poor clod, untutored and astray,
He gave his suffrage to some empty name,
Not knowing aught of truth or where it lay;
And I—I did the same.

THE ENQUIRING MIND.

ROUND the old Inn table they sat, talking fish. The Man in the Waterproof Cap spoke of the rainbow trout that he had killed, and the salmon he might have killed but for the fact that he did not kill them. The Man in the Old Norfolk explained that the trout referred to could not have been rainbow, and that no salmon ever lived in the Man with the Waterproof Cap's river. Having given his reasons, he passed on to the split cane rod, averring that no good fish could be killed with any other. Bottle Nose, in a wordy argument, refuted this, and told them all about perch. With him the Man in the Waterproof Cap joined issue.

They had been doing this for hours, and might have gone on doing it for more hours, but for the Quiet Man in the Corner. In every Inn there is a corner, and in every corner a quiet man. He is never interested in fish, and his patience, if long, is finite.

"Excuse me interrupting, gentlemen," said this one, politely, "but during the last two and a half hours I have learnt all that can be learnt about fish save one thing. You are, I take it, experts in the matter?"

There was a modest chorus of "No, no," but if ever a "No, no" meant "Yes, yes," this one did. It was plain that they were jointly and severally willing and ready to reveal all the known facts and many of the unknown concerning all the trout, salmon, perch, pike, chub, minnow, shark, and fish that be.

"Would one of you mind telling me," continued the Quiet Man from his corner, "why it is that sardines never have heads?"



THE PAID PIPER.

John Bull. "HOW WOULD IT BE IF I PAID YOUR PIPER, AND LET HIM PLAY WHAT TUNE HE LIKES?"

Trade-Union Official. "I DON'T SO MUCH MIND YOUR PAYING, BUT *I* CALL THE TUNE!"

[The new proposal to withdraw the formal "pledge" cannot materially affect the situation.]



TOURING THE STATES; OR, THE MENDICANT DICTATORS.

John Redmond. "THE INTHERTAINMENT DON'T SEEM TO BE GOIN' LOIKE IT USED TO WANST, TAY PAY! MONEY SEEMS TOIGHTER THAN YE MOIGHT IXPICT!"

T. P. O'Connor. "IT'S *THE BASTE* O'BRIEN, SO IT IS, JOHN, ME BHOY! HE'S DOIN' US A POW'RFUL DALE OF HARRUM, CABLIN' ACROST THAT WE'RE A GANG UV SPALPEENS! BEDAD! OI'D NIVER HAVE BELAVED AN OIRISHMAN *CUD* INTHERFERE WITH COMPATHRIOTS INGAGED IN GETTIN' MONEY OUT UV SOMEBODY ILSE!!"

THE LAY OF THE JOYOUS MILKMAN.

I USED to walk upon my round,
By urgent poverty constrained
And not to mortify the flesh,
And always customers were found
Who said to me, appearing pained,
"Milkman, this cow-juice is not fresh;"
But now that sort of talk is off,
Thanks to Professor METCHNIKOFF.

I still ring at the usual hour,
And if they voice the same complaint
I just reply, "Don't make a fuss,
I'm quite aware the milk is sour;
Frankly, I don't pretend it ain't—
It's better for your tummy thus;
And who are you to dare to scoff
At wise Professor METCHNIKOFF?"

The Golden Age has blossomed, and
Smooth is the way that erst was rough;
Where once we walked we drive in gigs.
We milkmen are a thriving band,
For people gladly buy the stuff
On which we used to feed the pigs;
Wherefore our thanks are due to Prof.
(Meaning Professor) METCHNIKOFF.

"Mr. Clement Short, our best authority on Brontë Literature," says *The Liverpool Daily Post.* If it had made the name longer it might have been Shorter. (Don't thank us; we can do that sort of thing quite easily.)

"To-day Mr. A. Bonar Law, M.P., celebrates his 52nd birthday, having been born at New Brunswick."—*Manchester Evening News.*
That seems to settle it.

AT THE PLAY.

"D'ARCY OF THE GUARDS."

I HAVE been trying to fathom the mind of Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER. I have asked myself very curiously why he should have dragged out from its dusty pigeon-hole a play so thin in dialogue, so mechanical in stage devices, so ancient and obvious in design as *D'Arcy of the Guards*. It could never have been just because it provided him with a picturesque uniform and an Irish brogue. That would be to insult his own dignity and the intelligence of an audience nurtured on the problems of a PINERO, the subtleties of a SUTRO. No, we must look deeper than this for his purpose.

Without consulting him, I think I have discovered that the clue to it lies in the character of *Pamela Townshend*, as brought out by the most remarkable feature of the play, namely, the way in which document after document of the gravest importance kept falling on the ground to be picked up by the wrong person. They fell like leaves in Vallombrosa, like the constant dropping of water that makes for petrifaction. There was the letter announcing that *Captain Townshend* of the Philadelphia Dragoons proposed to break through the British lines in disguise and visit his sweetheart and sister in the house where *D'Arcy*, of His Majesty's Foot Guards, was quartered. This gets on to the floor and so into the hands of *D'Arcy*. Then there was the document which set forth the plans of a secret night attack upon WASHINGTON'S lines at Valley Forge. This gets on to the same floor and so into the hands of that charming rebel, *Miss Townshend*. In the former case *D'Arcy*, who is a gentleman first and an officer afterwards (if ever), declines to peruse the missive; and, when its contents become known to him through no fault of his own, in a spasm of gallantry saves the enemy from being captured and hanged for a spy, so placing that enemy's sister under a deathless obligation. In the latter case, this very lady, defying all the laws of honour and gratitude, determines to take full advantage of her discovery of the secret plan of assault, and, when caught with it in her hands, pours the contents of a pistol into the body of *D'Arcy*; and while he lies there apparently a corpse (I thought he was dead till I remembered that there was another Act to come, and no Actor-manager ever misses the finale) despatches her nigger-servant to warn the army of WASHINGTON. As for the damage done to the gentleman, she sets herself heartily to repair this by five weeks of assiduous nursing, followed by a nuptial engagement; but in the matter of the document she never entertains a suspicion that her honour has suffered any sort of taint. And this is the sex that demands the vote!

You perceive now the intention of Mr. ALEXANDER in producing *D'Arcy of the Guards*. Under the guise of a simple costume-play there lurks a serious purpose. It is the latest and most brilliant move—the more subtle for its atmosphere of vacuous innocence—in the crusade against Women's Suffrage.

The shortness of the play did not save it from tedium, especially in the dialogues between *D'Arcy* and that good crony, the Doctor of his regiment, who always had the air of saying good things and hardly ever said them; nor were the passages between *D'Arcy* and *Pamela Townshend* much



POUDRE D'AMOUR.

Pamela Townshend Miss EVELYN D'ALROY.
Colonel D'Arcy ... Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER.

more entertaining, though Miss EVELYN D'ALROY always gave charm and distinction to her scenes. Mr. ALEXANDER, in a part that needed at times a little more of the manner of Mr. CYRIL MAUDE, played perhaps in rather too subdued a key for an Irish officer with the reputation of a dashing dandy. Miss MARGERY MAUDE was very sweet and natural.

As for the gentlemen of the Foot Guards, they carried very bravely their picturesque uniforms, which seemed to have incurred no speck of dust or soil in the course of this bloody campaign; but the secret Council of War, held uproariously in a house inhabited by at least four rebels, recalled to me the pathetic observation of Lord NORTH, when a list of officers was submitted to him for the command in America: "I know not," he said, "what effect these names may have on the enemy, but I know they make me tremble."

"THE BISHOP'S SON."

Can it be that the cult of Mr. HALL CAINE is in decline? Not, surely, for lack of stimulus on the part of the god himself. Yet it was only the other day that he was putting to us *The Eternal Question* ("Am I not the double of SHAKSPEARE?") and already it seems to have been answered in the negative. Anyhow, that *rechauffé* has been replaced at the Garrick by another of his melodramas, *The Bishop's Son*. This, his "latest play," as the programme says (it is really, of course, his old *Deemster* in a fresh disguise*), was being offered on its second night to indifferent and very thinly populated stalls. Mr. BEVERIDGE acted well. He is just my idea of a really good Bishop of Sodor and Man struggling with adversity. Also there was a nice part for a fairly intelligent rough-haired terrier. I liked him. He said nothing that made me laugh in the wrong place. O. S.

* Mr. HALL CAINE, anxious to save me from error, writes as follows: "I could wish to tell you that the statement made in many newspapers that it [*The Bishop's Son*] is a revised version of my earlier play called *Ben-my-Chree* is entirely without foundation. Whatever the faults of *The Bishop's Son*, it is at all events a new drama, founded on my novel, *The Deemster*, from which a *portion* of the earlier play was taken, but having no other resemblance to it, whether in scene or in dialogue."

This authoritative statement relieves *Ben-my-Chree* of a good deal of responsibility.

The Egyptian Gazette publishes the following weather report for Alexandria, straight from the Kom-el-Nadoura Observatory, which is one of the nicest and most trustworthy observatories we have ever met:

Direction of wind		Calm
Force of wind by kilom. per hour		00
State of Sea		Calm
Barometer corrected		749.0
State of Sky		1/2 clouded
Humidity relative		65
During 24 hours ending 8 a.m.	Max. Temp. in the shade	28.8
	Min. do. do.	29.0
	Heat of the sun ...	19.3
	Rainfall	50
	Evaporation m.m. ...	5.0

It is difficult to see how one *can* leave off one's chest-protector when the weather is so uncertain.

"'Of course, if it came from Ahad Singh,' Raven went on, 'it could only have been a letter written before his death, which was posted subsequently, either intentionally or by mistake.' He little knew how absolutely correct was his surmise."—*"Daily Mirror" Serial.*

He must have known he was getting warm, between those two alternatives.

"It is interesting to state that, in treating a hairy mole, the hairs are removed, and do not return for a considerable time at least."

British Medical Journal.

This is a nice way to treat our poor dumb (and blind) friends.



Irate Passenger. "GUARD, WHAT ARE ALL THESE PEOPLE DOING IN THIS CARRIAGE? IF I PAY SECOND-CLASS FARE, I EXPECT TO TRAVEL WITH SECOND-CLASS PEOPLE."

A MAYOR'S NEST.

"JUST our luck. Here it 's the finest afternoon of all the holidays, and we 've got to stay indoors," said Norman, kicking dents in the mahogany legs of the landlady's chair.

"And whose fault is it?" asked Margaret.

"If Peter hadn't come and told us the niggers had begun we shouldn't have *thought* of leaving the man until we had unburied him," said Norman.

"It 's beastly unfair to drag me into it," said Peter angrily. "I told Mother so. You know very well I didn't put a spadeful on him. All I did was to try to do you a good turn by telling you about the niggers. How should I know you 'd buried a man? And yet I have to suffer for your—your——"

"Misdemeanours is a good word, Peter," said Margaret kindly. "But really, Norman, it wasn't *Peter's* fault."

"It was, partly," protested Norman. "And yours as well. Who did his feet, and who said, 'Put it on gently, so as not to wake him?'"

"Ah, but who really began it? Who said, 'Here 's an old blighter asleep—let 's bury him for fun?'" asked Margaret.

"You 're both to blame," said Peter, "and it isn't fair that I should be kept in. I had no more to do with it than Joan—yet she 's jolly well enjoying herself on the sands, while I have to suffocate in this rotten room. I 'm going to get out of the window."

"Although you may be as little to blame as darling Joan, Peter, that 's no reason why you should break your little neck getting out of a first-floor window," said Margaret. "I expect Joan *is* enjoying herself, bless her innocent heart!" she added, looking dreamily at a white cloud passing across the deep blue sky.

"How should *we* know the tide was on the turn," said Norman. "We 're not clerks of the weather, nor yet met—metropologists. And he wasn't in any real danger—he only shouted once or twice when the water touched his neck, and the boatmen ran to him at once. He was hardly even damp."

"I wonder," said Margaret musingly, "whether it would have mattered much if he *had* been drowned—I mean, he didn't look to me as if many people could love him."

"You 'd have been hanged, that 's all—and a jolly good thing, too," said Peter. "As it is, you 'll very likely have to go to prison, for I heard father say he was Mayor of some place."

"Ah," exclaimed Norman, with some bitterness, "*that* 's why they 're so severe on us! Snobbery!"

Peter rolled off the sofa and lounged sulkily over to a corner, where he rummaged among some sailing boats and sand-shoes. "I say, who 's sneaked my crab? It was here on Tuesday."

"Dear little Joan took it out this morning," said Margaret; "she thought it would like a swim, but she tells me that she dropped it somewhere on the way, and never saw it again. I wonder," she added pensively, on a sudden suspicion, "if that can possibly be the same crab that they found in the Mayor's pocket when they were unburying him?"

MAIL-BAGS.

No. III.—The Housemaster's.

Richard Calthrop, Esq.,
"North Close."

Dear Sir,—Your a/c *re* Hildebrand for last term to hand, and before sending you cheque for same I beg to enquire, as a business man, how you arrive at the item, "Breakages, £8 16*s.*"? This is ridiculous! Hildebrand is my only son, and I know him through and through. No boy could possibly be more well-behaved and orderly. He would not hurt a fly. He has a beautiful and studious disposition.

Kindly itemise a/c, and oblige
Yours faithfully,
Albert Worpleton.

(*Answer:* Practising gymnastics on the gas-burners, 17*s.* 6*d.*; aviation experiments with a Persian kitten, £2 2*s.*; proving that a cricket ball will penetrate stained-glass windows, 15*s.*; studying the action of the catapult on the Vicar's prize poultry, £1 11*s.* 6*d.*; introducing a stray cat to my dog in my drawing-room, £3 10*s.* Total, £8 16*s.*)

Dear Sir,—I feel the time has arrived when I ought to take dear Leslie away from his governess and put him into a public school, but I have heard such dreadful accounts of them and I want to be perfectly sure that if he were entered at North Close he would be as carefully looked after as if he were under my own eye and kept out of draughts and protected from all the nasty rough bullying boys and have his companions very carefully chosen for him. Can you satisfy me about this, and also see that he uses a toothbrush twice daily and that he changes his socks whenever he comes in from a walk? And I should be happier in mind if I knew that he was carefully watched and not allowed to overstudy and that he was only to speak French at mealtimes with the other boys.

Of course I should not dream of allowing him to play football, but in the summer term I could let him play rounders or take part in cricket if a soft ball were used. Please satisfy me on these points, because dear Leslie is so sensitive and so delicately constituted, and I am certain that he is a genius. Yours very truly,

Alicia Effingham.

(*Answer:* Mr. Calthrop greatly regrets that a stringent house rule prevents him from taking geniuses into North Close.)

Dear Sir or Madam,—During the last week we find that we have despatched no less than *forty-three* sample packets of our Lemonade Powder, as advertised, to (presumably) guests at your house sending in coupons. To-day's post brings us *twelve more enquiries* for free samples from your address. We are pleased to get answers to our advertisements, but each sample costs us threepence, and we feel that this kind of thing is not business. Can you, in confidence, kindly explain same? We are, dear Sir or Madam,

Your obedient servants,
Osonicee, Ltd.

(*Answer:* Mr. Calthrop's guests express great satisfaction at the quality of the lemonade powder, and have very reluctantly contributed 10*s.* 9*d.*, which Mr. Calthrop encloses.)

Dear Sir,—I must say that I am highly dissatisfied with Reginald's last half-term report. I cannot understand how you could possibly allow him to obtain only four marks out of a hundred in the Scripture History examination, and only five out of two hundred and fifty in the English Essay. When I placed Reginald in your care I particularly told you that I should require you to devote special attention to these two subjects, as I desire my dear boy to follow his father's footsteps in the Church. He has splendid brains, like his father, but he is very sensitive and requires constant attention to bring out the best that is in him. So I wish you to take him under your charge during the summer holiday and give him thorough coaching in his two weak subjects. I think a bracing seaside resort, such as Herne Bay, will be most suitable; and I should like you to teach him also swimming, elocution and the violoncello, as these make nice accomplishments for a curate.

Yours truly, Mildred Murby.

(*Answer:* Mr. Calthrop regrets that during the summer holiday he takes a holiday.)

Dear Sir,—We are anxious to enlist the sympathy and influence of prominent educationalists for the great work of our National Co-education League, and should very much like to include your name in our list of patrons. We are sure, Sir, that your long experience will have led you to the conclusion that the system of co-education must inevitably be for the welfare of boys and girls alike, and also for the satisfaction of those whose noble privilege it is to direct and control the minds of the young.

Yours faithfully,
Matthew Potterington
(Author of *The Soul of the Boy*).

(*Answer:* Mr. Calthrop, speaking from long experience, finds more than ample scope for his energies in the direction and control of boys alone.)

MR. PUNCH'S AUTOGRAPH SALE.

Chamberlain, The Rt. Hon. Austen, typed letter, signed, to Mr. Chrimes, of Wolverhampton. "Private."

. . . What we suffer from is either too little leading or too many leaders; I leave it to you to decide which. My own view is that a Party should choose an enthusiastic leader, not necessarily from the ranks of golf players, and stick to him. Right or wrong, he should be loyally followed. As it is—but I have already written too much. You have my sympathy . . . 7/6

Housman, Mr. Laurence, A.L.S., to Mr. G. B. Shaw. Sept. 25, 1910.

. . . Will you not join us? No one can make the Censor see stars as you can. The whole thing's such infernal rot. Here is Thackeray, on the one hand, with *The Four Georges*, and on the other every Electric Theatre with pictures of living royalties, and none too flattering either; and if I try to introduce George IV. in a drama I'm done. 5/-

Cody, Col., of Laffan's Plain, A.L.S., to Mr. Robert Loraine. Sept. 20, 1910.

Dear Man from the Air,—You can't think how much I admire you. I wish you would tell me how you do it. To act like you is swagger enough, but to fly too! That is too much. What does one do to get so light? I keep on drinking soda water and eating puff pastry; but all in vain. Do help me.

Yours reverently, W. F. Cody. 9*d.*

Smith, Mr. F. E., K.C., M.P., A.L.S., to Baron de Forest, Hereditary Baron of the Austrian Empire.

My dear Maurice,—There is really no end to the meanness of Party politicians. Would you believe it, some of my constituents are actually making themselves nasty about my trip with Winston and you! Really people are getting ridiculously fastidious nowadays. I think of replying to Liverpool in the classic words:—

"I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not *Honor* more."

Yours ever, Fred. 1/6

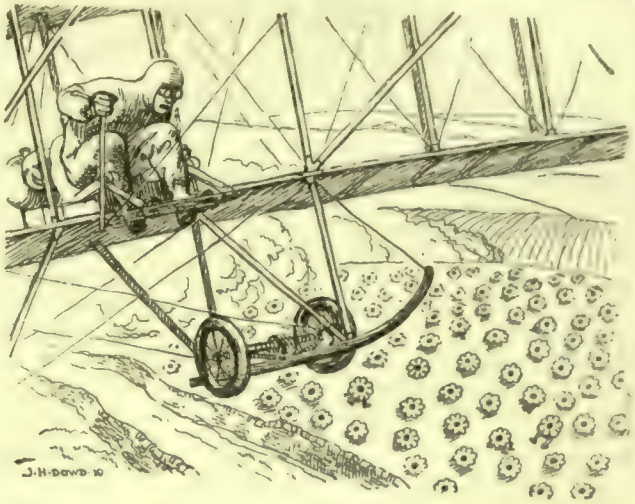
Tree, Sir Herbert Beerbohm, A.L.S., to Mr. George Alexander.

Me dear Bhoy,—Shure I'm tould that your Oirish accent in *D'Arcy of the Guards* is almost as good as me own in *The O'Flynn*. What a pity Tay Pay went off to America without hearing you! Couldn't you manage to take the piece over to Ireland and play it at Dundalk the next time Tim Healy speaks there? Yours affectionately, Herb. 1/3

"An epicurean correspondent writes:—In connection with the Chilian centenary celebrations referred to by you in a recent issue, I did not notice any mention of the national Chilian dish at the shipboard dinners. Perhaps you are not aware that there is such a thing as a cazvela, which is looked upon as the Chilian national dish, the same as the olla podida (English version) or cocido (Spanish name) is the Spanish national dish."—*Journal of Commerce.*

Quite true; we were not aware.





"THE NEW ARM," AND HOW TO ELUDE IT.

On approach of Air-Scout— Form Flowers!

THE REVENGE OF THE MOWER.

Have you ever heard of the Mowing Machine
Which once got up in the twinkling light
Of a star or two in the dead of night,
With its steely knives all sharp and clean,
And its box—I think it was painted green—
And crossing the lawn alone, alone,
With its whirr subdued to a muffled tone,
Arrived—but stay, I must tell you first
What was the curious personal reason
That caused a machine like that to burst
Out of its shed
When the night was dead,
And so mysteriously to pass
On its muted wheels across the grass,
Like a burglar crawling his hands and knees on,
Intent in the dull October weather
To break a house and the law together.

This Mower had come from far away;
It was made, in fact, in the U.S.A.
Though Fate had sent it to go and roam
To a wretchedly starless, stripeless home,
To live its life in a giddy whirl
Of Duke and Marquis and belted Earl,
Still in its every thought and deed
It stuck to its old New England creed;
And though it was forced to be a server
In a British garden, it kept its fervour
Unmixed and strong (but I don't say blatant)
As a patriotic American patent.

Now there came to the house one day a man
Who was made on a spruce and tidy plan.
He owned a moustache and a rose-pink fair skin;
Had a decent amount of luck at cards,
And sometimes honoured the Coldstream Guards
By wearing a scarlet coat and bearskin.
His manner of speech was something slow,
With its "Yaas, bai Jove," and its "Dontcherknow;"
And his wits were certainly not too witty;
But you don't want wits when you look so pretty—
In short, he was neither more nor less
Than a frivolous lad in faultless dress.

It chanced that day that the conversation
Dealt with the great American nation,
And Algy (shortened from Algernon),
This Guardsman, tidy and neat and trim,
Great Scott, how he went and carried on!
Some demon certainly prompted him.
He wondered how talking through the nose felt;
He said he didn't like oyster-stew;
He didn't think much of Colonel Roosevelt;
He didn't love Yankee girls (I do),
Because, he observed, they always knew
As much as, usually more than, you.
Their men, he stated, were badly dressed,
With a most deplorable taste in collars;
He hated the silly way they "guessed,"
And loathed their habit of piling dollars.
He didn't leave them a single virtue:
Their manners pained and their language hurt you;
In all their pursuits they were far too keen—
And every stupid and wounding word
Being said in the garden was overheard
By the angry American Mowing Machine.

So that 's why the Mower rose at night
With its wheels well oiled and its blades all bright;
And that 's why Algernon's soldier-valet,
When he went next morning to wake his master
With some tea and toast to tickle his palate,
Recoiled in awe
From the proof he saw
Of the Yankee-hater's deserved disaster.
For the Mowing Machine had chawed the pup,
Had chopped him small and had mowed him up;
And had left, for Algernon's form and face,
A tuft of grass on the pillow-case!

"But some beautiful hats, in which black and white are solely used, will be worn, though at the moment they are preferably of white and black."—*Birmingham Daily Post.*

Just the sort of little difference which distinguishes a real lady.

"Barbara dropped her embroidery. Her dark eyes swept the porch absently."—*Penny Magazine.*

The best of these long lashes.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE are certain amateur critics (we have all met them) who are quite hurt if an author dares to write two consecutive books in one style. His individual manner of expressing himself they recognize now as a mere mannerism, and they have a vague feeling that he is doing it on purpose, in order to annoy them. So SHAKSPEARE must have had critics who said, with each new play, "Same old blank verse"; so Mr. WILLIAM DE MORGAN must have had critics who said, "*Vieux jeu*" to his fourth book and proceeded to explode him as a slave to his mid-Victorian style. Whereat (alas!) Mr. DE MORGAN girded up his loins, and said, "Very well, then, I'll just show 'em," and produced this remarkable *tour de force*, *An Affair of Dishonour* (HEINEMANN). Perhaps, though, I am wrong; perhaps Mr. DE MORGAN was tired of himself, and wanted a holiday. Well, he has had it—a few gloomy months in the seventeenth century; now let him get back to work. For me there can never be too many *Joseph Vances* and *Alice for Shorts*; for me this *Affair of Dishonour* was as nearly as anything too much. I admired greatly its skill, but there were times when I was almost — well, when I found that I could cheerfully drop a few pages. To think that the father of *Sally* could ever bring me to such a melancholy condition!

Putting aside the *Dreadnoughts*, I have found the Germans of my acquaintance very decent fellows, of passions much like my own, not without their faults, mainly distinguishable by their prettier taste in beer. Yet none can write of them without exaggeration unbounded. Thus, I. A. R. WYLIE assumes that I regard the Teuton as an egregious monster, and, hoping to bring us nearer together, describes him as a paragon of all the virtues. Things are so much better ordered in his country that even his servant class, out courting, refrains from "exuberant signals of affection," lest "a blot be cast on the landscape." To make the praise conclusive old England is constantly, if unconsciously, belittled. To take the least instance, our idea of celebrating Christmas appears to this author to consist of nothing but quite enough church and much too much plum pudding. Had *My German Year* (MILLS AND BOON) been confined to its interesting facts and pleasant illustrations, I should not be complaining. It is written from competent observation and with descriptive powers of an attractive and humorous order. But as an essay in criticism it so fails as almost to irritate. Were I to take its judgment as final I might be content, for the prosperity of Germany, that the Germans are there, but should rejoice exceedingly, for my own gregarious pleasures, that they are not here.

On page 221 of Mr. W. H. HUDSON'S new and beautiful book, *A Shepherd's Life* (METHUEN), it is written, "Some friends of mine whom I went to visit over the border in Dorset told me of an enthusiast . . . who had recently died in the village. 'What a pity you did not come sooner,' they said. Alas! it is nearly always so; on first coming to stay at a village one is told that it has but just lost its oldest and most interesting inhabitant." This passage expresses also the feeling of Mr. HUDSON'S readers. They too regret that he has not always been wandering about this green England, from earliest times, eliciting memories and sentiments, shrewd, poignant, and entertaining, from the sons and daughters of its soil. No one has ever done it so well. In reading *A Shepherd's Life* and the series of other wayfaring, observing, gossiping books that have preceded it, one thinks of Mr. HUDSON as the finest patriot, in the best sense of the word, that we have. No one so understands and loves his fellow-men and his native land; and no one writes a more limpid and melodious English.



IMPROBABLE SCENES.—II.

HOUSE-AGENT POINTING OUT THE DEFECTS OF A HOUSE TO A PROSPECTIVE TENANT.

If you had come to me and said,
"What would you give again to know
The thrills you felt when first you read
A Haggard twenty years ago?"
I should, I think, have answered, "Sir
(Or Madam as the case may be),
The joys of youth do not recur
At least, they never do with me.

"I know that land in Afric's core,
Named from a hint in Holy Writ;
The vasty caves, the treasure store,
With skeletons a-guarding it;
I know the men who find it—one
Weds the fair queen—a prize well earned,
I loved them; but their day is done,
At least so far as I'm concerned."

Thus I'd have answered you. And yet
Here's EVELEIGH NASH has proved me wrong.
The recipe is labelled "*stet*";
The ancient thrills are going strong.
And though my hair is turning white
Age surely loses half its sting
If RIDER HAGGARD still can write
Books like his last—*Queen Sheba's Ring*.

"Shall I say that I was comforted when I looked up from my letter, to meet two brave blue eyes that showed in their brightness and sweetness that *one* at least was glad that I had *not* gone to the war?"—*London Magazine*.

What did the other one think about it?

"The best-known absentees were V. L. Johnson, the famous Birmingham sprinter (who was, however, present). . . ."—*Daily Mail*.

The Press cannot lie.

CHARIVARIA.

Now that an agitation for payment of the Members of the House of Commons has been started, the Members of the House of Lords are considering their own position in this respect. They appreciate, we understand, that the present moment is not favourable for any extravagant demands, and according to our information a claim merely for their beer money will be put forward at first.

* * *

The latest report about the Turkish Loan is to the effect that France will float it in consideration of Turkey ordering five gunboats from a French shipyard. The hitch was said to be due to France attempting to make the Turks take a few of her Government matches as well.

* * *

From Bombay comes the news that SAVARKAR has objected to the jurisdiction of the Court, and has now definitely refused to take any part in the proceedings. This spiteful attempt to spoil a trial on which so much money and pains have been expended really does not do credit to SAVARKAR.

* * *

The state of health of ABDUL HAMID is said to be more than precarious. His experience, however, as the Sick Man of Europe will, we suspect, stand him in good stead.

* * *

Prince HENRY XXIV. of Reuss-Koestrite, Reuter tells us, died last week at Ernstbrunn. It is rumoured that with his successor in title an entirely new series will be started, beginning with HENRY IA.

* * *

There was a quite inexplicable absence of excitement among British cricketers when the Orient liner *Otway* brought back the ASHES last week from Australia.

* * *

The motor-car race for the Vanderbilt Cup on Long Island was a brilliant affair this year, four persons having been killed and twenty others injured.

* * *

It has, after all, been left to private enterprise to find employment for Lord KITCHENER. He is to be best man at the wedding of General Sir ARCHIBALD HUNTER (protector of King MANOEL at Gib.) and MARY Lady INVERCLYDE at St. George's, Hanover Square, on the 1st prox.

* * *

We are sorry to hear that the bees in Warwickshire are threatened with famine. We should have thought that it would have been possible to persuade many kind-hearted local ladies to adopt one during the winter.

* * *

There would seem to be no limits to the influence of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. A telegram from Capetown referring to the forthcoming Royal opening of the new wing of Parliament House states, "It is expected that hotel and house accommodation for visitors will be taxed to the utmost."

* * *

A propos of the prohibition of Mr. LAURENCE HOUSMAN'S play, we hear that a movement is on foot among all persons called George in favour of making a presentation to the Censor for insisting that that name should be associated only with all that is noble and good.

* * *



Young Savant (who has borrowed his father's microscope). "IF YOU PLEASE, COOK, WILL YOU LEND ME A FLEA?"

It seems almost incredible that the opening of Mr. BEECHAM'S Opera Season at Covent Garden should have been postponed owing to the indisposition of two of the artistes. Where, oh where, were those pills which would have been worth more than a guinea to the box office?

* * *

"FRANK DANBY" published a new novel last week. A certain amount of interest attaches to the event as this is the first book this authoress has written since she decided to give up writing.

* * *

The Observer points out that the circle has not yet been squared, "and is not likely to be." But who knows? This may be one of the triumphs of aviation. In Paris, not so long ago, an aeroplane might have been seen circling a Square.

* * *

Babies' feeding-bottles are to be provided on the new refreshment corridor train running from Liverpool Street to the Essex coast towns, and thus a reform for which infants have been crying for years is now consummated. The Great Eastern Railway now fulfils on land the functions which we imagine the Bibby Line to fulfil on sea.

* * *

During a hunt at Sidley Bridge an otter hound and a terrier were lost in a big drain, where they remained imprisoned for seventeen days. To prevent the recurrence of such an accident it is suggested that only dachshunds be employed in the future, as these dogs are of the ideal build for passing through pipes with ease.

* * *

One of Messrs. PICKFORD'S delivery vans loaded with goods was stolen from a street in Southwark the other day. We understand that with a view to prevent such petty thefts in the future the vans will be attached to the driver by means of a little chain.

* * *

Absolutely the latest hat for women, we read, is "The Aeroplane," with large outstanding wings set freakishly at the back of the hat. It is to be hoped that this forecasts the possibility of all absurd hats shortly taking flight.

* * *

A correspondent writes to point out what seems to us undoubtedly to be a breach of good taste. While a large number of music-lovers were waiting outside the pit and gallery entrances on the occasion of the production of *Electra* last week, some ladies appeared with money-boxes, and endeavoured to collect contributions for "Homes for the Mentally Afflicted."

* * *

By the way, another correspondent expresses the view that *Tiefland* is reminiscent of WAGNER to such a large extent that the title might well have been rendered "Thiefland" in the English translation.

To the joy of the Republicans the Portuguese Revolution received its *imprimatur* on Friday last, when *The Daily Mail* published a long telegram from the new PRESIDENT. It is expected that the other Great Powers will follow the lead of our contemporary in recognising our youngest Republic.

MOTOR MEMS.

(*By Mr. Punch's Own Expert.*)

Autumn is advancing and there can no longer be any doubt that the days are beginning to draw in, making lighting-up time almost startling in the earliness of its incidence. The cautious motorist, however, will find no difficulty in adapting himself to the daily change of hour and in avoiding the attentions of the police, whose only idea would seem to be to earn promotion by piling up a long list of fines secured from those who, though they do happen to drive cars, are yet entitled to the ordinary courtesies generally extended by one human creature to another. Motorists are a long-suffering race, and there is among them too great a tendency to endure the policeman's scorn, the magistrate's contumely; but some day the breaking-point will be reached, and then there will be a rude awakening for Dogberry and Verges and all the rest who have attempted to trample motorists under the iron heel of self-sufficient authority. In the meantime, however, every driver of a car should provide himself with the ingenious little machine supplied by the Self-Adjusting Automatic Lighting Syndicate, of London, Paris and Berlin. It would not be fair to describe all the details of the patent. Suffice it to say, that by an entirely novel application of the Marconi system the machine is kept in permanent wireless relation with the sun, so that at one hour after sundown precisely the six tiny ignition-semaphores are set working and the light thus generated is communicated to the lamps of the car. The machine takes up very little room; it is made out of the new Compressed Pumper-Nickel material, and can be fixed on the steering-wheel. It is said that it sometimes explodes in a thick fog, but the patentees point out that there is a distinct advantage in possessing a portable fog-signal, and that so far no motorist has been killed by such an explosion, even if it has occurred, which they strongly deny.

A New Car.

I had an opportunity the other day, by the courtesy of the All-British Red-Map Imperial Auto-Car Company, of inspecting their new 1911 type of car. Mr. Blosenheim and Mr. Isidor Dollarstein, the courteous and genial Managing Directors of this magnificent concern, were good enough to attend at the chief works and to show me everything that was to be seen. The Air-Cleaver, as the car has been christened, is made of consolidated zinco-copperine, all the joints being strengthened with bar-gold imported for this purpose from the Company's mine on the Rand. The engine of course has a sliding sleeve with detachable silver cuffs grooved in concentric rings. A universal spring-shackle acts by means of a worm-drive constructed on the mono-bloc system, and the carburetter, being fitted with six pistons and five sparking plugs, transmits energy in a straight line to the propeller-shaft right through the gear-box to the live axle. At the North-East corner of the splendid chassis there are twelve self-supporting troughs raised or lowered in synchronism with the opening of the throttle, thus securing a perfected petrol-electric all-metal exhaust. The wheels are of the hay-cart type, first brought into notice by this firm. There are four clutches in a line and the brake-pedals are placed on the rear of the frame, thus avoiding the confusion inseparable from the ordinary type. The flow of the petrol is regulated by a formula which assumes that

$$x = \sqrt{\left(\frac{y^n - b^4}{z + b^m}\right)}\ (r^2 + d),$$

where r is, of course, equivalent to the friction given off at top speed. The price of this car, with Maharajah body complete, is only £2,000, and I can highly recommend it to my readers.

THE INCOMPLETE BACHELOR.

I wonder what it is, this subtle *Something*
That other men possess, and I do not!
This hidden charm, this lure, this really rum thing
That casts a spell where I but cast a blot!

'Tis not the sunny smile you see them wearing;
No glamour of a chin set firm and fine;
No trick indeed of form or manly bearing—
For glance at Brown's, then feast your eyes on mine!

Yes, gaze at Brown the promenade patrolling;
The seaside nymphs look round with rosy cheeks;
With sparkling eyes they watch their hero strolling—
A distant nod will haunt their dreams for weeks!

Full credit would I give, not seek to dim it—
But no, the tailor's skill it cannot be;
For look at Jones! his waistcoat is the limit!
Those trousers, too, all baggy at the knee!

And yet observe him where the many muster;
The women sigh, you hear their young hearts beat!
Why, Jones, the centre of a radiant cluster,
Might be the Curate at the local Treat!

And what of me? I mingle with the others,
Hither and thither hustled, jostled, shoved;
Plain, homely clay—no use to eager mothers.
Merely a man! One of the World's unloved!

MISUNDERSTOOD.

I met her in the golden gloom talking to some one who looked like Briseis.

"Cassandra!" I said.

She turned round, and I was surprised to notice that she still wore that harassed look which (so they say) never left her upon earth. For here everything looked jolly: there was no stint of floral decorations—asphodel and so on.

"You come from earth?" she asked eagerly; "from England, perhaps?"

I confessed it.

"Ah, then," she cried, "perhaps you can help me. You know that we take in the papers down here?"

"Excuse me," I said, "I thought this was Elysium."

"Nevertheless," she answered, "we do; and whenever I open one of your Liberal Dailies, what do I find? 'The Cassandra-like prophecies of Mr. J. L. Garvin, or *The Morning Post*, or *The Times*, or Lord Charles Beresford, or the Tariff Reform Parrot, or some one else.' And what do they mean by it?" she almost shouted, stamping on the ground with an indignant sandal. "They mean 'untrue.' Was ever a woman so maligned? When Apollo" (here she blushed slightly)—"when Apollo laid that curse upon me, it was to the effect that my forebodings should all be realised, but that no one should believe in them. As if that was not enough to worry a poor girl. And now that I am dead they use my name as a synonym for a liar. It 's too bad. Could you not publish a short history of the Trojan war for the benefit of Liberal journalists, or at least ask Mr. Andrew Carnegie to supply them with classical dictionaries? They might as well say that Hector dragged Achilles round the walls of Troy. But hush! here comes Agamemnon."

I promised to do what I could, and retired discreetly.



DIMINUTION.

"The Dying Pig" (Mr. John Redmond). "THEY WOULDN'T LOOK AT ME WHEN I WAS FULLY INFLATED. LET US DWINDLE."

[Mr. Redmond's new Home Rule demands as outlined in a Press interview are milder even than the spurned Devolution scheme.]



(*Husband, who fancies himself as a raconteur, is, with his wife, paying his first call in a new neighbourhood. He tells a humorous story with excellent results.*)

His Proud Wife. "NOW TELL THEM YOUR OTHER STORY, DEAR."

A VICARIOUS REVENGE.

"IT looks," said my wife, who is sometimes unnecessarily observant, "as if *Punch* had rejected you *again*."

"Well, well," I said with a sigh, "of course, if the editor deliberately chooses to discourage genius and pander to the depraved taste of the mob, that is not my affair. I can scarcely be responsible for the consequences to him and his paper. But I am afraid—sorely afraid—that it means that Archibald will have to forego his long-promised visit to the dentist this year. That's all. It seems hard that he should have to suffer; but still——" I made a gesture expressive of resignation.

"Perhaps, dear, if you wrote to the editor and told him——" said my wife.

"What?" I exclaimed, with a glow of noble warmth, "throw myself on his charity after this?"—here I brought my fist down with a thump on my saucer and flooded the tablecloth with coffee—"Never! I would rather send my literary work to the ——, or even the —— than that! But who's the other from?"

"Mr. Gubbins, I think, dear," was the reply from my wife, who was gathering up the coffee in a napkin; "and I do wish you'd be more careful."

"H'm," said I (and few know what a world of savage scorn that simple ejaculation can convey), "Mr. Gubbins shall receive our most attentive consideration. Let me see the MS."

My wife opened the envelope and handed me the contents. The composition certainly had the quality of length. "Evidently a case of sustained effort," I observed, "and from the arrangement of the lines I should presume it to be in verse. Let us consider it in detail."

The opening lines ran as follows:

Jan. 11.	1 lb. g. s'rup ...		5
,,	Bkg. powd.... ...		6¼
,,	Blkg. br.	1	4½

"Apparently a dialect poem," said I. "Can you suggest any intelligible interpretation?"

"*This* mean treacle, dear," said my wife, "and *that*'s baking powder. The other's blacking brushes, though what on earth cook's been doing with the perfectly good new ones I got her in October I *can't* think."

"An unpromising theme," I murmured. "Still, in the hands of a master of realism, much can be done even with such rude materials. The metre, too, seems to be a trifle irregular. Possibly Pindaric. However, let us see how he develops the subject."

The next lines were:—

Jan. 12.	2 pkt. carbolic sp.	1	2½
,,	1 tin s'dines. ...		6

"He is wandering from the point," I said sorrowfully. "Now if only he had made some attempt to stick to the treacle——"

I read some more, but failed to detect any coherent narrative running through the lines. The style was monotonous, the scansion faulty, and there was no trace of any discrimination in the choice of expressions, or of that "criticism of life" which, we are told, is the essence of true literature.

"This composition," I said, sighing and shaking my head, "seems to me to be absolutely devoid of merit. Give me a sheet of note-paper, a pen, some ink and some blotting-paper.

Then I wrote as follows:—

"[NOTE.—A stamped and addressed envelope or wrapper must accompany all communications which may require an answer.]

Mr. —— presents his compliments, and regrets that he is unable to accept the enclosed contribution."

After that I felt better.

OUR WATERING-PLACE.

AT a meeting on Monday of the Town Council of Southwestborough, Councillor Hadd, in an emotional speech, declared that the close of the holiday season had shown them that their position as a seaside watering-place was now practically untenable. Owing to the gradual slope of their shore the sea had always been distant, but it had lately receded and was now two or three miles away. (*Groans.*) They never got anywhere near it. No one in the place could swim. Most of them had never been in a boat in their lives.

Tourists were attracted here by their advertisements of witching waves, silver sands and beach picnics, and then were furious to find nothing except a stretch of sea bog covered with seaweed and decaying shell-fish. When the tide was out they could see the water only through a telescope. Legally the name Southwestborough-on-Sea amounted to embezzlement.

Councillor Tisdall proposed carting away an acre or two of the rubbish on the Front and making an artificial strand of some sort. They could contract with a London builder for a few tons of sand and bed out some rocks and fossils and things—anything to make the place look natural. Then they might have some fresh fish sent down from town every morning. They would have to engage a fishwife, of course. He knew of a most respectable person who had been a charwoman and who could easily be taught the proper cries. For instance, he suggested, "All alive, O!" which he believed was the technical term used when selling fish. (*Cries of "Fresh cra-a-ab!" "Mackril—nice mackril!"*) He moved a farthing rate for the purchase of shrimps and sea anemones. (*Murmurs.*)

The Chairman begged to support this forward movement. He would have water pumped up from the sea to the proposed strand every morning for maritime purposes, and a char-à-banc run twice a day to take tourists down to the shore. He suggested building a wreck or two and engaging a tame mermaid on trial. And could not something be done to the atmosphere? Invalids were supposed to come down for the air, but at present they couldn't get near the ozone. And why not a regatta? (*Loud and astonished cheers.*) They might hire some craft from some watering-place where there *was* some sea, and engage a professional swimmer down from London. The yachting didn't matter, he thought; no one ever looked at *that* at a regatta. They only wanted good fireworks in the evening—no one cared for more than that. Just put a few cutters or yawls, or whatever you call them, out in the offing, and let them hang about there all day; that was all—except firing off a gun occasionally. Guns were, for some reason or other, always fired off at a regatta. Personally he hated the sea, but they might put him down as commodore, if they liked—anything to give the thing a lift. (*Loud cheers.*)

Councillor Snell applauded this sportsmanlike and plucky offer. He had an idea. (*Murmurs of surprise.*) Why not have a local man to attempt to swim the Channel next year from Southwestborough? (*Emotion.*) It was no use objecting—he knew that the town was nowhere near the coast of France, and that nobody in the place could swim—but how would the public find that out? And what was wrong with a projected aeroplane flight to America? Look at the advertisement it would give the town! It would bring in thousands of tourists, even if not an aviator on the ground flew a yard. (*Sensation.*)

Councillor Hickie announced himself as an out-and-out Progressive in this matter. He thought a move might be made by building an island, or something of that sort, and letting it out by the hour to trippers—anything picturesque; though it would be much better really to have a wall built round the coast; the sea was a hideous object about there. Then they ought to have a shipwreck now and then, with a gallant rescue—something the Press could write up. And they wanted some old sea salts to amuse the visitors. They could stand around in the streets and hitch up their trousers.

The purchase of a fog siren and a fully-equipped flag-staff having been moved,

The meeting adjourned to the "Three Jolly Seadogs."

A PLEA FOR UNSELFISHNESS.

THICK as the leaves in autumn down they flutter,
Two at a blow by one dark morning's post:
Missives that make me weep into the butter,
And shed from nerveless hands the untasted toast;
Letters to say some poor good fellow
Has fallen into "the sere and yellow,"
Has got engaged—has given up the ghost.

A melancholy train—like carts of coke hauled
Up to the hymeneal pyre they go:
Was there some magic in the summer (so-called)
That made them pop like that? I do not know.
But anyhow the fools are bottled,
Caught by the neck and fairly throttled,
And o'er their graves the orange-flower shall blow.

Not that I blame them wholly—men are mortal:
And who shall say what loveliness, what wiles,
Have made them dare the irrevocable portal
And set their feet towards the blessed aisles?
But what I do complain of, demme,
Is when they paint their Blanche or Emmie:
Their lack of human feeling—that's what riles.

As if 'twere not enough to lose *in toto*
A fairly decent friend (for all his faults),
When some young thing (oh! yes, I've seen her photo)
Has haled him to the matrimonial vaults:
As though 'twere bliss, or even pleasant
To have to buy a wedding present
Here in the hourly hail of duns' assaults;

That then on top of this they 'd have me listen—
Well read, at any rate—meander through,
Till tears of boredom on my eyelash glisten,
Their raptures on the radiant object who,
Since ADAM first commenced his farming,
Is "quite the most divinely charming,"
They all say that—of course it must be true.

And (not a hint of care nor trouble taken
To have the sorrow of our parting eased)
They hurl their bombshell in my eggs and bacon,
They tell me how their hearts to heaven are seized
(He scarcely knows, does poor dear Simpson!
If life in other spheres yet limps on),
And then, ye gods, they ask me to be pleased.

No, no, my comrades, this is rather too much:
If ye have dared to tread the bridal track
Into the jaws of death, the Stygian gloom-hutch,
Think of the souls on earth who cry "Alack!"
When next my breakfast table bristles
With these funereal epistles,
Let them be short at least and edged with black.

EVOE.

A LEAF FROM A GERMAN OFFICER'S DIARY.



IN THE MORNING EARLY I TO THE SOUTH COAST COME. I SKETCH AND MAP FORTIFICATIONS, AND THE UNCHALLENGED ESCAPE MAKE.



WHEN I TO THE RAILSTATION RETURNED AM, I FIND A TROOP OF C. L. B. EVIDENTLY PRACTISING SHALLOW COAST INVASIONS. SEVERAL PHOTOGRAPHS TO OBTAIN I AM ABLE.



TO LONDON RETURNED. THE WAR OFFICE CAT EASILY BRIBED IS THE SECRET WAY TO THE ROOF TO SHOW DURING THE LUNCH HOUR (HALF-TWELVE TO THREE).



AND OF THE LATEST PATTERN OF "THE RED TAPE" MOST EXCELLENT PICTURES SECURE.



AFTERNOON AT THE ALDERSHOT MANŒUVRES, WHERE OF THE BRITISH ARMY THE PASSWORDS OBTAIN.



BACK TO LONDON. DINE AT THE HUNDWURSTHOF, DRILL THE STAFF (ALL SECRET-SERVICE CHILDREN OF THE FATHERLAND) FROM SHUT-TIME TO HALF-THREE.

AN AUTOGRAPH BOOK.

"Oh," said Miss Middleton, "you've got a letter and I haven't. How mean!"

I glanced at the bulky-looking envelope in front of me, and then handed it to her across the table.

"Take it. Your need is the greater. Besides, I get it every Monday."

"Is it a report of the mine where all your money is? Perhaps they've found some gold this week."

She opened the envelope and drew out an autograph album.

"There you are," I said. "That's what it is."

"How funny. I didn't know you went in for these."

"I don't. They go for me. At least, that one does. I've had it for months and months, and every week-end I say to myself: 'Why didn't I bring it down with me? I might have done it this week-end.' And then I telegraph to London for it, and it comes down, and on Tuesday I take it back with me. That's all. It follows me about of its own accord now."

"Write in it this morning, and I'll help you."

"You mean you'll criticise me."

"Well, I'll sort of sit on the table and tell you what words rhyme."

I groaned, and asked for the marmalade.

"Very well," I said; "we'll do it."

* * * *

"Now then," I said after breakfast, as I sharpened a pencil, "I've had an idea in my head for a long time, and it is this. I am going to give a list of all the things I *can* do, and end up by saying that the one thing I *can't* do is to write in autograph books. Do you see?"

Miss Middleton was extremely silent.

"Do say something," I begged; "if it's only an expression of contempt."

"I was thinking of all the things you *can* do."

"They will transpire. The idea may sound rather bald, but wait and see how it works out. Now then, let's begin."

"With which of your numerous accomplishments shall we open?"

"Yes, that's the trouble. Well, suppose we start like this:

I can ride, I can row, I can 'ski.'"

"Can you ride?" interrupted Miss Middleton.

"Very badly. I can never get away from the thought that I should be much safer underneath the horse than on the top of him. Do you know that feeling?"

"Can you 'ski'?"

"No . . . Well, then we go on. I can—I can—yes, that's got it:

I can ride, I can row, I can 'ski'
I can dance and play football and fight."

"Can you *yodel?*" asked Miss Middleton with great interest.

"Look here," I said in some annoyance, "when I say I '*can*' do these things I mean that I don't mind trying to do them. But I do mind trying to write in albums. And what I mind most of all is when a person says she's going to help me, and then finds fault with everything I do."

"Oh, I *am* sorry. I didn't mean to do that. Now I really will help. . . I can—I can——"

She looked at me thoughtfully. I went on writing.

"How's this?" I said—

"I can ride, I can row, I can 'ski,'
I can dance, and play football, and fight;
If I once get a hint of the key,
I can join (if desired) in a glee;
I can play little pieces at sight;
I can sew and make d'oyleys and cook—
But I do draw the line at attempting to write
In your autograph book."

Miss Middleton listened with her head on one side.

"That's very nice indeed. Only I wish I had known before that you were so fond of trying to make d'oyleys and join in glees."

"It's like this," I explained once again. "There are a whole lot of things I can do which won't rhyme with anything, like picking a pin out of the back of a chair with my teeth, and so I can't get those in; so it's only fair to make up for them by putting in a few things which I don't do, but which do rhyme. If you like I'll put an asterisk against some of them, and say '*Liar*' down below."

"Sorry," said Miss Middleton. "Now the second verse."

"The second verse might strike a different note. We might explain how we had remained quite calm through many terrifying adventures, but how that even *we* were appalled at the sight of an autograph book."

"But that's lovely, because then we can really let ourselves go—

I have heard the rhinoceros roar."

"That's the spirit," I said, and went on—

"I was once introduced to a Dean."

"This is sheer vulgar pride," said Miss Middleton. "Now all you want is something about an infernal machine and a wild boar, and there you are."

There, as she said, we were. It took a little longer than that, however; but when finished the verse went like this:

I have heard the rhinoceros roar;
I was once introduced to a Dean;
When I'm savagely charged by a boar,
I make no exclamation but "Lor'!"
I have faced an infernal machine,
I was calm when all Sicily shook—
But I blench at the pages of yellow and green
In your autograph book.

"There!" I said proudly. "I think that was worth doing."

"How well do you know the lady?"

"Oh, quite well. Why?"

"Then she knows that it isn't—isn't—quite——"

"Whoever tells the truth in an autograph book?"

"It would be rather fun to do it for once," said Miss Middleton.

"You call this helping, but you're doing your best to hamper me. Very well then, we'll have a third verse."

This was the third verse:—

Just a word—do not ask, if you're wise,
Whether all of my statements are true;
If you do you will learn with surprise
That it's all of it—*all of it*—lies;
Yet I doubt if that matters to you,
You have got what you wanted—why, look!
Here's a page full of verses, original, new
In your autograph book!

"I hope that satisfies you," I said to Miss Middleton, and I opened the book and wrote the verses in carefully.

"They had better be signed 'Longfellow,'" said Miss Middleton, looking over my shoulder. "All the others are."

A. A. M.

"Violet" is instructed as follows in *The Church Family Newspaper:*

"On the widow lady and her daughter leave two of your own cards and two of your husbands, if they are out, and if they are at home you must leave the same number in the hall as you pass through on your way out."

This is not at all our idea of the "modest Violet."

Seen on a ticket labelling tomatoes in a shop in Leeds:

"BEST ENGLISH
CAN'T BE BEAT."

If this is really their best English we are sorry.

"The average height of an Englishman is 5 feet 9 inches; of a Frenchman, 5 feet 4 inches; of a Belgian, 3 feet 6¾ inches."
Glasgow Evening Citizen.

The Belgians are too small.

The Shop-Soiled Girl is the title of the latest transpontine melodrama. To be followed, we hope, by *Salvage Sale Sal* and *Little Miss Fitt.*

"'How little they know of England'—the familiar line returns to memory."
Morning Post.

Not so much of your "familiar"!

THE MAKING OF A JOURNALIST.

Mr. Lloyd George's Retort courteous to T. P.'s article in "The Munsey."

An "intimate study" of the famous and self-sacrificing patriot journalist forms the most attractive feature of the October number of *Bindell's Magazine*.

"T. P. O'Connor," it says, "is not merely an individual, but a type and a world-force. He embodies the *cri de cœur* of a nation in chronic revolt. And yet by a tragic irony almost too deep for tears this Celt of Celts lives in permanent exile in the heart of cruel London.

"His early days, however, were spent amid the green hills of Erin, where he was the life and soul of every gathering, social, political and athletic. At the national game of hurly, at all meetings held by the votaries of terpsichore, 'T. P.' shone conspicuous by his indefatigable and resilient energy. Yet the cult of athletics never interfered with his literary studies. At the age of ten he had committed all the polysyllabic epithets in Johnson's *Dictionary* to memory, and modelled his style on that of the great monarch of the florid quill, George Augustus Sala.

"Gravitating to London in the early 'seventies,' he soon leaped to eminence by the wonderful skill with which he combined a truculent patriotism with the keenest appreciation of the noble qualities of the English aristocracy.

"This heroic tolerance he carries to such miraculous lengths that he has actually been known to shake hands with a Tory peer and to drink tea in the same room with a duchess.

"His early environment was narrow and strait-laced, but by a great effort he has so far emancipated himself from these cramping influences that he occasionally visits the theatre and has been known to admit an acquaintance with the works of Georges Ohnet.

"One of the most beautiful traits in his character is his ability to enjoy or even make a joke at his own expense. Thus, once when I asked him to what quality he attributed his marvellous success, he replied with a joyous twinkle in his eye, 'Sure, me friends call it *bonhomie;* Goldwin Smith called it "heartfelt flummery;" but I call it blatherskite.'

"When he is among his intimates—and their name is legion—he often bursts forth into song and dance. I am not a musical critic, but I have never heard a richer or more ingratiating baritone than 'T. P.'s.'

"His wit is wonderfully ready. Once I remember expressing my surprise that a people like the Irish could consent to Parnell's dictatorship. 'Och, why wouldn't they?' was the immediate response. 'Sure, the Irish love a Dictator. That's why they love me, for I've been dictating everything for the last twenty years.'

"Until he took to motoring, 'T. P.' was a fearless bicyclist. Tim Healy wants him to take to aeroplaning, but so far he has resisted the temptation. His favourite drink is barley-water, and he smokes Irish cigarettes with impunity."



TOO OLD AT FOURTEEN.

"Well, Jimmy, I suppose you 'll soon be leaving school?"
"Garn. Left long ago. Been aht o' work nine munse."

The Spectator on the Bishop of Ripon:

"He pointed out . . . that while the increase of longevity tended to increase the proportion of the old, the decline in the birth-rate tended to diminish the supply of the young."

How can anyone say after this that our Bishops are overpaid?

The Trials of Royalty.

"Prince Albert as 'Stroke.'"
Daily Mail.

"Prince Albert as 'Cox.'"
Daily Express.

"A curious *con'retemps* occurred this week at St. Anne's harvest thanksgiving service. A good congregation gathered for the service, which was to be followed by a sermon by a visiting preacher. The service was prolonged, but no preacher arrived, so the curate said a few words on thankfulness."
Nottingham Guardian.

Very nice and human of him.

"This was in striking contrast to the scene outside, where all was bright and animate, the countryside looking resplendent and at its best, in the early autumn garbage."—*Bedfordshire Standard.*

You really get this effect better in London.



Horticultural Contributor (to new Vicar, upon conclusion of the Harvest Festival decorations). "WELL, SIR, WE'VE HAD THE CHURCH LOOKING SAUCY BEFORE, BUT NEVER ANYTHING LIKE THIS!"

TO AN OLD FRIEND.

THE end draws near again, and very near,
The first few fluttered beech leaves fall and gleam—
Light skirmishers that dog the dying year—
But still I see you, down below the weir,
A shadow in the stream!

Here have you lurked since Spring, in sportive guise,
Rallied the meadows to young April's rout,
Here first I marked the marvel of your size,
Here wooed you with each fleeting season's flies—
O alderman of trout!

Here, when the madcap cuckoo made his mock,
And the rathe wild-rose blushed in earliest June,
The day the mayfly hatched above the lock—
You nearly had it, didn't you, old cock,
Save that you stopped too soon?

Here have I waited as the dawn spread high,
Hoping in vain the prejudice or pique
That makes you—obviously—reject a fly
Would send you hurtling through the startled fry
To grab a proffered bleak!

Here likewise have my steps at eve been drawn,
And, as the moon made way behind the wood
(The same old moon that watched the hunting faun),
I 've found the lob-worm garnered from the lawn
Did just as little good!

And now the end is near; we part a space,
You to your mud, and I to mine—in Town;
May Easter find us at the trysting-place,
There where the dancing bubbles spin and race,
To meet the first March Brown!

LITERARY NOTE.—We give no credence to the rumour that *The Quarterly Review* intends to print serial novels. The first is said to be a new story by Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT, of some 350,000 words, and it is hoped by beginning it at once to complete the serialisation by 1915.

"RHODE ISLAND REDS. February 1910 Hatched, Pullets and Cockerels, strong healthy birds, Pullets have laid 3s. each, Cockerels 4s. each."—*Advt. in "South Gloucestershire Chronicle."*

We are holding back until they begin to lay half-sovereigns.

A Cardiff engineer has invented a system by which all the lamps of the city can be lit simultaneously by the pressing of a button. Applicants for the job of pressing the button should send in their references and testimonials to the Chief Clerk.



LISBON, OCTOBER 4, 1910.

Manoel. "AY ME, I SEE THE DOWNFALL OF OUR HOUSE!
THE TIGER NOW HATH SEIZED THE GENTLE HIND;
INSULTING TYRANNY BEGINS TO JET
UPON THE INNOCENT AND AWELESS THRONE."—*Richard the Third.*



SOME NICE NEW DANIELS "COME TO JUDGMENT."

The four new Judges: the polished Avory, the h'affable Horridge, the blossoming Bankes, and the blushing Lush at once salute and bid farewell to their friends at the Bar.

WILD DELIGHTS.

A lady's paper suggests the diversion of "throwing the cap" as remedy for the bored. It appears that "you divide the guests into two sides and choose a leader, who stands in the middle and tosses a cap. If it falls the right side up, the people on one side laugh as heartily as they *can* [the italics are all our own]. Any one on the other side seen to smile has to join the laughing side. When the cap falls wrong side up, it is the other side's turn to laugh and win the people over."

In case the guests at country house-parties prove recalcitrant or irresponsive to cap-throwing, there are some variations to fall back upon, perhaps equally intellectual and adapted to adults. For instance, a Horse-collar Drive should be highly effective where these articles of harness can still be requisitioned and the coachman is not yet ousted by the chauffeur. You persuade the lady or gentleman with the most obvious countenance to stand on the hearthrug and make a face through the horse-collar, until some one of the party grins in sympathy. The person who does so must relieve the first performer, and so on in turn, the winner being the one whose grimace is provocative in the shortest time.

Another invaluable stand-by, needing no accessories, is the Progressive Yawn. A pointless story must be told by the worst raconteur of the company. The people on one side will then yawn as cavernously as they can, and capture those of their opponents involuntarily gaping.

We expect no reward for inventing these relaxations for the long autumn evenings, beyond the conviction that we have added to the list of national pastimes that have gone far to make Britain Great.

CUPID'S DARTS.

(Which are a growing menace to the public.)

Do not worry if I scurry from the grill-room in a hurry,
Dropping hastily my curry and retiring into baulk;
Do not let it cause you wonder if, by some mischance or blunder,
We encounter on the Underground and I get out and walk.

If I double as a cub 'll when you meet him in the stubble,
Do not think I am in trouble or attempt to make a fuss;
Do not judge me melancholy or attribute it to folly
If I leave the Metropolitan and travel in a bus.

Do not quiet your anxiety by giving me a diet,
Or by base resort to *vi et armis* fold me to your arms,
And let no suspicious tremor violate your wonted phlegm, or
Any fear that Harold's memory is faithless to your charms.

For my passion as I dash on in that disconcerting fashion
Is as ardently irrational as when we forged the link,
When you gave your little hand away to me, my own Amanda,
And we sat in the verandah till the stars began to wink.

And I am in such a famine when your beauty I examine,
That it lures me as the jam invites a hungry little brat,
But I fancy that, at any rate, I 'd rather waste a penny
Than be spitted by the many pins that bristle from your hat.

A TRIUMPH OF THE TURF.

[*Author.* I've brought you a tortoise story.
Editor. Is it about a hare?
Author. No, it's about a tortoise.
Editor. Well, we published a story about a tortoise only the other day.
Author. I know. But this is about two tortoises.
Editor. Of course, that makes a difference. But in future you must try and think of another animal.]

THERE are two tortoises (we have called them Æschylus and Araminta), and as it was a very hot afternoon and nobody wanted to play tennis and there was nothing else to do, James suggested that they should have a race. The merely superficial student of natural history may be under the impression that tortoises confine their sporting fixtures to encounters with hares; but this is an error. James was at a college where they keep a pet tortoise in the Fellows' garden, and he has satisfactorily disproved the accusations sometimes levelled at our great educational centres by discovering its fondness for dandelions. Almost any yellow flower will do, but it takes a dandelion to arouse real enthusiasm in the breasts of these strong, silent animals; and by placing this lure in front of Æschylus and Araminta (after the manner of a donkey with a carrot) we have frequently caused them to develop a rare turn of speed. We had some discussion at first as to whether it should be a bumping race or not (James rowed in his second Torpid), but Araminta is very gentle and dislikes anything in the nature of rough play, so it was finally settled that the contest should proceed along the side-lines of the tennis-court from the base to the net. Æschylus is the better traveller on soft ground, and as I lost the toss and James refused to give Araminta a sex allowance and make Æschylus carry weight in the shape of *Middlemarch*, I was placed at once under a disadvantage.

We decided to dispense with the starting gate, and to begin at the signal of a handkerchief dropped by Miss Williams. I forgot to say that there were a great many well-known figures in the paddock (that is where the tortoises live) before the start. Hilda was there, and Miss Williams and Henry, and for one or two minutes, Joe. Joe is the gardener, and I gathered, from one or two remarks which he let drop, that a tennis court is a tennis court, and when he had taken the trouble to mark it out in the morning, he had done so for the purpose of making it fit for tennis. But only a few rare spirits can appreciate true sport.

Well, they both got off the mark splendidly, and for some time it was a neck-and-neck affair. Then, nearly halfway through, a terrible thing happened. Araminta, for no reason at all, stopped suddenly and furled her head. Tears, cajolings, entreaties, even a fresh dandelion, were of no avail. Finally, I struck a match and peeped under her shell—a rather dangerous expedient, you might think, but there is no celluloid about Araminta; she is pure-bred throughout. Alas! my worst fears were realised: she was asleep. Meanwhile, Æschylus was forging ahead at a positively lightning-like crawl. It was then that I had one of those brilliant inspirations that come to us all twice or thrice in a lifetime: I sent Henry indoors for his bagpipes (he is about one-sixteenth Scotch, and carries these weapons with him wherever he goes). Æschylus was very nearly eight lengths ahead when Henry returned and at my earnest request struck up "*The Flowers of the Forest.*" The effect was magical (as the cricket reporters say) and instantaneous. Æschylus swerved violently from the course, and made for the shelter of a rhododendron bush; but Araminta thrust out her head, sniffed at my dandelion, took the bit between her teeth (quite a large bit it was), and then—there is no other word for it—she sprinted. By the time Æschylus had been tempted back to the course, they were practically level, and it was ding-dong to the finish. With only a couple of inches to go before the net, Henry drifted into "*The Cock of the North*," and that settled it. Æschylus pulled up short, hissed, and buried his head beneath his robes; but Araminta made a last despairing effort, touched the tape, and won by a neck. Of course I was overwhelmed with congratulations as I led her in (by the dandelion), and I don't suppose a happier tortoise will go into retirement for the next few months than Araminta. If ever I start a stable, I shall certainly send for some of her progeny.



Cuddie. "'STRORDINARY THING, SIR, SEEMS AS THOUGH IT WILL *NOT* AVIATE."

THE SWANKERS.

I.

SCENE—*Almost any girls' school just after the holidays.*

First Girl. Did you have a good time?

Second Girl. Oh yes, lovely. We went to Lulworth Cove. We had the darlingest little motor-boat all the time, called *The Water Baby*. It was perfectly ripping. I say, do you know I can swim fifty strokes now?

First Girl. With wings, you mean.

Second Girl. No, absolutely alone. No one within miles of me.

First Girl. Were you in London at all?

Second Girl. A week or two, just at the end. We went to the White City every night. Isn't it lovely? You've been, of course?

First Girl. Oh yes. Millions of times. Aren't the "Witching Waves" ripping? The man there said I could do it better than any one there's ever been. It's quite easy if you keep your head and watch how the tin moves. Did you have any picnics at Lulworth?

Second Girl. Yes, thousands. Aren't they splendid?

First Girl. But wasn't it awfully wet?

Second Girl. No, not there. It rained everywhere else, I know. But what if it does? Hullo, there's Dot! I say, Dot, where did you go for the holidays?

Dot. We went to Sandown at first—where we always go; and then to Brittany.

First Girl. No, did you?

Dot. Yes, to a little place near Trouville. Frightfully jolly. There was a



Vicar's Wife. "I'M SORRY TO SEE YOU COMING AWAY FROM THE PUBLIC-HOUSE SO OFTEN, PRIGGS."

Blacksmith. "YES 'M. THEY WON'T LET ME STAY THERE TWO MINUTES. AS SOON AS I GET SET DOWN COMFORTABLE LIKE, SOMEBODY'S SURE TO WANT A JOB DONE, AND OUT I HAS TO COME AGAIN."

fête there, and I rode on the roundabout millions of times. Not horses, like we have, but pigs. And I threw rings over knives and won heaps. Crowds. The man said no one had ever got so many.

Second Girl. Didn't you have to talk French?

Dot. Rather not. I made them understand all I wanted by signs. I'm awfully good at it.

First Girl. Did you see any aeroplanes?

Dot. I believe so; but they may have been gulls. Anyway, they flew rippingly. [*And so forth.*

II.

SCENE—*Almost any boys' school just after the holidays.*

First Boy. What sort of a vac. did you have?

Second Boy. Oh, ripping.

First Boy. Where did you go?

Second Boy. Cromer.

First Boy. Good weather?

Second Boy. Topping.

First Boy. Oh, I say, you know, it rained all the time.

Second Boy. Not where we were. A shower or two—that's all. I swam every day. Do you know I can swim two hundred yards?

First Boy. Rot. You can't.

Second Boy. I can, I say. I swear I can. I learned golf, too, from the professional there. He's no end of a swell. Says I'm going to be a swagger player. What did you do?

First Boy. Oh, we went to France motoring. My Uncle took me. He's got a ripping car—80 horse-power. We simply flew. His shover's an awfully decent sort—he let me drive sometimes.

Second Boy. Rot!

First Boy. He did, I tell you. I've got a real head for it, he says. Cool as a cucumber.

Second Boy. But I thought you wanted a licence?

First Boy. Not in France. You do here, of course; but in France everything's different. I say, France is an awfully decent place. Hullo, there's old Shrimp. Where did you go in the vac., Shrimp?

Shrimp. Where did I go? Yachting.

First Boy. Did you really? Was it jolly?

Shrimp. Jolly. It was absolutely top hole. Nothing like it.

Second Boy. A big ship?

Shrimp. Twenty metres, that's all. We won fifteen firsts and four seconds. I took the wheel in one of the races. The skipper says I'm a first-class steersman. You should see me rounding a buoy, not an inch to spare. We had a man overboard once, but I threw the life-belt just in time. [*And so on.*

Harvest Home Sweet Home.

"A harvest supper was given by Mr. —— on Saturday. About thirty of his employees and wives sat down."—*Yarmouth Mercury.*

"The Von der Tann is to show the German flag in all the principal ports of the western coast of South America. It is not yet decided whether she will round Cape Horn."

Daily Mail.

Why be proud? It's so much the easiest way of getting to the Western coast of South America.

Blasé.

"To-day's sale of plantation rubber in London was dull, prices falling from 9*d.* to 1*s.* 3*d.* per lb."—*Liverpool Echo.*

MAIL-BAGS.

IV.—The Rich Man's.

Sir David David,
Castle Llyddmwrch,
Brecknockshire.

Respected Sir,—Reading in *Happy Homeland* as how you dont know how to spend your money quick enough not having so very long to live, I beg to say as how I should be very pleased to help you and will come down to Wales to-morrow if you like. Dont think its any trouble for me because it isn't.

Your respectful servant, my Lord,
Albert Gambell.

(*Answer:* Sir David David presents his compliments to the Editor of *Happy Homeland*, and requests him to refrain from publishing any further unauthorised paragraphs relative to Sir David's wealth. It may interest the Editor to know that the paragraph in the current issue has inspired 527 letters by this morning's post alone.)

Dear Sir David,—You and I are both business men, so I won't waste words. In the enclosed prospectus of the Anglo-Patagonian Development Finance Corporation, Ltd., there is only one thing missing—the name of the Chairman. It carries 5,000 shares with it, and of course there will be juicy pickings from the subsidiaries we shall float. Patagonia is a fine place for a boom—it 's so far away.

Are you on?

Yours for business,
Monty Snidervitch.

(*Answer:* Sir David David is off.)

Sir,—You are a loathsome blood-sucker! A mean, contemptible hound wallowing in the lap of luxury on the filthy money you wring out of your sweated shop assistants. In your Edgware Road shop they are kept at it night after night until ten and eleven o'clock at sale time, presumably by your orders. In the name of the Brotherhood of Man I demand your explanation! If you keep silent we shall take it as an admission of guilt and adopt Measures accordingly.

For such slave-driving there can be no decent explanation, but we shall be interested to hear how you wriggle out of it. Slimy worm!

Yours, Bartholomew Miggs.

(*Answer:* Sir David David regrets to disappoint Mr. Miggs, but he is in no way connected with Messrs. David & Co., of Edgware Road.)

Dere Sir,—I am only a little girl of six. My dere mummie tells me to pray for you every nite becos you are so good and kind. We are 17 and none of us is old enuf to work, so pore mummie has to work for us. Oh dere kind Sir, wont you send us money to give mummie a holiday in the country? Dere Sir, you will never feel the loss of a few pounds, and I will always remember to bless you.

Your loving little friend, Doris.

(*Answer:* Sir David David has already contributed several times to the same handwriting with various signatures.)

Dear Sir David,—For a long time our people have been wondering why you have not come forward into politics. Will you allow me to say that you are the very man for the purpose—a keen business man, level-headed, influential, and of course unhampered by pecuniary worries. In fact, I may tell you in absolute confidence that a certain Cabinet Minister said to me the other day, "Ah, if we only had a few men such as David in the Lords!"

The next General Election will be a splendid time to make a *début* if you will honour us by contesting a seat in our interests. In a South Wales constituency your name should sweep the poll. Will you let me have your views on the matter?

Yours very sincerely,
Chippenham.

P.S.—Our war-chest for the General Election is in rather an unsatisfactory state. We are trying to get £100,000 together, and to date are over £25,000 short of it.

(*Answer:* Dear Lord Chippenham,—Many thanks for your kind suggestion, but I am a plain business man and have had a similar offer from another quarter at cheaper rates.)

Another Centenarian.

"The purchaser at a rummage sale of an old writing-desk on reaching home with his newly-acquired property found, through the accidental opening of a secret drawer, some thirty gold coins—guineas, half-guineas, and quarter-guineas, of George III.'s reign. They were returned to their original owner."
Westminster Gazette.

Well, well, he won't want them long.

"Cousin Meg.—If your plans are not settled, I have several good offers at most moderate prices for your relatives, so should you wish to have them, kindly write again."—*The Lady.*

Lucky Cousin Meg! But she should keep one uncle back—they 're useful sometimes.

"The aviatr himself had aa marvellous scenes and declahes he will try avtin."
Yorkshire Post.

Sportsman.

MUSIC.

Interview with the Conductor of the Speckled Band.

By a happy chance *Mr. Punch's* representative caught M. Joska Molkar, the conductor of the famous Speckled Band, between two engagements, and in the course of a brief interview extracted from him the following exclusive information.

"Yes," said M. Molkar, "this is our first visit to England. We come, as you know, from Dalmatia, the land of the Green Dalmatian Mountains. It is a beautiful country, though the Bora is occasionally rather trying."

"I hope," queried our representative, "that you are pleased with your reception."

"Oh, yes," responded M. Molkar, "the English public has taken to us wonderfully, and we are already known as 'The Dotted Spogs.'"

"You have a large band?"

"Immense. But we rely more upon quality than quantity. The tone of our triangles is unique—pyramidal. And we are the only band in the world with a quartet of dappled pom-poms."

"Your repertory is, I understand, rather extensive?"

"Extensive is not the word. We play all the newest music; but in our version every note is dotted, which gives it a peculiar lilt or 'tittup,' as you English call it. Sousa, I believe, did something of the sort, but the Speckled Band can knock spots off Sousa."

"Can you tell me the names of some of your pieces?"

"Certainly. The overture to *Maraschino*—one of the staple products of Dalmatia—is perhaps our favourite *morceau*. It is a luscious composition, lavishly scored, and contains a brilliant solo for the angelica, played by M. Goracucchi. Another very popular piece is *Camera Lethalis*, or 'The Doom of the Plum-pudding Dog.'"

"Your uniform is a special feature, is it not?"

"Oh, yes. There is nothing like it in the musical world. We wear rawhide sandals, spiral open-work puttees of green serge fastened with amethyst kibobs, a pink satin fustanella trimmed with magenta frilling, and then the historic speckled nainsook jacket ornamented with frogs of violet velvet. The *tout ensemble* is surmounted by a small pork-pie forage cap rakishly set over the left ear. We wear side whiskers and a chin tuft, but no moustache. But I am afraid you must excuse me now, as I am due in ten minutes to conduct my new "Spot Cash" Fantasia at a Matinée at Messrs. Garridge's."



PRECAUTIONARY MEASURES.

Local Practitioner (as he goes through his day-book and ledger). "Old Smith hasn't called me in lately about his indigestion. . . . You'd better ask him to dinner."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Lady Dorothy Nevill is a legacy graciously bequeathed by the Nineteenth Century to the Twentieth. She has lived *Under Five Reigns*, and in a portly volume published by Methuen pleasantly gossips of remembered faces, things seen and heard. It is a continuation of one published four years ago, but it does not overlap its predecessor. Lady Dorothy's range of experience has been so wide and varied that her second note-book is as fresh as the first. Among other charms the work has that of style. She does not laboriously indite. She pleasantly chats as she might (and indeed does) in the circle of intimate friends. Crammed with good things, the book readily lends itself to quotation. The Jack Horners amongst reviewers have yielded to temptation and have picked out most of the plums in the way of anecdote. There remains much for the honest reader in the way of discursive writing too lengthy for quotation. Of such are the chapters picturing social life in England in mid-Victorian days. Especially interesting are notes of travel in Germany and Italy, when Lady Dorothy, escorted by her parents, went on tour in what she lightly alludes to as "the early forties of the last century." She knew most people worth knowing during the last sixty years. The catholicity of her taste is indicated by the fact that in early life devoted to Disraeli—with whom she was always "dearest Dorothy"—in these latter days she presents herself in a photograph with smiling countenance leaning on the arm of John Burns, to whom a white plumed hat, a trusty blade belted round a coat of military cut adorned with gold-laced sleeves, add suggestion of recent return from the tented field. The book is so delightful one hopes for more.

Barker's were publishers plodding and slow,
Early-Victorian, lacking in go,
Till young *Mr. Fairfax* decided to come
And make things (if I may express it so) hum.

Young *Mr. Fairfax* was brainy and bright;
He jumped to success when he started to write;
But *Barker's* did not make a similar jump;
They met (in a manner of speaking) a slump.

Thing went very badly, though *F.* and the rest
Of the principal shareholders all did their best,
And Cupid himself lent a zest to their toil
By keeping the lot (so to say) on the boil.

But *Barker's* (the book which describes their distress)
Should bring a deal more that its namesake's success
To the author, E. H. Lacon Watson, to wit,
And also to Murray, who publishes it.

If, in haste to find out what happens, you skim *The Doctor's Lass* (Grant Richards), you will be ill-advised, for nothing of much consequence does happen, and the charm of the book lies almost completely in the way in which it is written. Again and again Mr. Edward Booth reminds me of Mr. de Morgan; he seems to regard his characters with the same kind of wistful tenderness, and he has also the same habit of delaying the action of the story while he relates some trifling—but delightful—incident. What little plot there is concerns itself with a doctor who takes into his house the daughter of a woman who

had jilted him, and in course of time marries her. A few complications occur, but one is never really anxious about the issue. Mr. Booth's first book, *The Cliff End*, delighted me, and I am now his confirmed admirer. Prolixity is, however, his cardinal fault (he takes 469 pages to tell this tale), and I believe that he would gain a thousand or so more readers if he would make his book a hundred pages or so shorter.

To those who would like Mr. Pett Ridge to produce a *Mord Em'ly* every time he writes a book, *Nine to Six-Thirty* (Methuen) will probably be a disappointment. There is very little of *Mord* in *Barbara Harrison*, the young lady who for two hundred and eighty-five of the three hundred and forty-four pages works almost incessantly during the hours indicated in the title. Her outlook on life is clear and uncomplicated. "You can supply us with money," she says, discussing the question of women workers, "and keep us tied up to the fender, and we'll be mild, obedient slaves; or, you can keep us without money and educate us and turn us out to earn our living. But you mustn't expect the world won't harden us, as it hardens you; you mustn't assume we are going to preserve what folk call—what was it?—the mid-Victorian charm, and at the same time earn money to save some man the trouble of earning money for us." Certainly I detected very little mid-Victorian charm, or, indeed, any other sort of charm, about *Barbara*. On page 244 a minor character calls her "a hard woman." The compliment, says our author, induced her to smile at Bloomsbury on the way home. If Mr. Pett Ridge should come to me for advice on his literary career, I should say to him, "Ridge" (or possibly Pett), "old man, I know you want to show people that you are no mere irresponsible jester; but do, in future, leave bitterness to the other fellows. You have done it very well, but I look to you to persuade me that the world is not such a bad sort of place after all. If *you* start trying to show that it is a festering welter of rogues, swindlers, back-biters and down-treaders of the poor, where are we?" To which Mr. Ridge would, I hope, reply, "You are perfectly right. The fact is, my dear fellow, I had been reading *Ann Veronica*, and I thought I ought to have a shot at that sort of thing. It shan't occur again."

I was asked the other day by a young Rhodes scholar if I could recommend him a good guide-book to English as she is spoken in the Shires. He can talk golf and cricket and shooting as to the manner born, but not coming of a hunting stock was rather nervous about a prospective visit to the neighbourhood of Melton. Luckily I had something better than a mere glossary to give him in the shape of the latest of the pleasant hunting yarns which Miss R. Ramsay spins so easily and so well. For she knows the dialect from start to finish, from find to kill, so that her covert-side prattle seems altogether more real and less slangy than that of most sporting novels. Of the plot of *Barnaby* (Hutchinson) I am not quite so certain. Miss Ramsay gives us several rattling good runs for our money (so that in reading it I feel like a carpet-bagger who has not subscribed to the hunt), but I am bound to confess that some of the fences seem to me rather artificial. Still she succeeds in her primary object, which is to make one sympathise with and love a young American actress who comes to England and poses as the widow of *Barnaby*, the darling of the Shires, who is supposed to be dead and buried in the Far West. When *Barnaby* comes to life and England, Home and Beauty once more, the impostor is obviously in rather a tight corner, as he has never even heard of her existence till she is introduced to him as his wife by his adoring mother. But Miss Ramsay has foreseen and ingeniously provided against all possible objections, including a previous American marriage which turns out to have been invalid, and out of these materials has constructed a really pretty love-story. There are chapters in the book which seem to show that she might some day fly at higher game than foxes and their hunters.



IMPROBABLE SCENES.—III.

The National Sporting Club pays a visit to the Geological Museum.

Easy as Mr. Eden Phillpotts finds it to write fresh tales of Dartmoor, I confess that the task of saying anything fresh about them is too much for me. There are more misfortunes than getting into a groove if the groove happens to fit you, and as no novelist is more satisfactorily fitted than Mr. Phillpotts, it seems an impertinence to invite him to give Dartmoor a holiday. Nevertheless I cannot help regretting the groove, even if I hesitate to ask him to leave it. For although, like a golfer whose local knowledge makes him hard to beat on his own course, he gets great advantages from Dartmoor, it is possible that some of his readers may be getting a little tired of witnessing his performances on the same ground. The stories in *Tales of the Tenements* (Murray) are all good, and one of them—"A Mother for Heroes"—is excellent. Indeed the book is just what I have come to expect from its author, and if it is not likely to make many new Phillpottians it certainly ought not to disappoint the old ones.

"Make a sauce by placing a lump of butter on the fire and throwing a spoonful of flour over it, and then adding gradually a pint of milk."
The Queen.

We have tried this several times, varying the treatment occasionally by throwing the butter or the milk on the fire and placing the flour over, but nothing approching a sauce ever ensues.

CHARIVARIA.

The Throne, which was formerly sixpence, may now be had for threepence. They seem to have got hold of the same idea in Portugal.

* * *

The fact that within a few days of the event the opening scenes of the Portuguese Revolution were shown in all the cinematograph theatres is now leading thoughtful persons to wonder whether the Revolution was not engineered by the enterprising promoters of living picture entertainments.

* * *

The humility of true greatness! Mlle. Gabrielle Deslys, the actress, has informed an interviewer, "I am not ashamed of having the friendship of young King Manoel."

* * *

"As regards the situation in Portugal," says *The Car*, "let us hope that the new form of Government will pay more attention to the roads than the old did." This, we understand, will be all right. The roads will be swept, if necessary, with shrapnel.

* * *

Yet another suggestion has been made as to a national King Edward Memorial. It is proposed that great roads should be made through England from sea to sea, in the form of a cross, of sufficient width for armies to traverse them on the march. Generous contributions are expected from Germany.

* * *

Mr. Brandon, who is in prison at Leipzig awaiting trial as a spy, is translating Goethe's *Faust* into English. In Germany it is hoped that he will shortly become acquainted also with Wilhelm's *gepanzerte Faust*—the famous mailed fist.

* * *

Mr. Roosevelt has made a short trip in an aeroplane. He described it as the finest experience he had ever had, and he would have liked to stay up longer. There is some talk now of his political opponents presenting him with a whole fleet of airships.

* * *

Mr. S. Nicholson Babb, who won the Leighton Memorial prize for a design for a lamp standard, has depicted a group of children round the base, "symbolising England's maritime power." This should gratify the supporters of a "Little Navy" policy.

* * *

"There is probably no breed of dog," says *The Ladies' Field*, "whose lineage is so unsullied and whose blood is so pure as the Scottish deerhound. There is certainly no breed whose carriage asserts his noble descent so plainly." This is indeed an age of luxury for dogs.

* * *

The Water Board is faced with a deficit. The fact that water does not seem to pay has caused considerable satisfaction in publican circles.

* * *

The police asserted last week at the Marylebone Police Court that during the past three months no fewer than forty thefts from perambulators had been reported to them. The miscreants always appear to go for articles of value, the baby in each instance being left intact.

* * *

We extract the following paragraph from our lively contemporary, *Exchange and Mart*:—

"K.C. Control of Judges:—

It is, of course, all very well to keep railing at the ignorance of judges—to an extent it is needed—but it does not bring us nearer any remedy for what is really the greatest evil of our time."

K.C., it appears, stands for Kennel Club, and we are sorry to find that the ignorance of judges is not confined to the bench.

* * *

Interviewed on the subject of her engagement to Mr. Robert Lorraine, Miss Lohr has stated, "If he goes flying, he will have to fly alone as far as I am concerned." Even when married she will stick to the Lohr levels.

* * *

Special classes in practical housekeeping designed for prospective brides are a feature of the curriculum of the Battersea Polytechnic. It is proposed that the pupils, when they have completed their course, shall be registered at the Labour Exchanges so that anyone in search of a skilled wife will know where to find one.

* * *

And a Public-Speaking Club has been formed with a view to turning out orators. We understand that every branch of the art will be taught there, including, what is so important to young political speakers, the dodging of missiles. To be able to make the appropriate gesture with one hand while catching an egg lightly in the other is a task which at times has baffled even the most practised orators.



The sensational victory of Miss Leitch over Mr. H. Hilton (ex-Golf-champion) in the recent Inter-Sex "Test" Handicap, has given a fresh stimulus to Woman's claim to be recognised as the Equal of Man.

THE COMPENSATION.

The holiday passed merrily;
Now, back in Town once more,
I emulate the busy bee
From ten to half-past four.
I do not show a lack of joy
Nor wear a worried look
To find a chattering office-boy
Succeed the babbling brook.

'Tis not that I regard with scorn
My lazy loafing days;
I much prefer a field of corn
To London's dreary maze;
But consolation 's near at hand:
In Town at least I get
My favourite tobacco and
My special cigarette.

"Boy, of about 14, wanted to go on a tea round three days weekly to help re-seat cane chairs." *Bournemouth Daily Echo.*

They seem to have very heavy teas in Bournemouth.

"They kicked high and rushed hard, and for a time they gave the Chelsea backs no peace."—*Football Evening News.*

Beans instead.

"The ball hovered in front of Carmichael for some minutes, but he eventually cleared with a huge kick."—*Evening News.*

And about time, too!

TO A "FRENCHMAN."

[Resident on the coast of Norfolk.]

HARD by the old-time haunt of Danish galleys,
Down wind you came against the marshland lights,
And on your legs the tint that marks a ballet's
Integuments (or tights).

Breast-high you flew, and every moment fleeter;
I could have floored you then with facile art,
But should most probably have couched a beater
Also within the cart.

And while I wondered whether I would chance it,
Risking a deed not readily unwrought,
You had arrived, and your immediate transit
Disturbed this train of thought.

Then as you grazed the hedge (and nearly slew me,
Missing by inches my averted nose)
A thrill from your exotic legs ran through me—
Legs like the pink, pink rose.

And ere your tail had cleared the zone of danger
The voice of Hospitality cried "No!
He is a Frenchman, in your gates a stranger,
You must not lay him low!"

I thought of England's record, high and splendid,
For housing aliens from off the foam;
How to the immigrant her arms extended
A furnished home from home.

Like Huguenots, I saw your fathers landing
Within the asylum of your kin and kind;
Would it enhance the Cordial Understanding
To hit you from behind?

Such a discourtesy I calmly scouted,
And, as across the distant hedge you swung,
"*Soyez tranquille, mon brave ami!*" I shouted
(Using your own fair tongue).

And when I saw that you had safely quitted
The scene of carnage, settling in the roots,
I raised my restive muzzle and emitted
A brace of loud salutes.

You heard me from your cover, lying *perdu?*
My fellows thought I 'd missed you by a field;
But you, I hope, perceived the tact that spared you
The fate I might have sealed. O. S.

When unemployed, employed the most.

"Through pressure of work Mr. James P. R. Lyell has resigned the chairmanship of the Central Unemployed Body."—*Daily Mirror.*

"LADY'S perfectly new artificial leg (left), 5ft. 4in.; also pair crutches, 52in. long."—*Daily Mail.*

Some one must have pulled the leg.

"Shortly afterwards they [the burglars] were found intoxicated in a field, and stated that they had drunk the hairwash in mistake for spirits."—*Evening Standard.*

It seems to have gone straight to their heads.

From a draper's catalogue in Bombay:—

"White Muslin Blouse, new pointed joke, each Rs. 4/4."

Intending purchasers are requested to send their jest measurements.

OLD CLOTHES.

SCENE—*A Dressing-room.* TIME—11.30 A.M. *A large wardrobe stands open with all its drawers pulled out. All other drawers in other articles of furniture in the room are also pulled out. Little heaps of clothes, shirts, underwear, etc., cover the floor, the bed, the chairs and the table. She is standing in the midst of the ruin. He enters suddenly.*

He. Oh, you 're here, are you? I 've been hunting for you all over the—— I say, by Jove, what *have* you been up to with my clothes?

She. I 'm just looking through them.

He. But I never asked you to look through them.

She. No, Charles, you didn't. There are lots of things I do without being asked. Who gets the buttons sewed on to your shirts? Who has the naughty holes in your socks mended? Who—— but, of course, if you want me not to I 'll never do it again, no never.

He. But this isn't a button-sewing business. There are no holes in my coats and waistcoats, and if there were you couldn't mend them. Come, what 's your game?

She. In the first place, you 've no right to be here at all.

He. What! Not in my own dressing-room? Isn't that a bit steep?

She. I repeat, you 've no right to be here. You said you were going to London this morning, and——

He. I haven't gone. Changed my mind.

She. A man has no business to change his mind. For all practical purposes I consider you *are* in London. You don't exist here. I don't acknowledge you. Go away, person. I 've nothing for you.

He. I 'll soon show you if I 'm here or not.

[*He seizes a heap of clothes and is about to restore them to the wardrobe.*

She. Stop! Those clothes are mine.

He. Yours! My old shooting suit!

She. Yes, mine. My dear Charles, you simply can't wear them any more. They 're falling to pieces, and what 's left of them is inches deep in dirt. I claim them.

He. Well, you 're not going to have them. They 're the only really comfortable shooting things I 've ever had.

She. Charles, it shall never be said that I wasn't reasonable. You shall keep your dear old oily shooting things, but you must give me this brown suit instead. It 's a sacrifice, but for your sake I 'll make it.

He. But what in thunder do you want the clothes for? You can't wear them.

She. And how do you expect Mrs. Bradish's eldest boy to get a place as under footman if he hasn 't got a decent suit to his back?

He. I never had any expectations of any kind about him. I don't know him. I don't know Mrs. Bradish.

She. Well, it 's high time you did. How do you expect people not to be Socialists if you 're going to be so haughty and exclusive?

He. Oh, stop it. Who is she?

She. Mrs. Bradish is a widow. She has five sons. They all live in a cottage, and the sons all require clothes.

He. So that 's what you 've been up to. A little quiet clothes-stealing.

She. Pooh!

He. What would *you* say if I were to have a turn amongst *your* clothes, and bag some of your frocks and things?

She. I should say you were a very impudent person.

He. But what 's the difference?

She. All the difference in the world. Do you want



ALARUMS WITHOUT.

General Asquith (*at parley of opposing commanders*). "ARE THOSE YOUR TRUMPETS I HEAR OUTSIDE BREAKING THE TRUCE?"

General Balfour. "I SHOULDN'T WONDER. ANYHOW, HEAVEN KNOWS IT'S NOT *MY* DOING."



"I SAY, BARBARA, CAN YOU SAY YOUR PRAYERS IN GERMAN YET?" "NO, NOT PROPERLY—NOT WITHOUT A DICTIONARY."

Master Bradish to offer himself for a footman in a frock of mine? Really, Charles, you mustn't be so ridiculous.

He. But I wanted to give that brown suit to Parkins.

She. A butler in a brown suit? Charles, it 's not to be thought of. Besides, I don't like you to give your clothes to Parkins.

He. Why not? He valets me.

She. Well, I don't like it. The fact is, I 've noticed that your clothes look ever so much better on Parkins than they ever did on you.

He. I 've noticed that myself. Can't make it out.

She. Oh, I don't know. Parkins is a handsome figure of a man, you know. Fine portly presence, good legs and——

He. We won't worry about Parkins's other points.

She. No, Charles. Well, then, the brown suit 's mine; and I shall want an extra pair of trousers—these stripey ones will do—and a shirt or two and a sock or so. May I, Charles?

He. Oh, take anything you like.

She. Generous, noble-hearted creature! But you came up here to tell me something. What was it?

He. I only wanted to tell you I hadn't gone to London.

She. Well, tell me quick, and then you can run away.

Another Sinister Omen from Germany.

The Tatler informs us that the German KAISER has ordered his Christmas cards from an English firm and has selected "a facsimile of a painting of CHARLES II. and his suite embarking for England." The Editor of *The National Review* will perhaps kindly take a note of this.

AN EMPTY SADDLE.

Down the hill path echo the hoof-beats hollow;
The empty saddle sways;
Sadly the road that weary feet must follow
Winds through the darkling braes!

Soft fall the clansman voices, hushed, complete in
A pathos worse than woe;
Meet tongue indeed to murmur of defeat in—
The Gaelic, gentle, low!

Up in the cliffs the raven cries for slaughter,
The caustic croaking mocks
A beaten man whose heart is in the water
That squelches in his socks.

Bird of ill omen, sombre and accurst one,
Be still upon your crag,
You surely don't suppose that I 'm the first one
Who 's missed a rotten stag?

"Duncan, as usual, carried the bunker guarding the first green with his second shot, but Sherlock was trapped and lost the hole. However, he drew level at the second and took the lead at the fourth, where Duncan found a bunker, and never lost it to the end of the match." —*Daily Mail.*

Terrible handicap to a man to be saddled all day with a bunker which he can't get rid of.

AN ENGLISHWOMAN'S CENSORED PLAY.

Mr. Florence Housmaid's long-threatened reading of his great historical drama, *Brocks and Benefits*, occurred yesterday in the Caxton Hall before what was at the start a crowded and enthusiastic audience.

The history of *Brocks and Benefits*, although only too familiar to all readers of *The Times* and *Votes for Women*, may be briefly stated. On its subjection to the Lord Chamberlain's office, in accordance with the rules of the game, the play was returned without a licence. No reasons were given, nor have any since been vouchsafed to the author, although a vast correspondence, marked "Private and Confidential," has passed between Mr. Redford and the lady who was to produce the great work. Mr. Housmaid is, however, under the impression that the official objection to the play is that among the characters are *Old King Cole* and his cruelly ill-used divorced wife, *Queen Lemmevote*; he believes that it is because to show English royalty in any light but that of heroism and grandeur is, in a living dramatist, unseemly, that the Censor has been forced to take action. In order to emphasise the anomaly which permits an author to recite his own sedition, indecency, slander, or whatever it may be, in a Town Hall, but does not allow others to speak the same words in a theatre, Mr. Housmaid decided to give this reading. Such is the history of yesterday's momentous gathering.

The Caxton Hall, never so home-like as when Englishwomen are gathered together there, was found to have been newly furnished against the autumn campaign. *Carte blanche* to make the place at once cosy and durable had been given to the Thames Iron Works, and the result is all that can be desired. The chairs are now wholly of good-tempered steel, firmly bolted to the floor, while the chairwoman's table is a solid mass of Aberdeen granite.

For yesterday's function banners had been prepared bearing such inflammatory but necessary and, under the circumstances, moderate, legends as "Down with the Censor!" "A bas Earl Spencer!" "Vive Robert Harcourt!" "Unshackle the Drama!" and so forth.

The early doors were besieged by a long *queue* before the morn was grey. Fortified with camp-stools, sandwiches and the last number of *Votes for Women*, the gallant band endured through the long interval, not a little cheered by the encouragement given them by errand boys and the more conversational members of the unemployed. By two o'clock, when the doors were opened, the concourse was so great that the police had to be called in to regulate it; and many were the greetings that passed between the two bodies of old friends. No unpleasantness marred the proceedings and the hall filled up as quietly and happily as it used to do in the days of Merrie England, when the good Caxton gave public readings there from the Golden Legend.

The chair was taken by Mrs. Pankhurst, surrounded by some of the principal dramatists and Suffragettes of the day. One looked in vain for Mrs. Humphry Ward, but Mrs. Pethick Lawrence caught the eye wherever one turned. At three o'clock precisely Mr. Housmaid entered with a roll of MS. in his hand, and the vast audience rose to their feet, waved their handkerchiefs and sang the National Anthem.

Silence being secured, the chairwoman read a number of letters regretting the absence of their writers, among these being Sir Arthur Pinero, Sir W. S. Gilbert, Sir A. Conan Doyle, and Mr. Hall Caine, and Mrs. Pankhurst then delivered a brief address, introducing the dramatist to the company as the most distinguished Englishwoman on their roster (*loud cheers*), and not only an Englishwoman, but one of the most deserving of modern martyrs. What Latimer and Ridley, she said, were to Bloody Mary (*sensation*), so was Mr. Housmaid to Earl Spencer. (*Hear, hear.*) She would not however detain the meeting any longer.

Three groans having then been given for the Censor and three cheers for the other Cause, Mr. Housmaid, amid thunders of applause, began to read.

Obviously a full report is impossible here, but a brief *précis* may be attempted. In the First Act *King Cole* is seen wooing *Lemmevote*. She is reluctant; he is ardent. She exacts conditions; he promises everything. They are betrothed.

In the Second Act he begins to tire, and his *ennui* is only increased by her insisting that his pledges shall be fulfilled. What are these pledges? The extension of the suffrage to every woman. (*Great enthusiasm.*) The King repudiates the suggestion and leaves for Brighton, where he has a private Tivoli.

In the Third Act the Queen is seen in her retirement leading a life of studious seclusion, writing a political pamphlet now and then, or soliloquising at some length on the injustice done to her sex.

In the Fourth Act we see the King conspiring to be rid of *Queen Lemmevote*. (*Cries of "Shame."*) He arranges with his creatures to accuse her of infidelity. (*Sensation.*)

In the Fifth Act we see the trial scene, in which the speeches of the counsel for the defence are given in full. Since the advocate was the famous Long-wind Broom this Act takes three hours to read. The Queen is, however, found guilty, and the marriage annulled.

In the last Act *Queen Lemmevote* repudiates man and all his works in an impassioned peroration calculated to bring the blush of triumph to the cheek of every Suffragette, and the curtain falls.

As it was now nearly midnight the audience was not so crowded as at first, but she clapped the reader very heartily and they went out arm-in-arm.

A STRIKE AMONG THE POETS.

[Conspicuous among the few British industries that have not "come out" recently are the Ballad-makers. But there are signs of trouble even there.]

In his chamber, weak and dying,
While the Norman Baron lay,
Loud, without, his men were crying,
"Shorter hours and better pay."

Know you why the ploughman, fretting,
Homeward plods his weary way
Ere his time? He 's after getting
Shorter hours and better pay.

See! the *Hesperus* is swinging
Idle in the wintry bay,
And the Skipper's daughter 's singing,
"Shorter hours and better pay."

Where 's the minstrel boy? I 've found him
Joining in the labour fray
With his placards slung around him,
"Shorter hours and better pay."

Oh, young Lochinvar is coming;
Though his hair is getting grey
Yet I 'm glad to hear him humming,
"Shorter hours and better pay."

E'en the boy upon the burning
Deck has got a word to say,
Something rather cross concerning
Shorter hours and better pay.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make as much as they.
Work no more, until they find us
Shorter hours and better pay.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit! (Shelley)
Wilt thou be a blackleg? Nay.
Soaring, sing above the *mêlée*,
"Shorter hours and better pay."

"People differ so much in their tastes and in their habits, that what would seem very nice to one man makes another woman merely turn up her nose."—*A Fruitarian Dietary.*

Yes, yes; but what would she do if she were another man?



Sexton (who has been admonished by the absent Vicar to look after the locum). "In theer; and when bell stops ah 'll come an' loose ye in."

SOCKS AND THE MAN.

["The reign of the passionate sock is over," says *The Express* in an article on autumn fashions for men. But in handkerchiefs, it adds, a man may "let himself go."]

So we must part, belovéd socks
(Or, as the hosiers have it, "footwear");
Contemned your hues, run down your clocks,
'Tis now ordained you shall be put where
One puts one's left-off gear
(*E.g.*, the bowler-hat of yesteryear).

I call to mind the day when first
You caught me in your silken meshes,
When on my dazzled gaze you burst
And proved how wayward human flesh is;
You cost three bob a pair,
And I bought seven, and lunched that week on air.

I wore a different pair each day,
Each pair a different scheme of colour;
And when the wash called you away
The world seemed infinitely duller.
Through you I understood
How to express myself in every mood.

Did I aspire to paint the town,
My feet were cased in something ruddy,
Which peacefully gave place to brown
Whene'er my thoughts inclined to study;
And once I wore the green
While Tompkins flirted with my Angeline.

A thread of gold supplied the clue
When my ambitions turned to Mammon;
Down in the dumps, I sported blue,
And, when I felt erotic, salmon;
While for a Sunday shade
I fancied mauve to go with Church Parade.

Now all is done 'twixt you and me;
You 're banished to a dark exile hence
By that imperative decree
Which dooms our socks henceforth to silence.
There is a power, my friends,
That disciplines our loud-hued nether ends.

Farewell! No more may I proclaim
Upon my feet each vagrant passion;
And yet I 'm not disposed to blame
That very fickle goddess Fashion,
By whose indulgent leave
I 'll wear my heart in future up my sleeve.

A Brilliant Finale.

"With Mr. Balfour's speech, the Silly Season may be said to have ended."—*Graphic.*



"IS IT GENUINE CHIPPENDALE?" "ABSOLUTELY, SIR——" "BUT THIS LOOKS LIKE A CRACK RIGHT ACROSS——"
"DONE BY CHIPPENDALE HIMSELF, SIR, IN A FIT OF RAGE WHEN HE HEARD THE UNION HAD CALLED THE MEN OUT."

MUTED.

["One of the finest effects accomplished by the Gramophone has been the obliteration of the inferior amateur singer."]

ONCE in the dear dead days for ever gone,
When after-dinner songsters were in boom,
First of our local bachelors I shone
The vocal star of many a drawing-room.
My life was fair, my lot was well-contented;
Raised to a mellow status all my own,
I was admired, till somebody invented
That ruinous machine, the Gramophone.

Yes, in those flush and prospering times of yore
Oft'ner than not I had my victuals free,
Dined rarely at my own expense—what 's more,
Could frequently economise in tea.
The empty stomach loved of men of leading
I waived without a murmur; for my part,
I sang my finest after hearty feeding,
But mine was nature, theirs was only art.

Yet think not that I scrupled to enlist
Art to my needs; I had, when I began,
Twelve lessons from our local organist
(And twelve should be enough for any man);
'Twas he indeed that gave me skill to render
Shop-ballads with apparent grace and ease;
Sad songs, with a refrain to make them tender,
And published, as a rule, in several keys.

Ah, blessed songs! I sang them by the sheet;
Sang them in fullest measure, as implored
By many a dame whose feast was incomplete
Save for this voice which all her friends adored.
Bright was the present, and the future sunny;
Indeed, had things continued as they were,
It was supposed that I should marry money,
So popular was I among the fair.

But now, alas, how dark is my eclipse;
My ample jaws are sealed, and in their place
Yawns a colossal trumpet, from whose lips
Stentorian tenor vies with bull-voiced bass.
Bleating like goats or bellowing like thunder,
Now that in every home the echoes ring
With discy records of the great, what wonder
That amateurs are not allowed to sing?

And thus my social vogue has gone. To-day
Rarely the hostess bids me to the feast;
The local maidens pass me on the way
As tho' they'd never loved me in the least;
And—heaviest pang of all—when, after dinner,
I take my lonely stroll, or sit alone,
Borne on the breeze I hear, as I 'm a sinner,
My own shop-ballads—on a Gramophone.

DUM-DUM.

Persistence.

"The harvest festival at the Wesleyan Church took place on Sunday, when the Rev. H. W. Edwards preached throughout the day."
Surrey Advertiser.

The bull-dog tenacity of these Wesleyans!

Economics in the Poultry-yard.

"Whenever eggs are cheap the fowls yield a fair supply, and when they become dear production stops."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*



UTOPIA—LIMITED.

France (*coming to congratulate the youngest Republic*). "GLAD YOU TOO HAVE ADOPTED THE IDEAL FORM OF GOVERNMENT."

Portugal. "THANKS. IT OUGHT TO BE PLAIN SAILING NOW, OUGHTN'T IT!"

France. "YE—ES. SORRY I CAN'T STOP TO SAY MORE—SHOCKING STATE OF THINGS AT HOME—JUST ESCAPED ANOTHER REVOLUTION."



THE WOLF INVITES THE LAMB TO DEFRAY THE COST OF RAVAGING THE FOLD.

Passing Capitalist (to Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, M.P.). "WELL, OF ALL THE CONF——! LOOK HERE, YOUNG FELLOW, IF YOU IMAGINE YOU'RE GOING TO GET SUPPORT FROM *US*, I'D ADVISE YOU TO DO AWAY WITH SOME OF THOSE HUMOROUS LITTLE BOARDS OF YOURS!"

[MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD, M.P., in a letter to *The Daily Telegraph*, makes a cool appeal to the public, "quite apart from political feeling or conviction," to subscribe funds in order "(1) to maintain the organisation of the Labour Party in constituencies; (2) to enable candidates to conduct their elections; (3) to carry on the production and distribution of literature, bills, and other things incidental to the efficient working of a political party."]

THE MUSEUM FUN-CITY.

LAST week's correspondence in *The Evening Standard* with regard to the "listless demeanour of a great number of those who visit and wander aimlessly about our museums" is about to bear fruit shortly, and there should be no further complaints about the "atmosphere of mystery" and "lack of entertainment" in these institutions. To begin with, the British Museum, we understand, is going to be White-City-fied and generally livened up for the Coronation year under the capable management of Mr. IMRE KIRALFY as Commissioner-General, assisted (under protest) by the Director and Principal Librarian, Dr. KENYON, and by the Keepers of Printed Books, Oriental Manuscripts, Egyptian Antiquities, and Mediæval Ethnography, and the Heads of the other departments.

The existing plainness and severity of the fore-court, at present given over to the gambols of pigeons, are to be relieved by a Babylonian band-stand, where classical renderings of music of the time of DANIEL will be given on the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery and dulcimer; and by an Assyrian Wiggle-woggle, modelled on the Hanging Gardens of Babylon.

On entering, the visitor will at once have a choice of entertainment combined with instruction. He can make his way direct on the Rolling Platform to the Spiral Toboggan encircling the Reading Room, where the driver of the



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car will point out, as he whirls breathlessly past, the intellectual treasures indicated by the titles of the volumes on the shelves, and enlist his sympathy with the busy hive of workers below, interspersing his remarks with *personalia* on the more curious *habitués*.

Another delight will be to proceed on the left to the Imperial Cock-shy, where an hilarious half-hour can be profitably spent among the busts of the Roman Emperors, now transformed into Aunt Sallies of the period and aimed at (though, it is true, by a pardonable anachronism) with the *discus*, as used in the Athenian *pentathlon*. This done, a fund of amusement will be provided by the Witching Waves in the Egyptian Gallery, where we can travel in Twelfth-Dynasty Nile-boats and Amen-hotep mummy-cases over undulating sheets of iron to the Khufu Café and the Pef-dudu-bast-mes-bast Restaurant on the right and left respectively. Sarcophagi for two will permit engaged couples to consume their refreshment in comparative privacy.

Further on, we shall come to the Tiglath-pileser Biograph and the Assurbani-pal Hall of Laughter, where humorous episodes of 700-600 B.C. will be adequately treated by competent demonstrators; nor will the more human side of Sennacherib, or Esarhaddon *chez lui*, be neglected.

A Moving Staircase will convey visitors to the upper regions, where a Scenic Cyclone will switchback them around the thousand-and-one treasures stored therein. One great improvement is proposed—there will be no extra charges for side-shows such as the Portland Vase or the Death-dealing Mummy, and, if our information is correct, we foresee that the revivified British Busheum will be *the* great London attraction in the near future.

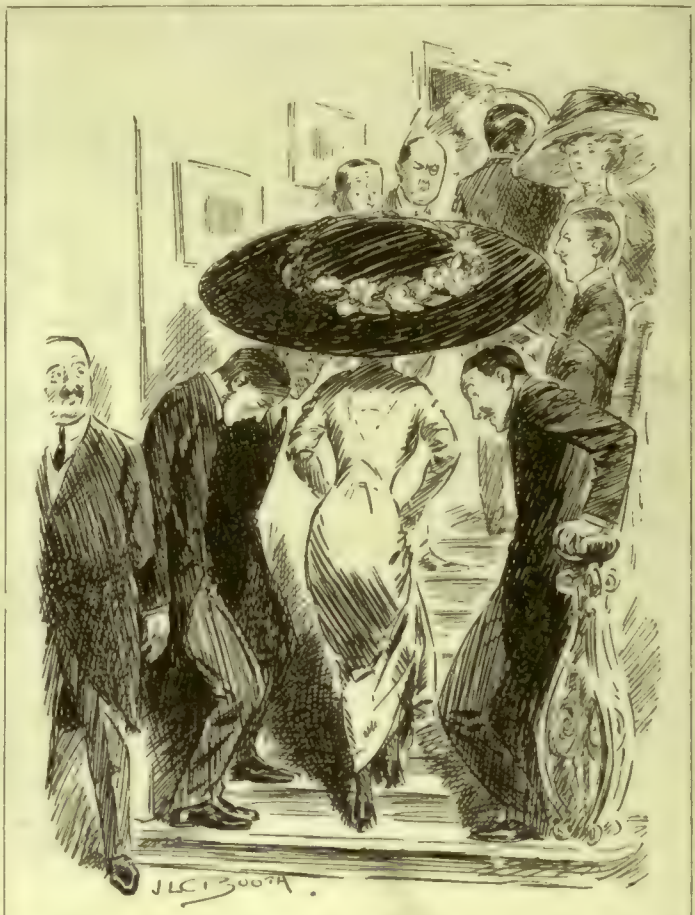
ZIGZAG.

Speaking at the Chew Magna Agricultural Show Sir EDWARD STRACHEY "hoped the price of cheese and butter would be maintained, if not increased." All very well for the agriculturists of Chew Magna; but what of the poor consumers whose food may cost them more? They will have to chew parva.

THE PENALTIES OF PROPINQUITY.

(*Suggested by a recent outrage.*)

LIVING in retirement at Ponder's End after thirty years' work as Medical Officer of Health, Mr. Richard Barbecue, whose first wife was the Prime Minister's seventh cousin twice removed, has been somewhat surprised to find himself the subject of a number of newspaper paragraphs.



PRETTY REVIVAL OF AN ANCIENT CUSTOM.

THE OBEISANCE.

"I can't for the life of me understand it," was the remark of Mr. Barbecue to a *Daily Inquisitor* representative, who had been recently foiled by the reticence of the Prime Minister's brother, but the journalist discreetly refrained from the obvious suggestion that his wife's close relationship with the Premier might explain this phenomenon.

"I haven't any anecdotes about the Prime Minister," Mr. Barbecue went on. "As a matter of fact I have never seen him; but I once travelled in the same train with Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, I have a postcard written by Mr. GLADSTONE to a local bookseller from whom I bought it for half-a-crown, and I am also the possessor of a Gladstone bag."

"It is said," remarked the representative of *The Inquisitor*, "that on the occasion of your wife's marriage she was the recipient of a set of fish-knives from the present Prime Minister."

"I am sorry to say," replied Mr. Barbecue, "that there is no foundation for the story. It is true that she was presented with a set of fish-knives, but they were the gift, not of the Premier, but of her godfather, the late Rev. Marcus Jimson."

"But surely," queried the indefatigable journalist, "it is true that you were up at Balliol with Mr. ASQUITH."

"Well," replied Mr. Barbecue, with some heat, "if you must have the truth, here it is. I went up to matriculate at Balliol when Mr. ASQUITH was there, but failed, and subsequently went to Durham."

"Perhaps Mrs. Barbecue might favour me with some recollections of her distinguished relative."

"She might have," was the rejoinder, "if she were alive, but as she died fifteen years ago, and as the present Mrs. Barbecue is my third wife and is not interested in politics, I am afraid that I cannot assist you in this matter."

"What do you think Mrs. Barbecue—I mean your first wife—would have thought of the Conference?"

At this point Mr. Barbecue assumed so menacing an aspect that the representative of *The Inquisitor* hastily withdrew through an open window into a cucumber frame, subsequently climbing over a garden-wall and reaching Fleet Street in a dishevelled but otherwise undefeated condition.

From Wilson's Catalogue of Theological Books:

"Punch, or the London Charivari, 22 vols."

The latest addition to the programme of the concert of Europe: "Braga's Serenata."

"Found, Merry Widow Hat, 'tween Middleton & Rochdale, Oct. 8."—*Manchester Evening Chronicle.*

She must have been very merry.



The Marquis de T. and Lady M. seem to be enjoying themselves.



Poor General B. has a Bad Day.



Charming Lady Violet gets into difficulties.



The Multimillionaire, Mr. S., gives a Tip.



The Dean of W. takes a well-earned forty winks after Luncheon.



The Bag.

Lord H.'s three days' shoot: Lord H. is marked with a X.

The above are specimens of what may appear in the pages of our Photographic Press if the Camera Artist continues to be thwarted by exclusion from public places (such as the Paddock). He is a dangerous enemy.

SPECTACULAR GOLF.

(Suggested by a recent contest.)

At the first hole Miss Beach's tee shot hit a perambulator containing twins, but unfortunately no casualty occurred, though the occupants of the perambulator were vocal in expressing their indignation. Mr. Bilton, however, had better luck with his second—a full iron shot against the wind which struck on the right temple an aviator who was hovering above the green and brought him to earth like a stone. To the general disappointment of the crowd the airman only broke several ribs and after a few minutes was able to walk to the club-house without assistance. Starting one down at the second Miss Beach deliberately hooked her drive into the crowd and a loud yell from an elderly gentleman in a check suit proclaimed the welcome news that her shot had taken effect. The victim, who seemed to be in great agony, was removed on a stretcher by the Bulliondale Golf Club Ambulance Corps to the Cottage Hospital, but rallied in the course of a few hours and was able to proceed to his home in a bath-chair.

Meantime Mr. Bilton had not been idle. His tee shot was a blank, but with his second, a long raking brassie-shot, he felled a sheep which had inadvertently strayed on to the course. The hole was accordingly halved amid great enthusiasm. No casualties occurred at either the third or the fourth hole and the crowd were beginning to get somewhat impatient when Miss Beach, with a masterly half-topped drive from the fifth tee, hit and killed on the spot a Pekinese spaniel which had got inside the ropes. The spectators were almost delirious with excitement at this magnificent shot and several minutes elapsed before the game could be resumed. Mr. Bilton was evidently rather unnerved by this demonstration and, determining at all hazards to hit something, sliced his ball into his caddie. As by the new rules such casualties do not count, Mr. Bilton lost the hole. He reasserted himself splendidly at the next hole. Both the drives were blank, and Mr. Bilton's second landed him in the deep bunker guarding the green. Taking his bull-dog niblick he made a splendid recovery, laying the ball dead on the nose of an intrusive spectator who was craning eagerly over the ropes.

Later.—Result: Miss Beach won by 4 kills, 5 seriously wounded, 6 slightly injured, to Mr. Bilton's 3 kills, 4 seriously wounded, 8 slightly wounded.

"Pink.—October 11th, at 12, Clyde-street, Ford, to Mr. and Mrs. J. Pink, a son (née Alice Andrews)."—*Western Morning News.*

They must try to do better than this at the christening.

MAIL-BAGS.

No. V.—The M.P.'s.

To Samuel Soames, Esq., M.P.,
The House of Commons.

Dear Mr. Soames,—On Thursday evening next the motion to give facilities for the Women's Franchise Bill will be before the House. The Bill *must* pass. We intend it to pass. We have said so, and we are taking steps to ensure it. To speak quite frankly, we intend to make life unendurable for those who are pusillanimous enough to vote against the Bill.

I am taking you into my confidence, dear Mr. Soames, because I am quite sure you are going to use your vote and your very great influence on our side. No sensible man could do otherwise after studying the literature I enclose, which sets out a few of our main arguments. Please sign and return to me your promise to vote for the Bill. Yours for the Cause,

C. P./K.L. Cynthia Perkins
17 Enclos. (Organising Secretary).

(*Answer:* Mr. Soames has always had the best interests of women deeply at heart, and hopes to be in his place on Thursday evening to record his vote on the right side.)

Dear Mr. Soames,—Of course that ridiculous Women's Franchise Bill must be killed, and we are relying on you to help in the good work. No really nice woman wants the vote, and no man who looks into the future with the eye of a statesman would ever jeopardise the safety of the Empire by granting it.

To vote for the Bill would mean ruin to any man's political future, and we are quite sure that *you* are clear-sighted enough to see this. However, I am enclosing a few pamphlets to help you in your decision. Will you please sign the promise to vote against the Bill?

Yours very truly,
Margaret Caryll-Stuart
M. C./E.R. (Organising Secretary).
23 Enclos.

(*Answer:* Mr. Soames has always had the best interests of women deeply at heart, and hopes to be in his place on Thursday evening to record his vote on the right side.)

Dear Sir,—In case you have not yet read my book, "The Scarlet Peril," I am enclosing a signed copy, with compliments. You, I am certain, will at once grasp its tremendous import to the nation. As one of your constituents—I think I may say without boasting, one of your most influential constituents — I should be greatly obliged if you would table the following question in the House:—

"To ask the Secretary of State for War if he has read 'The Scarlet Peril,' by Captain Boffington Bulger, obtainable from all booksellers at 4*s.* 6*d.* net, or direct from the author, 'The Banyans,' Diddlehampton, for 5*s.* 0*d.* post free; and, if so, what steps he proposes to take in view of the very grave state of affairs divulged in the said book."

I hope, Sir, that you will not allow this question to be burked or shelved, but will press it before the House with the utmost vigour.

Yours faithfully,
Boffington Bulger
(Late Captain the Diddlesex Volunteers).

(*Answer:* Mr. Soames has already seen "The Scarlet Peril" on the bookstalls, and would congratulate the author on having brought the question so vividly to the notice of the nation. Mr. Soames has always had the matter deeply at heart, and would gladly urge it forward did not the interests of Party discipline forbid. As a military man, Captain Bulger will be the first to appreciate the force of this objection.)

Dear Sir,—No doubt you already know the merits of our Five Star Bundersleigh Nettle-Beer, but I am taking the liberty of sending to your private address a case of same for you to sample at your leisure.

I am writing this to ask you if you will please urge the Catering Committee of the House of Commons to stock and push this brand. Believe me, ours is The Best. As our motto states, it is "The King of Nettle-Beers and the Nettle-Beer of Kings."

Yours faithfully,
Ebenezer Wilks.

(*Answer:* Mr. Soames has always had deeply at heart the fostering of local industries. He proposes to forward the sample case so kindly supplied by Mr. Wilks to the Catering Committee of the House of Commons, where he hopes it will meet with the treatment it so richly deserves.)

Dear Sir,—Of course you know that I induced my uncle to vote for you at the last Election, because I felt you had such a beautiful outlook on the Prevention of Cruelty to Rabbits Bill. So now I am going to ask you a small favour in return.

My dear boy, Gussie, has really splendid abilities, but somehow he has never seemed to find the proper scope for them. You probably know that he had to give up the Civil Service and the Bar because of his dislike of the ridiculous questions they set in the examinations, and he never seemed happy in schoolmastering, fruit-farming in California, estate-managing, journalism, tea-broking, pursing or debt-collecting. The very post for him would be by the side of some strong, noble character, and that is why I want you to take my dear boy as your assistant private secretary and really look after him and bring out the best that is in him.

I have his boxes all packed and can send him to you at a moment's notice.

Yours very truly,
Madeline Linden.

(*Answer:— Mr. Soames.* Tell her I 'm afraid my private secretary is terribly cantankerous and difficult to get on with.

Mr. Soames' Secretary. Oh, Sir!

Mr. Soames. Well, then, tell her I have something or other deeply at heart.)

THE NOSEGAY.

(*After Waller.*)

[Among the articles on show at the London Medical Exhibition has been a new remedy for a cold in the head. It is derived from red roses, which, it is said, spell destruction to countless millions of bacilli.]

Go, lovely Rose!
And seek with antiseptic aid
My lady's nose,
Which all in scarlet is arrayed,
Putting thy blushes in the shade.

Within her breast
A myriad foes do bivouac
And with a zest
Pursue their impudent attack;
Thy part it is to drive them back.

For at thy breath
The bellicose bacillus squirms,
And, faced by death,
That countless company of germs
Yields unto thee on any terms.

Decking her brow,
Thou mightst have found a snug retreat;
But oh, I vow,
As Anti-Cold (in box complete)
Thou 'lt smell a hundred times more sweet!

So many patented names present the greatest difficulty to the intelligence of the public that we are glad to be able to announce, on the advertised authority of the patentees, that "Thermos is the word the ancient Greeks used when they wished to say HOT."

"Sports.—Wanted, name of corset maker, padded and protected with chamois, and short bones for hunting."—*Advertisement in "The Queen."*

These short-boned makers of corsets are a terror to foxes.



Visitor (*his first experience of Dublin*). "What a dreadful smell!"
Driver. "Faith, Sorr, but the smell av the Liffey's wan av the sights av Dublin."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

It is idle to say that magic is no more, for a magician is still among us and his name is Mr. Rudyard Kipling. For that is the impression left upon one after reading *Rewards and Fairies* (Macmillan): that its author is a wizard. Certainly no such imaginative and vivid reconstruction of old England has ever been accomplished as you find here and in the first volume of the work—*Puck of Pook's Hill*. I don't say the new volume is perfect. It has nothing as remarkable and thrilling as "Dymchurch Flit" in its predecessor; there are faults of vagueness, chiefly the result of a leaping mind; the new verse is rarely inspired and is often slovenly. But when one considers the quality of Mr. Kipling's invention, the piety of his patriotism, the freshness and vigour of his style, and his astounding understanding of men and movements, why one forgets all about these little trifling defects and again murmurs, "Wizard." Hazlitt said of Kean's acting that it was like reading Shakspeare by lightning. One might adapt this to Mr. Kipling, and say that these two whimsical illuminating books are like reading English History by the light of the Will-o'-the-wisp.

Prester John (Nelson) was a sort of Ethiopian Napoleon of the fifteenth century who left behind him a kingdom, a tradition, and a collar of rubies, which were all equally fine and large. In these degenerate days his mantle and his rubies fell upon the swarthy shoulders and encircled the ebon neck of the *Rev. John Laputa*, in this country a Christian minister and the darling of Exeter Hall, in his own a splendid specimen of the noble savage and the head of a great Kaffir rising which must have swept the English out of South Africa into the sea if *David Crawfurd*, a young Scots storekeeper at Blaauwildebeestefontein, had not nipped the conspiracy in the bud. *Davie* was wise and brave beyond his years, and the story of his hair-breadth escapes and adventures is as thrilling as anything I have read since the golden hour in my undergraduate days when the opening chapters of *Treasure Island* first enthralled me. Our wee *Davie* and the boy-hero of *Treasure Island* are like each other in many ways. They both draw maps of the scene of their adventures, both overhear important conversations, both do many brave things and at least one foolish one—which turns out for the best—and the female element is religiously excluded from both their books. But I cannot carp at this resemblance (not to speak of the dash of *King Solomon's Mines* which I find in *Prester John*), because in spite of it Mr. John Buchan is himself all the time and no copyist, and has shown me that I am still boy enough to revel in treasure-hunting and the splendid deeds of youth quite as much as in reading reports of league football matches or the ineffectual struggles of my middle-aged friends against Colonel Bogey. And I believe that the colonel and his victims would all agree with me and become boys again if they would only take my advice and read *Prester John*.

After the absence of sanitation almost the greatest disadvantage of living seventy years ago must have been that

nobody could write jolly books about the manners and customs of the period; for there is no doubt that our grandfathers and grandmothers had very little idea how eccentric they were. This being so, when we boast of our advance in science and engineering, of our improved taste in furniture, and the triumphs of the Daily Press, let us ask ourselves if we are doing our duty (as drolls) to the literature of posterity, and, if not, feel slightly ashamed. *Early Victorian* (Smith, Elder) purports to be a series of sketches of the principal inhabitants of Basset in the pre-railway epoch, but S. G. Tallentyre has enlivened it with enough plot for the makings of a genuine novel. With *Pollie Latimer*, with the two doctors of Basset, with *Parson Grant* and with *Rachel Pilkington* you ought certainly to become acquainted, for their habits form very delectable reading. "Mrs. Benet . . . after some cogitation purchased the wedding present—a large china lady clad in a short but not indecent pink skirt, and listening attentively to a shell. The Doctor and Maggie were both called into the clammy closeness of the parlour to inspect this offering. Maggie said 'Lor!' and declared herself that glad *she* was not going to have the dusting of it. 'Very unique indeed, Jeannie, I should say—very unique,' was the doctor's observation; and seeing the word Miranda at the lady's base, he added that it had escaped him for the moment who Miranda was. 'That 's for them to find out,' said Mrs. Benet, as if she were setting the bridal pair a conundrum." The author has shown a rare vein of sympathy for those homely virtues which our ancestors did possess, and I can only hope that if we do after all appear amusing to the writer of 1980 we shall be treated as leniently as this.

Mrs. Comyns Carr, the author of *By Ways That They Knew Not* (Chapman and Hall), has managed to invest a somewhat outworn and melodramatic theme with an unusual amount of interest. Certainly she gets no help from her plot. When the hero, assuming himself to be a childless widower, proposes to the heroine, and, in the very moment of acceptance, meets an infant who mentions a secretive mother, and has eyes that remind him of the past—well, most of Mrs. Comyns Carr's readers will know what to expect. Nor will they be disappointed. Even to the death of the superfluous wife in the last chapter, all the familiar thrills are provided; but what is more surprising is that they do quite genuinely thrill; which I take to be a singular testimony to the writer's craft. I confess myself baffled, however, to account for the startling change by which Mrs. Comyns Carr, having located her earlier scenes at Dover, suddenly begins to speak of them as happening at Folkestone. This confused me frightfully: especially as the wife was at that moment escaping to France, and the ambiguity appeared likely to extend itself to the other side, both Calais and Boulogne being mentioned as her destination. When I remind you gently of the title of the book you will appreciate the humour which I could expend upon this, and do not. Still, I think that should other editions be called for—as they almost certainly will be, since a tale so well told has all the makings of a popular success—the point is one that might with advantage be elucidated. Meanwhile I content myself with saying that I read every word of it.

When I read a story of mysterious and sinister murder, of elaborate but inevitable detection, I insist upon knowing the murderer from the start, hobnobbing intimately with him, but never for a moment suspecting that he is the guilty party. I am, I feel, entitled to my complete surprise, certainly to my strain of perpetual excitement. In *The Mummy Moves* (Werner Laurie) I got neither. *Alfred Eastman* was murdered in his lonely flat. I knew at once, though the others had their doubts, that his nephew *Fabian* was not responsible. To confirm that surmise, *Fabian* got murdered himself, and the double suspicion then pointed to *Edward Steward*. "Don't you believe it," said I, but *Detective Dodson*, being less shrewd, still needed conviction, and *Edward's* throat also was fatally slit. After that I gave up knowing or caring; for anyone, including yourself, might have done it. Here was no apparently inexplicable problem to be solved. Simply the name of a murderer was kept back till the last chapter. The ultimate incrimination of a casual baker, whom I had hardly met, left me unmoved, and I am tempted to account for the whole affair thus. A friend of Mrs. Mary Gaunt, I am sure, bet her that she could not write a good detective story. She, justly aware of her literary ability, but forgetting that she was a woman, took the bet on. In the final event she has shown that she can write with humour, insight, and even power, but as for the detective story she has written, the friend has easily won the bet.



The Guildhall School of Music has offered £10 for the best poster advertising the School. The above is Mr. Punch's prize effort.

All the Winners.

The following account of a "Boating Competition" appeared in *The Bengalee*:—

"Owing to the drizzling rain which fell all day, the programme of the contest was much affected though no sooner the rain ceased, all the parties went out barring the Canal Sporting Club, who were much handicapped by a few of their men taking to the Football field and were obliged to abandon the contest, and joined Mr. K. D. Ghosh's party and spent an enjoyable evening by watching the beautiful sceneries of the embankment. Lovely songs were sung with great gusto at intervals.

"It being settled that the contest should start from the Railway Bridge to White Bridge or New Bridge, and *vice versa*, Mukherjee's team crossed first with the guidance of their skilful helmsman Mr. M. N. Bose, leading by 5 yds. and was declared winners, Mr. Mitter's team who fought keenly all along cleverly turned back and reached the starting point first spreading the news that they were the winners. Then Mr. G. N. Dutt's team without giving the least notice of their start to Mukherjee's team, who were then taking their refreshment and preparing themselves for the fresh fight, crossed and reached the starting point. Lastly, Mr. Mukherjee's team being stunned at the unsporting spirit shown against them, returned home leisurely but sadly being last on this occasion.

"However, judging the game from the above, the contest was undecided as all the three teams claimed to be the winners. It is sad that no decision could be arrived at mutually, and unless some rules are framed, it seems almost certain that nothing satisfactory will be arrived at, a thing much to be avoided in the interest of sport and all concerned."

Mr. Punch, who is also greatly concerned, has pleasure in offering his best aquatic sympathies to all the various winners of this historic contest.

CHARIVARIA.

THE Imperial Ethiopian Rubber Company, which was before the public last week, is evidently the subject of some misconception. A correspondent, for example, wants to know whether the Company was formed with the object of placing on the market a rubber, stronger than India rubber, which would enable the Ethiopian to change his skin.

* * *

President TAFT has approved plans for raising the battleship *Maine*, and it will shortly be possible to ascertain whether the sinking of the vessel, which was the cause of the war with Spain, was the work of the Spaniards. If the contrary should be proved, it is understood that the war will be cancelled.

* * *

"If a man is to be locked up for drinking too much beer, what," asked a man at the Surrey Quarter Sessions, "is England coming to?" What, indeed. She will soon be a tight little island no longer.

* * *

At the opening of the Business Exhibition at Olympia, Mr. CHINNICK stated that it was evident that the aims of this and previous exhibitions had not been in vain, similar undertakings having been organised in Germany. We had no idea the object of this undertaking was to make our trade rivals buck up.

* * *

Sir MAURICE LEVY, M.P., is said to have been seriously alarmed at the following head-lines which appeared in a contemporary last week:—

PARLIAMENTARY LEVIES
QUESTION OF DISPOSAL RAISED.

* * *

À propos of their interview with the HOME SECRETARY last week, it has been suggested that costermongers, whose rights are so often threatened, should have an organ of their own. But surely there is such a journal already in existence. What about *The Barrow News*?

* * *

The "London Statistics" just issued by the L.C.C. having drawn attention to the fact that the weather of Berlin is much worse than that of London, the KAISER, it is said, will at once arrange to remedy a state of affairs that is derogatory to the pride of the Fatherland.

* * *

A word of praise for the thorough and painstaking manner in which these Statistics have been compiled. Some figures which we have often searched for elsewhere in vain may be found there. We refer to the following:—

"Number of children selling cough tablets in the streets:—

Exempt from school . . . 1
Not exempt . . . . . 1"



He. "AND COMIN' HOME I RAN RIGHT INTO A BEASTLY TRAP."
She. "ER—POLICE OR MOUSE?"

Mr. H. B. IRVING, it is announced, is to build a new theatre in Charing Cross Road, and he will call it the Irving Theatre. This disposes of the rumour that he intended to name it the Lewis Waller Theatre.

* * *

A taxicab carrying Mr. GERALD DU MAURIER, Mr. MARSH ALLEN, and Mr. LAWRENCE GROSSMITH, last week dashed into and smashed a lamp-standard at Golder's Green and then felled a telegraph-post. It is supposed that the occupants were practising the art of bringing the house down.

* * *

The Lancet has been publishing some remarkable stories of men who survived falls from great heights. Our contemporary might have mentioned the coolness of a workman who, while descending from some scaffolding, saw a mate falling down from the eighth floor. "'Ere, Bill," he said as his friend flashed past him, "you 'll be down before me—you might order my beer."

* * *

Upon the sails of H.M.S. *Undine* being unfurled at Chatham last week, the ship's cat rolled out on deck. She had been enshrouded there for fifteen days, but was still alive. It is evidently not so easy to abolish the cat in the Navy as some persons imagine.

* * *

The decision that SHAKSPEARE shall be a leading feature of the Lord Mayor's Show this year is said to be causing considerable anxiety to the City Police, who fear a demonstration by the Baconians, headed by Sir EDWARD DURNING-LAWRENCE.

* * *

The engagement of Miss PAULINE CHASE is once more announced. This time it is to Mr. GRAHAME WHITE. *Peter Pan* was always a bit of a flier, and he ought to do better than ever this year.

* * *

"Mr. GEORGE GIBSON of Sible Hedingham," we read, "has visited the Braintree October Fair for fifty-five successive years, and has bought a horse on each occasion." His collection is said to be unique.

* * *

From an announcement of the Pleasure Gardens Theatre, Folkestone:—"October 3rd—LOOKING FOR TROUBLE. October 6th—THE APPLE OF EDEN." They seem to have wasted no time in finding what they were looking for.

The Cheerful Send-off.

"There is a new name among the apothecaries of Roseau to-day. Messrs. —— and —— have opened a new business under the style THE ROSEAU PHARMACY. We sincerely wish the undertakers a full measure of prosperity."
The Dominica Chronicle.

"THE SPORTSMAN'SH OME (*sic*).
BEDFORD HOTEL,
Tavistock, Devon."
Adv. in "The Field."

No doubt as to the strength of the liquor there.

POLITICS FOR THE PULPIT.

["I find it rather difficult during this period of conferring (*laughter*) without doing some mischief to engage in an ordinary political controversy."—*Opening of Mr. Lloyd George's recent sermon at the City Temple.*]

THE following little speech is intended as a guide to any Radical politician who may have the good fortune to secure a place of divine worship for his next electioneering campaign. Veneration for his surroundings will very properly put a check upon the more violent methods of the secular hustings. But under the guise of an unprejudiced reformer he may do a lot of quiet party work by suggesting that the conduct of certain classes, which chiefly belong to the Other Side, are at the root of our national evils, and that if His Side were given a free hand England would soon be turned into a Garden of Eden.

My beloved Brethren, Heaven forbid that I should profane this sacred edifice—designed, as it is, for religious worship—by introducing any element of political partisanship into my discourse; but I do say that, if we wish to correct the social evils which we all deplore, we must seek some likelier cure for them than Tariff Reform. . . .

A wave of revolutionary feeling is sweeping over the countries of the earth. You trace it even in Britain, where, under the blessings of our present fiscal system, the poorest enjoy Free Food; you can therefore imagine what it must be like in countries that labour under the curse of Protection. . . .

Charity is the first of Christian virtues, and I will therefore give his due to the dev—to the inventor, that is, of Tariff Reform—and say that it was Mr. CHAMBERLAIN who forced our attention upon the poverty in our midst, at the time when he published his raging and tearing propaganda. But he failed to lay his finger upon the cause of the disease. Where lies that cause? It lies, my Brethren, with the IDLE RICH.

Standing here, a preacher in the House of God, I will not speak of them as bloated Tories, but you know very well what I mean. There are myriads of them on the free list—practically a charge upon the State, just like Old Age Pensioners.

And how do they spend their unearned leisure, these landed loafers? They spend it on golf courses; they spend it in motors, invariably exceeding the speed limit. Not that I condemn these pastimes as heinous in themselves, so long as they are used, as in my case, merely to recharge the nerve-cells exhausted by devotion to altruistic labour.

But there are bloodier sports than these (I do not, of course, refer to the pursuit of rabbits, the sole relaxation left to the poor down-trodden agricultural classes). And here let me quote from the inspired words that fell from the lips of one of our greatest divines, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, in the course of that sermon in the City Temple for which its pastor, the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, prognosticated immortality: "Among the many contrasts," said the preacher, "which a rich country like ours presents between the condition of rich and poor, there is none more striking than the profligate extravagance with which land by the square mile is thrown away upon stags and pheasants and partridges, as compared with the miserly greed with which it is doled out for the habitations of men, women and children."

Thank God, I have never spilt the blood of innocent bird or beast. But I have seen fertile tilths laid bare as the arid wastes of Sahara, and their struggling tenants forced into urban slums, just that the land might serve as a better breeding-ground for partridges. I have seen the everlasting hills of Argyll and Inverness, once the thriving centres of the white-heather industry, swept clean of their teeming population, that my lord might get a clearer view of the stag whose blood he wants. Always blood—blood where there should be bloom: the people's good sacrificed to private gore.

And this is the class that makes so loud a fuss about Form IV.

Dearly beloved Liberals—fellow-worshippers, I should say—I will forbear to traverse the argument that to this same class we have always owed the highest unpaid service in Parliament and elsewhere; I will ignore the allegation that upon their capital, invested in numberless enterprises, the people depend for their employment, not less than upon earned wealth; I will refrain from answering those who pretend that our present fiscal system may have contributed something to the decline of agriculture and the resulting congestion of our towns. All this would mean a discussion of political and economic facts for which the pulpit is no place.

That restraining thought further precludes me from suggesting any scheme by which the wealth of the country might be increased. I am permitted merely to remind you how it is written: "The Earth is the People's and the fulness thereof"; and to show that by concentrating upon its usurpers those weapons of taxation which Heaven has placed in our hands we may yet see it restored to its rightful owners for purposes of redistribution.

My brethren, with the eye of faith I look forward, like MOSES upon the peak of Pisgah, to a day when the hoot of the profligate's motor shall be heard no more in the land; when the niblick of the idle plutocrat shall be turned into a ploughshare; when every son of toil shall be free to sit under his own vine and fig-tree, feeding his own tame partridge. Then, and not till then, and only by our agency (acting under Providence), shall these isles of Britain become like a little Heaven below. Amen. O. S.

CHEQUES.

SCENE—*The Library.* TIME—4 P.M.

He. It 's raining.

She. It is. What do you mean to do about it?

He. None of your levity, please. It 's a very serious thing.

She. I don't think so. You 'll have to put on thick boots and a waterproof and take the poor dogs out. There 's nothing very gloomy about that.

He. I didn't say gloomy; I said serious.

She. Very well, then, it isn't serious. Go and get your boots on. No, stop. I 'll tell you what, Charles. It 's a splendid opportunity for paying all the bills. We shan't have any callers in this weather, so we can have a real good go at them and polish them off.

He. Right. Where are they?

She. Where they 've been for days—on your writing table.

He. My writing table! I like that. It used to be mine, I daresay; but you 've taken such a fancy to it that I never get a chance to write there.

She. Well, I 'm not there now, so you 've got your chance at last. I 'll lend it to you.

He (seating himself at the writing table and taking up the little heap of bills). What 's the dem'd total?

She. Charles!

He. Don't Charles me like that. It 's only a quotation from *Mr. Mantalini.*

She. Why drag in *Mr. Mantalini*? Let 's get on with the bills.

He. What *is* the total, anyhow?



THE NEW JOHN BULL.

AFTER THE PROPOSED "FEDERALISATION" OF THE BRITISH ISLES.



Boy (to breathless Constable). "YOU NEEDN'T 'URRY SO FAST NOW, MR. P'LEECEMAN—*FARVER'S* GOT 'IM!"

She. You 'll find them all added up on a sheet of paper.

He. Good. Forty-eight pounds, six and seven pence. I 'll write a cheque for it at once.

She. What 's the use of that? They 'll all want separate cheques.

He. So they will—eventually. But I 'll write one cheque for the whole amount, and I 'll draw it to you, and you can send it in to your account at Lloyds', and then, when it 's *quite* convenient to you, you 'll write the separate cheques and send 'em along to the tradesmen, and you 'll get all their grateful thanks, and they 'll think no end of you as a genuine business-woman, and——

She (to herself). Was there ever such a cold-blooded villain? (*To him*) No, Charles, never again. I 've been caught in that way before, but we 'll have fair—— What 's the word I 'm thinking of?

He. What kind of a word?

She. The word that goes with fair.

He. Hair?

She. Don't be absurd. Babs, bobs, bibs—no, it 's not that, but I know it begins with a "b."

He. Bills, boots, braces, bones, bats, bells——

She. I 've got it—doos! We 'll have fair doos this time. You shall write the cheques, and I 'll sit at the side of the table and write the envelopes and put them in and do all the rest. (*She takes her seat.*) Now then, are you ready? Go!

He. What 's the first one?

She. Hanbury and Sons, ironmongers, £4 9*s.* 10*d.* My envelope 's finished. Hurry up with your cheque. I 'm doing the next one—Burt and Co., £6 5*s.* 2*d.* Charles, you 're the slowest cheque-writer I ever met.

[*She continues addressing envelopes.*

He. There 's your cheque. What 's the next?

She. I 've told you—Burt and Co., £6 5*s.* 2*d.*

He. You said the last one was £6 5*s.* 2*d.*

She. I didn't. That was Hanbury, £4 9*s.* 10*d.*

He. I 've done it wrong. It 's all because you 're in such a frightful hurry and chatter so.

She. Chatter? If you dare to say such a wicked thing again I 'll throw up this job, and you 'll have to do envelopes and all. Yes, I 'll join the unemployed, and then——

He (stonily). If you expect me to write cheques you 'll have to restrain yourself. There, I 've altered the figures and initialled the alterations. And you 'll please to be jolly careful to put each cheque in the right envelope.

She. You trust me to do *my* part.

He. Here 's Burt's cheque. You 're putting it in the wrong envelope.

She. I 'm not.

He. You are.

She. I 'm——

[*He attempts to seize the envelope, but fails.*

He. I 'll have that envelope, if I die for it.

She. Never! An inch nearer and I 'll stab myself with a paper-knife. Ah, would you?

[*He makes another attempt to seize the envelope. She springs from her seat and he springs in pursuit of her. She throws a cushion at him and in dodging to avoid it he trips over a footstool and measures his length on the floor.*

The Butler (opening the door and announcing visitors). Lady Moggridge and Miss Dalwhinnie!

MISUNDERSTOOD.

THE thing has become a scandal, and it is time to tell the truth about it. Henry informs me that I have been expelled from the Athenæum and the Supper Club, and that I am to be asked to resign from the Muswell Hill Choral Society. Mrs. Rogers cut me in Sloane Street yesterday, and Miss Hurlingham now signs herself, "I am, yours sincerely," instead of "Believe me, yours most sincerely." In short a cloud hangs over me, and I owe it to Blake, who has announced publicly that he will never play Bridge with me again.

Blake is the worst Bridge player I have ever seen. I should say that cards don't come naturally to him. He would misdeal at Snap and revoke at Old Maid. But the four of us were stuck at a farm-house for a week, there was nothing to do in the evenings, and Blake insisted on improving his game at Bridge. Worse than that, he insisted on playing for money—"a shilling a hundred, just to make the game exciting," as if his play wasn't exciting enough already!

We took him in turns. We played carelessly, we played recklessly; but Blake lost every time. By the last day he was three pounds down.

I don't say that three pounds is much (though it takes some doing at a shilling a hundred), but had I been Blake I should have felt that, if a question of three pounds were arising at all, I would sooner win it than lose it. Not being Blake, I felt that the pound or so which I had acquired was not money to be proud of in these particular circumstances, and that I was blessed if I would take any more from him. And Charles and Henry felt the same.

"There's only one thing for it," said Charles. "We must lose to-night."

"What's the good of saying that?" I said; "we try every night."

"We don't try hard enough. We try not to win, but that's not the same as trying to lose. Anyone can lose anything if he really tries."

"Then I wish you'd lose that beastly blazer you've got on," said Henry. "I hate it." And the conversation was changed for the moment.

Henry drew Blake that evening. Blake went no-trumps on a strongish hand, and Henry put down his cards and went upstairs for his pipe. Charles and I settled down to lose.

It was clear at once that Blake was in slightly worse form than usual. Charles accordingly weighed in with two revokes, and I assisted with one. To our horror Blake never noticed them. Charles tried to call attention to his by leading out the cards which he should have played before, and winning three tricks with them, but all Blake said was, "Bother, I forgot those were in."

I don't often get inspirations, but I got one then. I had four cards left in my hand, and of them was the two of clubs. I was holding them below the table, looking at them sadly and waiting for Blake to lead, when the idea came. I took out a pencil and wrote on the two of clubs, "Charles has revoked twice, and I have revoked once. I shall probably revoke again. We look to you to claim them," and I put the card on Henry's chair.

If he hadn't come in then I don't know what would have happened, but just as Blake was leading he appeared. "Hallo," he said, "what——" and then I gave him a terrific kick. "Conf—— Yes, I see. Quite," he stammered, and having read my message, sat down and began to rub his ankle. "The rest are yours," I said, throwing down my cards, and then Henry spoke up like a man rather than a dummy.

"Jove," said Blake. "That was awfully quick of you to spot that."

"Oh, I don't know," said Henry modestly. "One gets into the way of it."

"Let's have a new pack," I said, as I swept the cards hastily together. "There's a mark on one of these."

"Yes, I noticed it too," said Henry. "The two of clubs, wasn't it? There's a new pack in the drawer."

Charles dealt with the other old pack. He had the ace, king, queen, knave, ten, seven, and two of hearts. So he left it to me. I had a very strong hand in clubs, spades, and diamonds—but I only had three little hearts. So I went them.

"You go hearts?" said Henry, and led. My hand went down. Blake looked at it curiously. "Do you mind my asking why you went hearts?" he said. "Wouldn't no trumps have been better?"

This was rather unfortunate. I hadn't expected this.

"Well," I began, "perhaps no trumps *would* have been better, but it was a bit risky when I was so weak in hearts, and I thought a suit call——"

"And if it's *going* to be a suit call," put in Henry nobly, "you naturally want the *best* suit——"

"Besides which," I added, "Badsworth always tells you that——"

Blake looked puzzled. "Oh, I've no doubt you're right," he said politely; "I was simply wondering."

Suddenly I caught Charles's eye. He looked at me with an expression of agony. Then he leant back in his chair and gazed up at the ceiling and gave a deep sigh. . . . And then all at once he began to giggle hopelessly.

We won the odd. We couldn't help it. At the end of the game Blake said very calmly to Charles: "Let me see, you had seven hearts, hadn't you, and all the honours?"

"Awfully lucky, wasn't it?" said Charles, looking rather foolish. "Your deal, Henry."

"This is the *new* pack of cards, isn't it?" said Blake, still extremely cool and business-like.

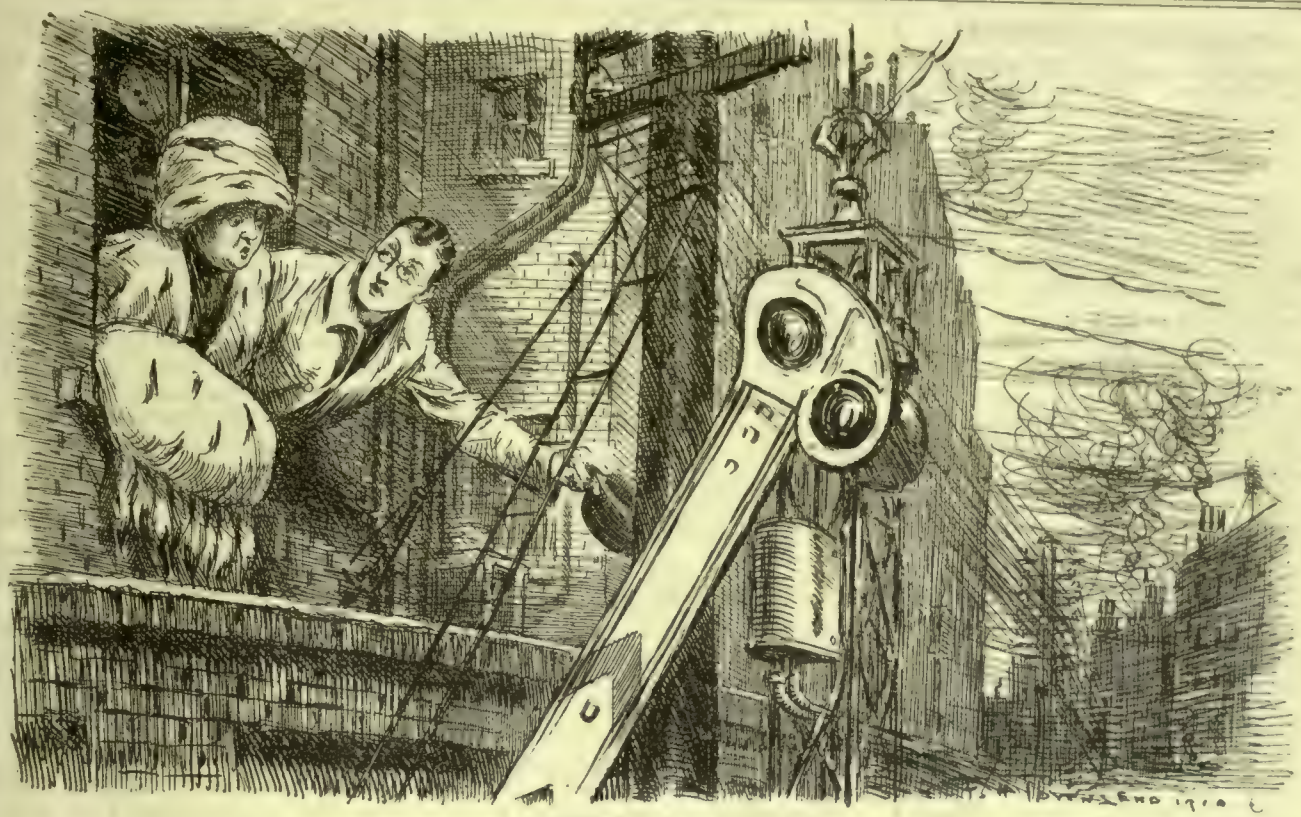
"Yes. You see the other pack had a mark and——"

"Quite so." He looked at his watch. "If you fellows don't mind, I don't



Mick. "I HEAR 'TIS THE WAY THEY 'RE AFTHER SENDIN' MESSAGES NOW WIDOUT WIRES OR POLES. FAITH, 'TIS WONDHERFUL TIMES WE 'RE LIVIN' IN, DENNIS."

Dennis. "THRUE FOR YOU, MICK. SHURE THE WAY THINGS IS GOIN', WAN OF THESE DAYS WE'LL BE ABLE TO THRAVEL WIDOUT LAVIN' HOME AT ALL, AT ALL."



LONDON'S LUNGS.

House-Agent's Clerk. "The reason we're asking such a large premium for the house, Madam, is that it's right on the railway, and you cannot possibly be shut in by new, and possibly unsightly, buildings."

think I'll play any more to-night. I've got a very early train to catch to-morrow." And he got up and left the room.

* * * *

So that is the true story of how I inveigled an innocent novice down to a lonely farm-house and cheated him out of his money at cards. It is the way of the world: you try to help and your actions are misunderstood. Well, well, there is no pleasing some people . . . . but I don't see why Henry and Charles shouldn't be expelled from the Athenæum too.

A. A. M.

"A county match between teams representing Ayrshire and Lanarkshire took place over Prestwick course, and resulted in a win for Renfrewshire by 5 games to 2."—*Glasgow Herald.*

This must have been a bit of a shock to the two contesting counties.

A Settlement in View?

The trustees for the first debenture holders of a new Development Company are the Earl of Verulam and Mr. William Shakspeare.

Prevailing English chorus at the Gare du Nord in Paris during the late strike: "Will any one here see Calais?"

THE CALL OF THE WILD.

["The Highlands of East Africa have become the fashion as a winter home for Aristocrats."
Advertisement.]

The osiers of Oakham, and Melton,
The pastures of Pytchley, and Quorn,
No longer the Marquis shall belt on
His breeches of buck-skin at morn,
To ride o'er their good lands,
When grass and when woodlands,
Resound with the hound and the horn!

No more the Duke's pheasants shall rocket,
Ordained to this end from the nest,
No more the headkeeper shall pocket
The tip of the blue-blooded guest;
No more the Earl fixes
The partridge with sixes,
Or blares at brown hares with a zest!

For over our England doth dawn a
New day, when our insular store
Of kindly and old-fashioned fauna
Shall please not our Best, as of yore;—
Can grouse—low or high—count
With Baron and Viscount,
Who pant for the ant-eater's gore?

O rosy East African Highlands,
Where ever-new prodigies lurk,
The gifted and gay of these islands
Are getting the guide-book to work;
Ere Yule's cheery chill has
Drawn nigh, your Gorillas
Shall greet these élite ones of Burke!

I'll know not your glens and your grasses,
That sleep in a splendour of sun;
As one of the mild, middle classes,
I look to the rabbit for fun,
And still make the Zoo do,
For Quagga, and Koodoo,
And pass the Wild-ass bits of bun!

"When Greeks joined Greeks."

"This was only as it should be, the universal opinion amongst followers of the code in the North being that if Glentoran were to be stretched, Glentoran were the only ones to do it. The reverse was the case, however, and Glentoran added one more scalp to their belt, to the tune of three goals clear."
Dublin Evening Mail.

We are looking forward to the return match. Our money is all on Glentoran.

"Some six thousand undergraduates, including a couple of thousand Irishmen, have gone into residence at Oxford and Cambridge."
Observer.

Meanwhile the Emerald Isle is said to be notable just now for the number of Freshmen to be met there.

OUR CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER.

[A newspaper for children is the latest Carmelite enterprise. "Only the broader issues are treated—things of real significance—trivialities being altogether ignored." *Mr. Punch's* scheme is similar.]

THE OUTLOOK.

AN IRISH IMBROGLIO.

THE sad case of Little JOHNNIE REDMOND and the pea-shooter should be a lesson to all of us to say what we mean and mean what we say. Little JOHNNIE has for years and years been crying for a real gun, which his kind grandfather, Mr. Bull, refused to give him. One day, to every one's surprise, JOHNNIE turned round and said he did not want a gun any more. All he wanted was a pea-shooter. This Mr. Bull very likely would have given him, but all of a sudden Little JOHNNIE denied that he said it, and again stated that he must have a gun or nothing. It is thought that another little boy, JOHNNIE DILLON, may have screwed his arm till he said this, but anyway it is now quite likely that he will get nothing. Remember from this that one should know one's own mind and stick to it.

IMPERIAL AND FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

MECHANICAL TOYS.

(*From Our Own Correspondent.*)

Paris, Oct. 25.

Our Paris correspondent, telegraphing last night, states that from inquiries that he has made he learns that the supply of new mechanical toys for the coming season is likely to be greater than ever. The aeroplane will probably continue to be the favourite, but a toy submarine (for deep baths) is also promised.

A LOST CAUSE.

The project to induce the French Academy to abolish irregular verbs and make every noun the same sex has failed utterly.—*Reuter.*

THE GREAT BEAR.

(*From Our Own Correspondent.*)

Washington, Oct. 25.

It is now practically decided that the toy opossum which was invented as a compliment to President TAFT is a failure. The Teddy Bear was too strong for it. I let you know this at the earliest opportunity so that bear-lovers may be reassured of the supremacy of their favourite animal.

WINTER DELICACIES.

(*From Our Own Correspondent.*)

Madrid, Oct. 25.

The supply of Spanish chestnuts, both for icing and for roasting, is excellent. Shipments to England are being made daily.

FIREWORKS.

(*From Our Own Correspondent.*)

Rome, Oct. 25.

The Roman Candle factories were never busier than at present, so that a successful Fifth of November may be counted upon, provided always that the weather is favourable. A new kind, containing as many as twenty-four stars of all colours, is to be the novelty of the 1910 season. English parents should order early as the demand is expected to be enormous.

VINEYARD NEWS.

(*From Our Own Correspondent.*)

Athens, Oct. 25.

It is now certain that the raisin harvest will be a record one this year. Christmas-pudding makers may therefore go ahead with confidence.

FAR AND NEAR.

NEWS BY TELEGRAPH AND TELEPHONE.

Discovered in Hyde Park carrying the black flag and armed to the teeth with the nursery fire-irons, three boys admitted to having left their home in Porchester Terrace to embark on the career of pirates. They were led back in tears.

Public rejoicings are reported from Silesia, where a cruel governess was (very properly) burned at the stake.

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

The run of *Peter Pan*, so unreasonably interrupted by the intervention of Spring, Summer, and Autumn, will be resumed just before Christmas.

"It is neither profitable nor interesting to attempt to reconcile his [MR. REDMOND'S] contradictory statements. The only noteworthy thing is that he has been induced to send up Vallondessai on the subject of Home Rule all round."—*Dublin Evening Mail.*

Vallondessai, however, is so clever an aviator—he comes about next to PAULHAN and was lately betrothed to Mlle. Dorgère, the famous actress—that he will probably descend safely.

"Upon the River Committee reporting that they could not recommend the adoption of the Surveyor's estimate of £26 for re-facing the Town Clerk, etc., and suggesting that the matter should be deferred for a while, Councillor Patmore enquired if this was a minimum estimate. It seemed altogether out of all proportion.

The Surveyor: Absolutely minimum."

Lymington and South Hants Chronicle.

We cannot express an opinion until we see either the Town Clerk or his photograph.

"He tendered a plea of not guilty, and will come up for trial at a Sheriff and Judy Court on Monday the 24th inst."—*Dundee Advertiser.*

How can *Mr. Punch* help being jealous of that sheriff?

TRYING THE COUNSEL.

CONTEMPTUOUS IMPRESSIONS OF A CAUSE CÉLÈBRE.

(*With acknowledgments to "The Daily Chronicle."*)

IT is ten o'clock on a cold and raw morning as I make my way into the court, and at once experience a bitter disappointment with the stage setting of the great criminal trial I have been commissioned to report. The court is too new to be impressive and too ugly to be interesting. One feels that it would be better filled for a mothers' meeting than a *cause célèbre*, but having come I am bound to make the best of it.

Some one says, "That's Bungay," and we all look at the Counsel for the Treasury who has just arrived and is talking to Sir Jonas Bulteel. In the excessive corpulence of his person and the portentous gravity of his beefy face Bungay for the Treasury looks like a gormandising archdeacon. Shortly after a diversion occurs among the knowing ones. Mandible, K.C., has arrived. I am told that Mandible, K.C., has made a great reputation on the Eastern Circuit, but we all know what is the level of intelligence in Silly Suffolk. Mandible, K.C., is a slim man with features reminding one of an old-fashioned latchkey: a ridiculous little mouth and a voice like a dissipated buzz-saw.

Sir George Alexander arrives and talks with Lord Martin Harvey. Modish women fill the public seats. Sir Gulliver Stodge, with his splendid dome-shaped head, engages me in conversation on eschatological problems. At last the jury file in, the court rises and the judge enters . . . .

At a quarter-to-eleven Bungay for the Treasury rises. Bungay is slow and deadly dull. His voice is a monotonous drone; there is no *verve*, no charm about his personality. So one might imagine a penguin delivering a lecture or a pelican addressing a wilderness of idiotic deaf mutes. I close my eyes. . . . It is one o'clock and Bungay is still droning on. Thank heaven the luncheon interval will soon be here.

After lunch come the witnesses, and the day becomes a little brighter. Bungay examines with exasperating calm. Mandible, K.C., cross-examines with epileptic vigour. And gradually one perceives a new factor in the problem, a new aspect of the drama. The prisoner is already forgotten; more and more is it clear that the real interest of the case lies in this grotesque duel between these two preposterous counsel, the bulky Bungay



Scene—*Opposite the Bank about midday.*

Chauffeur (to ancient Cab-driver, who is obstructing the traffic). "Nice place for you to come and learn in, ain't it!"

and the cadaverous Mandible. Sir Sloman Boyle, the famous novelist, can scarcely smother his smiles. Lord Martin Harvey wears an expression of wearied urbanity, and Sir Wilkie Bard is openly guffawing. To me the scene is full of exquisite significance. . . . Bungay puts up Haskett-Tomkins to conduct the examination of the witness Giddy. Giddy is like a lugubrious comedian, and Haskett-Tomkins like a dishevelled cockatoo. Amid the public seats the great dome of Sir Gulliver Stodge's head, with which I have so many and so deep conversations, shines out like the cupola of some mighty mosque. . . .

At 5 o'clock, when I come out into the rainy lamplit streets, I have forgotten the very name of the prisoner on trial for his life. I can only think of the portly Bungay, the emaciated Mandible, and the famous and illustrious men who have conferred dignity on the proceedings by their stimulating presence—Sir Sloman Boyle, Sir Gilbert Pinutro, the Baron de Silva, Lord Aubrey Blond, and my old friend Sir Gulliver Stodge. In spite of moments of discouragement one feels that there never can be a miscarriage of justice when such men are present in Court.

MODISH MUSINGS.

(By Mrs. Jay Mack.)

Torrey and Bunting, Oxford Street.

Although perhaps it is a little early to embark on the Christmas-Boxing campaign, the wise woman will do well to pause before the counter of the furriery department. The firm of Torrey and Bunting have been singularly fortunate in securing the services of the specialist who presides over the domain of high-class peltries. A man of dignified appearance and archidiaconal deportment, he inspires in all his subordinates a reverential attitude towards the wares which it is his high prerogative to bring together. A talk with him is a lesson not only in the *tessitura* of furriery, but throws a flood of light on the psychology of fashion.

To descend from generalities to the concrete instance, one may note a lovely little bascule jacket orchestrated with blandamer and angelica, a delightfully macabre effect being achieved at the back by the application of lozenge-shaped *motifs* in shrimp pink caracule, the chic and style whereof is undeniably good and exclusive. But the full effect of the bascule jacket cannot be attained without its accompanying head-gear—an exquisite little toque of okapi with flanges of bobtailed wallaby—and a muff of quilted jerboa with contrapuntal treatment of the skunk insertions.

Among other notable offerings in these sumptuous show-rooms let me mention an authentic Yehonala evening toilette of crimson crash, in which the corsage, resting on a soft fold of grey transparency, has an *imprévu* touch introduced in a *soupçon* of *vieux bleu* stockinette. But the *pièce de résistance* are the machicolated kimono sleeves of snow-white ermine. Only an artist replete with moral courage would have ventured on so exalted a contrast.

In conclusion, one notes the significant amount of space accorded to old-world *berthes*, a fact that testifies more eloquently than any words of mine the admirable *exalté* enterprise maintained throughout this department.

The Glorious Uncertainty of Football.

"Rhodes scored a try for Dewsbury.

RESULT.

DEWSBURY . . . . . NOTHING
WIDNES . . . . . NOTHING"

The Sunday Chronicle.

Rhodes is now sighing for the advent of cricket.



Unsuccessful Sportsman (who has found the driven partridge much too difficult for him). "I WISH THAT BEASTLY BOY WOULDN'T DO THAT!"

BARROW VISITED.

[As seen through eyes of sympathy with the tinsmith of that town, in whose bankruptcy accounts was an item for "24 guardian angels." With no special knowledge of the trade uses of guardian angels, tinned or otherwise, *Mr. Punch* can still deplore their lack of efficacy in particular cases.]

AND this is Barrow! This the spot
Where I would fate importune,
Where I had hoped to make a pot
And reach a hand to fortune!
Oh that some shrill Cassandra's scream
Had paralysed my marrow
Or ever I began to dream
Of enterprise in Barrow.

Ah, surely heavens evil-starred,
Ascendant Saturn vicious,
And baleful skies by meteors scarred,
And comets unpropitious,
And portents ominous to men,
And fearsome signs surrounded
The circle of thy meadows when,
O Barrow, thou wast founded.

Cities there may be, blest of fate,
Where luck abides for ever,
Where Lachesis and Moira wait
Benignant on endeavour;
And climes there are where indigence,
The *domi res angusta*,
Swells at a planet's influence
To parquet and lincrusta.

To Jack at sea one sprite aloft
Suffices for protection;
A mascot recompenses oft
A silly predilection;
The wide world o'er, when hope grows faint,
Outrageous fortune's arrow
Is blunted by some patron saint—
But this is not at Barrow.

There guardian angels, deftly wrought
And counted by the dozen,
However pestered and besought,
Our hopes of lucre cozen;
Till such as ask of idols win
At last to this position—
The molten image gets the tin,
The bankrupt his "petition."

Defiance of Mr. Punch's famous Advice.

"Gentleman having married recommends his late housekeeper to a similar position."
Yorkshire Observer.

"The new issue of stamps, bearing the portrait of King George, will probably be ready for publication in May of next year. The design will probably receive careful consideration by King George, who, it is well known, is a great authority on numismatics."
Daily Mirror.

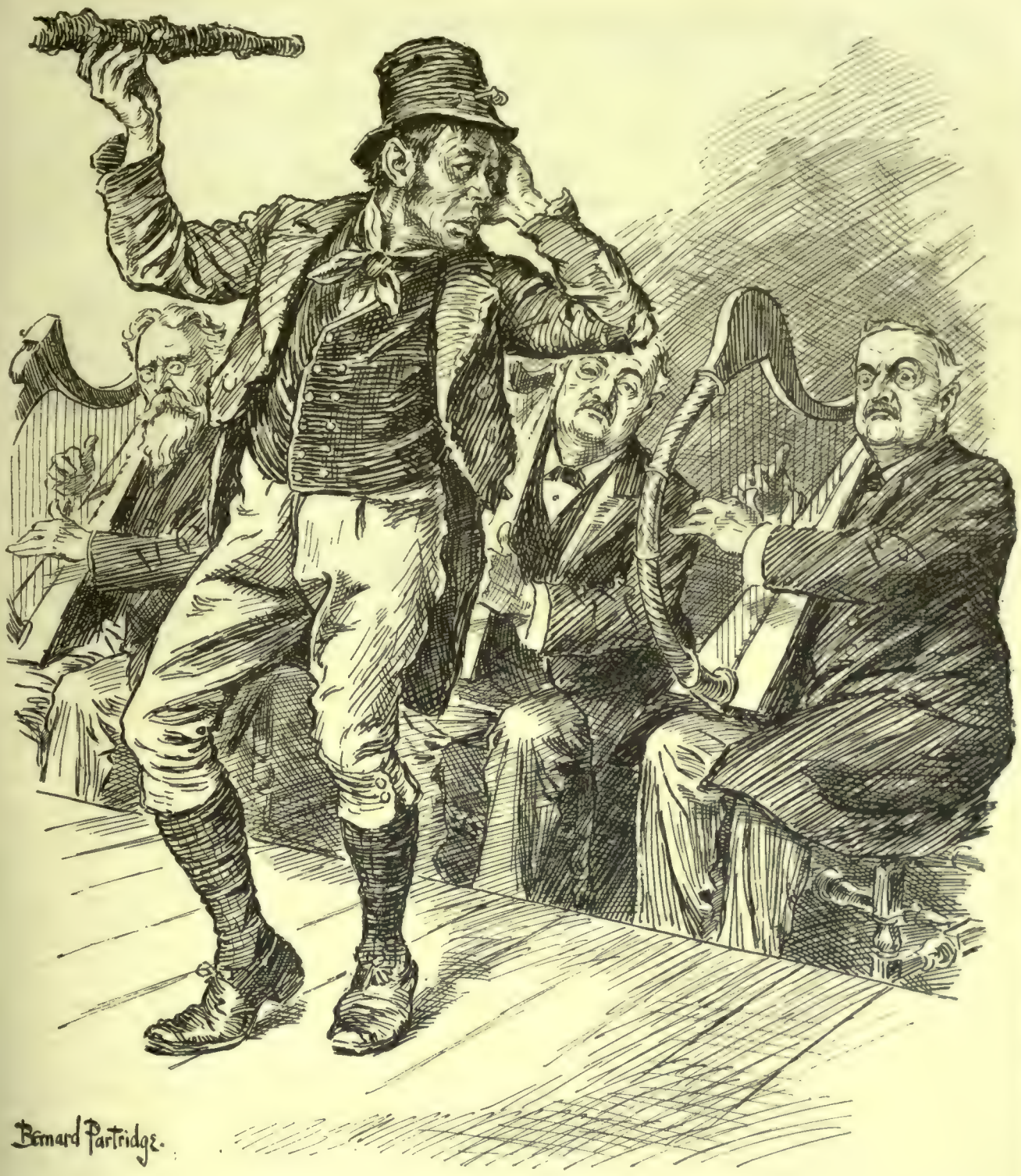
On the other hand His Majesty's taste in coins is largely due to his philatelistic tendencies.

Odious Comparisons.

Those people—and we have met many of them—who think that there is nobody like Mr. LLOYD GEORGE are in error. *The Daily Chronicle*, in an article on "Spain's Strong Man," states that Señor Canalejas, the Spanish Premier, "has been called the Lloyd George of Spain." And *The Westminster Gazette*, after stating that the French Premier is "armed with a strong but flexible conscience," goes on to remark that "in a general way it may be said that M. BRIAND seems most nearly to suggest Mr. LLOYD GEORGE." We should like to know what they say in Spain and France respectively on these matters. It is noticeable that in Lancashire they speak of Naples as the Blackpool of Italy, but that Italians do not generally endorse this comparison.

"But behind this educational movement there undoubtedly seems to be required a clear statement from the leaders of the Unionist Party that these taxes, imposed by Mr. Lloyd George, shall be repeated."—*Yorkshire Post.*

Personally, we should prefer to have them repealed. But it looks as if there had been a lot of very insincere talk about Form IV.



THE HARPS THAT THRICE——

Pat. "'TWAS BAD ENOUGH WID ONLY JOHN REDMOND AND WILLIAM O'BRIEN, BUT NOW THAT THERE 'S THIM TWO *AND ANOTHER JOHN REDMOND*, AN' ALL PLAYIN' DIFF'RENT CHUNES—BEDAMBUT I 'M FAIRLY FLUSTHRATED WID THE DINT O' THE DISCORD."



JOHN KNOX REDIVIVUS.

READ MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S STRAIGHT PULPIT TALKS TO GOLFERS, MOTORISTS, AND ALL THOSE MISERABLE SINNERS WHO HAPPEN TO OWN ANYTHING.

OUR LEADERS DAY BY DAY.

November 1.—In a general letter to the Press Mr. F. E. SMITH declares himself in favour of the Payment of Members, Universal Suffrage, and the Endowment of Fatherhood.

Rapture of *The Morning Post*, which announces that these three points are essential developments of the policy of Tariff Reform.

November 2.—MR. WANKLYN proposes a scheme of Home Rule involving separate Parliaments for England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and the Isle of Wight.

The Standard says: "This spirited proposal of Mr. WANKLYN, who so long and ably represented Bradford as a Unionist, is obviously in the interests of Tariff Reform. Why should Ireland, which is essentially a Tariff Reform country, have to wait till the obfuscated Cobdenites of industrial Lancashire have ruined the trade of Great Britain and Ireland alike?"

November 3.—In another general letter to the Press Mr. F. E. SMITH announces that he has been gradually driven to the conclusion that the abolition of the House of Lords is not only desirable but inevitable.

In a spirited article *The Globe* points out that Unionists now have a straight lead on this important question whilst the Radicals are still wallowing in a quagmire of indecision.

November 4.—Earl WINTERTON writes to the press that after much careful thought he has come to the conclusion that the Osborne judgment must result not only in the payment of members but in the payment of candidates. In this and Tariff Reform he sees the doom of unemployment.

Excitement of Mr. LEO MAXSE who in a letter to *The Evening Standard*, headed "A Lead for our Mandarins," enthusiastically endorses the noble Earl's proposal.

November 5.—*The Morning Post* warns Mr. BALFOUR that unless he gives a clear and definite lead to the party in his speech at Glasgow that night the consequences will be disastrous in the extreme.

Speaking at Glasgow Mr. BALFOUR devotes forty-five minutes of his speech to an exhaustive examination of the Education question and concludes by saying, "As for the questions of Payment of Members, Universal Suffrage, Tariff Reform, Home Rule, and the House of Lords, our policy has been always so clearly defined that it is unnecessary for me to dwell upon them here. No one can doubt that when these important questions are solved, as solved in time they will be, the solution will rest in the hands of the Unionist Party."

November 7.—For the twentieth time *The Morning Post* warns Mr. BALFOUR that this will never do.

An enthusiastic leader in *The Daily Telegraph* begins "Foolish babblers on Radical platforms have alleged that Mr. BALFOUR is mentally incapable of giving a definite lead to his party. To these his Glasgow speech must come as a crushing surprise. Not since the days of BEACONSFIELD has the Conservative party rejoiced in such a clear and definite statement of its case."

AT THE PLAY.

"GRACE."

AT the start we find her, this *Grace Insole*, thoroughly bored with her husband, who was too dull, and the view from her windows, which was too rural. Ten years ago, a town-bred girl of the middle-classes, she had married (nobody knows why) into a stodgy county family of mid-Victorian manners most uncongenial. Out of curiosity and ennui, she had sought diversion in a rather insipid intrigue, to which her heart was never committed; and of this too she is sick. Still she contrives a sort of cynical gaiety, and has a habit of saying anything that occurs to her without regard to anybody's feelings. Her husband adores her by mere infatuation, and it is quite clear that she hasn't a soul to speak of and is incapable of any deep feeling.

Well, by the end we see her racked with an excruciating remorse and passionately in love with her husband, body and soul. How to account for this staggering change? Three things have happened in the interval: (1) The keeper's daughter has "got into trouble" and been warned off the place. This is the silly "law of the estate"; and, further, *Claude Insole* is under the impression that she might contaminate the atmosphere imbibed by his wife. The girl kills herself, and *Grace* takes on the responsibility for this act on the ground that her husband would never have been so hard on her if he had known that his own wife was beyond contamination. (2) The keeper, having relieved his grief with alcohol, threatens his master with a loaded gun. *Insole* exhibits a *sangfroid* so considerable that it moves his wife to admiration. (3) A *Miss Vernon of Foley*, an eligible member of a neighbouring county family, informs *Grace* that she has always been in love with *Insole*, thus throwing fresh light on that gentleman's virtues.

The first of these influences may help to explain the wife's new-found remorse; but not one of them, nor all three put together, can even begin to explain her *volte-face* from indifference and boredom to passionate adoration, physical and spiritual. And here lies the weakness of a strong play.

A very interesting problem is raised when *Grace* takes counsel with herself and others on the matter of confession. Her own natural instincts incline her to this course. Her brother-in-law, the *Reverend Archibald Insole*, quotes Scripture in its favour. But *Miss Vernon of Foley*, chiefly concerned for the man she loves, says that confession would be an act of pure selfishness, certain to ruin the husband's life. Let *Grace* show her repentance by bearing alone the purgatory of her secret. To live under the shadow of the constant memory of her unfaithfulness to the man she now adores would furnish an ample means of redemption.

The curtain falls on *Grace* heroically determined to follow the lady's advice.

Meanwhile, though the Coroner's jury had given the husband a warm time, no one had so much as hinted of any contribution on his part towards his wife's infidelity; no one had had the wit to suggest that he was responsible for the environment which had choked her, and that he might well have borne his share of the purging.

The play was relieved by a good deal of humour not quite of the highest class. It was chiefly done by rudeness. *Cobbet*, the second-rate lover, was incredibly ill-mannered to the mother-in-law. And the old lady, in turn, got most of her effects by stamping insufferably on people's toes. Her callousness over the news of the death of the keeper's daughter was really painful. "Chattering like that," says somebody, "when the poor girl 's lying dead!" "That 's life," says another. But, of course, it isn't life or anything like it.

The lighter part of the breakfast-scene was charmingly stage-managed, but the trouble with *Insole's* house was that there was no visible library in which he could interview his keeper, so he had to receive him in the drawing-room, gun and all. That isn't "life" either.

I have cavilled at the inconsequence of *Grace's* character, but Miss IRENE VANBRUGH, who interpreted it, played with the greatest distinction in a part that strained her nervous energy almost to the snapping-point. I was not deceived into supposing that Mr. DENNIS EADIE was actually the head of an ancient family of country gentlemen; but *Insole* was no ordinary squire, and Mr. EADIE very cleverly succeeded in making him that rare thing, a sympathetic prig.

Lady TREE gave an admirable study in the antique, though Mrs. CALVERT would have played the part of old *Mrs. Insole* with less accentuation of its points.



GROUND GAME IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.

A SITTER.

Claude Insole ... ... Mr. DENNIS EADIE.
Gann ... ... Mr. EDMUND GWENN.
Grace Insole ... ... Miss IRENE VANBRUGH.

Mr. GWENN perhaps underrates the status of a gamekeeper, but he got every ounce out of the stuff of his situations and still kept some reserve of force in hand.

As for Miss LILLAH MCCARTHY, when I first saw her representing an alleged specimen of a crusted county family, I couldn't conceive what she was doing there; but I understood later on, when she threw off her disguise and attacked a moral problem in the right VEDRENNE-BARKER manner.

Altogether the play ran with astonishing smoothness; and I shall be surprised and annoyed if Mr. MAUGHAM'S latest work does not increase his early reputation on the serious side.

"COUNT HANNIBAL."

There was a problem here, too. How is a Huguenot lady who, to save her lover's skin, is forced into marrying a Catholic swashbuckler whom she loathes — how is she to get to adore him? Well, she does, but I never found out why. It was not his courage, for she was painfully aware of that to start with; nor his manners, which were of the worst all through. It couldn't have been merely because he smacked her on the face with his glove, for he did this as soon as they were married, and besides she wasn't really a Shrew to be tamed that way. I got no help from the study of Miss LILY BRAYTON'S features, which up to the last minute preserved a fairly stolid expression of hopeless misery. Perhaps the lady's mind got unhinged. Anyhow the workings of her conscience were most erratic. At one moment she refused to allow a



Father (to son, who has been bragging at school about his father's wealth and possessions). "YOU MUST NOT DO IT, OLD CHAP. IT'S SUCH AWFULLY BAD FORM."

Son. "BUT, DAD, HOW ARE THEY TO KNOW ABOUT IT IF I DON'T TELL THEM?"

Huguenot minister to steal the king's despatch ordering a massacre in Angers; at the next she was quite ready to pinch it herself from under her husband's pillow. Of course I know that when your husband deserts his own side and disobeys his king's commands all for love of you, it *is* a kind of compliment. But even so . . .

However, one does not look for too much probability in this kind of play. The knockabout business is the thing, and that part of it went amazingly well. I must say I love to watch Mr. OSCAR ASCHE striding about in clattering armour with pistols in his belt and a sword at his side, and a dagger lashed to what was once the small of his back. And the audience was simply fascinated by the brutality of his methods. But I was sorry for that sterling actor, Mr. BEN WEBSTER, who was a little overborne by the enemy's bulk in his thankless part of a Huguenot aristocrat who doesn't mind fighting like a gentleman (he and Mr. ASCHE were admirable in their duel), but has a prejudice against the more irregular forms of death.

Mr. DORAN as a Protestant minister played soundly, and I liked the manner of that stout henchman and soldier of fortune, *Badelon* (Mr. ATHOL FORDE). The scenery was most effective; the crowds did good work both on and off the stage; and the whole thing went flowingly. Mr. and Mrs. OSCAR ASCHE received an extremely cordial welcome on their return from the other side of the earth, and the former in a brief speech said how glad he was to have it.

O. S.

A Bull Toasted Whole.

It is interesting to learn from the report of the *West London Observer* that at the dinner celebrating the extension of the Hammersmith Constitutional Club premises the toast of "The Conservative and Unionist Party, coupled with the name of Sir William Bull, M.P." was heartily received and suitably responded to by Sir WILLIAM BULL.

Mr. OSWALD HANSON next proposed the toast of "The Hammersmith Constitutional Club, coupled with the name of our Member, Sir WILLIAM BULL," to which again Sir WILLIAM responded.

Then in fitting terms Mr. SCOLDING proposed the health of Sir WILLIAM BULL, to which also Sir WILLIAM suitably responded.

"Always Merry and Bright."

"Never, it is reported, since operations started at Tobermory for the recovery of the Spanish 'treasure' ship have prospects been so bright. . . . On Monday the suction pump drew up a human skeleton in an excellent state of preservation."—*Morning Post.*

THE REWARD OF DUTY.

[A daily paper is responsible for the statement that the gum on English stamps is so pure that, far from causing harm, licking them is actually beneficial.]

OUR William was as frail a child
  As ever, ever grew;
A goose however meek and mild,
  He barely dared to boo;
But still we hoped the storm and stress
  Of business life would serve
To cure his chronic weediness,
  His total lack of nerve.

An office-urchin's duties first
  Engaged his prentice skill,
And soon upon our view there burst
  A transmutated Bill.
Such benefits are his who damps
  The gum the State employs;
In May he started licking stamps,
  In June the bigger boys.

The Two Extremes.

"Wanted, girl to assist in fancy shop; age about 118."—*Portsmouth Evening News.*

"Under housemaid.—Can any lady recommend young housemaid of two. Must have been out before."—*Times.*

"About the only improvement in Oil shares calling for mention is a loss of ¼ in Egyptian Trusts."—*Evening Standard.*

Better not to have mentioned it.

MAIL-BAGS.

No. VI.—The Landlord's.

Henry Caldwell, Esq.,
Paradise Mansions Estate Office,
Hampstead, N.W.

Sir,—Unless you can change the character of the other tenants at Paradise Mansions, my wife and I leave at quarter-day. I cannot understand how you can possibly allow such persons to occupy your flats. Next door to us is a person who calls himself "Lieut. McKenzie, R.N., Retired"—retired compulsorily, I should think, if he ever was in the Navy! His snoring is so terrible that we positively cannot play bridge in comfort when we have a few friends in of an evening. But this is not the worst; the other day I discovered by accident that this person, his "wife" or his servant, had been making *clandestine and illicit* use of the front-door pull which you installed, partly at my expense, for the personal convenience of my household! Could impudence go further?

I request instant action on your part!

Yours faithfully,
Napoleon Bullingdon
(Vice-President, The Society for the Promotion of International Amity).

(*Answer:* Mr. Caldwell is exceedingly sorry that such unpleasantness should have arisen. He is taking up the matter most energetically with Lieut. McKenzie, and in order to abate the noise of the snoring has given immediate orders that another layer of wall-paper shall be added to the thickness of the party-wall.)

* * * *

Sir,—When my wife and I were considering the question of renting one of your flats at Paradise Mansions we inquired most particularly from you as to the character and status of the other tenants. Only on receiving the most positive assurances from you on this score did we consent to take up residence.

Now, Sir, to-day I received from a Mr. Bullingdon, one of your tenants, a most outrageously impertinent letter in which he alleged that I or my wife had made *illicit* use of his front-door pull. Never in my life has such a term been applied to my actions! Note that word "illicit"—it is designedly insulting in the highest degree. My wife was positively made ill by it. *I refuse to communicate* with this Mr. Bullingdon, either verbally or by letter, and I request that you will take instant steps to ensure a most complete and ample apology from him for the use of such a grossly insolent term as "illicit."

Further, Sir, are you aware that this Mr. Bullingdon indulges in midnight gambling orgies with company of most dubious character and most outrageous continental behaviour in connection with some so-called "society" of his? His morals I will not concern myself with, but I demand that the noise be immediately abated. At present it is impossible for my wife or myself to obtain a proper night's rest.

Yours truly, Angus McKenzie
(Lieut. R.N. Retired).

(*Answer:* Mr. Caldwell is exceedingly sorry that such unpleasantness should have arisen. He is taking up the matter most energetically with Mr. Bullingdon, and in order to abate the noise of the meetings has given immediate orders that another layer of wall-paper shall be added to the thickness of the party-wall.)

Dear Sir,—If you can't stop McKenzie and Bullingdon blackguarding one another on the stairs all day long I shall have to call in an Inspector of Nuisances. I can't hear myself compose. Yours (what's left of me),
G. H. Strauss.

P.S. Be careful with my initials—don't mix me up with the other fellows.

(*Answer:* Mr. Caldwell has the very deepest sympathy with Mr. G. H. Strauss, and takes this opportunity of reminding him that his last quarter's rent is still unpaid.)

Dear Sir,—We beg the favour of your kind attention for the novel forms of insurance described in the accompanying booklet enclosed herewith. On perusing same you will note that we beg to offer you protection against collapse of party-walls, floors or ceilings, whether caused by removals of furniture, vibrations of passing motor-buses or excessive piano practice; escapes of gas, water, electricity and household pets; leakages in roofs, cisterns and petty cash; and rise of local rates up to maximum of 15*s.* in the pound.

Hoping to receive your esteemed proposals, We are,
Yours faithfully,
The Landlord's Friend, Ltd.

(*Answer:* Please quote rates against escaping tenants.)

Dear Sir,—I am directed by the Deputy-Assistant-Inspector-General of Form IV. to acquaint you that your answers to sub-sections K, Q and W2 are considered most unsatisfactory. Unless the enclosed duplicate form is filled up and returned in a satisfactory condition within seven days from date, vigorous measures will be taken.

Yours faithfully,
The Assistant Secretary to the Deputy Assistant Inspector-General.

(*Answer:* Mr. Caldwell begs to cancel all his previous, and future, answers to Form IV. He is giving up landlording.)

PUK-WUDJIES.

["Th· Puk-Wudjies . . . the little People." *Longfellow.*]

They live 'neath the curtain
Of fir woods and heather,
And never take hurt in
The wildest of weather,
But best they love Autumn—she 's
brown as themselves—
And they are the brownest of all the
brown elves;
When loud sings the West Wind,
The bravest and best wind,
And puddles are shining in all the cart
ruts,
They turn up the dead leaves,
The russet and red leaves,
Where squirrels have taught them to
look out for nuts!

The hedge-cutters hear them
Where berries are glowing,
The scythe circles near them
At time of the mowing,
But most they love woodlands when
Autumn winds pipe,
And all through the cover the beech-
nuts are ripe,
And great spikey chestnuts,
The biggest and best nuts,
Blown down in the ditches, fair wind-
falls lie cast,
And no tree begrudges
The little Puk-Wudjies
A pocket of acorns, a handful of mast!

So should you be roaming
Where branches are sighing,
When up in the gloaming
The moon-wrack is flying,
And hear through the darkness, again
and again,
What 's neither the wind nor the
spatter of rain—
A flutter, a flurry,
A scuffle, a scurry,
A tap like the rabbits' that bump on
the ground,
A patter, a bustle
Of small things that rustle,
You 'll know the Puk-Wudjies are
somewhere around!

Cruelty to Animals.

"At Guildford the Bishop of Guildford was fined £4 and costs for driving a motor-car over a hog's back at a rate of thirty miles an hour and without a licence."—*Liverpool Echo.*



Country Vicar's Wife. "Rather a pleasant little tea-party, don't you think?"

Novelist. "Unsatisfactory! unsatisfactory! dear lady. To an earnest student of human nature the persons here are neither high enough nor yet quite low enough in the social scale to be *really* stimulating!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I learn from Miss May Sinclair's new novel, *The Creators* (Constable), that she knows of at least four writers of supreme genius in one small set in London. I am glad to hear it. I had no idea there were so many in all England put together. These "creators" discuss their respective geniuses with a detachment so perfect that it disarms the suspicion of immodesty; they regard them as something between a St. Vitus's Dance (for which you can't be held responsible) and a proprietary demon that wants your blood and will have it if you don't keep on propitiating him. They detest popularity as the abhorréd thing; they loathe "people"; they live in a fenced aloofness, taking in one another's admiration. Where the three novelists among them get their knowledge of humanity I cannot conjecture, for love is of the essence of such knowledge. *Tanqueray*, it seems, had a genius that found it enough just to glance at people once and then looked away. He had an "eye that unstripped" at sight. Well, I have my doubts of *Tanqueray* and his rapid *regard déshabilleur*.

I gather that the main purpose of Miss Sinclair's book is to show that a woman's genius prefers her to remain virgin. *Jane Holland* married a publisher, with results unsatisfactory both to her genius and her husband. *Nina Lempriere*, on the other hand, though she was more than ready to marry either of the two male "creators," found them implacable, and so remained single, to the great benefit of her genius. With men we are to understand that marriage is not so damaging. To *Tanqueray*, who for some obscure reason took to wife the crude little niece of his lodging-house keeper, it was simply an episode. He just married, and then, after a little, forgot all about it, except when she and his genius were in his room at the same time, and then he showed that he recognised her presence by being rude to her.

The Creators is without question a great book. At one point it promises even better things, but it runs on too discursively by all sorts of delightful turns, and when it does stop it is not because it has got to the end, but just that you must stop somewhere. And I feel a little that the author sometimes writes from herself to herself; either of choice, like her own "creators," or because her imagination, fine as it is, does not permit her always to see things with her readers' eyes. Take the *Brodrick* clan, for instance. numerous and prehensile as the tentacles of an octopus. Apart from the doctor, I could never tell one of them from another. And, though I am confident that the author loved most of all her characters, I confess that I loved only one, and that was *Laura*, who had a genius—the only kind, thank Heaven, that she possessed, though she could write nice paragraphs—for always sacrificing herself for somebody else.

I ask leave, in conclusion, to pay a very sincere homage to Miss Sinclair for a book which every lover of the right word and the rare thought will count as an achievement. Less human, perhaps, than either *The Divine Fire* or *The*

Helpmate, it must have won for her a place in the very front of modern fiction, if she had not been there already long ago.

Clayhanger (Methuen) is another page, or rather another 574 pages and nearly another quarter of a million words, of the Chronicles of the Five Towns, in whose provincial dreariness Mr. Arnold Bennett finds the raw material of so many of his novels. It is called after a Bursley youth, whose baptismal name was *Edwin*, apprenticed by fate and his father to the paternal printing business, instead of being allowed to follow the more alluring game of architecture. It tells how he kicked in vain against the printing-press, how he fell in love with *Hilda Lessways*, who married another a few days after she had promised to become *Mrs. Clayhanger*, how he became a prominent Bursleyite and found that life was still tolerable and printer's ink not quite so black as his fancy had painted it, and how finally, on page 573, "after a whole decade his nostrils quivered again to the odour of her olive skin." It also gives—down to the last gaiter-button—the minutest details of the lives of his father (who died of softening of the brain), and some dozen others of the inhabitants of Bursley. And the end is not yet. In 1911 we are promised (presumably at the same length) the pre-nuptial history of *Hilda*, and at some future date Mr. Bennett will unveil the secrets of *Edwin* and *Hilda's* married life. To short-winded readers who are better at magazine sprints than long-distance reading, the prospect of tackling the complete trilogy, even in annual stages, may appear as formidable as a Marathon race. But for my part, having completed a third of the course, I hope, all being well, to win to Shepherd's Bush in 1912. For in spite of its huge length (and the terrible sentence on page 573 about the olive skin), *Clayhanger* is a remarkable book. I feel as if I know *Edwin* and *Hilda au fond*, even without Parts II. and III., thanks to the extraordinary detail with which Mr. Bennett has described them and their surroundings. And I like his mind and his sense of humour and pathos which help him to make a dramatic story out of such unpromising material as everyday life in Bursley.

The critics are as tired of saying that Mr. E. F. Benson overwrites himself as he must be of hearing it. He would, therefore, be saving everybody trouble if he would spend his time writing the one masterpiece, of which he is clearly capable, instead of the dozen novels which fifty men might have written as well. No one, however, who reads his books, even his latest (which, you observe, we are not setting out to praise), can deny that he has an exceptional power of analysis and synthesis, wherewith to dissect and portray humanity, its manners, morals and moods. In *The Osbornes* (Smith, Elder) we have "the story of a well-born girl who marries into a family of *nouveaux riches*, and, at first repelled by the artless vulgarity of her new connections, is at last won over by discovering their underlying simplicity and greatness of heart." The true distinction between refinement and vulgarity is not well made. The former is shown as a matter of fashion, doubtful fashion at that, rather than of instinct; the latter is marked by a few subtleties, over-emphasised. You are more annoyed with the author for repeating so often "a handsome lady" than with his character for that original utterance. Moreover, it would seem that not the well-born girl's point of view but the new connections' speech and behaviour vary with the progress of the study. You will read it, of course; you will enjoy it probably; but admire it wholeheartedly you cannot. Therein is good reason to complain, for there is that about Mr. Benson which makes you, or, at any rate, me, anxious to admire his work without reservation.



IMPROBABLE SCENES.—IV.

Photographers being refused admittance to the house of a musical comedy actress.

Upon the wrapper of *A Spirit of Mirth* (Methuen) the publishers tell me that "it is, above everything else, a happy book"; and, much as I resent such critical dictation, I am bound to admit that the description of Miss Peggy Webling's latest novel is a very true one. *Euphrosyne Moore*, the mirthful spirit, is a young person who, beginning life inauspiciously as the orphaned daughter of a Human Eel ("a contortionist," she is careful to explain later, "not a freak"), conquers circumstance and her husband and his mistrustful family by simple happiness of disposition. The thing has been done before, you will remember, in another medium. There is indeed much of the high spirit of *Pippa* in this *Euphrosyne*, who will probably prove as irresistible to most readers of the book as she is to the other characters in it. Many of these, too, are excellently drawn; in particular *Miss Sapio*, a very lifelike study of a certain stage-type, and her quaint Bohemian circle; and the whole thing is written with an easy good-humour that is bound to be popular; though the author has yet, I fancy, to learn what is essential to a story and what not. Her theatrical knowledge, however, is certainly above the average; it was refreshing to find a novelist's heroine appearing as an untried Turn at the beginning of a music-hall programme, without being told that the house was "packed from floor to ceiling." Still, *Phosie* succeeds here as everywhere else; and deserves to, as quite one of the most charming *débutantes* of the season.

CHARIVARIA.

No little excitement of a most pleasurable kind was, we hear, caused among the Royal Families of Europe last week by the announcement that H.S.H. Princess VICTORIA OF LEININGEN of Schloss Waldleiningen, Baden, had won a prize of five shillings in a competition instituted by *The Girl's Own Paper and Woman's Magazine*. This is considered a nasty knock for those individuals who are constantly asserting that royal personages would never be able to earn their own living.

* * *

From Berlin it is reported that Germans are still inhaling the perfume of the "Duke of Edinburgh" red rose as a cure for colds, and that this experiment of Red Rose *v.* Red Nose is meeting with sensational success. The sight of citizens with a rose strapped on to the proboscis should certainly add to the gaiety of the capital.

* * *

Aeronauts are very much in favour of the proposal that the Crystal Palace shall be bought as a memorial of King EDWARD, as the gardens would form an admirable flying ground. The only obstacle would be the Palace, but this could be demolished.

* * *

We understand that the Press is about to issue a special letter of thanks to Sir H. BEERBOHM TREE, Sir JOHN HARE, Miss PHYLLIS DARE, and other distinguished patrons of a recent murder trial, who by their presence helped to make the function such a brilliant affair.

* * *

It is not often that the Legislature betrays a sense of humour, but, under the provisions of the law as to criminal appeals, a convict has lately appealed against a sentence of twelve years' imprisonment and gone away with it increased to fifteen years, the Court deciding that the previous sentence was too light.

* * *

To discourage the practice of painting advertisements on footpaths, the Law Committee of the Kensington Borough Council propose to submit to the HOME SECRETARY a by-law making it an offence punishable by a fine of forty shillings. We may be wrong, but it seems to us that even at this price it would still be one of the cheapest forms of advertisement on the market.

* * *

A first edition of MILTON'S *Paradise Lost* having been sold for £130 last week, several living poets write to us to draw attention to the astonishing cheapness of the first (and only) edition of their works, of which a few copies are still to be had.

* * *

A fine specimen of the hoopoe has been shot at Elham, near Folkestone, by Mr. J. FOREMAN, a local resident. We 'll teach birds to be rare!

* * *

"There are still plenty of ragged edges and ugly gaps in the actual work of the educational machinery," said Mr. ASQUITH in his rectorial address to the students of Aberdeen University. Certainly the kind of "rag" that the students of Aberdeen go in for is badly in need of mending.

* * *

"Association football," says an official report from the Straits Settlements, "was introduced in September, and is now a counter-attraction to watching cock-fighting and bull-fighting." This has encouraged the authorities in Central America to try once more to get the game taken up as a substitute for the weekly revolutions.

* * *

"The most devastating strike that could occur," says *The Globe*, "would be a watch and clock makers' strike. But they would never have the heart to do it." This is nonsense. We have a clock which strikes every quarter-of-an-hour.

* * *

À propos of the paragraph printed in last week's *Punch* as to re-facing a Town Clerk, there is now a similar opportunity for ladies. Our latest evening paper is advertising "Attractive Features for Women."



THE MARCH OF SCIENCE.

A BREAK WITH TRADITION?

["He is described as a 'Scotch eccentric,' but his work did not entirely rest upon the hard-and-fast lines the description might imply." *Extract from Press notice of a Music Hall performance.*]

DREAD sporter of the whitewash-spattered sporran!
Lord of the lurid nose and fervent wig!
Lauding the land where you (and I) were bo-rrr-n,
To audiences enviably big—
Causing the Cockney, who his trust reposes
In you, drab disappointment when he seeks
That storied soil of scarlet hair and noses,
And Rob Roy tartan breeks—

Say! can it be there dimly looms a limit
When such ebullient art shall cease to take?
When you must comb it down a bit and trim it?
Speed the glad day, for puir auld Scotland's sake!
With whatsoever garb and "gag" you then trick
Your "turn," may we the innovation watch
And hail the same as haply less eccentric,
But, happily, more Scotch!

Journalistic Candour.

"In next Saturday's issue of this paper the writer will give the concluding article to this series, when the vexed question of whether there are or are not tigers in the New Territory will be discussed, a subject about which so much that is unnecessary and absurd has already been written."—*Hongkong Daily Press.*

To the New Billiard Star.

Little boy GRAY, come chalk up your cue,
I 've finished my break and they 're waiting for you:
The red in the middle, your ball in the D,
So in off, and in off, and never mind me.

THE FAKER OF ODES.

[Mr. ROOSEVELT is reported to have appealed to all his literary friends to come to the front and demand fair play for him. "I have engaged," he says, "two minor poets—one a nature-faker—to defend me." A brand of poet closely related to the genus here so picturesquely named is familiar to us on this side of the Atlantic.]

TREAD gently. 'Tis the poet's pitch;
'Tis here that he contrives to fashion
Those rare effects that make us itch
To know the actual scenes from which
He wrings his wealth of literary passion.

Go softly. It is sacred ground.
From ten to four (excluding luncheon)
Here his infatuate footsteps pound
Steadily round and round and round,
Wearing a hollow in the stones they crunch on.

He does not want to preen his wings
In solitude among the curlews;
He must be near the heart of things,
Where he can "place" the stuff he sings,
He must be near the ballad-mongers' purlieus.

In this repellent cockney square,
Where you and I no trace of Pan see,
He tracks the goat-god to his lair,
And reconstructs the trancéd air
Proper to oaten pipes—all done by fancy!

Yon arid clump of sooty trees—
To this his rapt and rolling eye adds
A hint of gardens where at ease
Loll the supine Hesperides,
Or groves the haunt of dreamy Hamadryads.

A sparrow twitters in the mud;
Instinctively he seems to feel a
Sense of the lark's ascending flood
Of spiral music thrill his blood,
Or else the sad, sad plaint of Philomela.

A kitchen-maid takes in the bread;
Her hair is limp, her skirts are sloppy;
At once he gets inside his head
A dream of women, dear and dead,
Their temples wreathed with amaranth and poppy.

A coster-girl, plumed like a hearse,
Exchanges chaff with Alf or Ikey;
He sees the better in the worse,
And tells, in reminiscent verse,
The shadowed loves of Eros and his Psyche.

Gems of a like authentic thought
So have I noticed, by the acre,
Where "real old Chippendale" is wrought
In Tottenham Road and freely bought
At fancy prices off the gifted faker. O. S.

"It seldom occurs that even a majority of the crew remain in a ship after paying off, therefore the exchange generally means a busy time for the port and collar box of ties."—*The Dover Times.*

We had often doubted it, but the logic of this convinces us.

"There are 4,622 families in the city, and this number multiplied by 3,475 gives the above population. Henderson's are compiling a new directory for this city, and claim that the above method is used in determining the population."—*Winnipeg Telegram.*

An apology would have come better from them than a claim.

VAPOURINGS IN THE VOID.

[*With acknowledgments to Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson.*]

BY the courtesy of the Editor of *Maunder's Weekly* we are enabled to quote the following extract from its weekly *causerie.*

"With the main principles of modern financial legislation of course it is impossible not to be in agreement, for, though I should not personally like it, if the State were to say, 'We demand nineteen shillings out of every pound of your income,' I should not question the right of the State to demand it. If there is one thing that I do earnestly desire it is that as I grow older I should not come to cling, in an aggrieved spirit, to what I have got, if the State demands it from me—whether it be my motor-car or my college window, my thread of gold or my altar fire.

"I cannot help feeling that great harm has been done of late by the outcry of the wealthy at the increased taxes. At the same time it is extremely inconvenient if you have calculated your expenditure on one basis to have to reduce it suddenly. Personally I feel a little sore at having to sell one of my isles of sunset, and the prospect of having to surrender my hill of trouble to be cut up into allotments fills me with unmitigated sadness. It is certainly a weak point about the new taxes that they have been claimed with special emphasis from owners of land, although landowners have developed a far more sensitive conscience with regard to the welfare of their tenants than was the case, say, in the time of the Wars of the Roses.

"Literary men, too, like myself, who have acquired landed property out of money professionally earned, naturally resent being held up to scorn as guilty persons who have committed a sort of crime against society. In my own case nothing could be more unjust. In evidence I have only to mention the catholic appreciation of all schools of literature that I have displayed in my introspective outpourings during the last fifteen years. My veneration for HOMER, MILTON, and SHAKSPEARE does not prevent my admiring the vivid and vital work of Mr. HAROLD BEGBIE and Mr. FRANCIS GRIBBLE, Mr. TITTERTON and Lord WINTERTON. The difference between the lowest circle of DANTE'S Inferno and the Abyss which Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR describes in his new magazine is only one of degree. I have never said a hard word of anyone. On the contrary, for a great many years I have provided the reading public with a constant supply of absolutely amiable and wholesome mental pabulum, as digestible and as nutritive as *blanc-mange.* That with such a record I should now be confounded with greedy, selfish and useless persons who rush along country roads at a dangerous speed or slaughter innocent pheasants out of the mere lust of blood, is a sad injustice. I have no wish to kill anything. My wants are simple. Four typewriters and four amanuenses, so that by working them in shifts of two hours each I can dictate for eight hours a day; congenial surroundings; an outlook on smooth-shaven lawns and immemorial elms—and I am content.

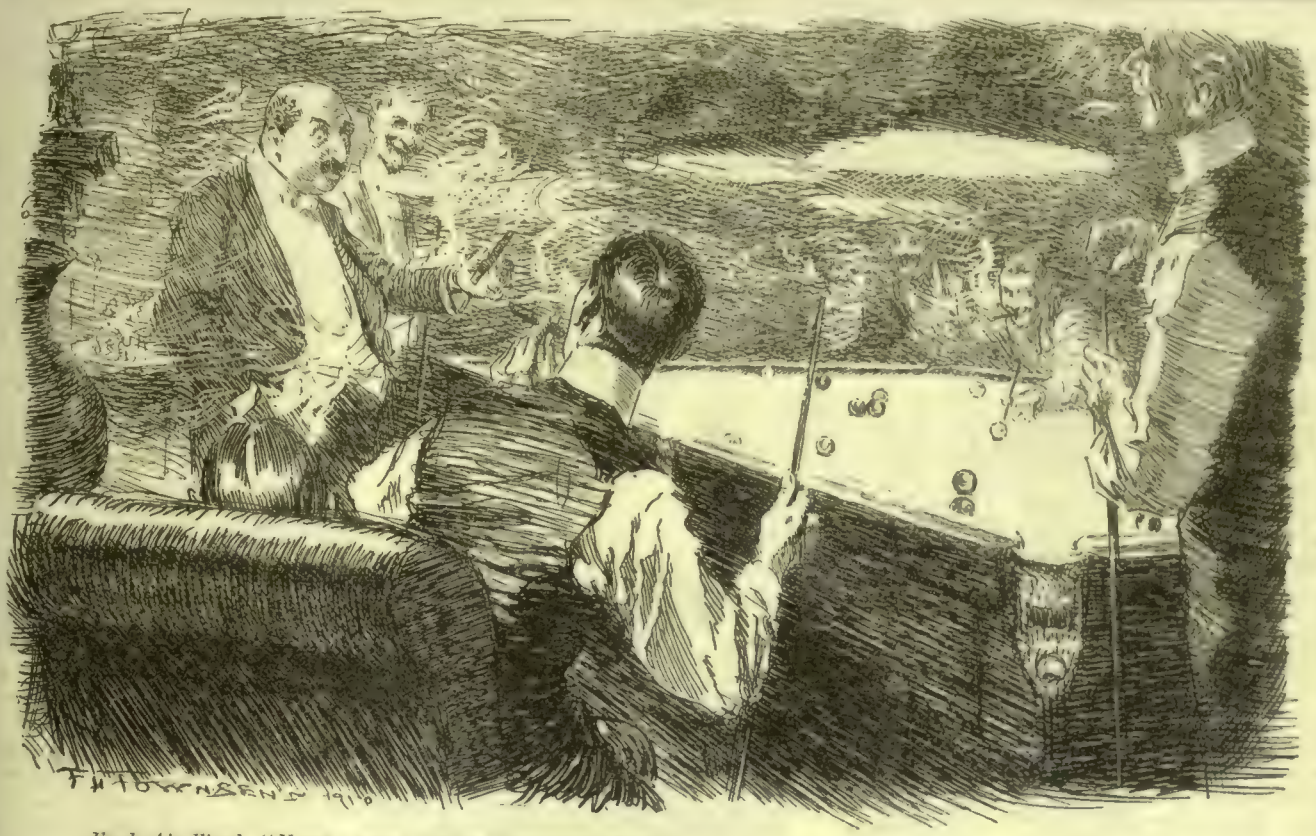
"Unfortunately there are too many people who prefer inflammatory talking to sedative writing, and these are the people who engender discontent. I cannot help thinking that if, by a system of contributory State insurance, everybody was able to secure the possession of a typewriter by the age of twenty-five, and then set him or herself down to the task of introspective reminiscence, a great deal of the ferment and unrest of modern life would be dissolved in a flood of innocuous self-revelation. There have been poets who were content with only writing ten lines, or say 120 words, a day; but with the aid of a shorthand-writer or a typewriter it is quite possible, as I have proved by the



STUDENTS ON THE MAKE.

Mr. F. E. Smith. "MASTER OF EPIGRAM—LIKE ME!"
Mr. Winston Churchill. "WROTE A NOVEL IN HIS YOUTH—LIKE ME!"
Together. "TRAVELLED IN THE EAST—LIKE US. HOW DOES IT END?"

[Mr. W. F. Monypenny's official Life of Disraeli has just been published.]



Fresh-Air Fiend. "Here—what about a window open?"
Shocked Host. "Window open! My dear boy, do you know these cigars cost—cost two-and-ninepence each?"

experience of the last ten years, to write 4,000 words in an afternoon, 24,000 words in a week of six days, or 1,248,000 words in a year. Even if the result is never published, there is something extraordinarily soothing in the mere sense of achievement which a steady output produces. Nor must we forget the immense power which volume and reiteration exert on the average mind. As Disraeli remarks in one of his most illuminating phrases, 'Few ideas are correct ones, and what are correct no one can ascertain; but with words we govern men.'"

LINES TO MR. CHILVER.

Our paths in life are not the same;
I know not what thou art;
I have not learned thy Christian name,
Nor where thou hast a part;
Yet would I clamour to the sun,
Ay, carve on every tree,
In poignant phrase, beloved one,
How dear thou art to me.

It is not for thy virtue. Nay;
If thou hast aught of such,
I bless thee, but I 'm bound to say
It would not move me much;
Not for the glories of thy brain
(If any) art thou dear;
Nor should I mind if thou wert plain,
Thou thing without a peer.

For oh, thou art a sweet surprise;
The rarest, blithest spark
That ever leapt to mortal eyes
That searched where all was dark.
Vainly to find thee, late and long
We laboured, all and each;
We scaled the starry heights of song,
And plumbed the deeps of speech;

Thou wouldst not hear us thro' the past;
Vain was the toil we brought;
We gave thee up; and now, at last,
Lo, thou art here unsought;
And mine it is—ah, happy hour!—
Mine, mine, and mine alone,
To give to all the fairest flower
That poesie has known.

And henceforth, while the spheres applaud,
To many a throbbing lute
Thy happy Name shall ring abroad,
Wherever it may suit;
And all the bards that bay the moon
Will bless thee, Mr. Chilver,
For this thy pure and steadfast boon,
A perfect rhyme to *silver*.

Dum-Dum.

The Status of Editors.

In referring to young Disraeli's mission to Edinburgh to persuade Lockhart to take the editorship of a new London daily, *The Representative*, a reviewer of the *Life of Disraeli* writes: "There was only one hitch. To be the editor of a daily paper was in those days deemed beneath the dignity of a man of letters." But that was, of course, before the Crippen trial.

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

NEW VOGUES IN VENICE AND LONDON.

Palazzo Pizzicato,
Grand Canal, Venice.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—I'm staying here with Princess Pizzicato (formerly Clytie Vandollarbilt). Her sixth husband seems, on the whole, more of a success than the five previous ones. The Prince is quite a nice fellow, and she's only had to pay his debts twice! Numbers of people one knows are at their places here. *Every* woman who counts has her palace on the Grand Canal or the Lido and her flat in Paris, and I think it's just a little bit too bad that *I* haven't. I've said so often to Josiah, and he says he's quite willing to rent a palace here and an *appartement* in Paris—*for both of us!* It's of no use my telling him that's not the idea. He simply won't see it.

The Pizzicato Palace is a funny old place, with a complete set of historical associations and things. I believe there've been stiletto-ings and poisonings in all the rooms, and there are still the remains of quite lovely *oubliettes* in some of the floors. Clytie complains of it, however; says it's pokey and not suited for entertaining, and "doesn't amount to anything." She's applied to the authorities to know if she may buy or rent the Doge's Palace. She almost claims it as a right, for some of the Prince's ancestors were Doges or Council of Ten or something. If she succeeds she means to have the Golden Staircase altered, and electric lifts everywhere. The great Council Chamber she would use as a ball-room, and the dungeons as ice-rooms. She would have the Bridge of Sighs removed altogether and set up in the grounds of her "million-dollar home" in New Jersey. The dear thing is quite unaware that she's the *least* bit of a Vandal. *Au contraire*, she says she hates to see steam-boats and launches on the lagoons, and that her idea is to "preserve old, picturesque, romantic customs and traditions, and yet to avail oneself of modern improvements." She carries out her idea by having a fleet of motor-gondolas of the traditional black colour, each with an automaton-gondolier standing in the stern, dressed in correct old Venetian style, waggling an oar by machinery, and fitted inside with a gramophone that sings the old Venetian boat-songs and gives the weird howl of the gondolieri when they're going to turn a corner.

Ray Rymington is here, staying with the Flummerys. When we were out on the water after dinner last night, he sang us one of his "Venetian Varalettes."

I hear something from London that's just a little bit rather. Babs St. Austin, as you know, is by way of being literary, and at the Sister-Scribblers' Club she struck up a friendship with the great and only Sybil Lestrange—a literary and intellectual friendship, not liable to any petty or catty interruptions—in short, my dear, a quite superior brand of friendship to what usually obtains between us poor, shallow, frivolous women. Collaboration having been a good deal in the air, they agreed to collab., and they've been at work for some time on a *roman à clef*, Babs supplying the *clef* part and Miss Lestrange most of the *roman*. The dear, old reading public's mouth was watering over the advance puffs put out by Fetcham, the publisher. The novel was to be lurid, it was to be daring, its views on marriage and the sex question were to be *absolutely*; and, above all, it was to be full of *quite* unmistakable, real, well-known people! Popsy, Lady Ramsgate, who figured in it under the thinnest of disguises, had agreed to bring a libel suit (the strongest suit a publisher can play, my dear!) against Fetcham, as soon as the novel appeared, in return for a share of the profits. And now, just as the reading public is holding out its hands and positively *screaming* for the book, the whole thing's fallen through! *Et pourquoi?* Oh, it's *too* delicious! Because, my dearest, our two feminine intellectuals fell out as to which of them should write the great love scene in the next to the last chapter. "*I* ought to write it," said Babs. "Why so?" asked Miss Lestrange. "You must forgive me, dear friend, for saying I am *quite* sure the public would decide most *emphatically* that a scene requiring strength and passion should be handled by Sybil Lestrange rather than by Lady George St. Austin." "*I* ought to do it," persisted Babs. "Isn't it only *charitable* to suppose that a married woman has had more experience of love than a single one?"



Mother. "OH, BOBBY, I'M ASHAMED OF YOU. *I* NEVER TOLD STORIES WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL."
Bobby. "WHEN DID YOU BEGIN THEN, MUMMIE?"

And then, my dear, several things were said—and then several more things—and so the book won't appear—and crash goes the literary and intellectual friendship that was to put to shame all *ordinary* female friendships.

People are talking about an artist in boots who has just opened a salon in London. His boots and shoes, I hear, are not only things of sheer joy to look at, but are fitted with springs that give you any sort of walk you may choose: the glide, the stride, the frivolous little pit-pat, the school-girl skip, and the chamois-leap (for those who still cling to the hobble-skirt). Hildegarde writes that his salon is simply *packed* every afternoon. They all sit waiting in the dark till a curtain is drawn back and a walking-boot is seen on a brilliantly lit daïs, while a hidden band plays a march. Then the curtain shuts it out again. Presently the hidden band begins a dreamy waltz, the curtain is drawn back once more, and an evening shoe is shown—and so on. Later, when people are having tea and

nibbling niceys, a crowd of pretty mannequins does an *ensemble* dance, showing all the steps and jumps and twirls that the Beauty Boots and Shoes, as they're called, enable one to do. Everybody swears by them. I've only heard of one little hitch. Popsy, Lady Ramsgate, was in Bond Street one afternoon, wearing a pair of Beauty Boots fitted with the schoolgirl skip, and either she couldn't quite manage it, or someone ran into her, but anyhow she came a cropper, and now she's doing a rest-cure.

Congrats, my dear! I've hit on a name at last for my filly by *Pickpocket* and *Jigsaw*. I'm going to call her *Form IV.!* Ever thine, BLANCHE.

OUR MASCOT COMMISSION.

WE seem indeed to be living in a super-superstitious age. No party embarking upon a hazardous adventure is complete unless attended by a mascot in the shape of some unfortunate animal—generally a kitten. A specimen, for instance, was taken by Mr. WELLMAN on board the *America*, but it did not ensure the success of his undertaking. Other mascots, whether carried by the *Shamrock* or competitors in GORDON-BENNETT motor races, have proved similarly unavailing. Even toy Teddy bears have failed to propitiate the goddess Fortune. It is high time to put the whole matter on a more scientific basis, not to speak of a business footing, when so many dollars are involved.

We contemplate, therefore, requesting two of our leading occultists, Sir OLIVER LODGE and Mr. W. T. STEAD, to straighten things out. We look to these authorities on the subliminal and supra-normal to discover and put on the market a thoroughly up-to-date and reliable mascot. It must be durable, portable, able to withstand sudden shocks and emergencies, not susceptible to weather changes, easily put into operation, prompt in action, of a reasonable price, and suitable to the most varied exploits. It may be wanted by an intending Derby winner, a commencing theatre-manager, a candidate wooing a constituency, an officer attacking the foe, or a client adventuring matrimony. Kittens, it will be seen, do not readily fulfil these requirements. They are cheap, it is true, but they grow up, and are not easily carried on horseback or up the nave of a church. Something is wanted that will go into the pocket without suffocation or creating a bulge. Guinea-pigs and rabbits are not without their points, having been long habituated to the conjuring profession; but the average sportsman could not satisfactorily dispose them about his person, unless he wore a gamekeeper's coat.

On the whole, we think the conditions would best be met by the miniature tortoise frequently to be seen on costermongers' barrows. It will stand a good deal of rough usage, is inexpensive, and can be had about two inches long. The "insect" will not greatly add to the executant's fighting or flying weight, and might be worn as a brooch by a lady. The tortoises, or whatever animal is finally selected by the Mascot Commission—whose hands we do not wish unduly to force—must of course be properly trained and magnetized or otherwise rendered efficient for their purpose.

We shall be glad if these steps will lead to the remedy of this crying evil, for—in the recent words of Mr. BALFOUR—"Do it we must!" ZIGZAG.



GLUTTONY.

Young Lady (after three hours of the "classics" for a shilling). "WHAT A SHAME, JACK. THEY NEVER PLAYED THE NATIONAL ANTHEM AT THE FINISH."

"During the Cotswold Hunt run, yesterday, a fox ran into an empty cottage and took to the chimney. The huntsman induced it to come down, and the hounds despatched it on the floor."—*Western Daily Press.*

It doesn't sound much of an inducement, and we cannot help feeling that the huntsman kept something back from the fox.

A COLD WORLD.

HERBERT is a man who knows all about railway tickets, and packing, and being in time for trains, and things like that. But I fancy I have taught him a lesson at last. He won't talk quite so much about tickets in future.

I was just thinking about getting up when he came into my room. He looked at me in horror.

"My dear fellow!" he said. "And you haven't even packed! You'll be late. Here, get up, and I'll pack for you while you dress."

"Do," I said briefly.

"First of all, what clothes are you going to travel in?"

There was no help for it. I sat up in bed and directed operations.

"Right," said Herbert. "Now what about your return ticket? You mustn't forget that."

"You remind me of a little story," I said. "I'll tell it you while you pack—that will be nice for you. Once upon a time I lost my return ticket, and I had to pay two pounds for another. And a month afterwards I met a man—a man like you who knows all about tickets—and he said, 'You could have got the money back if you had applied at once.' So I said, 'Give me a cigarette now, and I'll transfer all my rights in the business to you.' And he gave me a cigarette; but unfortunately——"

"It was too late?"

"No. Unfortunately it wasn't. He got the two pounds. The most expensive cigarette I've ever smoked."

"Well, that just shows you," said Herbert. "Here's your ticket. Put it in your waistcoat pocket now."

"But I haven't got a waistcoat on, silly."

"Which one are you going to put on?"

"I don't know yet. This is a matter which requires thought. Give me time, give me air."

"Well, I shall put the ticket here on the dressing-table, and then you can't miss it." He looked at his watch. "And the trap starts in half an hour."

"Help!" I cried, and I leapt out of bed.

Half an hour later I was saying good-bye to Herbert.

"I've had an awfully jolly time," I said, "and I'll come again."

"You've got the ticket all right?"

"Rather!" and I drove away amidst cheers. Cheers of sorrow.

It was half-an-hour's drive to the station. For the first five minutes I thought how sickening it was to be leaving the country; then I had a slight shock; and for the next twenty-five minutes I tried to remember how much a third single to the nearest part of London cost. Because I had left my ticket on the dressing-table after all.

I gave my luggage to a porter and went off to the station-master.

"I wonder if you can help me," I said. "I've left my return ticket on the dress—— Well, we needn't worry about that, I've left it at home."

He didn't seem intensely excited.

"What did you think of doing?" he asked.

"I had rather hoped that *you* would do something."

"You can buy another ticket, and get the money back afterwards."

"Yes, yes; but can I? I've only got about one pound six."

"The fare to London is one pound five and tenpence ha'penny."

"Ah; well, that leaves a penny ha'penny to be divided between the porter this end, lunch, tea, the porter the other end, and the cab. I don't believe it's enough. Even if I gave it all to the porter here, think how reproachfully he would look at you ever afterwards. It would haunt you."

The station-master was evidently moved. He thought for a moment, and then asked if I knew anybody who would vouch for me. I mentioned Herbert reluctantly. He had never even heard of Herbert.

"I've got a tie-pin," I said (station-masters have a weakness for tie-pins), "and a watch and a cigarette case. I shall be happy to lend you any of those."

The idea didn't appeal to him.

"The best thing you can do," he said, "is to take a ticket to the next station and talk to them there. This is only a branch line, and I have no power to give you a pass."

So that was what I had to do. I began to see myself taking a ticket at every stop and appealing to the station-master at the next. Well, the money would last longer that way, but unless I could overcome quickly the distrust which I seemed to inspire in station-masters there would not be much left for lunch. I gave the porter all I could afford—a ha'penny, mentioned apologetically that I was coming back, and stepped into the train.

At the junction I jumped out quickly and dived into the sacred office.

"I've left my ticket on the dressing—that is to say I forgot—well, anyhow I haven't got it," I began, and we plunged into explanations once more. This station-master was even more unemotional than the last. He asked me if I knew anybody who could vouch for me—I mentioned Herbert diffidently. He had never even heard of Herbert. I showed him my gold watch, my silver cigarette case, and my emerald and diamond tie-pin—that was the sort of man I was.

"The best thing you can do," he said, walking with me to the door, "is to take a ticket to Plymouth, and speak to the station-master there——"

"This is a most interesting game," I said bitterly. "What is 'home'? When you speak to the station-master at London, I suppose? I've a good mind to say 'Snap!'"

Extremely annoyed I strode out, and bumped into—you'll never guess—Herbert!

"Ah, here you are," he panted; "I rode after you—the train was just going—jumped into it—been looking all over the station for you."

"It's awfully nice of you, Herbert. Didn't I say good-bye?"

"Your ticket." He produced it. "Left it on the dressing-table." He took a deep breath. "I told you you would."

"Bless you," I said, as I got happily into my train. "You've saved my life. I've had an awful time. I say, do you know, I've met two station-masters already this morning who've never even heard of you. You must enquire into it."

At that moment a porter came up.

"Did you give up your ticket, Sir?" he asked Herbert.

"I hadn't time to get one," said Herbert, quite at his ease. "I'll pay now," and he began to feel in his pockets. . . . The train moved out of the station.

A look of horror came over Herbert's face. I knew what it meant. He hadn't any money on him. "Hi!" he shouted to me, and then we swung round a bend out of sight. . . .

Well, well, he'll have to get home somehow. His watch is only nickel and his cigarette case leather, but luckily that sort of thing doesn't weigh much with station-masters. What they want is a well-known name as a reference. Herbert is better off than I was: he can give them *my* name. It will be idle for them to pretend that they have never heard of me.

A. A. M.

"For Services to Literature."

"Gentleman desires pension in private family, to improve the English language."—*Advt. in "The Daily Telegraph."*

If he is really going to improve it, we will give him a pension of five shillings a week.

"By if they, asked Mr. Crawford amid applause, why we? That is the question."—*Eastern Daily Press.*

Now then—answer that if you can.

THE LATEST MEMORISER.

"I DON'T claim," he said, "that it's indispensable; but I do say that it fills what is a long-felt and sometimes an acutely-felt want."

He drew from his pocket a little morocco-bound book and handed it to me.

"You see," he continued, "that the work is constructed on the principle of the *Where Is It?* There are sections for each letter of the alphabet, and they can be turned to in a moment. But the peculiarity is that the alphabet occurs twice. The first alphabet is for the names of one's friends; the second, for their presents. Thus, suppose your uncle Aleck gives you a dinner-gong; you will enter him first as 'Aleck, Uncle' under the A's, and against his name you will put the word, or words, 'Dinner-gong.' And again under G you will have 'Gong, dinner,' and against it the name of the generous donor. Do you see?"

"Yes," I said, "I see; but I don't follow you when you insist on the importance of the work."

"Ah!" he said. "Ah! But you will. You are to be married shortly, is it not?"

I acquiesced.

"And the presents are beginning to roll in?"

"More or less," I said.

"And you know whom they are all from?"

"Great heavens! no," I replied.

He smiled his triumphant smile. "That's the whole point," he said. "Because some day, when you are nicely settled, you will begin to be visited by those said friends and relations who have been so generous—some perhaps with wills to make and money to leave, eh?"

He looked profoundly cunning.

"Very well then," he continued. "You will like each to think that his or her present is the one you really cherish. In order to do this you must have it *en évidence*, as our lively neighbours say. But, if you have forgotten which is which, how can you do so, especially as you will very likely have several duplicates of the more necessary things? Now do you see? My little patent memo-book will enable you to disentangle your fish-slices in a moment and have the right one on the table. The result is what is called tact, and tact, if I may say so, is the fair wind to good fortune.

"Let me tell you a true story," he went on. "I have a friend with three aunts—Aunt Emmeline, Aunt Gertrude and Aunt Laura. Although sisters they are on the worst of terms and intensely jealous of each other. When my friend was engaged they gave him each a present. Aunt Emmeline gave him silver dessert knives and forks, Aunt Gertrude gave him a silver tea service, Aunt Laura gave him a silver coffee service. But the foolish fellow got them mixed up, and when Aunt Emmeline came to see him he fondled Aunt Laura's coffee set and said how much he loved it; and to Aunt Laura he praised Aunt Gertrude's tea service, and to Aunt Gertrude he lavished adjectives upon Aunt Emmeline's dessert knives. The result was he was disinherited by each and is now taking paying guests, who don't, I am told, always pay. So you will have one of my little books, won't you?"

"For heaven's sake provide me with one," I said.



Boy (to old gentleman whose hat has been pierced by a falling rocket). "GIVE US THE STICK, MISTER."

Lucus a non Lucendo.

"The convict staggered to the bed, his startled eyes beheld the scene. Then, with a choking sob, he fell on his knees, and flung his arms about the poor, wasted form of his wife.

"'My poor little girl! My poor, poor little wifie!'"

"The continuation of this splendid story," says the advertisement, "appears in No. 1 of *Merry and Bright*."



Cabby (*badly worsted in the dispute*). "WELL, I 'OPES AS THE NEX' FOUR-WHEELER YER TIKES, MUM, WILL BE AN 'EARSE!"

WHO IS "PACIFICUS"?

[So much curiosity has been excited by the letters signed "Pacificus" in *The Times* that *Mr. Punch* feels compelled to open his columns to the speculations of correspondents.]

SIR,—The identity of "Pacificus" is obvious. He is certainly a person of great authority in the Unionist Party. Who is the only such person in the Unionist Party to-day? Who dictates its policy every Sunday? Who controls *The Observer*, and through *The Observer*, *The Daily Mail* and the Conference? Mr. J. L. GARVIN, of course! Is it not, therefore, evident that he is "Pacificus"?

Yours truly, ANOTHER OBSERVER.

(*Mr. Punch* fears that his esteemed correspondent is mistaken. The letters of "Pacificus" only fill just over a column of large type.)

SIR,—It is certain that "Pacificus" is a famous politician. It is certain also that he is distinguished amongst politicians as the possessor of that rare quality, modesty—else why should he conceal his identity? I incline to think that he is either Mr. F. E. SMITH or Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL.

Yours truly,
A GUESSER AT TRUTH.

(*Mr. Punch* wonders that it has not occurred to his clever correspondent to suggest that the letters of "Pacificus" may be the work of both these gentlemen in collaboration.)

SIR,—To my mind there is one distinctive feature in the writings of "Pacificus." The author is anxious to get the Home Rule question settled in order to pave the way for Tariff Reform. Now no member of the Unionist party, whatever his ultimate aims, could contemplate tampering with the Union. Therefore the writer is a Tariff Reformer without any of the traditional party ties. The name of Mr. J. ELLIS BARKER will spring to every one's lips. His associations with the German National Liberal Party would certainly not prejudice him against Home Rule.

Yours truly,
ENGLAND FOR THE IRISH.

(Unfortunately Mr. ELZEBACHER is at present engaged in investigating unemployment in the States on behalf of the British democracy; therefore *Mr. Punch* fears that this solution is impossible.)

SIR,—The letters of "Pacificus" are those of a pretentious, pompous and futile person. I am only acquainted with one person in whom pretentiousness, pomposity and futility are combined. Mr. J. ST. LOE STRACHEY is "Pacificus." Yours truly, FORM IV.

(Whilst obliged to his correspondent for his interesting communication, from which, however, he dissents in every particular, *Mr. Punch* protests in the public interest against any letters being sent him on official Treasury notepaper.)

An anonymous postcard bearing the Berlin postmark says, "Why does not Lord ESHER keep to the improvement of Windsor Castle drain-pipes instead of trying to improve the British constitution by letters to *The Times*?"

(*Mr. Punch* asks his correspondent in the future to send his name and address with his communication—not necessarily for publication but as a guarantee of good faith. He should try again.)

Poetic Licence.

"It is the final conflict;
Unite, and to-morrow morn
The 'Internationale'
Will embrace all humankind."

Refrain of the French revolutionary hymn, "Internationale."

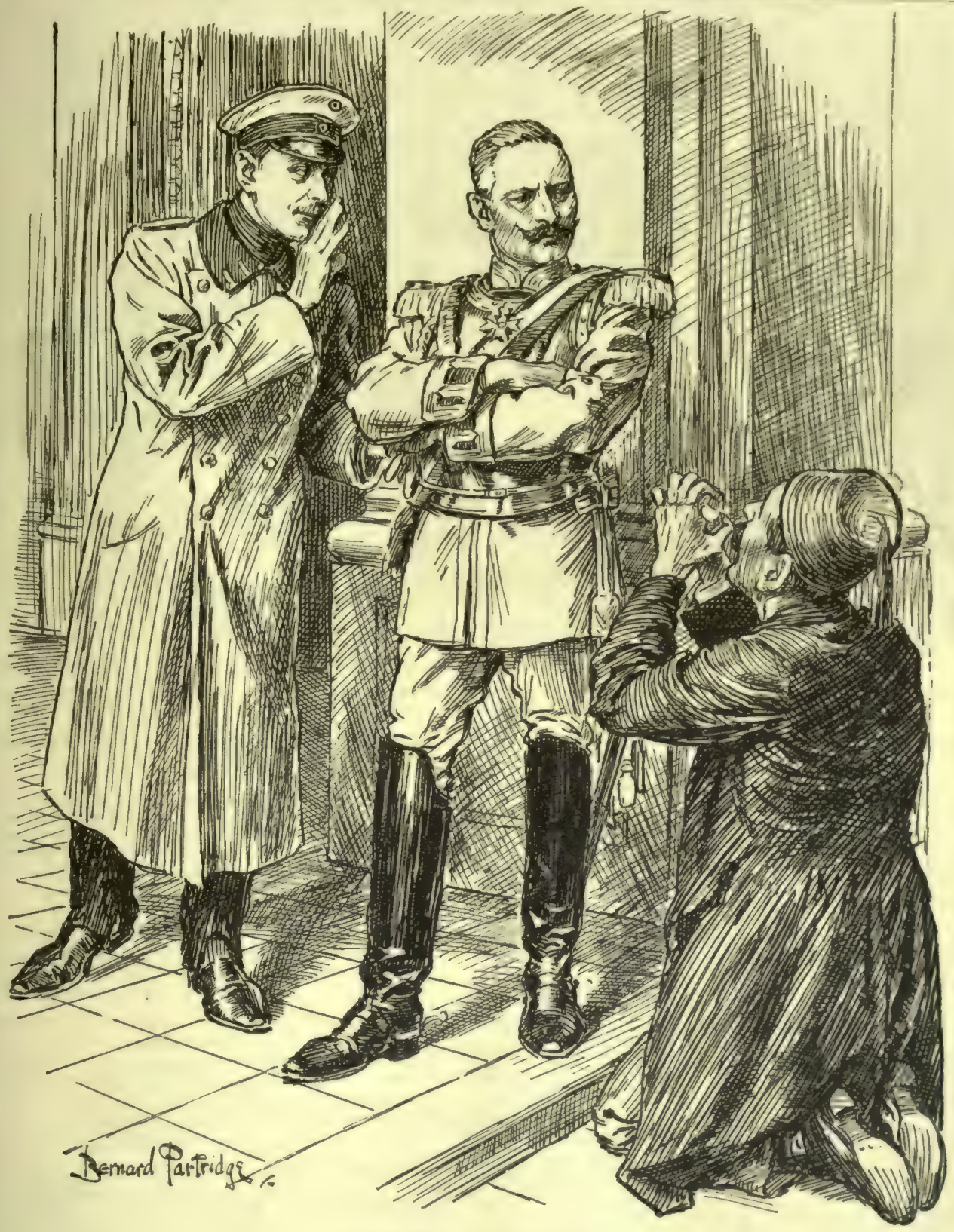
As an alternative rhyme for the last line we suggest—

"Will be the song of the London season."

Prompting to Crime.

"All the mothers were invited, persuaded, and finally won to cook themselves."

Daily Chronicle.



FILIAL ADVICE.

Young Turk. "O HEAVEN-BORN PROTECTOR OF ISLAM, HELP AGAINST THE BRITISH!"
Crown Prince of Germany. "DON'T YOU LISTEN TO HIM, DAD. IT'LL MAKE ME FEEL SO RIDICULOUS WHEN I GET AMONG THE MUSSULMANS OF INDIA."



SOME MORE HOPEFUL "CONFERENCES." No. I.—THE POLICE AND THE CRIMINAL CLASSES.

SHOULD *THE* CONFERENCE PROVE TO HAVE ACCOMPLISHED THE IMPOSSIBLE AND RECONCILED THE IRRECONCILABLE, THERE ARE SEVERAL OTHERS THAT SHOULD AT ONCE BE CONVENED. WHERE MINISTERIALISTS AND OPPOSITION CAN SUCCEED, SURELY OTHER SWORN PROFESSIONAL FOES NEED NOT DESPAIR!

THE MARTYR.

["Mr. LLOYD GEORGE complained of an exceedingly bitter attack made in a newspaper called *The Spectator*, which was edited at the time by an exceedingly pretentious, pompous, and futile person, who . . . . made personal, offensive and stupid attacks upon one."—*Report of Speech.*]

WHAT though the wicked are everywhere flourishing,
Wolves on the trail of the lamb!
Saul in his hatred implacably nourishing
Poisonous libel and flam!
So you impair not your personal dignity,
Why should the waft of a paper's malignity
Worry our DAVID a dam?

Think you the heroes who dined in Valhalla had
Care of the dints of the fray?
Deem you, in search of the Grail, that Sir Galahad
Minded what people would say?
Model of courtesy, calmness and rectitude,
CHANCELLOR, sure in your stainless perfectitude,
Still let the Editors bray.

Look you how oft-times the Saturday's shilling's gate
(Football encounters that view)
Darken the air with the floods of their Billingsgate,
Blacken the sky as they boo
Him, the controller, the umpire unfortunate;
So, with his blasphemies crudely importunate,
Howls *The Spectator* at you.

Never you mind, though, how acrid his venom is;
Better the part of the meek,
Turning when slapped in the face to his enemies
Always the opposite cheek;
Yours be to show (unrewarded by gratitude)
Ever this kind of St. Chrysostom attitude,
Shedding a balm as you speak.

So when historians prate to posterity,
Whine that a scurrilous tone
Crept in our politics, spoiling its verity,
ONE, they shall candidly own,
ONE, in the midst of the vice that was prevalent,
Stood and disdained to be cheaply malevolent,
Hero of Limehouse, alone. EVOE.

Two extracts from *The Morning Post*:

(1) From "Our Special Representative on board the Airship:"

"The change from France was extraordinary; the great unenclosed plains gave place to little fields shut in by hedges that seemed too small to support even a single cow."

(2) From M. HENRI JULLIOT:

"Once the sea was crossed I recognised by the character of the country that we were no longer in France. A French landscape seen from an airship looks something like a chess-board, the land being so subdivided owing to the prevailing system of cultivation called the *petite culture*. In England, however, one passes over vast estates with tall hedgerows almost like rows of trees."

One of them must have looked through the wrong end of his telescope.

A GERMAN BATH.

PARKER, Wilks and I had been "doing" Germany on the cheap, and I don't know which of us enjoyed it least. Parker grumbled the most, but then he always did, and though Wilks and I tried to look on the humorous side of things we lost flesh over it. We had happened upon a heat wave and swallowed a tremendous lot of dust and flies, thrown in gratis, cheap though our tariff was. But we couldn't swallow the foreign titles that cropped up around us, we had too much British pride for that; and, as luck would have it, at the last town of our tour we were quartered on the top floor of a hotel where a German Prince occupied a suite of rooms. In our opinion, three English tourists were worth more than thirty German Princes, and we dropped our boots on the floor at night in the vain hope that he was underneath. But, alas! his suite was on the first floor, and we never even caught a glimpse of him, though once we heard his high-pitched, arrogant, penetrating voice, and the oozy fulsome rejoinders of his valet, both articulating a language which Parker contemptuously described as "the limit."

It was the last morning of our stay. Parker and I had come back to the hotel to pack our bags before departing for the station. The weather was hotter and dustier than ever, and Wilks, always energetic, had gone to the public bathing place on the river in search of a swim. I had a letter to write, and Parker wandered round the hotel to kill time. Presently he thrust his face in at the door; it had lost its familiar lowering look and wore a bright and alert expression.

"I say," he ejaculated mysteriously, almost under his breath, "I've just found a bath-room in this blighted hole—bath full of tepid water, with a thermometer in it—clean, warmed towels on the rail—and all that. What shall I do?"

"Do!" I replied; "get into it, man! And let me know when you've finished."

He wasn't long, and came back looking wonderfully young and clean. The mail had just arrived and I had spent a few minutes over my letters before I also found the bath-room, following his directions. It was without exception the best I have ever been in—and, to my surprise, the big porcelain bath was half-full of tepid water, and a set of clean, newly-warmed towels hung on the rail. I took what the gods gave and asked no questions, but I wanted more cold water and experimented unsuccessfully with various levers in the wall. As a last hope I attacked a cart-wheel affair on the floor, and after a stiff struggle managed to turn it. A flood of cold water gushed in along one side of the bath, and it was all I could do to wrench the wheel round and stop the flow. As I did so, light came upon me in a flash—this was the Prince's bath, prepared for him a second time by his obsequious valet! It was the glorious certainty of the fact that made me enjoy that bath as I have never enjoyed a bath before or since. The cheap English tourists were one up on his Serene Highness, after all. Still I admit, when I had finished tubbing, I lost no time in getting back to the fourth floor again. I told Parker the great news, and we were just discussing it with rapture when Wilks came in, looking supremely dejected for the first time on the tour.

"The bathing place isn't open," he snarled. "Had all the fag of going there for nothing. What dirty beggars they are!"

"Not *all* of them," I replied. "Don't you worry, old chap;" and I described to him the position of the bath-room, and he was off like a hare. During his absence we thoughtfully packed our own bags and his. In ten minutes he returned, fresh as a mountain daisy and bubbling over with gratitude.

"What sort of a bath did you get?" I asked carelessly.

"A clinker!" he cried; "and it was all put ready for me, clean towels and everything. The only difficulty I had was with the cold water wheel arrangement on the floor."

"It *was* a bit stiff," I agreed.

"It turned on all right," said Wilks, "but I couldn't turn it off."

"What did you do?" we asked together.

"I left it," he answered simply.

"What time are we due at the station?" said Parker.

"Now!" I replied—and we took our bags and went.

As we descended the stairs with studied calmness, we heard electric bells continuously tingling on the first floor; a high-pitched arrogant voice raised in anger; oozy, servile tones answering imploringly. We came upon the proprietor leaping up the stairs and a stream of water leaping down them; and a couple of hours afterwards we crossed the border, with the secret satisfaction that we had "done" Germany at last.



A DULL DAY FOR OUR EDITORS.

"To-day he stands among the elect as a gem of the first water, that will mellow and improve with the passing years."
The Standard.

The gentleman who is hard up can explain in future that he has put aside his diamond ring to mature.

"The Master of Elibank, addressing Ulster Liberals yesterday in Belfast, said that the Home Rule question was a far wider question than it was."—*Irish Times.*

The great thing is to find out how wide it is, and then you can give a better guess at its present width.

"Wanted cash offers for six pairs smart prize-bred Borders, some fit show; exchange boots, blankets, overmantel, gold albert, Canary seed, side ornaments for marble clock, cuckoo clock, anything."—*Cage Birds.*

How about a packet of spoiled Form Fours?

"The harvest festival was held at Norbury Church on Friday last, the scared edifice being tastefully decorated with flowers, corn, etc."
Ashbourne Telegraph.

We have often been alarmed ourselves by some of the larger marrows.



SCENE—*Waiting-room at Dentist's.*
Fond Mother (as name of next victim is announced). "JUST DON'T THINK ABOUT IT, DARLING!"

MAIL-BAGS.

No. VII.—THE AVIATOR'S.

Jermyn St., W.

Kenneth Swayle, Esq.

DEAR SIR,—We have thought of an excellent idea of mutual advantage, which we beg to lay before you. *We* want advertisement; *you* no doubt are open to increase your income. If you will arrange that all press notices of your flights contain words such as "The intrepid airman alighted unscathed, coolly smoking a 'Rameses' cigarette," or "Before starting the imperturbable birdman put to his lips one of his inseparable companions, the famous 'Rameses' cigarettes," we are prepared to pay you a royalty of £5 per insertion in any high-class journal.

Yours faithfully,
THE PHARAOH TOBACCO CO.

(*Answer:* Mr. Swayle leaves all these details to his press agent. He understands that an offer of £1,000 a year certain has already been made for the same privilege.)

DEAR MR. SWAYLE,—It is very difficult for me to begin this letter. I have already torn up—oh, acres of writing-paper. Ever since your daring flight from Margate to Southend, I have been *thrilled* every time I have seen your photograph or your name in the papers. Perhaps you will guess now what is in my heart. You will remember how you came to see *The Girl from Jericho* and the whole house rose to cheer you; but I wonder if you will remember the little girl who took the part of *Fifi* and sang her heart out to *you* that night?

Yours always, MYRTLE VANDELEUR.

(*Answer:* Mr. Swayle leaves all these details to his press agent. Please fix up an appointment with him, when the matter will receive due consideration.)

DEAR SIR,—We have commissioned one of the foremost dramatists of the day to write us a bioscope drama which will centre round the rescue of an imprisoned heroine by aeroplane and a supposed flight from the Isle of Man to the coast of England. We shall be pleased to cast you for the leading part in this drama if you will sign the enclosed contract note. Yours faithfully,

THE NEW DRAMA TRADING CO., LTD.

(*Answer:* Mr. Swayle returns the contract note with some suggested alterations. A minimum edition of 5,000 films should be printed and gramophone records arranged to go with them.)

DEAR MR. SWAYLE,—Have you ever considered the possibilities of the political career which lies within your grasp? For a young man who can carry votes with him there are under-secretaryships and even higher posts waiting, and we are confident that at the next General Election your national popularity would prove a most valuable asset to our party. In my own mind I can foresee a seat on the Committee of National Defence being offered to you later on. Yours very truly,

GERVASE LANGDALE.

(*Answer:* Dear Lord Gervase,—My press agent reports favourably on your suggestion, and I shall be pleased to discuss the matter with you in person if you will call on me at 9.15 a.m. punctually on Thursday week.)

DEAR SWAYLE,—Turn us in a column of your views on the Bacon-Shakspeare balderdash this evening without fail, and I will tell my Editor to try and keep space for it in *The Daily Truth*.

Yours, BEN BUDGEN.

(*Answer by express messenger:* Dear Sir Benjamin,—Delighted! I am supposed to be the guest of the evening to-night at the Royal Society dinner, but I will throw that over and write the column for you. I hope your Editor will manage to keep the space open for it—last time, you remember, my article was crowded out by that interview with the man who stayed in bed for twenty years.)

THE POET IN THE HOUSE.

Of all the germs that infest and fill us
And change our being, we can't say how,
The worst is surely the verse-bacillus—
You didn't know that? Well, you know it now.
But since you are still inclined to doubt it
I 'll tell you a tale I 've heard about it.

Within the memory of men alive
And likely to live on for many years,
Last year, in fact, there dwelt in Shepherd's Bush
One Richard Hugglestone, a stock-broker.
He from the Bush each morn at half-past nine
Forth issuing took the tube, and so was borne,
Replete with breakfast, puffing at his pipe,
Unto his office in Threadneedle Street;
And there he broked—not always there, of course;
But sometimes in the very House itself,
Chaffing the jobbers, he would ease his mind,
And being chaffed and chaffing back again.
He knew the ways of shares; he knew, he knew
Debenture Bonds and all that they imply.
Contangoes he had faced and overcome;
Matched against backwardations had prevailed—
In fact he was a perfect business-man,
Wrapped up in markets, down on Socialists,
Loathing LLOYD GEORGE, and paying little heed,
Outside his shop, to anything but golf,
A game of bridge, and, every now and then,
His pair of nicely browned ejector guns.
Jorrocks he knew; he sometimes scanned the *Field*,
But as to poets and the stuff they write,
He took no sort of stock in them or it.

One cheerful summer morning, at something after eight,
Without the least foreboding he came upon his fate.
It was the hour of breakfast: the table had been spread
With sausages and bacon, with muffins, toast and bread;
With golden finnan-haddocks, whose steam as it arose
In puffs of keen aroma was wafted to his nose;
And several other dishes with which a man may sport
Who likes his breakfast British and cannot bear it short.
He tried them all, did Richard, for he was nobly geared
For feats of breakfast-daring: a haddock disappeared;
With strips of streaky bacon our hero followed on;
A fat split sausage went the way the other things had gone.
And in between he greatly strove to eat a muffin whole,
And filled some chinks with tongue and ham and others with a roll;
Which having done he took and drained his coffee to the dregs,
And, last, attacked a glowing dish of highly buttered eggs.
Now, as it chanced, the butter with which this dish was made
In certain paper-wrappings to the house had been conveyed.
One lot—they did not use it—had nestled in *The Times*;
The rest in sheets of Walker, his lexicon of rhymes.
And so the dish of buttered eggs, though Richard did not know it,
Was full of all the deadly germs that make a man a poet.

Without a thought he finished the dish;
And swift in his blood a tingling started
As of fiery stars that circled and darted
About and about without his wish.
His brain became
Like a ball of flame;
And "Apollo!" he shouted, "I 'm out for fame."
And so for the City he departed.

(All this was done by the *Rhymococcus*,
Which works in a way that well may shock us:
It pales your cheeks and furrows your brows and
Lays its eggs by the thousand thousand
All over your bones and sinews and muscles,
And in every one of your blood corpuscles;
And turns you from sober to moonstruck-silly,
And makes you a poet willy-nilly.)

I can't recount the dreadful tale—some things are better hid—
Of all the mad poetic things the wretched Richard did.
On every casual broker's clerk a ballad he bestowed;
He scared his partners pink and blue by mouthing them an ode.
His favourite jobbers fled from him: "Great Scott!" they told a friend,
"He 's given us all an awful turn and frightened us no end
By spouting yards and yards of rhymes." But what was really worse,
He would insist on making out his contract-notes in verse.
The Stock Exchange Committee met—the thing required dispatch—
And packed the poet off that day by car to Colney Hatch.

So of all the germs that infest and fill us,
And change our being, we can't say how,
The worst, I repeat, is the verse-bacillus—
You didn't know that? Well, you know it now!

R. C. L.

A BITTER ALOE.

PETER put out his tongue at the closing door.

Norman, flinging his book into the coal-box, said, "I don't want to see the blooming aloe!"

"Oo!" exclaimed Joan, "you naughty!—you swored!"

"I didn't swear, silly!" said Norman.

"It 's very vulgar!" said Margaret, with a grown-up air.

"It 's perfectly all right," said Norman petulantly. "If you 'd listened to Aunt Florence you 'd have heard that the aloe only blossoms once and then dies, and that it is now in bloom, and therefore it 's a blooming aloe."

"And it 's a blooming nuisance," remarked Peter.

"You 're both vulgar. Joan, we won't have anything to do with them. I think it is very sweet of Aunt Florence to take us to the Zoo to see the blossoming aloe; we might never see such a thing again. Besides, we shall be able to see the dear old owls and the elephant, Joan, and the camels and monkeys; *we* want to go and see the aloe at the Zoo, at any rate, don't we, Joan darling?"

"Let 's go now," said Joan, her eyes big circles of glittering excitement.

"No, dear, not now; next Saturday, Aunt Florence said."

"Idiot!" said Norman. "Can't you see it 's a plant?"

"I shall next Saturday," said Margaret, adding with some dignity, "I never did consider a blossoming aloe to be either an animal or a mineral."

"I s'pose you don't know what next Saturday is," said Peter from the window, with a sneer.

"The day Joan and I go with dear Aunt Florence to the Zoo, of course," replied Margaret sweetly.

"If you hadn't been idiot enough to let that squib off in your hair last year, and catch a cold as well, Margaret," said Norman savagely, "it would have been all right. But now the little dears must be kept out of danger, and taken to the Zoo for the afternoon and get home too late to do anything. What about our five bobs' worth of fireworks in the potting-shed, and the bonfire we 've been collecting? *Aloe!*"

"Aunt Flowence is horwid!" said Joan gloomily.



POPULAR SAYINGS ILLUSTRATED.

"TAKING HIS PLEASURES SADLY."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. W. B. MAXWELL, whose work is never less than interesting, has written in *The Rest Cure* (METHUEN) a story as clever and powerful as anything he has done yet, though it possibly will not rival his earlier books in popularity. It is a tale entirely of one man, *John Barnard*, the strong, self-made hero of a hundred triumphs, who, at the climax of his devastating progress through finance and politics to an assured peerage, is struck down by the collapse of heart and brain, and condemned to the torture of a "rest cure," to which only death can put an end. Not, you perceive, exactly a cheerful theme; yet there is more entertainment in it than might be suspected, especially in the earlier half, which tells of the meteoric rise of *Barnard*, his capture of the rubber market, and his marriage into the delightfully human family of *Lord Rathkeale*. It is after the break-down that my personal complaint against the author begins. The physical circumstances of *Barnard's* end are given us in altogether too painful detail. There exists to-day a school of clever writers whose apparent aim it is to bring the very odour of the chloroform into their pages; and I am sorry to find that Mr. MAXWELL, whose power as a story-teller is in need of no such questionable assistance, is here guilty of this lack of good taste, or, more politely, this lack of pathologic reticence. That the thing is, of course, supremely well done only makes my dislike for it the greater. As I say, however, the beginning of the story is excellent, the *Rathkeales* wholly charming, and the part about the genesis of the rubber-boom gives a touch of historic interest which should have for many readers a wistful fascination.

You will admit that it was vexing for *Jeannie*, the heroine of *The Sins of the Children* (MILLS AND BOON), who had married above her, and was enjoying her first dinner-party with her husband's people, when her low-born father suddenly dashed into the room on all-fours, having mistaken the house for the one next door, where there was a children's gathering. It was a bit disturbing for me, too, because I had been so long familiar with the original of this anecdote (about SOTHERN, wasn't it?) that its reappearance as the crisis of Mr. HORACE W. C. NEWTE'S story rather shook my faith in his creations. This was the more a pity because he has written about them in a style which would otherwise carry a good deal of conviction. *Jeannie*, as I have told you, married into a superior social plane, and as a consequence somewhat neglected her nice old father. That is part one. In part two *Jeannie*, now a widow, has a growing-up son who treats her in precisely the same fashion. When some reference was made to the future behaviour of this son's children, I began to ask myself where the book was likely to stop. However it ends, a trifle abruptly, by *Jeannie's* surrender to the arms of an old lover, who is the real hero of the tale—a strong Imperialist, with some pronounced views

(which I should like to thank Mr. NEWTE for letting him voice at such length) on the German Menace, and altogether a desirable person in every way. A clever and unusual piece of work which, but for the incident recorded above and some apparently very careless proof-reading, would have been altogether satisfactory.

In taking the love-affairs and adventures of *Sir Harry Frankland* and *Agnes Surriage*, and altering them to suit his requirements, Q. has placed another point to his credit account. Perhaps some of us who cannot have too many of his Cornish tales may regret that *Lady-Good-For-Nothing* (NELSON) is but mildly reminiscent of the Duchy. I doubt, however, if he has ever drawn a finer character than *Ruth Josselin*, and I am sure that the irregularities of life have never been treated with a greater tenderness and sympathy. In her childhood *Ruth*—a poor servant-girl—was a victim to the cruel spirit of New England Sabbatarianism, and while paying the penalty for a trifling offence was befriended by *Captain Vyell*, Collector of Customs for the Port of Boston, Massachusetts. To him she owed her escape from poverty, her education, and a time in which her only unhappiness was that she scarcely ever saw her benefactor. During these years his conduct—considering that he loved her—was admirably generous and restrained, and his lack of delicacy was not really disclosed until she agreed to marry him. For then he was totally unable to perceive, with her, that a ceremony of marriage performed by such a villainous clergyman as *Mr. Silk* must be more a pollution than a sanctification of their love. Her refusal of this mockery may stamp her as a pagan, but I think that when you read this fascinating story you will admit that she is a most adorable one. Q. has not always convinced me of the charm of his heroines, so I say all the more emphatically that *Ruth* possesses that rare and indefinable quality which wins both love and admiration.



IMPROBABLE SCENES.—V.

A MEETING OF WAITERS IN HYDE PARK PROTESTING AGAINST THE TIPPING SYSTEM.

We (for *Sport of Gods* was too good a thing to keep to oneself, and we read it aloud to each other) have only one small complaint to make, and that is that now and then the paragraphs incline to be too short and snappy. Otherwise, it combines all the merits of a most readable story, an engrossing plot well constructed, first-hand information of the Indian frontier given without pedantry, and the nicest ideas on all the current topics of the day in parenthesis. *Hukum Singh*, typical of the splendid Sepoy, won our instant admiration, and we loved *Major Brown* and *May Norman* from the first. We appreciated with concern the subtle problem of complex motives which kept them so long apart. Coming with reluctance to the end, "We are astounded," said we, "that in a book by a soldier all about soldiers no chance is missed of putting in a good word for any civilians who happen to be about. Moreover, are not all the characters, be they never so minor, delightfully portrayed? Let us be profoundly grateful to Whatever-his-rank-may-be H. VAUGHAN-SAWYER for writing this novel, and to Messrs. MILLS AND BOON for publishing it."

It is some time since I first read a book by Mr. REGINALD TURNER, but I well remember thinking that, if he were not actually among the big men, he was at least working on the right lines, and I had him marked down as worth watching. Consequently, when *Count Florio and Phyllis K.* (CHAPMAN AND HALL) came along, I anticipated, in spite of the obvious struggle for a smile in the title, that I should be able to report progress made. I am sorry to say that I cannot. Mr. TURNER seems to me to have turned back. He tells the story of the marriage of an Italian nobleman of ancient family with an American heiress. There are a few complications, some Yankee slang, and, very near the end, two surprises, one mild and the other ingenious though marred by improbability. These ingredients might conceivably make a good novel—Mr. HENRY JAMES has made use of very similar ones—but Mr. TURNER has not employed the skill which his earlier work shows him to possess. Perhaps he won't mind me very much, but so far as I am concerned he must buckle to, or I shall have to strike him off my list.

It is now many years since *Mr. Punch* threw open his pages to the inspired Pooter and printed therein that delightful *Diary of a Nobody* (actually by GEORGE and WEEDON GROSSMITH), thus starting it on its triumphant career. It now appears in a new edition, with commendatory epistles, ratifying the soundness of *Mr. Punch's* prevision, from two such illustrious somebodies as Lord ROSEBERY and Mr. BIRRELL. Lord ROSEBERY says that he considers a bedroom unfurnished unless it has a copy of this classic, while Mr. BIRRELL expresses his delight that the authors chose his name for a charwoman in their immortal pages. "I am *there*," he says. The new edition is for the pocket, and to adapt Lord ROSEBERY I may say that no pocket can be considered furnished without a copy of it.

"On the following Saturday, St. Paul's Cathedral will be—for the third time within a few months—the scene of the wedding of Mr. Detmar Blow, the well-known architect, to Miss Winifred Tollemache."—*Evening News.*

The bridegroom seems to marry rather frequently, but we hope the third time will be lucky.

"Lady has outgrown clothes for boy 13 years."—*Advt. in "The Lady."*

Then she must get some for a boy of 14 if she insists on dressing in this way.

CHARIVARIA.

Sir Edward Grey declared at Darlington that he saw no need for war. Unfortunately, however, this is a great age for luxuries.

***

The feeling that there will be a satisfactory outcome of the Conference grows in strength every day. The Earl Marshal is among the most optimistic. He has issued instructions to the Peers as to what they are to wear at the Coronation, as though there had never been any talk of their abolition.

***

Hanover Chapel, Peckham, at which Mr. Lloyd George has promised to deliver a farewell speech, is to be converted into a cinematograph theatre. We greatly hope that no such fate will befall the City Temple.

***

By the way, is not the Rev. R. J. Campbell really a little bit hard on his friend Mr. Lloyd George? He writes to *The Morning Post* to deny that the recent function at the City Temple had a political object. "Had the Press reported any other speaker than Mr. Lloyd George," Mr. Campbell goes on to say, "this would have been perfectly clear."

***

Diamonds are now 30 per cent. dearer than they were in 1908; and a lady writes to us from Park Lane to point out that this is one more example of how, under the present Government, the price of necessities continues to rise.

***

Mr. Henniker Heaton has addressed a letter to the Postmaster-General, setting forth sixty-two grievances against the present system—one for each year of the tireless reformer's life. We understand that, while the Postmaster-General hopes that Mr. Heaton may live to be 100, he trusts that this letter will not become an annual occurrence.

***

The recent railway riots in Cairo, it transpires, were organised by the Nationalist leaders in imitation of the French strike. The imitation was excellent, even down to the fiasco.

The Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, speaking at the Manchester Reform Club, said that he was delighted to see the announcement that Germany was not only not accelerating her naval programme, but rather retarding it; and he trusted that might be a preliminary step towards a reduction of armaments throughout the world. Seeing that the delay is to enable our German friends to forge still more formidable engines of destruction, Mr. Pease's faith—and that of the whole Pease party—is as beautiful as ever.



Golf Maniac. "And pray, Sir, what may your favourite recreation be?"
Hypochondriac. "Indigestion."

According to *The Times* the projects for the London Memorial to King Edward have now been reduced to two—a proposal by Lord Avebury for a central building for the University of London, and a scheme, supported by Lord Esher, for the erection of a museum of antiquities. We do hope that our love of compromise will not lead to the establishment of a University with nothing but antiques on the staff.

***

In consequence of Sir Edward Henry's having refused police assistance to shop-keepers whose windows are so attractively dressed as to draw a crowd, a number of tradesmen, it is said, intend, by way of protest, to refuse to dress their shop windows at all, leaving them in a state of absolute nudity. The police would then have to deal with the case.

"Since when," asks a writer in the *Eton College Chronicle*, "has it been the custom for lower boys and others who have no important position in the school to saunter about the fives courts and to watch field matches in top hats . . . in a way that would never have been tolerated a few years ago?" Tut! tut! This must be stopped.

At a recent dinner the tale was told of the Warwickshire yokel who, upon being asked if he knew what Shakspeare wrote for, replied that he thought he "wrote for the Bible." Curiously enough, Ben Jonson said of Bacon, "He has filled all Numbers."

Sir James Murray, of the Oxford English Dictionary, has been telling us how he had to write to various authors to ascertain the meaning of certain words they had used. It is rumoured that one of them replied that he had been relying on the Dictionary to tell him.

***

In connection with the retirement of Squadron-Corporal-Major Eggleton, of the Royal Horse Guards, a contemporary mentions that one of this champion swordsman's most sensational feats is to cut in two an apple resting on the neck of a kneeling assistant. We cannot help thinking that the kneeling assistant is also something of a hero.

***

Mr. Frederick Moore, we are told, has just completed seventy-five years' membership of the choir of St. Mary's, Stafford. How many choir-boys can make a similar boast?

***

The statement that each person in the United Kingdom receives sixty letters a year is, we hear, causing some trouble to the Postmaster-General. An old lady writes complaining that during the past twelve months she received only 58, and would like him to search for the others at once.

IN MEMORIAM.

William Agnew.

Born, 1825. Died, October 31, 1910.

Long had we missed you from your wonted place,
Missed from our Table what we held most dear,
The warm hand's lingering clasp, the kindly face,
The voice of genial cheer.

Now Death brings back the touch of filial ties,
The grace that set our younger hearts at ease,
The hours together under summer skies,
Afloat on summer seas.

For so we knew you, host and gentle friend;
And still you kept, by absence unestranged,
Through age and weakness, even to the end,
The charm that never changed.

But who shall say what closer memory clings
About the home where grief to-day is guest
Now you are gone who loved all lovely things,
But children's love the best? O. S.

The death of William Agnew leaves a void in an exceptionally wide circle of friends and of acquaintances made in divers avenues of life. The loss is most acutely felt round the "Old Mahogany Tree" where for more than thirty years the genial presence of William Agnew beamed from the end of the table facing the editor's chair. Among his guests at the Round Table during the greater part of the time were Tenniel, Du Maurier, Charles Keene and Linley Sambourne, whose footsteps towards the silent land William Agnew followed at so brief an interval. Of the literary staff were Frank Burnand, whose name is imperishably connected with *Punch*; Milliken, the prolific versifier; gentle Gil A'Beckett, his brother Arthur, "Toby, M.P.," and the Professor, relic of an earlier age, for awhile right-hand man of Shirley Brooks during his editorship. Of these only one now fills his accustomed chair. But many other members of the present staff sat for shorter periods at the Table with the host whose loss we mourn to-day.

William Agnew had a dual character, each side strongly marked. He was an exceedingly shrewd man of business, and, withal, he had the gentleness, in some aspects the simplicity, of a little child. No patron of the arts in modern times has exceeded his range. Among his *trouvailles* was the wondrous boy, Fred Walker, who, like Chatterton, died too soon. He was loth to part with some of the treasures purchased from the young painter. They hang to-day on the walls of his darkened house. It was characteristic of his generosity that seventeen years ago he presented to the National Gallery one of the best, "The Harbour of Refuge."

Picture buying and selling was his business, and he did it superlatively well; but he also loved art for its own sake with an unstinted devotion. Nothing delighted him more than to induce others to share the pleasure with which he looked at a masterpiece. One of the prettiest sights of the London season in days gone by was to see him personally conducting his old friend Mr. Gladstone through the rooms of the Royal Academy on the morning of the Private View Day, the great statesman listening attentively to the dicta of the master of an art other than politics.

But better than pictures William Agnew loved children. It was delightful to see him with a brood of grandchildren at his knee. Their company compensated for, and brought forgetfulness of, any worries of business or any signs of failing health that might beset him. His love of little ones was not confined to the circle of his own family. He went further afield, taking to his arms waifs and strays homed in the Children's Hospital at Manchester, and in the other in Great Ormond Street, London. Of one he was President, of the other Vice-President; to the funds of both a liberal contributor.

From early manhood he took a strong interest in politics, serving for many years as President of the Salford Liberal Association and of the Manchester Reform Club. When the rising tide brought Mr. Gladstone back to power in 1880, William Agnew came in on the crest of the wave, winning a seat in South-East Lancashire. In 1885 he was returned for the Stretford Division of the county. When in the following year Mr. Gladstone nailed the Home Rule flag to the Liberal masthead, the Member for Stretford, with hundreds of other Liberal Members, had to decide the momentous question—should they serve under it? William Agnew was not the man to desert what he regarded as a just cause, more especially when it was advocated by an old leader. He declared for Home Rule, was beaten at the poll, and never more sat in the House of Commons. Tardy recognition of political and public service was rendered when in 1895 he was created a Baronet.

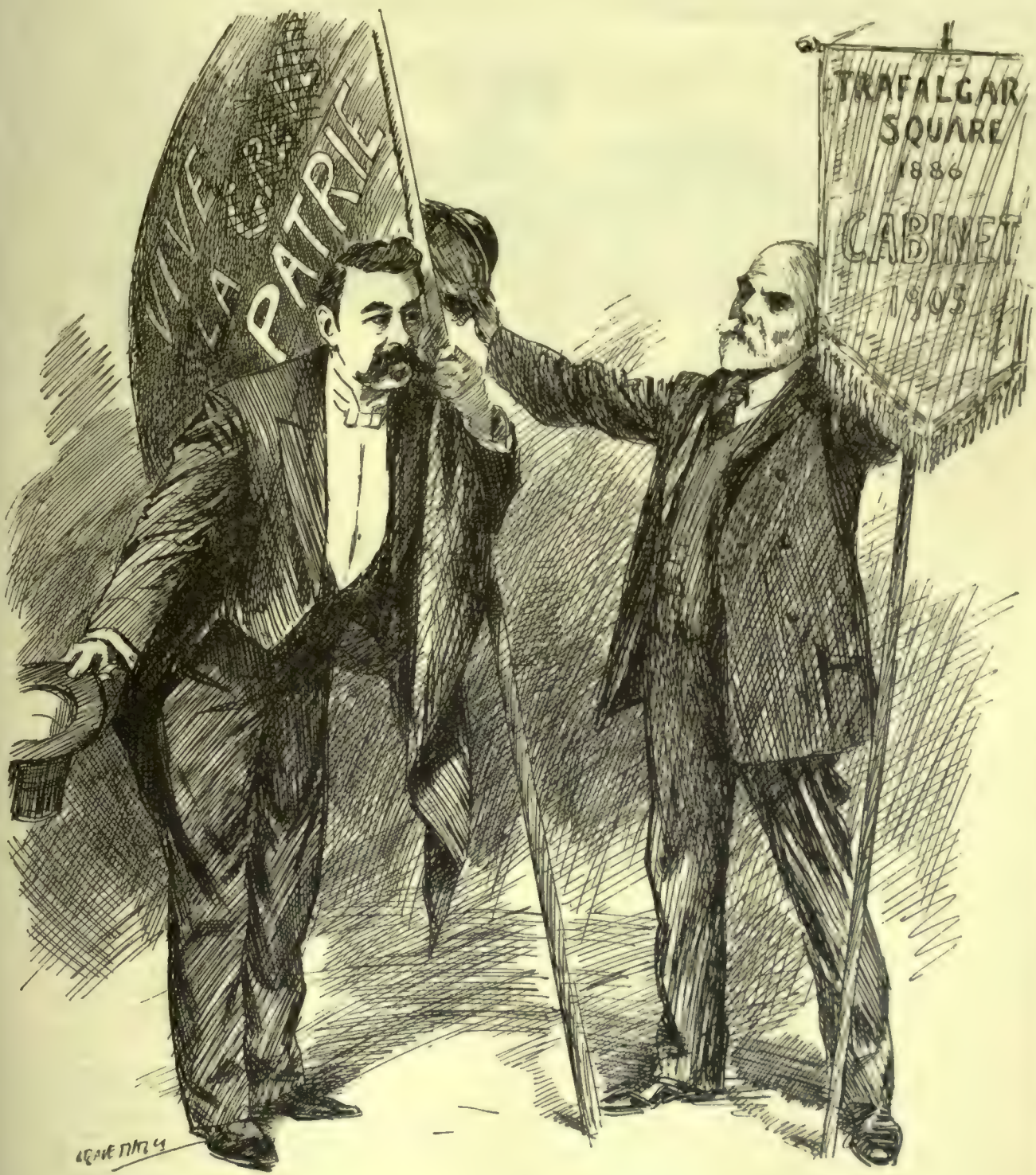
His long life, for the greater part absorbed with strenuous labour, had in it comparatively little of sorrow. It was darkened by the death of the sweet and gracious lady who for more than 40 years was the companion and light of his home. But he was happy and fortunate in the legacy of her children. For some years he dwelt in retirement, taking pleasure in his yacht and his pictures, and an abiding interest in public affairs.

After a few days' illness death came to him gently. He passed away without pain—a tired body settling itself to sleep. He was dowered with all that should accompany old age, as honour, love, obedience, troops of friends.

H. L.

THE TRUE ARISTOCRATS.

There is not, I believe, an illustrated Debrett, and, therefore, one does not know what peers look like: one has no opportunity of passing them all in review and acquiring a composite concept. This surely is an omission, although as to whether it is better for the chances of the House of Lords, or worse, I would not care to hazard an opinion. But, although Debrett and the camera fail us among the salt of our own kind, Miss L. C. Smythe and the camera show no such timidity with the salt of another kind; and the result is that in a little shilling book called *The Pekingese* which has wandered my way I am provided with a portrait gallery of lazy, insolent, capricious, imperious noblemen and noblewomen, beside which the sons of a thousand kings would appear anxious and plebeian. Page after page it is the same: always the commanding superciliousness of the patrician. Now and then it rises to a superb and almost terrifying height, as in Champion Chu-ërh of Alderbourne, and Champion Broadoak Beetle, and Heitzu of Tisbury, and Garnons Luchu, and Tuan of Blacklands, and Peiching Pu-yi, and Nan-Tye of Newnham, and Como Muh Sing, and Puck of Alderbourne, and Champion Chin Lu, and Cupid of Eppingdale. These, one instinctively feels, are tyrants one and all. Their moods are law. No such array of mere men and women could be possible; for even the handsomest and loveliest of *us* have a defect somewhere.



ANOTHER GOOD MAN GONE RIGHT.

Mr. John Burns (*to the* French Premier). "BRAVO, BRIAND! A MAN AFTER MY OWN HEART!"





Miss Smith. "NOW, MADGE, TELL ME, WHICH WOULD YOU RATHER BE—PRETTY OR GOOD?"
Madge (promptly). "I WOULD RATHER BE PRETTY, MISS SMITH; I CAN EASILY BE GOOD WHENEVER I LIKE TO TRY."

THE SPARROW.

LET others from the feathered brood
Which through the garden seeks its food
Pick out for a commending word
Each one his own peculiar bird;
Hail the plump tit, or fitly sing
The finch's crest and flashing wing;
Exalt the rook's black satin dress-coat,
The thrush's speckled fancy waistcoat;
Or praise the robin, meek but sly,
For breast and tail and friendly eye—
These have their place within my heart;
The sparrow owns the larger part,
And, for no virtues, rules in it,
My reckless cheerful favourite!
Friend sparrow, let the world contemn
Your ways and make a mock of them,
And dub you, if it has a mind,
Low, quarrelsome, and unrefined;
And let it, if it will, pursue
With harsh abuse the troops of you
Who through the orchard and the field
Their busy bills in mischief wield;
Who strip the tilth and bare the tree,
And make the gardener's face to be
Expressive of the words he could,
But must not, utter, though he would
(For gardeners still, where'er they go,
Whate'er they do, in weal or woe,
Through every chance of life retain
Their ancient Puritanic strain;
Tried by the weather they control
Each day their angry human soul,
And, by the sparrow teased, may tear
Their careworn locks, but never swear).
Let us admit—alas, 'tis true—
You are not adequately few;
That half your little life is spent
In furious strife or argument;
Still, though your wickedness must harrow
All feeling souls, I love my sparrow;
Still, though I oft and gravely doubt you,
I really could not do without you.
Your pluck, your wit, your nonchalance,
Your cheerful confidence in chance,
Your darting flight, your bouts of play,
Your chirp, so sociable and gay—
These, and no beauty soft or striking,
Make up your passport to my liking;
And for your faults I 'll still defend you,
My little sparrow, and befriend you.

MUSIC AND MUSCLE.

THE interesting information about Mr. COATES's physical strength communicated to the public by the Press agent of the Beecham Opera Company, has opened the eyes of many unthinking persons who have hitherto confounded art with effeminacy. As a matter of fact, the day of the weakling virtuoso is long past, and singers, instrumentalists, composers and conductors now vie with each other in their devotion to field sports and athletic pastimes.

Mr. COATES's speciality is that of weight-lifting. In the last Act of *Tiefland* he shoulders the heroine and starts off for the mountains at the double. But this is nothing to what Mr. COATES can do when pressed. On one occasion, when Mr. MARK HAMBOURG was playing the pianoforte in his house, Mr. COATES, in a fit of absent-mindedness, seized the instrument by the left hind leg and lifted it seven feet into the air. The extraordinary part of the performance, however, was that Mr. MARK HAMBOURG, by a supreme act of unconscious levitation, went on playing all the time until his Herculean host had lowered the pianoforte to its pristine position.

M. PADEREWSKI is addicted to punching the ball, pole jumping, and high diving. Sir FREDERICK BRIDGE can throw a fly further than any other Mus. Doc. within the four seas—no small achievement as any one who has tried it will readily admit. In his youth Sir HUBERT PARRY was a redoubtable cricket player, and on one occasion hit the ball so hard that it broke in two, one portion being caught by cover-point, while the other went to the boundary. The umpire, when appealed to, was so bewildered that he called "no ball," and shortly afterwards went into the wine trade.

Sir CHARLES STANFORD of late years has taken to tossing the caber and may sometimes be seen practising in Kensington Gardens with this formidable implement, or skimming across the Round Pond in his hydroplane. Mr. HENRY WOOD attributes his success as a conductor largely to his proficiency in "flag-wagging," which dates back to the time when he was attached as honorary signaller to the Cossacks of the Ukraine during their manœuvres in the Caucasus. Mr. WOOD also excels in Græco-Roman wrestling, ski-ing, and throwing the hammer. On one memorable occasion, when a refractory violin player refused to obey his orders, he seized the rebel by the scruff of the neck and hurled him clean through the bass drum, which was standing some twenty feet off.

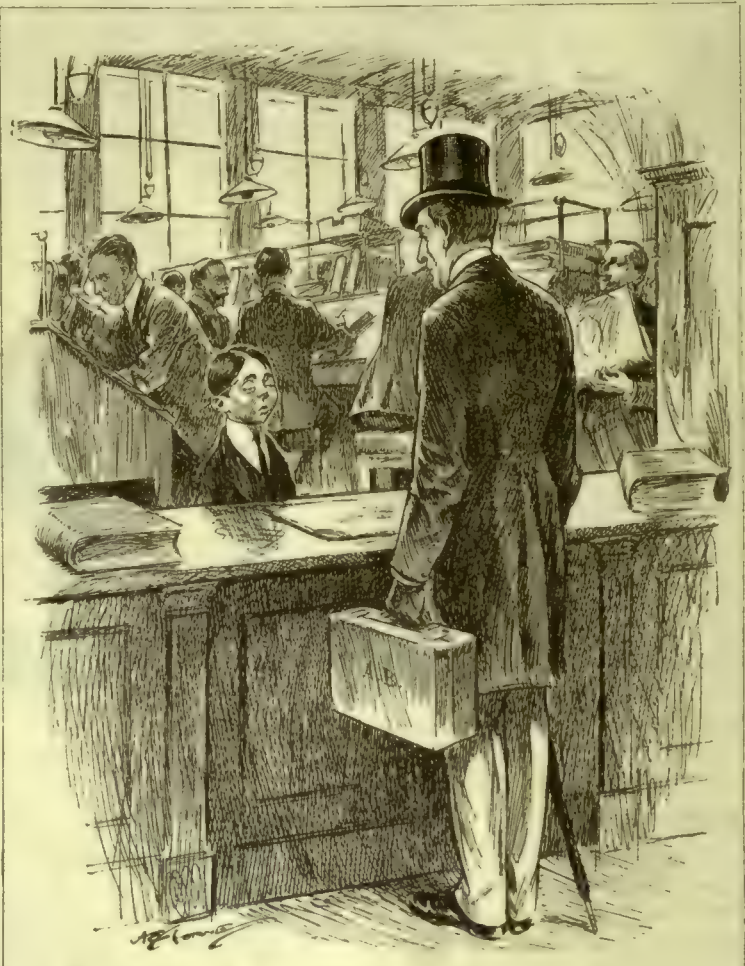
It is perhaps needless to remark that the strongest of all our musical strong men is Mr. MAX BAMBERGER. From earliest childhood he was famed for his pugilistic prowess, and when Sir Pompey Macmurdo declined to entertain Mr. BAMBERGER'S suit for his daughter's hand, the intrepid violinist challenged him to a duel with cavalry sabres, disarmed him at the first encounter, and secured his consent to the marriage before leaving the field of honour. Since then he has wrestled with rogue elephants in the Mofussil, he has fought single-handed with twenty terrorists in Nijni Novgorod, he has swum the rapids at Niagara, he has ridden snapping turtles in the swamps of Florida, and been interviewed by Mr. RAYMOND BLATHWAYT.

Strength, again, is admirably represented on the spindle side of the profession. Madame MELBA, who spent her early years in the bush, acquired a skill in throwing the boomerang which has on more than one occasion stood her in good stead. Thus, when she was once singing at Buenos Ayres a troublesome *gaucho* indulged in cat-calls in the gallery. The officials had tried in vain to silence or remove him. At last Madame MELBA begged to be allowed to deal with him herself, and with one beautifully aimed shot, which struck the offender full on the nose, completely saved the situation. As the *gaucho* afterwards observed in the picturesque dialect of his kind: "It was the finest slosh on the gob I ever got."

Miss MAGGIE TEYT, whose brilliant success on the Lyric boards has been one of the outstanding features of the autumn season, is also an athlete of no mean powers. At golf her handicap is

$$\text{HO}^2 \times \frac{\gamma - 4}{\phi + \beta},$$

and she has already frequently outdriven the Grand Duke MICHAEL. She has also invented a new club called the Mashie-Bazouk, which is invaluable in dislodging the ball from foggy lies.



THE COMMERCIAL "WE."

"CAN I SEE MR. DOODLE, PLEASE?"
"WE PARTED WITH MR. DOODLE THREE WEEKS AGO, SIR."

"With regard to additional school accommodation, the Education Committee recommend a scheme by which the total number of school places will be increased by 12,653. On the basis of £30 per place, this will involve a capital expenditure of £30."—*Morning Leader.*

It doesn't work out to so much as we should have expected.



Breathless Urchin. "YOU 'RE—WANTED—DAHN—OUR—COURT—AND BRING A HAMB'LANCE!"
Policeman. "WHAT DO YOU WANT THE AMBULANCE FOR?"
Urchin. "MUVVER'S FOUND THE LIDY WOT PINCHED OUR DOORMAT!"

THE WORM THAT TURNED.

A MAN like the Reverend Percival Hayward ought not to be allowed to exist, not at least without a licence. Every time he produces one of his mathematical problems at the dinner-table the licence ought to be endorsed, and when the licence has been endorsed three times it ought to be cancelled, and the Reverend Percival Hayward cancelled with it. As it is, in the present lax state of the law, he is allowed to run about loose, inflicting grievous mental harm among his fellow-men. It is only every now and then that he is baffled by people like George.

"It is very odd," he began his last offence, "it is very odd how deceptive figures are."

"We will take your word for that," I answered. "Get along with the problem you want us to guess wrong about."

"Take, for instance," he continued, unabashed, "the case of the worm and the four volumes of the Encyclopædia placed side by side. There were five hundred pages in each volume, and the worm besides in Volume I."

"A sort of bonus for the purchaser," suggested Henry, "instead of the usual five per cent. discount for cash?"

"The worm started at page 1 of Volume I., took its time and worked through to page 500 of Volume IV. There it stopped. How many pages in all did the worm pass through?"

There was a short interval of silent and dark suspicion, while we engaged in rapid calculations.

"Four times five hundred is two thousand," said Henry, gazing at the Reverend Percival Hayward with distrust. "You want us to guess two thousand. Obviously it was two thousand, but we are not going to guess that. Try twenty."

The Reverend Percival turned to me, a little disappointed. "It was not two thousand," he said, as one who has a grievance, "but to say twenty is absurd."

I took my turn. "Don't let 's spoil the ship for a ha'p'orth of tar," said I, recklessly; "I guess two million."

The searcher for information turned away in disgust. "It is your turn, George," he muttered, "and you, at any rate, have reached years of discretion. What do you think about it?"

"You say there were four volumes?" asked he.

"Yes," answered the Reverend Percival, brightening a little.

"And five hundred pages in each?"

"Yes."

George stared stolidly and solemnly at him and gave the matter full consideration. "For my part," he announced at last, "I don't believe the worm ever did it."

"With this book Mr. Forster seems to us to have arrived, and, if he never writes another line, his niche should be secure."—*The Standard.*

We hope Mr. FORSTER will go on writing, and risk it.

"This afternoon the semi-finals were played off and proved somewhat disappointing, both the winners securing victories."—*The Englishman.*

Yes, one expects something less commonplace than that.

SIC.

NOT TO SAY "AD NAUSEAM."

(*Being extracts from to-morrow's issue.*)

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE invasion of Germany by the allied forces of Montenegro and Iceland commenced yesterday, the negotiations for peace, which, it will be remembered, were all but brought to a successful conclusion on lines drawn up by *The Daily Mail*, having suddenly broken down. The Commander-in-Chief of the allied armies telegraphs to *The Daily Mail*:—

"DAILY MAIL, London: We advance on Berlin to-night. The spirit of the troops is excellent, and they are much encouraged by the interest which *The Daily Mail* is taking in their cause."

In Berlin equal enthusiasm prevails. Asked for a message to *The Daily Mail*, the KAISER said:—

"The men are eagerly reading the Continental Edition of *The Daily Mail* for news of the enemy. Germany will not disappoint *The Daily Mail*."

The Daily Mail will publish a special mid-day edition, while the war lasts, containing the daily messages from the opposing generals, kings, foreign secretaries, chancellors, etc., etc., to *The Daily Mail*.

The revolution in China was successfully accomplished yesterday morning, as forecasted in *The Daily Mail* on Monday last, and recorded in the later editions of *The Daily Mail* of Wednesday. The President of the new republic cables to *The Daily Mail*:—

"DAILY MAIL, London.—I rejoice to announce to the world through *The Daily Mail* the final triumph of liberty and justice in my country. *The Daily Mail* has always been the friend of China, and the new China is grateful to it to-day."

A long message from the exiled emperor to *The Daily Mail* is unfortunately crowded out, but will appear in to-morrow's *Daily Mail*.

The Daily Mail's great feat of announcing the accession of King GEORGE to all the rulers of the Great Powers simultaneously is still talked of in diplomatic circles. *The Daily Mail* cable, it will be remembered, ran thus:

"*The Daily Mail* has the honour to inform you on behalf of English people of accession of his Majesty King GEORGE V.—DAILY MAIL."

The Daily Mail's message forestalled by many weeks the official announcements to the different courts, and was but one more instance of the prominent part played by the press (represented in this case by *The Daily Mail*) in modern politics.

THE COLONIES.

The opening of the first parliament in the Straits Settlements was performed yesterday amid manifestations of intense loyalty; expressions of gratitude to *The Daily Mail*, which had insisted on this form of government, being heard on every hand. The ceremony was a simple one, messages to *The Daily Mail* from all the Ministers being read, and the parliament being then declared open.

The Daily Mail has received official notification from the Colonial Office of the resignation of a certain well-known Governor, and the name of his successor. *The Daily Mail* refuses at all times to circulate rumours lacking definite confirmation, and this particular rumour seems to be altogether without foundation, no messages to *The Daily Mail* having come through to *The Daily Mail* office from either the Governor or his alleged successor.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

The marriage between Sir Julius Bupp and Lady Mary Milberry was solemnised yesterday at St. George's, Hanover Square, before a large and fashionable congregation. Asked during the service for a message to *The Daily Mail* the bride said: "I think it is going off splendidly." The clergyman who officiated, the bridegroom, and the best man also added a few words for publication in *The Daily Mail*.

A son was born to the Countess of Pimlico last night at Cadogan Square. Up to the time of going to press no message to *The Daily Mail* had been received from either the future earl or his mother.

SCIENCE.

Communication with Mars has at last been established, Professor Onoto getting the first message through shortly after three o'clock, before a large company, including the representative of *The Daily Mail*. The opening message was one of greeting from *The Daily Mail*, as representing this planet, to the inhabitants of Mars, and ran thus:—

"DAILY MAIL, London, to Mars: *The Daily Mail* sends greeting from Earth to Mars.—DAILY MAIL."

It is anticipated that this message from *The Daily Mail* will be posted on the banks of all the canals throughout the planet.

NEWS FROM THE PROVINCES.

The Great Earwig War in East Sussex, to which *The Daily Mail* was the first to give prominence, is arousing such widespread interest that *The Daily Mail* has telegraphed to some five hundred well-known people, asking for their views on the advisability of instituting a similar campaign against other noxious animals. We print some of their replies to *The Daily Mail*:—

"Think *Daily Mail's* suggestion very good.—SELFRIDGE."

"*The Daily Mail's* suggestion is most valuable.—GAMAGE."

"I am entirely with *The Daily Mail* in this matter.—SANDOW."

Other replies to *The Daily Mail* from the Archbishop of Canterbury, the First Sea Lord, the Lord Chamberlain, the President of the Royal Academy, the Prime Minister, the Leader of the Opposition and several royalties are unfortunately crowded out.

STOP PRESS NEWS.

An extraordinary case is reported from Hertfordshire this morning. A representative of *The Daily Mail* called upon a gentleman, who shall remain nameless (though he has a certain reputation as a writer), and asked him for a message to *The Daily Mail* in regard to his forthcoming book. He replied that he would be—that, in fact, he had no message to give *The Daily Mail*; that (as far as our representative could make out) he did not like *The Daily Mail*; that he could get on perfectly well without *The Daily Mail*; and that if ever he did want to communicate with the world through the press he would avail himself of the columns of some other paper than *The Daily Mail*. His relatives are extremely anxious about his condition, and a mental specialist has been summoned.

A. A. M.

The Dundee Courier informs us that "at a recent Suffragette social one of the fair workers in the cause of woman's freedom was heard to remark:—'You see, I cannot speak in public . . . But I always go out at night when a meeting is about to be held and chalk notices on the pavement with my husband.'" It seems a clumsy way. Why not do it with an ordinary piece of chalk?

"To-night an exhibition of hand-bell ringing . . . will take the place of the usual Happy Evenings for the People."—*Irish Times.*

Bad luck.

"But there was that in human nature which brought men together when they met."

Liverpool Daily Post.

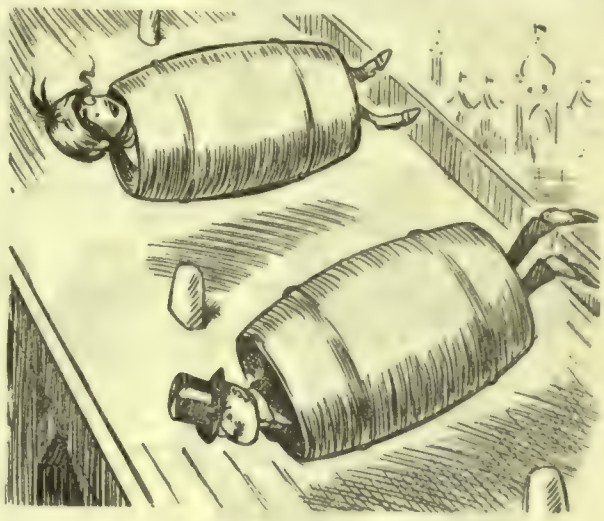
Human nature, as we have often said before, is a wonderful thing.

THE PROMISE OF MAY (1911).

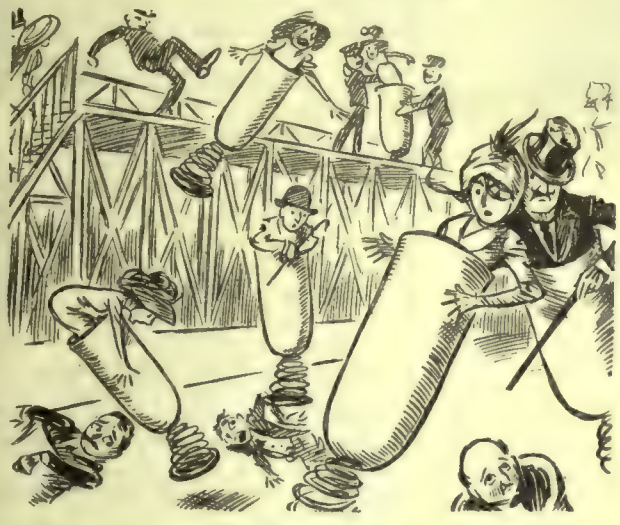
We hear that, in consequence of the great success at Shepherd's Bush of the Wiggle-Woggle, Little Cyclone, and other devices for producing acute physical enjoyment, we may expect at next year's Exhibition the kind of entertainment adumbrated below: –



Arrival of Pleasure-Seekers.



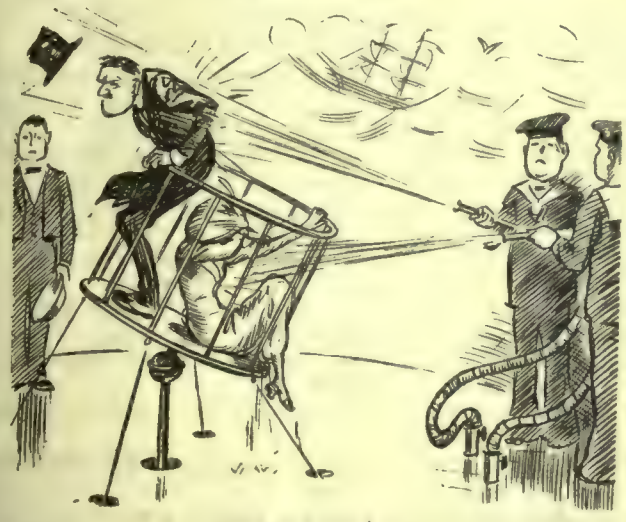
The Roley-poley.



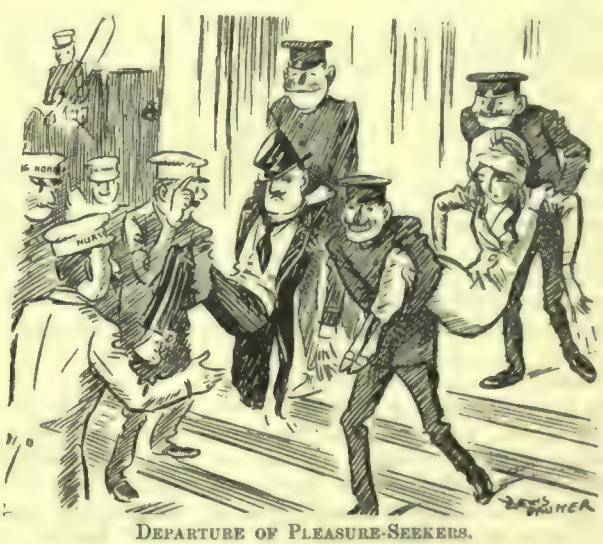
The Umpty-bumpty



The Twirley-whirley.



The Sea-blizzard.



Departure of Pleasure-Seekers.



Mr. Margarine (on hired mount, riding in spurs for the first time, soliloquises). "I PRESUME THIS ANIMAL 'ASN'T NEVER BEEN RIDDEN BY A GENTLEMAN BEFORE."

THE OLD G.P.O.

ST. MARTINS-LE-GRAND stands desolate.

I love the old place, for I've done business there for many years. I remember once being greatly touched when an official behind the counter—whether by accident or not, I cannot say—said "Thank you!" to me. From the day, in my early boyhood, when I asked at the counter for a free supply of stamp-edging (of which I was a keen collector at the time) to only last Thursday, when I cashed a postal order for 3*s.* 6*d.*, which I had received from one of our great dailies for a little effort from my pen, I have only once failed to obtain there what I asked for, and that was on the former of the two occasions I have mentioned.

In my early years I learnt that one could always rely on obtaining one's postage stamps quite fresh at St. Martins-le-Grand, and the flavour of the gum was superior; and, just as we always get our provisions from the Stores, we always get our stamps and postal orders from the General Post Office. As my wife has so truly put it, when talking of this rule of ours, "the best is good enough for us."

It is natural to feel more confidence in dealing with headquarters than with branches, and the trust I have placed in the G.P.O. has rarely been betrayed. How prompt and accurate they are there. MSS. posted at the G.P.O., I find, come back with astonishing celerity. True, a letter I posted in '86 to a friend in Brussels was delivered in November, 1908, to a person of similar name in Aberdeen; but I do not complain of that. I made £1 2*s.* 7*d.* by paragraphing the incident for the press, so I have no grievance.

I shall not feel so happy in the new building, I know. If my friends do not hear from me very often in future, I hope they will understand. And will editors kindly note that payment by cheque will henceforth give me less heartache than by postal order?

THE CALL.

How nobly on that pious afternoon
I started forth, how splendidly arrayed!
In silken hat and patent leather shoon,
And creases sharp on either pantaloon,
And robe befringed with braid,

To call on Mrs. Thompson, 92
Carnarvon Terrace (terraces be blowed!);
I happened on a bus of pleasing hue,
And travelling on its top admired the view
And reached Carnarvon Road.

There first of all a faint forgetfulness
(Born of the dying leaves that fringed the path)
Took me of Mrs. Thompson's true address;
"What was the actual site?" I murmured, "Bless!
I had it in my bath.

"I knew it all the morning; I could swear
I nursed it when I started, unforgot;
Yonder is 92 Carnarvon Square,
A fine commodious house: she might live there."
She might, but she did not.

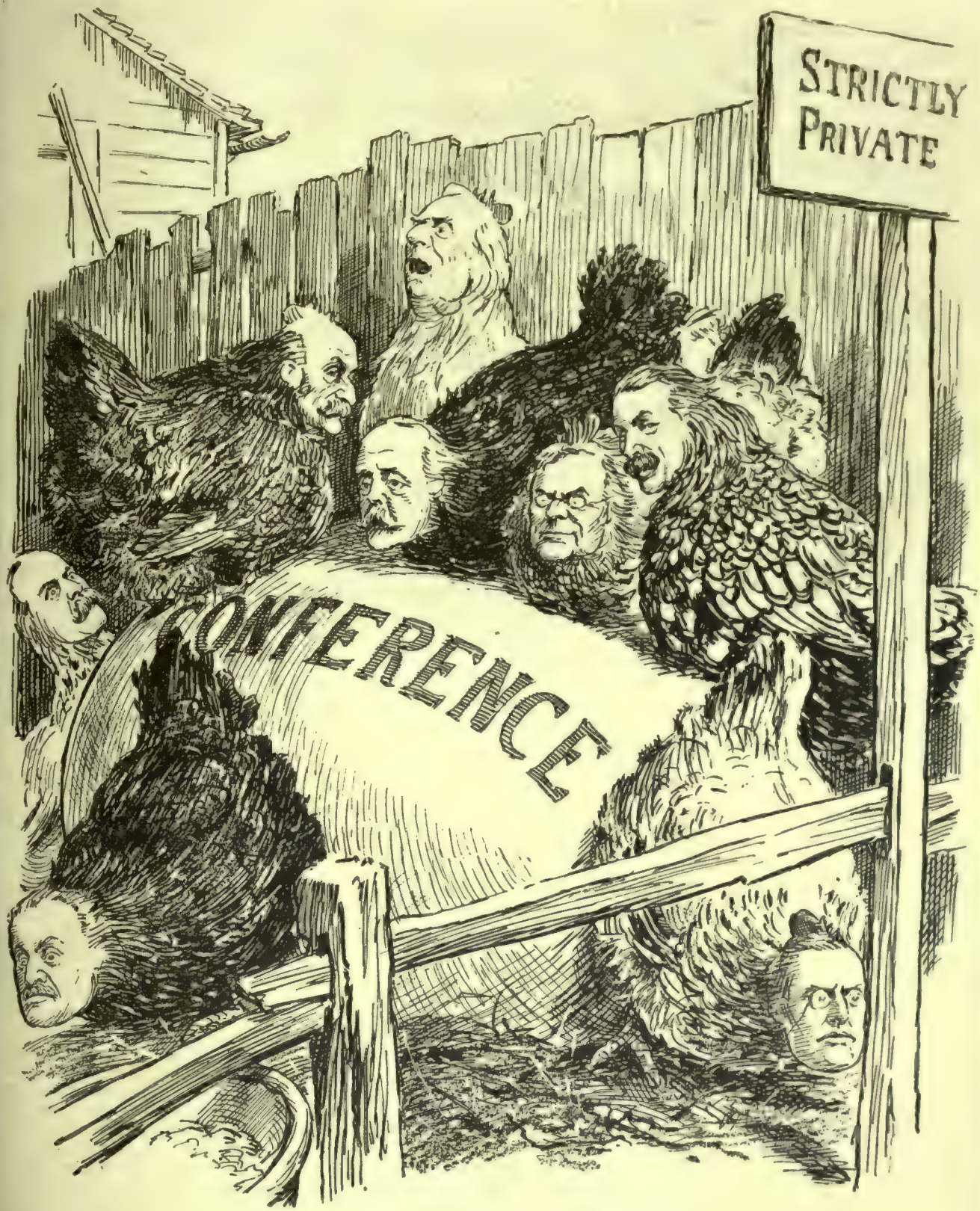
I flushed Carnarvon Avenue, I clomb
Carnarvon Hill, I ventured to explore
Carnarvon Flats, imperious pleasure dome,
Where Alf, the sacred porter, stood at home
Behind his burnished door.

So hour by hour I trod the mazy round,
And mild policemen watched compassionate
As gravel sweep on gravel sweep I ground,
And servants bade me bootlessly rebound
From gate to clanging gate.

On half a score of bells I smote amain,
From half a score of mansions turned to flee;
Where'er Carnarvon wove its winding bane
(Except Carnarvon Terrace), racked with pain
I trumpeted for tea.

This was a month agone, and time does fly;
Therefore I've penned these verses of regret,
Hoping that, if they chance to catch her eye,
They may explain to Mrs. Thompson why
I have not called there yet.

EVOE.



THE SITTERS.

Leading Fowl. "STICK TO IT, ALL! ONLY ONE WEEK MORE!"



SOME MORE HOPEFUL "CONFERENCES." No. II.—MISTRESS AND MAID.

WE FEEL CONFIDENT THAT THE NATURAL ENEMIES DEPICTED ABOVE MIGHT ALSO FIND MUCH COMMON GROUND, AND ARRIVE AT A SETTLEMENT OF MANY OUTSTANDING QUESTIONS. (WHETHER THE "FOLLOWERS" OF ANY OF THE "PARTIES" CONCERNED WOULD BE SATISFIED IS ANOTHER MATTER.)

OUR PRIZE NOVEL IN TABLOID.

MESSRS. Boomer & Boomer have pleasure in presenting a tabloid version of their £125 Prize Mystery Novel, by Mr. "Guy Cliffe-Warwick," a young author hitherto unknown to fame. It will be observed by the extracts from reviews which they quote that no author of recent years has received a heartier welcome from the Press. When their representative called on Mr. Cliffe-Warwick at his combined room near Battersea Park, to inform him of the result of the competition, the young novelist expressed himself with the engaging terseness that seems to be the peculiar attribute of great men. "This *is* a bit of all right," he said, "for I was just on my uppers. Please don't cross the cheque." We predict a triumphant career for the latest comer in successful fiction.

RED PAINT.

A Mystery Novel by Guy Cliffe-Warwick.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

The Light in the Studio.

Hermia Hemstitch passed quickly out of Hampstead Town Hall, and without a moment's hesitation directed her steps towards Frognal Gardens. Her home did not lie there, but to-night she was mad—mad! The blood burned in her veins. She was sick of the subscription dance, sick of the young clerks in made-up ties who asked her if she rinked. She thought nothing of the youth to whom she had promised the fourth extra. Pah! ("The style is brisk and exhilarating." —*Daily Telegraph.*)

Turning into Frognal Gardens, she stopped. A mischievous gleam came into her eyes. Was not that the studio of Dedrick Dauber, the youthful R.A.? There was a light in it. Ah! Running swiftly down the gravel path, she knocked at the door. A rattle of bolts and chains, and it was opened by Dedrick himself, a fair-haired giant of twenty-one, if as much. Squarely built, he still found time to play three-quarter-back for the Corinthians—a man indeed! ("Full of grip and go."—*The Gentlewoman.*)

"Oh, if you please," said Hermia, dropping a coy curtsey, "I 'm the new model." And without waiting for a reply she brushed past him and entered the studio.

For a moment the athlete-artist stood amazed. Then a happy smile crept up from under his golden moustache.

"This is *it!*" he said. "The face I have been waiting for for years. Little star," and he gazed up into the blue dome of the heavens, "I thank

thee." ("If there is one person we like more than his heroine, it is his hero."—*Newcastle Chronicle.*)

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

"Who steals my purse steals trash."

Coming back from the subscription ball at 2 p.m., Mrs. Cateye-Smith, with the Misses Cateye-Smith, those plain and elderly virgins, were passing through Frognal Gardens when Letitia Cateye-Smith grasped her mother's tulle sleeve. "Mother!" she gasped. "My dear—how you frightened me!" "Look!"

All three looked. There, coming along the gravel path of Dedrick Dauber's residence, was a well-known figure—that of Hermia Hemstitch, the girl all the men were mad about. They held their breath. Hermia, on reaching the pavement, picked up her skirts and ran. She had not seen them. The three ladies looked at each other. Oh, what a scandal for Hampstead! Chuckling with glee, they hurried home. ("The frailties of human nature are laid bare on his canvas with an unsparing brush."—*Church Times.*)

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

By whose hand?

We must return to the hour of 1.30 A.M. P.C. Bigboots ("His work is punctuated with a delicate and lively wit"—*Daily Chronicle*), passing through Frognal Gardens on his nightly rounds, suddenly stopped, and, stooping down, shone the light of his bull's-eye lantern upon a form that lay still and mute on the pavement in a pool of blood. It was that of a portly, well-preserved gentleman of fifty. "Murder!" muttered P.C. Bigboots. By the corpse lay a handkerchief. He examined it. It bore the name of "Dauber." "Now," said P.C. Bigboots, "what would 'Olmes do?" He considered. "Say nothing." He put the handkerchief in his pocket, blew his whistle, and with the help of two other constables conveyed the body to the mortuary. Still saying nothing, P.C. Bigboots retired to rest. After a day or two he began to have misgivings about his silence. London was in a fever about the murder. Who could have done it? At length, slowly, almost reluctantly, P.C. Bigboots produced the incriminating handkerchief—and was promptly dismissed from the Force. Too late, they went to find Dauber. He had vanished, and a large To LET board leaned drunkenly over his garden railings. But Hermia had been seen, and late that night two heavily-built men called at her residence and enclosed her wrists in bracelets of the kind that harbour no jewels and rarely find their way to Attenborough's. ("Abounds in picturesque touches."—*Standard.*)

CHAPTER THE LAST.

The Verdict.

The Old Bailey was crowded to repletion. ("He has a masterly grip of the English language."—*British Weekly.*) The atmosphere of that ancient fane can generally be cut with a knife, but now it was more so. ("His simple diction delights us."—*The Rock.*) Heavy, sulphurous clouds hung in yellow masses overhead. The air was stifling.

In the dock, pale but composed, sat Hermia Hemstitch. ("I love, oh, I love, how I love the girl!"—JAMES DOUGLAS in *The Star.*) The judge was just concluding his summing-up.

"And now, gentlemen," he said, glancing at the jury, "we come to what seems to be the most incriminating part of the evidence: Why did Hermia Hemstitch visit Dedrick Dauber at midnight? We have heard that she was seen to leave his studio at two in the morning. What was she doing there? Gentlemen, I will now dismiss you to consider your verdict."

But at that moment a shout rang through the court. "Hear me. I *will* be heard!" Stalwart policemen, boxers most of them, fell back like corn before the sickle, and a strange figure burst on the vision of judge, jury and spectators. "Hear me, my lord! I am Dedrick Dauber!" ("A graphic story."—*Wexford Examiner.*)

Dauber! A thrill ran through the court. *Dauber!*

White as death, unkempt and with bloodshot eyes, the young artist was assisted into the witness-box. "Now," said the judge, "what have *you* to say, Mr. Dauber?"

"I will tell you." He pulled at his collar. "Tell you." He gazed round the court. His eyes met Hermia's. "Remember my reputation," hers seemed to say. ("You *must* read this book, dear."—"Madge" in *Truth.*)

"My lord, I had been working late, finishing one of my Academy pictures, when there came a knock at my studio door. I opened it. There stood Miss Hemstitch. ("Thrills you."—*Southport Visitor.*) 'Come!' she cried. 'Something has happened!' I followed her. On the pavement without lay the body of a man, bleeding and insensible. 'Stanch the blood,' I said to Miss Hemstitch, handing her my handkerchief, 'and wait here,' and I ran up the road to fetch a doctor. Hardly had I turned the corner when I was seized, bound, drugged, and placed in a motor-car by three masked men. ("We found it impossible to put the book down until we had turned the last page."—*Leeds Mercury.*) When I came to myself I was in a small room, lit only by a barred skylight; and there, my lord, I have been until to-day, when I managed to escape by breaking the bars."

"Who could have been guilty of this gross outrage on an unoffending man?" exclaimed the judge.

"That," said Dauber, with emotion, "may be shown anon. A successful man always has enemies."

"True, true," said the judge; "I have some myself." (Laughter.)

"As for Miss Hemstitch," continued



ABLE AND WILLING.



A TRUE FRIEND.

Hostess. "I'M SO SORRY TO HEAR THAT YOU AND GLADYS HAVE QUARRELLED."

Her Dearest Friend. "YES, DARLING, AND IT'S ALL ABOUT YOU. SHE SAID THAT YOU WERE MEAN AND UNTRUTHFUL; THAT YOU FLIRTED OUTRAGEOUSLY WITH JACK RAKES; BUT, WHEN SHE SAID THAT YOU HAD YOUR CLOTHES MADE BY A SMALL LOCAL DRESSMAKER, WELL! I REALLY COULDN'T STAND THAT!"

Dauber, "she, of course, terrified by my non-return, must have retreated into the studio, leaving my handkerchief behind her. After the body had been found and removed by the constable—I have read an account of the case in this morning's paper—she, I take it, emerged from the studio and hurried home, and it was then that she must have been observed. . . ." ("Worthy to rank with Gaboriau himself."—*Publishers' Circular.*)

"Thank you, Mr. Dauber, that will do," said the judge.

As Dedrick stepped out of the witness-box he glanced at Hermia. Her slow smile assured him that he had done well.

"My lord," said the foreman of the jury, who did not trouble to leave the box, "we find the prisoner NOT GUILTY."

"A very proper verdict," said the judge. ("Has evidently made a close study of our elaborate legal system."—*The Dundee News-Letter.*)

EPILOGUE.

Three weeks later Dedrick and Hermia were seated at dinner at the Lord Warden Hotel, Dover. The lights shone softly; the wine gleamed golden. Dedrick lifted his glass of liqueur to his lips.

"A toast," he said.

She smiled at him ravishingly.

"To the corpse that brought us together." ("Cliffe-Warwick is a *nut.*"—*Lotinga's Weekly.*)

THE END.

From the "etiquette" column of *The Queen*:—

"EMBARRASSED.—It was a foolish thing to have done. You should have quietly transferred it from your mouth to your spoon and placed it upon the edge of your plate without attracting notice. To have left the table would have been very disconcerting to your host and hostess, and have given rise to the impression that you were suddenly taken ill."

What was it—a black-beetle in the soup?

The Simple Life in Germany.

From the Tariff of a Hamburg hotel:—

"Tea or Coffee with breath and butter, M. 1.50."

This must be the waiter's breath down your neck.

Municipal Candour.

"The Board trusted that in view of the fact that all the sewage has to be pumped at considerable cost, every effort will be made to discover and make good leaky sewers or joints wherever it is possible to do so."

North Berks Herald.

"In Norway . . . widowers must not remarry until six months after the deaths of their widows."—*The Colonist* (B.C.).

They have very arbitrary laws in Norway.

"Wanted to purchase, second-hand skeleton (male); good condition; price, particulars, and where seen."—*The Glasgow Herald.*

No first-hand or living skeletons need apply.

THE REALLY SUCCESSFUL WITS.

I.

SCENE—*A Court of Law.*

Counsel. My lord, I appear for the plaintiffs, who contend that the defendant firm has infringed their copyright.

The Judge. A case of copy-wrong (*laughter*).

Counsel. So I hope to show, if your lordship will permit me. To continue, the plaintiff firm acquired, in 1908, the sole right in the music for a play entitled *The Red Lobster.* This, as you probably are aware, was a great success.

The Judge. It always gives me indigestion (*laughter*).

Counsel. Among the musical numbers was a waltz air.

The Judge. Ah, you should take this case to the Appeal Court. That's where they reverse (*laughter*).

Counsel. A few weeks after the plaintiffs had issued this, under the title *The Red Lobster Waltz*, the defendants published a waltz, under the title *L'Homard Rouge*—

The Judge. Is there an interpreter in court? (*laughter*)—

Counsel. Which, I need hardly inform your lordship, means the same thing.

The Judge. Yes, but in French. They took French leave, in fact (*laughter*).

Counsel. And not only was the title the same, but the music also. If your lordship will examine the copies of the two waltzes which I have here, you will see . . .

The Judge. Help! (*Laughter.*) What are these little dots?

Counsel. Those are notes, my lord.

The Judge. They 're not like my notes (*laughter*). And what are these lines?

Counsel. Those are bars, my lord.

The Judge. Ah! (*laughter*) and what is this mark?

Counsel. That is a rest, my lord.

The Judge. A rest in a bar. (*Laughter.*) A very pleasant thing too (*more laughter*). By no means confined to musicians (*loud laughter*).

[*And so on.*]

II.

SCENE—*A Class Room.*

The Schoolmaster. Now then, Peters, in what year did the Wars of the Roses begin?

Peters. In 13——

The Schoolmaster. Yes, yes.

Peters. In 13——

The Schoolmaster. It seems to be an unlucky number (*laughter*). Peters is not Panning out very well (*laughter*). You, Lucas. Look as quick as you can. (*Laughter.*)

Lucas. 1448.

The Schoolmaster. Better. In whose reign was it, Tate?

Tate. Henry the Fifth.

The Schoolmaster. I must have a *tête-à-tête* with you about this. (*Laughter.*) In whose reign? Think again.

Tate. Henry the Sixth.

The Schoolmaster. In whose reign? Say Henry the Seventh. (*Laughter.*)

Tate. Henry the Seventh.

The Schoolmaster. No. As it happens you were right the time before. You overshot the mark, and I must now give you a bad one. (*Polite laughter.*)

[*And so on.*]

III.

SCENE—*A Music Hall.*

Low Comedian. Men, and other men's wives what they have brought with them — (*laughter*) — listen to this! Before I married I thought I could eat my wife. (*Laughter.*) I wish now I had. (*Roars of laughter.*) When I got home at three a.m. this morning my old woman met me at the door. "How dare you walk home at this time," she said. "I daren't," I said, "I was carried." (*Laughter.*) Girls —(*screams*)—girls, I say, listen to this. I met a man yesterday who said, "I see your wife's back from Brighton." I said, "Yes, she *will* wear such low necks." (*Renewed screams.*)

[*And so on.*]

A FISH OUT OF WATER.

[N.B.—This may be taken either as a joke or, if that fails, as an allegory, to be applied to any English system of education, according to the taste of the reader.]

I CAUGHT a herring long ago,
And kept him in some H_2O.;

I strained his water every day,
Till all the salt was strained away;

And so I taught the little chap
To live in water from the tap.

Robbed of his customary brine
He had to face a fresh design.

Each afternoon I took about
A thimbleful of water out,

Till—though his needs were always small—
He got along with none at all.

Gentle of heart and soft of roe,
He followed where I chose to go.

One day he took a walk with me
Upon the pier at Brightlingsea;

Alack! he made a reckless bound,
Slipped through a grating and was drowned.

Commercial Candour.

"The Years come and go, but our watches do not go."—*Advt. of a Bombay Firm.*

"DIZZY."

"GENTLEMEN, if there be anything on which I pique myself it is my consistency."

Thus young DISRAELI opened his address to the electors of Taunton, coming out in Tory colours, having thrice essayed to win his way to the House of Commons as a Radical. The assertion is delightfully Disraelian in its audacity. Any other man in similar circumstances would have evaded the topic. DIZZY seized it by the neck, dragged it into the very front of the fray, and of what his adversaries trumpeted as his chief delinquency made his especial merit.

In the *Life of Disraeli* (JOHN MURRAY), Mr. MONYPENNY rescues from contemporary record a vivid picture of the Candidate. "His face was lividly pale, and from beneath two finely arched eyebrows blazed a pair of intensely black eyes. His physiognomy was strictly Jewish. Over a broad high forehead were ringlets of coal-black glossy hair, which, combed away from his right temple, fell in luxuriant clusters or bunches over his left cheek and ear, which it entirely concealed from view. He was very showily attired in a dark bottle-green frock-coat, a waistcoat of a most extravagant pattern, the front almost covered with glittering chains, and in fancy-pattern pantaloons."

Such was the wondrous boy who descended upon London society and political life in the third decade of the nineteenth century, and, unaided by family connection, unendowed with wealth, handicapped by alien birth, won his way to the inner circle of one and the premier place in the ranks of the other. Dealing with this epoch of his hero's life, Mr. MONYPENNY has not much in the way of new or exclusive information to proffer. With the exception of quotations from a diary fitfully kept, he is chiefly dependent upon material long ago given to the public. But by skilful arrangement he presents a picture of DISRAELI in the extravagance of his youth, the budding power of his manhood, that goes far beyond anything hitherto accessible. Better than the diary are the young man's letters to his father and sister, in which, confident of his audience, he prattled about his conquests with endearing frankness.

When, on their publication, I read these, I wondered whether it were possible that with his waistcoats, his chains, his curls and his cane, DIZZY did really make the favourable impression upon acquaintances and onlookers he taught his fond sister to believe. At



POPULAR SAYINGS ILLUSTRATED.—II.

"THOSE WHO DANCE MUST PAY THE PIPER."

Malta, for example, whither he went, after bringing garrison society at Gibraltar to his feet, he writes to his father, "They [certain officers] have been long expecting your worship's offspring and have gained great fame in repeating his third-rate stories at second-hand. We [himself and CLAY, a fellow passenger] are both equally popular." He tells an inane story of how, a racket-ball falling at his feet as he watched the game, he picked it up, and, "observing a young rifleman excessively stiff, humbly requested him to forward its passing into the court as I really had never thrown a ball in my life." "This incident," he adds, "has been the general subject of conversation at all the messes to-day."

What they really said may be guessed from an extract from Sir WILLIAM GREGORY'S autobiography quoted by Mr. MONYPENNY. "He made himself so hateful to the officers' mess that while they welcomed CLAY they ceased to invite that damned bumptious Jew boy."

Sister "Sa" and the fond parent never heard of this particular incident in the triumphal progress to Constantinople, where the young Sybarite "courted the air in a carved caïque by shores which are a perpetual scene, finding no exertion greater than a canter on a barb."

This is the puppet DIZZY, a disguise deliberately assumed in deference to the observation that "affectation tells even better than wit." Beneath the oiled and curled mask this book enables us to see at work the real DISRAELI, conscious of genius, consumed by ambition, ever labouring to achieve an end determined upon whilst still a stripling. "What do you want?" asked a powerful friend interested in his personality, ready to assist him with some small patronage. "I want to be Prime Minister," said the youth. Prostrated by illness, overwhelmed with debt, fearing to go out to dinner lest he might be "nabbed" by sheriff's officers, he kept this goal ever in view, and in time—a long time—won it.

Mr. MONYPENNY'S narrative does not bring DISRAELI into the House of Commons. It leaves him standing on the threshold, just returned for Maidstone. The prelude to the story presented by this masterly volume succeeds in investing with fresh interest the most fascinating figure in the political life of the nineteenth century.

TOBY, M.P.

The Dickens!

"Dante is not a byword, but the name of a great Italian religious poet."—*Answer to Correspondent in "The Weekly Dispatch."*

So the instruction of the masses goes on.

"He must have felt rather like the unfortunate victim of a similar demonstration of affection in 'The Walrus and the Carpenter':—

Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
But—why did you kick me downstairs?"
Carlisle Journal.

Which, if you remember, was what the youngest oyster said.

"Lambert converted the second try with a fine kick. In the meanwhile J. G. M. Gotto had put the finishing touch to some good play on the part of the Cambridge right wing by scoring a try in a good position."—*The Times.*

They should certainly have waited for LAMBERT to get finished at the other end; he might have saved the try.



IMPROBABLE SCENES.—VI.

AN ACTOR-MANAGER TAKING AN UNIMPORTANT RÔLE. [*The Actor-Manager is marked with a* ×]

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The Finer Grain (METHUEN) is a volume for which I have been, these many years, hoping against hope—a volume of new short stories by Mr. HENRY JAMES. If the bare announcement of this fact is not of itself enough to send you flying hot-footed to the booksellers, I will add that the stories (there are five of them) are every one entirely worthy of the JAMES of the best period. Personally, out of the five, I should select, as having given me most pleasure, *The Velvet Glove* and *A Round of Visits* (hark to the very sound of them! Have they not, these titles, the true Jacobean ring?) Of course no one will expect the contents of the book to be "stories" at all, in the ordinary acceptance of the term, though in at least one of them something, disconcertingly, does happen; the adventures they recount are always rather of the mind than the body. The meaning, indeed, of *The Finer Grain* is explained by the author himself, in a phrase that gives the clue to the whole, as implying "a peculiar accessibility to surprise, to curiosity, to mystification, or attraction," in short, and comprehensively, the precise HENRY JAMES attitude towards life. It is exactly this which gives the book its own delicate and subtle charm; which, moreover, makes detailed criticism of it a blundering and impossible thing. I can only record the rare pleasure that it has given me; and my congratulations to author and public.

When Fiction conceives a little kingdom of its own, it is not infrequently carried away by its conceit. Credit is therefore due to Mr. J. C. SNAITH for having created a monarchy and yet, in dealing with the royal personages of his imagination, maintained an excellent sense of proportion and the ridiculous. In "Illyria" there were three strong wills, which clashed. There was the king, who was for monarchy in general and the enthronement of his daughter in particular. There was the daughter, who agreed with the abstract principle but opposed the concrete instance. There was the people, who demanded a republic. But there is more here than the alarums and excursions of a smaller European state, so familiar in latter-day novels as almost to be wearisome. The trouble begins when the Princess, morganatically married to the English commoner of her choice, rides *incognita* over English hounds and resents with imperial completeness the chastisement of the M.F.H. Of the domestic upheaval among the followers of that pack and the international complications caused by "Illyrian" developments, you can have no idea unless you read *Mrs. Fitz* (SMITH, ELDER). You will be well advised in resorting to that authority. It is not denied that the book has its faults of detail, but, if it is faults you are after, you must find them for yourself. By the time you have finished your search you will discover only that you have forgotten the object of it.

Get On or Get Out.

"For the first seven years of Porfirio's life he went to the village school, but he felt he wasn't learning enough, so, with wonderful force of character, he set about earning small sums, which he set aside to enable him to get a better education."—*Home Chat.*

We picture to ourselves PORFIRIO at six, simply spoiling to get on with his Differential Calculus.

CHARIVARIA.

"TERRITORIALS," said a contemporary in its account of the Lord Mayor's Show, "displaced the military element this year." And yet people wonder at the unpopularity of our voluntary system.

***

Nowhere did the news of Mr. ROOSEVELT'S defeat cause more lively satisfaction than in Africa among the relatives of the animals killed on his recent expedition.

***

In New York, we are told, the prevalent comment on Mr. DREXEL'S action in making a stand for sportsmanlike behaviour at the recent aviation meeting is that "he has lived so long abroad that he can no longer be considered an American." *We* should not have dared to say this.

***

The French submarine *Germinal* last week cut a fishing boat in two. There were fourteen men aboard the fishing boat, but they were fortunately saved. The *Germinal*, we are informed, has now been placed in the dock—and will presumably be charged with attempted murder.

***

Two thousand carp and other fish have been transferred from the Falmer Pond, near Brighton, to the Brighton Aquarium. They are said to be delighted at the chance of seeing the many strange and amusing objects that may be observed through a tank window.

***

It is pointed out that, if the war of extermination which has been declared against the rats should prove successful, hundreds of dogs who at present earn their living by catching these rodents will be thrown on the rates.

***

The culinary art seems to receive more attention every day. Who would have foretold a few years ago that there would be a Chair of Restauration at one of our ancient Universities? Yet *The Liverpool Daily Post* informs us that Mr. J. B. BURY, M.A., has been appointed "Romanos Lecturer" for 1911.

***

Mr. LEONARD STOKES, in his presidential address to the members of the Royal Institute of British Architects, complained that "very little encouragement is given to those who have to provide old masterpieces for future generations." Thus, RICHARD COCKLE LUCAS, who wrought the Leonardo bust, did not become famous until after his death.



Father Moriarty. "GLORY BE TO GOODNESS, SHE'S BOLTED! SURE WE'LL BE IN THE RIVER IN A JIFFEY!"

Pat O'Hagan. "'DEED AN' WE WILL, YOUR RIVERENCE. AN' 'TIS A DALE OF CLANIN' THE BLESSED HARNESS WILL TAKE IN THE MORNIN'."

It is not often, we should say, that the chronicling of an item of news makes Reuter tremble with emotion. *The Globe*, however, published the following telegram:—"Mr. WILLOWS has landed safely at Douai—RReuter."

***

Says an advertisement:—"'The Judgement Day' will be Pastor Russell's topic next Sunday evening. Hundreds of opinions have been offered by religionists upon this subject, as evidenced by the clashing creeds." To mention but one difference of opinion, there is the spelling of that word "Judgement."

"Major J. N. C. KENNEDY," *The Express* tells us, "lectured on the perils of flying at the Royal Societies Club." One can well believe that the available space at that excellent institution would be found too restricted.

***

We hear that since it was decided that, as part of the London memorial, £20,000 be spent on a statue of King EDWARD, the committee has been inundated with offers from stone-masons and others undertaking to do the work at half the price. One German firm, it is said, even offers to throw in a statue of WILHELM without extra charge.

THE SURVIVAL OF THE THICKEST.

[Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING, in a recent speech at Brighton, has been recalling the early days when politicians were in the habit of going for one another with a lethal weapon.]

O GOLDEN times long gathered to the grave,
When for your wild game there was no close season,
When, if you differed from another knave,
You never had recourse to rhyme or reason;
You simply took a large and hefty axe
And felled him in his tracks.

You used no arguments obscure and dull,
Made no attempt to clear his mental vision,
But got your point of view inside his skull
By processes of surgical incision;
You did not wait to bandy logic, but
Just nicked him on the nut.

Our politicians, these degenerate days,
Have buried deep the bloodier kind of hatchet,
But at a pinch they still contrive to raise
Weapons of moral suasiveness to match it:—
Slander and slush, abuse and gutter-pies,
And posters stiff with lies.

I find the old way better; here at least
You were not asked to eat your allegations;
You had no further trouble with deceased,
No after-crop of loud recriminations;
For, where you dropped him, there a corpse lay he,
Making no repartee.

And if, through something faulty in the blow,
By inadvertence he survived your battery,
He brought no claim for damages, oh no!
But, keeping proudly silent on the matter, he
Just bode his hour to pay you back in kind—
Probably from behind.

And so the thing went on, from clout to clout,
Till one (or both) of you was dead as mutton;
This cleared the slate, and no one fussed about
An episode the lid of earth had shut on.
(There is a good deal to be said for blood
In place of ink and mud).

To-day our champions play a softer game;
Each on his own they grind their little axes,
But not for carving skulls; yet all the same
Seldom we see that Nature's hand relaxes
That law on which primeval races thrive:—
The thickest heads survive! O. S.

THE LITERARY MILLENNIUM.

[Notes of a speech recently delivered by the Rev. Sir Nicholson Roberts at a dinner of the Inkslingers' Club.]

WHEN I look back on the quarter of a century which has elapsed since I took up my abode in the Mecca of pen-people, I cannot help marvelling at the gigantic amelioration of the world of journalism and letters. When I arrived in London Mr. Harmson was still at Winchester, Sir William de Quiller had not yet arrived, and journalists with ideas were as rare as black swans. Now they are as plentiful as blackberries. Again, the attitude of the publisher towards the author was patronising and supercilious, not to say suspicious. Aspiring talent was snubbed or sniffed at, and masterpieces went a-begging in Paternoster Row. Now the chief anxiety of every publisher who can tell chalk from cheese is to secure an author of power and *verve*. In fact, it is impossible for genius to be neglected nowadays. For this salutary revolution we are first and foremost indebted to the appearance of the literary agents. It is the fashion in some quarters to belittle this class as destroying the old personal relations that existed between authors and publishers. I cannot subscribe to this view. There may be untrustworthy agents, but I have never met them. On the contrary, all whom I am acquainted with show a liberality that is only equalled by their *flair*. My friend Mr. Huxter, for example, is a scholar and a gentleman in the highest sense of the word, and to be entertained by him at his club, to be taken for a drive in his motor, or to walk arm-in-arm with him down Fleet Street is an honour that might well make any man proud.

Again, take the case of the magazines. In the middle "eighties" the magazine world was in a depressed and declining condition. The old-established monthlies were still unemancipated from the thraldom of seriousness, and were steadily sagging in sale. Editors and proprietors still stubbornly refused to give their readers what they wanted. There was hardly any condescension to the public taste, and an extravagant deference was paid to the demands of a leisurely and fastidious culture. The cry of the democracy was unheeded, opportunism was scouted and the camera tabooed. Thank Heaven, we have changed all that. Now no self-respecting magazine-proprietor would dare to publish a periodical without a picture on every page. But, even so, our magazines hardly keep pace with the requirements of the masses. I cannot resist the conclusion that before very long the progress of applied science will enable copies of magazines to be supplied in the form of gramophone records and cinematographic films, so that the best thought and art of the hour will be brought in a dramatic and audible form within the reach of every household.

I must close these rambling remarks with a reiterated declaration of my unshaken optimism. When I came up to London from Drumnadrochit, authors were "sair hadden doon." Now I know at least twenty-five novelists who possess motor cars. Could more conclusive evidence be desired of the onward and upward trend of this influential class? But their motoring and golfing is not an end in itself, as in the case of the idle rich. They resort to these pastimes simply as a tonic to recharge the exhausted cells of their teeming and beneficent brains. The output of novels, most of them superb works of genius, now runs into thousands every year, and this quantity immensely tends to better the relations between authors and critics. Criticism is beggared by this stupendous fertility and is now swallowed up in unstinted eulogy. Authors not only want but deserve praise—alike by their ability, their industry and their uniformly high character. Mutual admiration has become an agreeable necessity. Bludyer's occupation is gone, and our best reviewers are those who least often deviate from an attitude of unconquerable affability.

"The return of Henry III. and his army from the Battle of Agincourt" was one of the scenes in the Lord Mayor's show, says *The Manchester Evening Chronicle*, and endeavours to hush up the meeting of WOLFE and BLÜCHER at Malplaquet.

From the Mayor's "open letter to every householder in Weymouth":—

"King George V. will (after 105 years) be glad to hear news from Weymouth, the result of his relative's visit, Princess Henry of Battenburg. Why is she coming to Weymouth? You might well ask."

It is a long time to have to wait for news from Weymouth—even if it is as doubtful a place as the last sentence hints.



DISHED!

JOHN BULL. "AND MAY I ASK HOW YOU ARRIVED AT THIS RESULT?"
CHEF ASQUITH (*with dignity*). "I AM NOT AT LIBERTY, SIR, TO DISCLOSE THE INGREDIENTS."





Man Servant. "WHAT NAME, SIR?"
Smiffkins (his first experience of a reception). "OH, MY NAME'S SMIFFKINS. LET'S SEE, WHERE HAVE I MET YOU BEFORE?"

THE EPICURE.

MAGNIFICENTLY attired, I turned into the Fashionable Restaurant. I did not put on any side. I strolled in casually. Some of the best people looked at me through eyeglasses and lorgnettes and things.

I selected a table.

Several waiters hovered round with illuminated documents.

I glanced over the *table d'hôte* menu and raised my eyebrows in mild contempt.

"I will order *à la carte*," I said.

I made a careful selection while the band played soft music.

A frightfully pretty girl at a table near by fell in love with me and refused a second helping of something.

I sent a message to the orchestra telling them to play Puccini for a bit.

My lunch was fastidiously chosen.

Silver fish from the Southern seas.

A dish of eggs and mayonnaise and tomatoes arranged like a Turner sunset.

A salade of the rarest vegetables.

I deigned to have a good appetite. I ate everything from the dishes laid before me.

At length I lit a cigarette, sent my compliments to the chef and paid my bill.

Copy of the bill:

Couvert	3*d.*
Hors d'œuvres variés . .	6*d.*
	9*d.*

THE SWITCHING HOUR.

THE Introspective Man tied his pyjama-strings briskly and got cheerily into bed. He lurched right and left, gathering the blankets in comfortable tucks about him and cutting off all access for air about his neck. He gazed blissfully at the ceiling for three seconds, then squinted down his nose and prepared to sleep.

At this point he became aware that something was wrong. First it was but a whisper of uneasiness and he looked to make sure that he had eliminated the tickle-tassels of the quilt. He had eliminated them. With growing perturbation he felt his legs to see whether his trousers intervened between his pyjamas and his skin. No; he had taken them off all right. Then he inquired blankly, "What is it?" It was overwhelmingly certain that something was wrong, something intangible. Was there a ghost in the room? A large ghost?

His scalp began to prickle. He stared round the room and in its absolute usualness found some awful terror. In the course of the next minute this did not pass away, but became more and more oppressive; twice his flesh, in places where it was not fortified by bones, quaked horribly. One thing stood appallingly clear—that for some reason sleep was out of the question, could not be thought of.

Another five minutes of horror ensued. Then with a savage growl the Introspective Man rolled out of bed and switched off the light.

Humour in High Places.

"No one will ever cure Alderman Price Lewis of his love of a good joke. A merry jest for which he was responsible yesterday was much enjoyed. A colleague on the aldermanic bench had mentioned that the doctor had 'stepped into the breach and played the organ at St. Peter's Church.' 'Well,' said Alderman Price Lewis, 'I once acted as substitute for the organ-blower at St. James's Church!'"

Wolverhampton Express.

THE SECRET HISTORY OF THE CONFERENCE.

[AUTHOR'S NOTE:—Somebody will have to make this up, so it may as well be me.]

THE first meeting of the Conference was held upon June 17th, and June 17th was a Friday. If the eight could have managed to wait till Saturday, the superstitious will say, the results might have been different.

As soon as they had all assembled in the PRIME MINISTER'S room, seated themselves, and tried the pens provided for them, Mr. ASQUITH rose.

"Gentlemen," he began—

"One moment," said CAWDOR; "I've got a crossed nib."

He was provided with a new one, and the Conference went on.

"Well, gentlemen," said ASQUITH, "you know what we're here for. It is for the purpose of coming to some agreement upon the Constitutional Question. Perhaps it would simplify matters if I restated my own position. I said these words last November: 'We shall not assume office, neither shall we hold office——'" He paused and looked suspiciously across the table. "Did you say anything, BALFOUR?"

"No. Did *you*, LANSDOWNE?"

"No," said LANSDOWNE, and he turned inquiringly to AUSTEN.

"I thought I heard somebody yawn," said ASQUITH.

LLOYD GEORGE blushed and interrupted hastily.

"Can't we put it like this?" he asked. "'The Veto of the House of Lords must go.' That's our position.'

"That, though expressed with unnecessary abruptness, is, in fact, our case," agreed ASQUITH. "Perhaps it would help us to some agreement if we were now to hear your side of the matter."

"*The Veto must go*," wrote CAWDOR on the foolscap in front of him.

BALFOUR uncoiled his legs from the back of his chair and spoke languidly.

"The Veto," he said, "must remain."

"Ah!" said ASQUITH. "Then that, apparently, is where we differ."

"Quite so," said AUSTEN.

"*The Veto must remain*," wrote CAWDOR carefully with his head on one side, and asked for the blotting-paper.

There was a long silence.

"Well?" said ASQUITH at last.

BALFOUR looked at his watch.

"I believe I can do it," he said. "Have you an A.B.C.? Thanks. Now then, where are we—Walton——"

"You're not *going?*"

"Why, isn't the Conference over? What else is there to discuss?"

"It's only just begun."

"Yes, but we've done all we can. We've found out that we don't agree."



Nurse. "COME, DORIS. IT IS TIME FOR YOU AND DOLLY TO GO TO BED."

Doris. "WHAT'S THE USE? DOLLY'S SO TIRED SHE CAN'T SLEEP, AND I'VE GOT A TOUCH OF INSOMNIA."

"Well, we knew that before."

"Perhaps; but I wasn't quite sure if you were serious about it. One sometimes says things in speeches which—well, we all know that." He got up and went across to LANSDOWNE. "Apparently we feel more deeply about this. Are you coming my way, LANSDOWNE?"

There was a shuffling of chairs as the statesmen rose to go. Only ASQUITH remained seated—a look of perplexity on his face. Suddenly he spoke.

"Look here," he said, "we can't break up like this. However much we disagree, we agree on one thing. The necessity for a truce. Well, the truce will only last as long as the Conference sits; so, you see, we must simply *sit* for a month or two."

BALFOUR looked thoughtfully at him and then returned to his seat. "True," he said; and, taking a little book out of his pocket, he began to read.

* * * *

The meetings after that went on regularly. Sometimes they would bring down novels with them; sometimes they would chat and read the newspapers; more often they would make two tables of bridge, playing for tenpence or a shilling a hundred.

"It's rather lucky, ASQUITH," said BALFOUR on one of these occasions, "that you hit upon eight as a suitable number for a Conference."

"Well," said ASQUITH thoughtlessly, "it was with some such idea—h'r'r'r'r'm, I go no trumps."

But one day, when BIRRELL had revoked twice, even bridge began to pall upon the LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION. He rolled a golf-ball on to the floor and took up his umbrella.

"Come on," he said to LLOYD GEORGE, "I'll play you round the room."

"Right," said GEORGE, and they arranged a few greens.

* * *

"Well," said CREWE, at the end of July, "you might make your announcement now. The country has had two months quiet."

"Hear, hear," said LLOYD GEORGE, who had done the coal-scuttle in five and the ink-pot in nineteen, and held the record for the course.

"No, no, no," said BALFOUR. "Let's adjourn by all means, but we must meet again in October." He had ordered a new lofting umbrella, which would not be ready for a month, and felt certain that with this he could wrest the championship from its holder.

"Just as you like," said ASQUITH. He was bunkered in the fender at the moment, and spoke rather testily.

The Conference was adjourned.

* * * * *

As finally arranged after the Recess the course consisted of the full eighteen holes: namely, seven silk hats (for AUSTEN refused to lend his), two pairs



Striker. "THA KNOWS, BILL, IF WE DUNNA MIND, T' MASTERS WILL BE T' BOSSES!"

of shoes (from CAWDOR and BIRRELL), one pair of detachable cuffs (from LANSDOWNE), the coal-scuttle, and four inkpots. And in early November BALFOUR went round in 198, which is two under bogey, and won the Downing Vase.

"Well," he said, "what about stopping now?"

"Yes," said ASQUITH. "It's about time. I wonder what the papers will say."

"The reviews will be nastiest," said AUSTEN. "Let's make it nasty for them."

"Let's make it nasty for *The Spectator*," agreed LLOYD GEORGE.

"How?"

"Why, by announcing the result on Thursday night. They go to press on Friday, and it will give them a lot of trouble if they have to alter the whole paper and write pompous leaders all over again at the last moment."

"Splendid," said everybody.

And so on Friday, November 11, the news was known. A. A. M.

THE LOST THESIS.

["We, with our emancipated women and so forth, produce exceedingly little that can be called poetry."—*The Observer.*]

OUR grandpapas' charmers, where are they?
Afar they
Have fled down the years;
With old-fashioned May-days
And Valentine gay days,
They're gone—with the ringlets that hid their shy ears—
Sweet Patience and Prudence,
Mild maidens once wooed—hence
These tears!

Dear days of the spinet and sampler,
And ampler
Excuse for a pen;
When BURNS sang of whisky
Or fired off a frisky
Effusion to Flora, the flower of the glen,
Demure rustic Dryad;
Ye Heavens! if I had
Lived then!

My song had been clear as the merle's is,
That hurls his
Bright notes far and free;
And Miss Bread-and-Butter,
On hearing me utter
Some passionate lyric (declaimed on one knee),
Had flushed and dissembled,
Had fluttered and trembled—
Ah me!

Ah me, for these fair ones and fancies;
My Nancy's
A genuine dear,
But fonder of ratting
Than ballads and tatting;
And can she inspire her enslaved sonneteer,
When flagging he'll follow
The flute of Apollo?
No fear!

The British Congregationalist speaks of "9111 Eisteddfod Adjudicators." We should have thought eight would have been sufficient.

THE VAGABOND.

It was deadly cold in Danbury town
One terrible night in mid November,
A night that the Danbury folk remember
For the sleety wind that hammered them down,
That chilled their faces and chapped their skin,
And froze their fingers and bit their feet,
And made them ice to the heart within,
And spattered and scattered
And shattered and battered
Their shivering bodies about the street;
And the fact is most of them didn't roam
In the face of the storm, but stayed at home;
While here and there a policeman, stamping
To keep himself warm or sedately tramping
Hither and thither, paced his beat;
Or peered where out of the blizzard's welter
Some wretched being had crept to shelter,
And now, drenched through by the sleet, a muddled
Blur of a man and his rags, lay huddled.

But one there was who didn't care,
Whatever the furious storm might dare,
A wonderful, hook-nosed bright-eyed fellow
In a thin brown cape and a cap of yellow
That perched on his dripping coal-black hair.
A red scarf set off his throat and bound him,
Crossing his breast, and, winding round him,
Flapped at his flank
In a red streak dank;
And his hose were red, with a purple sheen
From his tunic's blue, and his shoes were green.
He was most outlandishly patched together
With ribbons of silk and tags of leather,
And chains of silver and buttons of stone,
And knobs of amber and polished bone,
And a turquoise brooch and a collar of jade,
And a belt and a pouch of rich brocade,
And a gleaming dagger with inlaid blade
And jewelled handle of burnished gold
Rakishly stuck in the red scarf's fold—
A dress, in short, that might suit a wizard
On a calm warm day
In the month of May,
But was hardly fit for an autumn blizzard.

Whence had he come there? Who could say,
As he swung through Danbury town that day,
With a friendly light in his deep-set eyes,
And his free wild gait and his upright bearing,
And his air that nothing could well surprise,
So bright it was and so bold and daring?
He might have troubled the slothful ease
Of the Great Mogul in a warlike fever;
He might have bled for the Maccabees,
Or risen, spurred
By the Prophet's word,
And swooped on the hosts of the unbeliever.

Whatever his birth and his nomenclature,
Something he seemed to have, some knowledge
That never was taught at school or college,
But was part of his very being's nature:
Some ingrained lore that wanderers show
As over the earth they come and go,
Though they hardly know what it is they know.

And so with his head upheld he walked,
And ever the rain drove down;
And now and again to himself he talked
In the streets of Danbury town.
And now and again he 'd stop and troll
A stave of music that seemed to roll
From the inmost depths of his ardent soul;
But the wind took hold of the notes and tossed them
And the few who chanced to be near him lost them.

(*To be concluded.*)

CORNI CON MOTO.

Who says that the English are an unmusical nation? He will be speedily confuted by a wonderful motor horn now on exhibition, which plays "*God Save the King.*" It is further stated that the time may not be far distant when motorists will be able to amuse themselves by playing grand opera on their warning apparatus. That being so, a recognised code of melodies will have to be adopted for the regulation of wayfaring etiquette. We may perhaps offer a few suggestions.

At the moment of starting, the well-instructed chauffeur —now, of course, operatically re-named *calfattore* or *scaldatore robusto*—will announce the fact by *Beckmesser's* recitative "*Incominciam!*"

As he gathers speed, the way will be cleared with a *fortissimo* rendering—we beg pardon, rendition—of "*Batti, batti*" from *Don Giovanni*, or a *prestissimo* execution of Martini's "*Vadasi via di quà!*"

Should a collision unfortunately occur, a few bars of "*Ah, perdona!*" from Mozart will effectually mitigate the situation, before he applies first aid—or disappears round the corner.

Motorists who are confidentially inclined and disposed to inform the public as to their destination may easily rise to the occasion. "*Ai nostri monti ritorneremo*," for instance, will, of course, show that they are off for a bit of deer-stalking in the Highlands. Or the same easily recognisable air might usefully be employed to delude the police-trap when, after all, Brighton is really the objective.

In case of a break-down, nothing can be more appropriate than "*Non più andrai*" given out *maestoso* and *rallentando*. The quiet dignity and pathos of this well-known aria will go far to disarm the satire of the gaping crowd of villagers by the wayside.

If the motorists are in more serious trouble—say, in danger of being run away with over a precipice—the tactful driver will at once turn on "*Ah che la morte*," *molto agitato*, or, at any rate, to a different time from that with which he rendered "*Ai nostri monti*" a few moments before. Half the terrors of violent extinction will thus be musically diverted.

On arriving home safely, we have an excerpt ready to hand in "*Salve, dimora!*"

We commend these hints to Mr. Landon Ronald, the newly-appointed Director of the Guildhall School of Music, as there is great scope here for a really useful, as well as artistic, application of leit-motifs and motetts. A properly trained student should easily be able to earn his three guineas a week out in the open air.

Dr. Richter, also, and Mr. Thomas Beecham, or whoever handles Wagnerian opera in the future, should take note of this new musical development. For instance, the Ride of the Valkyries will only be adequately treated when the aerial *chauffeuses* utter their war-song on the horns of practicable Blériots, while the trumpets in the *Einführungsmarsch* in *Tannhäuser* will naturally be replaced by the now harmonious hooters, manipulated by correctly-uniformed joy-drivers of the Automobile Club. Zigzag.

MORE STATESMEN AT PLAY.

THE success of the political party on the mono-rail has led to a number of Ministerial excursions, all of them yielding both pleasure and wit.

On Thursday, for example, Mr. ASQUITH, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, Mr. CHURCHILL, and a number of their friends visited the Coliseum to see Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS as *Richard III.* By a remarkable coincidence, just as they were entering the building a newsboy selling *The Evening Mail* went by. The PREMIER stopped to watch the portent, raising his hat as he did so.

Everyone was delighted with the galvanic SEYMOUR'S Shakspearean performance. "It goes well, doesn't it?" remarked Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. "So unlike your Budget."

"Yes," said the CHANCELLOR sadly; "but," he added, with one of his engaging twinkles, "people will soon have to Seymour of it than ever."

On the same day Mr. JOHN BURNS, Mr. RUNCIMAN, Mr. MASTERMAN, and a number of friends were at one of the leading cinematoscope theatres. Mr. BURNS chanced, on entering, to kick against something on the ground, and to his astonishment it was a copy of *The Daily Flail*. "Even the floor takes it in," he remarked in awe-struck tones, as he removed his historic bowler.

The company were intensely delighted by the various pictures flashed on the screen, but it was something of a shock when the lights first went out. "Why," said Mr. RUNCIMAN, "we 're in the dark."

"Yes," said one of the ladies, "as the country was for so long about the Conference."

Mr. SYDNEY BUXTON'S party to see GEORGE GRAY play billiards was a great success. Sir EDWARD GREY (who, it may not be generally known, is the marvellous boy's first cousin), Mr. BIRRELL and Mr. SAMUEL were among the guests. Just outside the hall the FOREIGN SECRETARY, chancing to look up, observed a trolley drawn by four horses and bearing a huge load of paper cylinders labelled, "Paper for *The Daily Furor*." "What enterprise!" he murmured, as he slowly removed his green Tyrolean headgear.

The accuracy of the youth's losing hazards provoked continual applause from the statesmen and their friends.

"He never misses," said one of the ladies to Mr. BIRRELL. "How different from you when you were at the Education Office."

"Alas, yes!" said Mr. BIRRELL. "He ought to be called Off-red the Great."



Clergyman (to applicant for marriage certificate). "HAVE YOU NO IDEA WHEN YOU WERE MARRIED?"

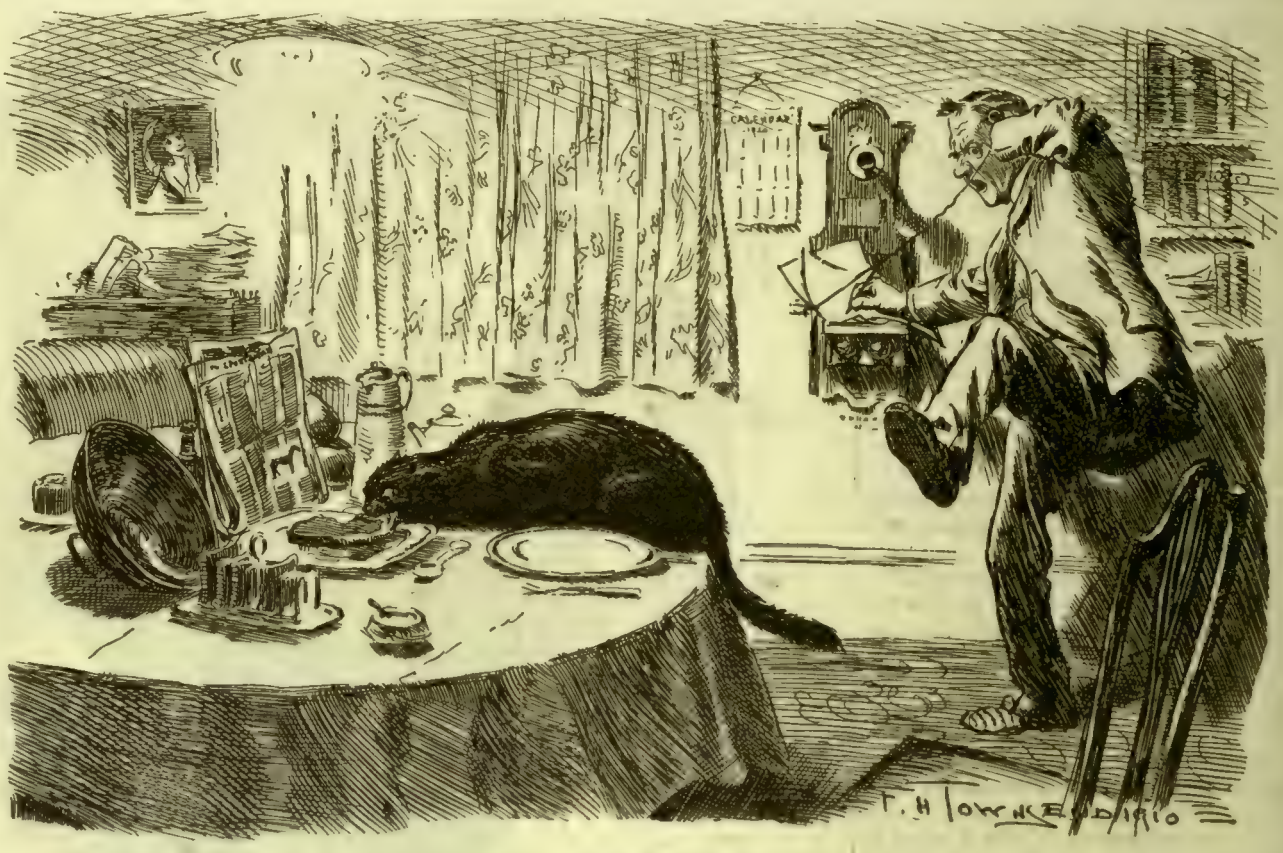
Applicant. "WELL, SIR, I CAN'T RIGHTLY SAY. I KNOW 'T WERE *SNOWIN'* AT THE TIME."

This sally bringing down the House, GRAY hit the object ball too thin and missed the pocket, thus giving his opponent his first look in for some days.

On Saturday afternoon a *recherché* party, consisting of Mr. "LULU" HARCOURT, Lord CREWE, the Master of ELIBANK and Lord BEECHAM, attended the *matinée* performance of *Elektra* at Covent Garden. Lord BEECHAM, who is a near relative of the famous conductor, sat in a guinea box, while the other members of the party were accommodated with seats in Form 4 of the stalls. The Ministers followed the score with rapt attention, the "slippery blood" motive making a painful impression on the COLONIAL SECRETARY. Cheerfulness, however, was restored by a brilliant sally from the Master of ELIBANK during the death scene of *Ægisthus*. "*You* ought to be enjoying yourself," he remarked to Lord MORLEY'S successor at the India Office. "Why?" rashly queried Lord ROSEBERY'S gifted son-in-law. "Because this is such a thoroughly Crewel work," rejoined the Scottish statesman in an arch whisper, which convulsed the representative of *The Daily Terror*, who was sitting close by.

"Special Dance, 1*s.* 6*d.*, . . . select company . . . dress optional. . . . 'Buses pass door."
Daily Telegraph.

Nevertheless we should have thought a few of our broad-minded London 'bus-drivers might, in the name of common humanity, have been persuaded to stop at the door to pick up some of those who had taken advantage of the rule which made dress optional. The nights are very cold just now.



THE OPPORTUNIST.

CHEER UP!

To the Editor of "Punch."

SIR,—The art of cheering is sadly dormant in this country. Not only have the grand old British "Hip!" and "Hurrah!" (three Hips to every Hurrah) fallen into desuetude, but our people do not know what to cheer. Could not our polytechnics and our elementary schools do something to give right instruction on the subject?

At the Lord Mayor's show last week I witnessed a lamentable display of vocal indifference. The gallant Yeomanry, ready to do or die, caused my heart to swell with emotion, but I listened in vain for an appreciative cheer. One of the crowd spoke, but only to urge the riders to hold on with both hands.

Similarly, when those brave fellows, our firemen, came by, the crowd was strangely silent. Again but one voice was heard, that of a youth who called "Go it, old Globe Polish!" Though there was a tone of encouragement in the voice, a rousing cheer would have been better.

I could not contain myself when the Boy Scouts swung into view, but cried, "Bravo, little patriots, bravo!" I received no support, however. A labouring man looked round and intimated that if I couldn't speak English I had better keep my mouth shut.

Yet when Falstaff and his reprobate followers passed, what a welcome was given! A cheer in the wrong place, if ever there was one! I was grieved, nay saddened.

Aroused from my bitter musings by the arrival of that wondrous coach, with the good and loyal citizen within it, a sudden ambition to be the leader of the cheer which must now surely come possessed me, and in bell-like tones I cried, "Hip! hip! hip!" Nobody rallied to the cry; there was cold silence, broken only by the labouring man who asked me what I was doing playing at motor cars at my time of life.

The British public seems to have lost the qualities which made us what we used to be.

I am, Sir, etc.,
AUGUSTUS V. STENTOR.

The Rectory,
Burrow-under-the-Hill.

"Those are the essentials of a car, and there are only about the same in the twelve notes of a pianoforte octave."—*Daily Mail.*

It is very nearly the same with the seven sides of a pentagon and the hundred arms of an octopus.

TO MY FIRE.

FIRE, you 're a splendid fellow,
Knight with the plume of yellow,
Tossing your red lance free;
Slayer of doubts and dragons,
Lover of maids and flagons,
Rollicking, rich, and mellow,
You are the boy for me!

Yet you 've the touch that 's tender,
Singer, whose songs engender
Dreams of the poppied breed;
Whispering knightly stories,
Filling the dusk with glories,
Till in your rosy splendour
I am a King indeed!

Hark, and the ruddy yellow
Purrs like a bow-swept cello,
Fiddles a fairy note,
Rustles like silken dresses
Wrought by Queen Mab's princesses,
Laughs with a giant's bellow
Up in the chimney's throat!

Hot Effort by "The Weekly Times."

"The first all-British shopping wek ever held in the metropolitan area will commence on Monday at Ealing, where a large number of ships will be decorated, and their windows stocked with British-made gods, specially advertised as such."



VERY ROUGH RIDING;

OR, THE BIG STICK UNSTUCK.

Roosevelt the Irrepressible. "WELL, I GUESS THIS BUCKS ME UP SOME!"





BACK TO THE TUMBRILS AGAIN.

THE "CONFERENCE" HAVING COLLAPSED, MINISTERIALISTS ONCE MORE GET OUT ALL THE OLD REVOLUTIONARY PARAPHERNALIA, AND HASTEN TO PUT THEIR OPPONENTS AGAIN "IN THE CART." IT SHOULD BE QUITE LIKE OLD TIMES LISTENING TO THE FAMILIAR RUMBLING OF THE TUMBRILS ON THEIR WAY TO THE GUILLOTINE.

THE THANKLESS MUSE.

[The Government have under consideration a scheme of State insurance against unemployment.]

Ho, Toilers, raise a pæan
And let your hearts be gay
To hail the golden æon
That dawns on you to-day;
No dread of unemployment
Need haunt you when you 're paid
In innocent enjoyment
To slumber in the shade.

I, too, were four times happy
If only Britain's purse
Were open to a chappie
Whose *métier* was verse;
I would be merry-hearted,
Nor should I curse the time
When, like a fool, I started
To live by writing rhyme.

At college I suspected,
Like many another fool,
My think-tank was connected
With the Pierian pool;
Nor could a stream of fancies
From such a deep supply
In any circumstances
Conceivably run dry.

All things seemed fresh and curious,
And I rejoiced to find
That thoughts flew fast and furious
Across my teeming mind—
So fast that, lest I missed 'em,
I sought the nimble aid
Of PITMAN'S magic system,
To catch them as they played.

Alas! how things have altered!
The pen that once would run
All day, nor ever faltered,
Won't write a word—not one;
The quips that used to thrill me
In those my youthful years
Now only serve to fill me
With wonder and with tears.

The wheezes so familiar
That I was wont to write
Grow sillier yet and sillier
Each time they see the light;
Fresh jokes no longer stream on,
And, if the old I try,
Some d——d Socratic demon
εὐθὺ μ' ἀποτρέπει.

Ah, if this scheme they mention
Might only cover me,
And bring a modest pension,
How happy could I be!
I 'd dirty no more pages—
My task I 'd gladly shirk—
If I 'd the right to wages,
What price the right to work?

THE DICKENS TESTIMONIAL STAMP.

To the Editor of "Punch."

DEAR SIR,—I notice in a letter to the Press a suggestion that the Dickens stamp should be used for affixing to our letters as well as to volumes of his novels. In the opinion of the writer this would "doubtless mean a larger sale." She estimates that the number of Dickens' Books we each have in our possession seldom runs to more than fifteen or sixteen, while our letters "would number that at least per week." I have heard that some people do have an enormous correspondence, and, if these statistics are reliable, one must admit that the sale would be materially increased. But, Mr. Editor, let us not stop there. It is my belief—and I simply give it to you for what it is worth—that, if we were to affix a Dickens stamp to each cigarette that we smoke, "doubtless it would mean a larger sale." Don't you think I'm right? I see that in the letter I refer to it is pointed out that if the stamp is large it could be put on the back of the envelope. By all means. But my plan is quite equal to that emergency. If the stamp is large it could be used as a cigarette paper. It might mix up the flavour a bit, but perhaps the publishers could be induced to bring out a special issue made of rice-paper. You see, that would mean with each of us from fifteen to sixteen a *day*. It mounts up.

Now, Sir, I appeal to you. Can't we all work together to make this thing a success? Let newspaper proprietors affix one to each number of their papers; that would mean a lot. Let us have them on every match-box; let us have them on every bottle. Let's mark our clothes with them, printed on silk. Let's have them on every knife and fork; yes, and floating in finger-bowls. Let's stick 'em on the soles of our boots. Why shouldn't we plaster them all over the mantelpiece, and put one on every white key of the piano? I think, myself, the thing would look jolly well on a boiled egg, and it might have the date on it. Unfortunately we have let the Fifth of November slip by, or we could have had one on every firework, but we can still insist on having one on every Christmas card. I should put them on receipts and make it legal so that the other fellow could say he never got the money if it wasn't there. It only wants a little enthusiasm to make the thing go.

Then there are railway tickets and theatre tickets and picture post-cards. I feel that if we really put our heart into the thing we can have the place so blistered with them that you simply can't get away from them. I should suggest their being taken up by our hospitals to be used for cuts and bruises in place of the customary stamp paper, and that a fund should be raised to paper the walls of the air-ship garage at Wormwood Scrubbs with them. That would be a pretty big thing, and should increase the sale, as the lady says in her letter.

But my object in writing to you is twofold. Of course I want to make the Dickens stamp a success. But I also want to prepare the public mind by these means for what is to follow. When we have once become accustomed to living in a world that simply reeks of the Dickens stamp we shall be ready, then and not till then, for the forthcoming issue of the SHAKESPEARE MEDAL, the WALTER SCOTT BUTTON, and the CORELLI HAT-PIN.

Yours, A LOVER OF GENIUS.



Sportsman (having emptied both barrels at a rabbit). "THERE, JACOB, I'M SURE I HIT THAT ONE!"

Jacob. "WELL, 'E ZURTAINLY DID ZEEM TO GO FAASTER AFTER YOU SHOT AT 'IM, ZUR!"

A New Record.

"Purchased out of the profits of the recent flying week, the Mayoress of Burton-on-Trent was invested with a gold chain of office, the design of which includes a monoplane model."—*Evening News.*

This must be the first Mayoress who has ever been purchased out of the profits of a flying week.

Well Meant.

"'The Dollar Princess' is to be at the Royal Manchester next week, with Miss Norah Barry as the Princess. She needs only look half so pretty as the poster of the piece—which she will—to ensure a good reception."

Weekly Dispatch.

"A hymn was sung, as the bride, accompanied by her father, was attired in a travelling costume, consisting of a coat and skirt of braided white serge, with suitable hat."

Newbury Weekly News.

A pretty old custom.

"Mr. John went to Middlesbrough forty years ago, and, like his partner, the beginning was a very small one."—*Western Mail.*

Is it quite in good taste to drag in the size of Mr. John's partner?

Extract from a testimonial:—

"My wife, especially during the winter, has been a misery to me."

We do not like these tales out of school.

The Bristol Times quotes Dr. FREEMAN as saying that Wrington Church can claim the "finest square towel" in all England. Our own towel is oblong or we should have entered it.

The Star devoutly hoped the other day that "even at the fifty-ninth second of the twelfth hour," the Conference would come to an agreement. That would still have left them fifty-nine minutes and one second for any odd jobs.

"All the visitors in Yorkshire's ties on Saturday were home teams."

Yorkshire Evening Post.

Anything for a change.



Patient Father. "DEARIE! BABY'S EATING MY GLOVE NOW. IS IT ALL RIGHT?"
Dearie (from above). "OH, QUITE ALL RIGHT—(*pause*)—YOU 'RE SURE IT'S YOURS?"

A LITTLE ROMANCE.

IT is considerably more than a year ago since I first met Miss Robinson. She is not so strikingly beautiful, I think I may fairly say, as to compel a life-long adoration at first sight, and the same remark, my friends insist, applies with even greater force to myself. The room in which we were introduced was very hot and very crowded, and the following tensely dramatic dialogue took place between us:—

I. "May I get you some coffee?"

She. "Please do."

I plunged into the vortex, but when I returned, spilling the grateful fluid to right and left, I observed that Miss Robinson was already holding a cup in her hand. So I fell back and, to prevent further jettison, satisfied my own thirst. Here the idyll might have ended, but as luck would have it three days afterwards I met Miss Robinson in the road, and, as the authorities upon etiquette very properly prescribe, she bowed, I raised my hat, and we passed on. Seven times during the next three months this incident repeated itself, and each time her bow grew slightly more distant, like the nods of a china mandarin. Then it struck us both, I suppose, that the thing was getting rather silly, and upon the next occasion we pretended a profound interest in the autumnal foliage, and failed to see each other. After that we became entire strangers.

The weeks went by (as they say in the books), and about six months later I found myself suddenly re-introduced to Miss Robinson in another very hot and very crowded room. With every sign of embarrassment and guilty confusion we bowed, and I said hoarsely, "The weather is simply too terrible, is it not?" and she replied (like one in a dream), "Yes, but I am almost getting used to it now." Then some one else claimed her attention, and we drifted apart once more on the eddying tide. . . . Eight times since that day we have passed each other on the opposite sides of the same road. She has bowed; I have removed my hat. But I have a feeling that our friendship cannot last. Sooner or later the bond must be severed, we must disappear out of each other's life, and meet without recognition; it must all be as though it had never happened.

And then probably we shall get introduced again. So strangely may the strands of two human destinies be interwoven and snapt and interwoven and—so forth.

"My Dear Watson" surpasses himself.

"When arrested she was dressed in female attire, and gave the name of Raymond O'Down. The examining magistrate was struck by the prisoner's physique, and expressed the firm conviction that she was a woman."
Daily News.

"Sir William Crundall was elected Mayor of Dover for the thirteenth time. He mentioned that for one fifth of his life he had been Mayor of the town, which meant for every five minutes he had lived he had been Mayor for one minute."—*The Daily Telegraph.*

Give us time and we will think of another way of putting it.

"Gray reached 2251 to Lovejoy's 3395 at the interval . . . At the close the scores were Gray 3,001, Lovejoy 2,942."
Yorkshire Observer.

Apparently LOVEJOY dropped 453 points in the evening. He must have been doing losing hazards.

Seen on a hoarding:—

"Advertise by Bill Posting. If your business isn't worth advertising, advertise it for sale."

This is the true "get on or get out" spirit, so much to be desired.

"A pair of smart fitting Trousers has more effect than a £20 diamond ring."
Advt. in "Barnes Herald."

Besides being warmer.

AT THE PLAY.

"A SINGLE MAN."

THIS is one of those plays which make me marvel why everybody cannot be a successful dramatist like Mr. HUBERT HENRY DAVIES. It looks so simple. I suppose there must be some art concealed about it. Anyhow, I am sure that it needed a very good company to play it, and I am also sure that, with one exception, it had what it wanted. The disturbing element was provided by Miss NANCY PRICE, who was much too sinister a siren, and brought the savour of Drury Lane into The Playhouse.

After seeing him last in that silly play, *Tantalising Tommy*, whose success made me despair of British audiences, I was delighted to find Mr. CYRIL MAUDE in a part that gave scope for his versatile intelligence. He was even more excellent in his serious wooing of the right woman for his years than in his light-hearted abandonment to the lure of youth and spring-time. Sentiment, however, was never allowed to weigh upon us; for we were always secure in the knowledge that *Robin Worthington's* pleasant preoccupation with his own tastes would save us from excesses in this direction. For all the seriousness and apparent altruism of his attitude towards *Miss Heseltine* one felt that the pathetic narrative of her sombre past was not of absorbing interest to him; and when he intervened with the suggestion that she should take a little more champagne one was conscious that the balance of emotions was being tactfully adjusted. Indeed, throughout the play there was an admirable sense of proportion, as between sentiment and pure fun. And the fun was always spontaneous, from the primitive episode of *Bertha's* finger and the jam (so typical, as *Lady Cottrell* says, of British humour) to the charming phrase, "A man can only be middle-aged once."

The device of consulting a woman about your love-affairs in language so ambiguous that she is led to imagine herself to be the object of your attentions must be a little threadbare by now. But for the rest, the play is very fresh, even if its originality is only that of a nice April day.

I wish Miss HILDA TREVELYAN had been allowed a larger share in the humour of the play. Humour may not be becoming in a typist, but her manner, with its slight touch of angularity and abruptness, lends itself less easily to serious sentiment, though here, too, she is always irreproachably sincere.

Miss MARY JERROLD, the match-maker who introduced the siren into her brother-in-law's house, and then couldn't get her out under several weeks, was quite excellent. Miss DULCIE GREATWICH played very naturally, but seemed to be a few years under her proper age; however, it was her business to be boisterously young, and I don't complain. As for Miss FLORENCE HAYDON, playing an old lady who knew what she knew—her dry humour was of course, as always, a thing of absolute beauty.

O. S.



Miss HILDA TREVELYAN (*Miss Heseltine*). "I've never tasted champagne before."

MR. CYRIL MAUDE (*Robin Worthington*). "Then you can't have played in many drawing-room comedies. We never drink anything else."

"JUST TO GET MARRIED."

Miss CICELY HAMILTON'S play is announced to begin at nine, but does not. I arrived at nine, and found myself in the middle of a curtain-raiser of positively startling dulness. A gentleman, called *Basil of the Iron Hand*, was delivering, in an assumed voice, a series of speeches of interminable length, from which I gathered that he was in love with his first wife's sister, while his second wife was in love with his nephew. It was an awkward situation, and the iron-handed one decided to go off on a pilgrimage, which was perhaps best.

Just to Get Married is a protest against that view of life which regards marriage as the whole end of woman. It is a sermon which has been preached by Miss HAMILTON before; it is so pleasantly preached on this occasion that I should like to think of it as doing good; but I am puzzled as to what audience it is which Miss HAMILTON is trying to convert. Her heroine, *Georgina Vicary*, is twenty-nine, and a spinster. In a last endeavour to "get Georgina off," *Aunt Catherine* invites *Adam Lankester*, a shy bachelor, to the house. *Georgina*, aided and abetted by her aunt, pursues *Adam* in the most open way, and finally wins a proposal from him. She does not care for him, she is doing it just to get married. But on the eve of the wedding her conscience begins to work; *Adam's* adoration is too wonderful a thing to be played with. So, confessing that she has lied about her love, she refuses to go on with the marriage, and runs away from the house to escape her aunt's wrath. The happy ending made possible by the fact of her meeting *Adam* unexpectedly at the station, and finding that in the last hour she had grown to love him, is intelligible, though it does not assist the sermon.

Now to whom is that sermon addressed? Not to men, surely. For *Adam*, anyhow, was guiltless; *Georgina's* uncle was extremely uncomfortable about the whole thing; and Cousin *Tod*, insufferable puppy as he was, stood up for *Georgina* when she had broken off her engagement. On the other hand, who recognised callously that marriage was a trade to be carried through at the cost of honour? *Georgina*. Who brought her up to this belief, and was the leading spirit in putting it into action? *Lady Catherine*. Miss HAMILTON is obviously preaching to women. Well, I am extremely glad of it. Here, anyhow (I sigh thankfully), is *something* for which she does not hold my sex responsible. Votes for Men!

The dialogue is extraordinarily natural; this and the excellent acting gave the play, in the First and Third Acts, a quite unusual air of reality. The Second Act was a little too serious for Mr. GODFREY TEARLE, and though Miss GERTRUDE KINGSTON tried hard she could not carry it through by herself. Mr. TEARLE is never quite happy unless he is smiling; in this Act he smiled a good deal when he couldn't have been happy. Two delightful performances by Mr. THOMAS SIDNEY and Mr. EVERARD VANDERLIP (as the worried uncle and the unlicked cub respectively) must be mentioned as being uniformly good.

M.



Little Girl. "PLEASE, SIR, I'VE BROUGHT THE REMAINS OF THE MEDICINE YOU GAVE GRANDFATHER. HE'S DEAD, AND MOTHER THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE IT FOR SOMEBODY ELSE!"

RUDENESS viâ CIVILITY.

MR. STRACHEY'S punctilious letter of explanation concerning a remark made by him upon the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER should revolutionise the art of epithet. It is too good not to quote in full:—

"Sir,—I note in your issue of to-day that you quote the following passage from the speech I made at Guildford on Friday:—

"'I, like many others, have had my Form 4 to fill up, and I am tempted to say of it what Mark Twain said when speaking of a certain subject—"I don't profess really to know much about it, but I think I understand it as well as the Idiot who invented it."'

"May I point out that I made a very important addition, as you will see from the following passage which I quote from the *Surrey Advertiser's* report of my speech:—

"'In adopting that phrase with regard to Form 4, however, I would say, "I don't profess to know much about it, but I think I understand it as well as the courteous gentleman who invented it."'

"I should be exceedingly obliged if you would publish this correction, as I am most loath to appear to have applied Mark Twain's formula to the Chancellor of the Exchequer without the alteration in question.

"J. ST. LOE STRACHEY."

Here we have the beginning of a new line in abuse: the ironical inversion, the polite censure, the wolf in sheep's clothing. Thus, one can imagine the chairman of a discontented shareholders' meeting referring to the promoter of the company:—"I will not animadvert on Mr. Brassbound's high-mindedness or business-sagacity. I will say that in bringing him to book it will probably be necessary to repeat the proverbial counsel, 'Set an honest man to catch an honest man.'" Or again, when one Member of Parliament has occasion in the future to reflect upon the mendacity of another Member—as so often has happened in the crude past—he will say that the incident reminded him of the old definition of untruth-tellers as "liars, d—— liars, and the souls of honour," adding that never was there a soul of honour whiter than that of his honourable friend.

At present the only speaker unlikely to avail himself of the new periphrasis is Mr. LLOYD GEORGE himself. But even he may come into line. "There is no Editor of *The Spectator* like an old Editor of *The Spectator*," one can perhaps see him saying, with infinite benevolence, or "An Editor of *The Spectator* and his money are soon parted," or "Editors of *The Spectator* rush in, as you know, gentlemen, where angels fear to tread."

Anyway we look confidently to the reports of speeches in the near future for a diverting harvest from the seed sown by our ingenious ST. LOE.

The Seeing Hand.

"The Duke himself, in grand military uniform, gave the word for the commencement of the overture, standing up all the time, beating time with one hand and watching the orchestra through an immense glass with the other."—*From "The Life of Benjamin Disraeli," p.* 51.

From a catalogue:—

"This machine has given ample evidences of its superiority over its rivals, and will satisfy the demands of even the most facetious."

We don't know what other facetious people may expect of it, but *we* want to see it run over a Bishop.

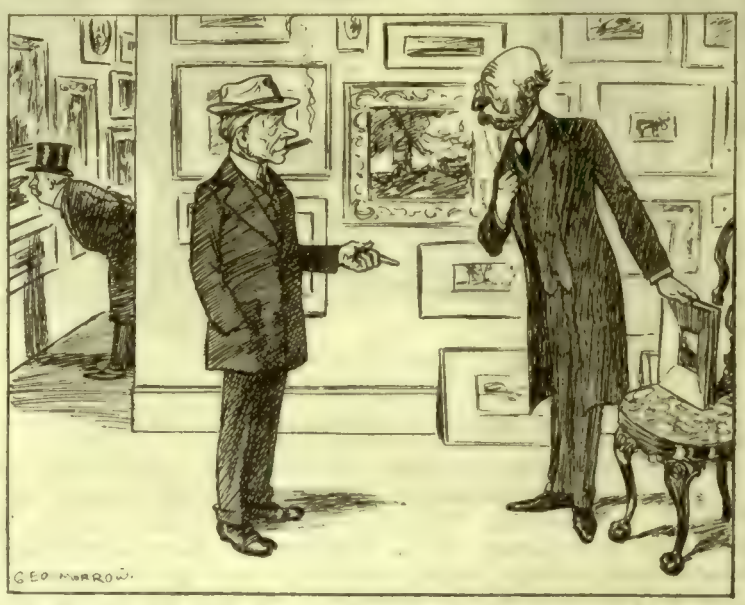
A licence for the sale of beer and porter on Ailsa Craig (now being quarried) has just been refused. We understand that another haunt of wild sea-fowl, "The Bass Rock," has a prior claim to a licence.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN *John Redmond* (HURST AND BLACKETT) Mr. REDMOND-HOWARD presents an interesting narrative of Irish politics covering the period during which the present leader of the Irish Nationalist Party has sojourned in the Parliamentary field. There is a certain monotony about it, since it is necessarily a record of continuous wrangling. "An Irish leader," Mr. REDMOND-HOWARD sagely remarks, "has two battles to fight, one with political parties in the House of Commons, the other with public opinion outside it." There is a third, more fatal in weakening the national crusade. It is the daily fight with revolting sections of the Party, led by men who were once loyal colleagues. To-day we have Mr. WILLIAM O'BRIEN and Mr. TIM HEALY spitting fire at Mr. REDMOND and Mr. DILLON, who, to do them justice, are not lacking in reprisals in kind. 'Twas ever thus. O'CONNELL was supplanted by the Young Ireland Party. BUTT was superseded by PARNELL. PARNELL was politically done to death in Committee Room No. 15. To-day Mr. JOHN REDMOND stands at bay, target of the vituperation of WILLIAM O'BRIEN and the bitter sarcasm of TIM HEALY. Mr. REDMOND-HOWARD'S book brings the story up to date, its value being increased by its studiously moderate tone.

I don't think that MAARTEN MAARTENS can escape the charge of unnecessarily scaring the trustful reader in his latest novel, *Harmen Pols*. The hero of this book (published by METHUEN) is a young Dutch peasant who, on the top of the grief that comes to him when he finds his ancestral farm must be sold, gradually realises, through a number of rather Ibsenesque allusions, that he is not the son of his supposed father, but of a former friend of his mother's, *Govert Blass*. Later on he falls in love with *Govert Blass's* ward and so-called niece, only to learn from a servant of hers that the girl is really his daughter. The curious thing about these two "horrible revelations" is that neither of them is true, the latter being a superfluous lie, and the former suggested by the neurotic conscientiousness of his mother, who had always been in love with *Govert Blass*, and therefore felt that she was living a life of deceit with *Steven Pols*. The story is full of acute strokes of characterisation and fine flashes of philosophy (as anyone might guess from reading the author's name), and the romantic passages between *Harmen* and *Greta* are very pretty indeed. But when I turn back to the notice on the paper cover and learn that the result of the hero's emotional trials is to make him realise that the two supreme things in life are pity and love, I feel inclined to urge a strong plea for yet another supreme boon, namely accuracy of information.



The Very Rich Man. "I'M SORRY THAT'S THE ONLY ONE YOU'VE GOT. YOU SEE, I ALWAYS BUY MY COROTS IN PAIRS."

One thing I noticed about *The Glad Heart* (METHUEN) was that the character whose nature gives its title to Madame ALBANESI'S quite delightful tale makes but a very fleeting and occasional appearance in it. To say this is really to mention the only fault that can be found with the book; the range of it is so wide and the canvas so crowded that we have hardly time for more than a nodding acquaintance with two-thirds of the interesting persons whom it presents to us. "The glad heart" was owned by *Peggy Mariller*, a novelist, with an artist husband, many debts, and three entrancing children; and her only connection with the story is that her brother, *Dick Framley*, eventually marries its heroine, *Ellen Milner*. Naturally, however, heaps of things happen before that. *Ellen*, whose fox-hunting father had left her very badly off, goes as companion to *Lady Norchester*, the beautiful village-girl whose husband and his noble family were uniting to cold-shoulder her, after what was, to them, a regrettable misalliance. The picture of this woman, with her fierce love for the husband who now detests her, her jealousy, and her final revolt, is at once the cleverest and most detailed in the book. The whole atmosphere of the life at Wynch Castle, under its unhappy mistress, seemed to me to be excellently well conveyed. Of course, *Norchester* falls in love with *Ellen*; and at one time, so impetuous was his wooing, I thought that, with his wife out of the way, he was going to prove the favoured suitor. But in novels this is still the day of the middle-aged; and, after all, *Dick Framley*, the paternal, romped home in the last chapter. Which I was glad of, except that he thereby ended a most entertaining story.

It was necessary to *Max* (HUTCHINSON) that *Ned Blake*, a quick-tempered, slow-witted seeker after love, should be extraordinarily lacking in discernment. The trouble, however, really is that the reader knows all about *Max*, and cannot help wondering at *Ned's* stupidity. To watch him floundering on and not guessing to which sex *Max*—in spite of trousers, etc.—belonged, is like watching the performance of a simple trick which you know yourself and therefore cannot imagine how anyone can be deluded by it. But if you can swallow the accommodating blindness of poor old *Ned*, you will find Mrs. THURSTON'S story very enlightening. Here she treats Bohemian Paris frankly, and yet with no ill-flavoured freedom. She understands the highly-strung temperament, and her book is especially to be recommended to those revolutionary spirits who think that the obligations of sex can easily be avoided.

"Kent . . . possess a fast hard-wording pack."—*Daily Express.*

We have heard them. Luckily, however, hard words break no bones.

CHARIVARIA.

"AT a meeting of the Liberal Association here yesterday," cabled Reuter from Toronto last week, "the speakers declared that Canada had no need at present of a reciprocity treaty with the United States. They held that Canada should 'stand pat.'" Over here, too, we have often had to stand Pat, and, according to Mr. REDMOND, we shall soon have to take him lying down.

* * *

Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR has been alluding to the fact that ISAAC BUTT demanded Home Rule on Federal lines. Well, of course there are butts among us still, and that's where Mr. REDMOND's fun comes in when he goes out with his little bow and arrow.

* * *

Mr. O'CONNOR also told the representative of *The Daily Chronicle*, "Although we have always demanded Home Rule for Ireland, we have never excluded Home Rule for Scotland and Wales, and England as well, and what we ask for ourselves we are quite ready to concede to these." There speaks a generous heart.

* * *

"The sum collected," said Mr. O'CONNOR, referring to the result of his tour, "is the largest we have ever got, except during the palmiest days of Mr. PARNELL." "Palmiest" seems a good word in connection with the outstretched hand.

* * *

With reference to the two Englishmen who are in prison at Leipzig on a charge of espionage, it is stated that they protested against being allowed only one bath a month. This protest, we understand, will be used by the German authorities as evidence of the prisoners' nationality.

* * *

The task of designing the robes and dresses for the forthcoming Coronation has, it is announced, been entrusted to Mr. A. SHAW, of Grays. In consequence of the breakdown of the Conference, it is thought that there will be just a suggestion of mourning in the Peers' robes.

* * *

"The cost of Divorce—and also the cost of Marriage—should be borne by the State," says Dr. DAVID WALSH. This does not go far enough, in our opinion. The State should also be responsible for our wedding presents.

* * *

Sir HOWARD VINCENT'S silver cup for the best piece of detective work of the year has been awarded to Detective-Inspector A. WARD. We understand that, with a view to counteracting the emulation caused by the institution of this trophy, a number of public-spirited criminals are about to offer a gold cup for the worst piece of detective work of the year.

* * *

The Government has refused to accept any amendments to its Parliament Bill. Can it be that the thing is past mending?

* * *

The list of gentlemen who have consented to serve on the Advisory Board to deal with the censorship of plays includes the name of Professor WALTER RALEIGH. If there is anything in a name, he may be relied upon to have some sympathy for a certain amount of broadness, as reminiscent of the spacious days of good Queen BESS.



"OH, MUMMY, LOOK! THEY 'RE FEEDING HIM!"

We are sorry to hear that there was some discontent among the men of the American warships visiting our country. It seems that, though they were promised four clear days in London, some of them were foggy.

* * *

"British fowls," we read, "gave unmistakable evidence of their progress in the past few years, at the International Poultry, Pigeon and Rabbit Show at the Crystal Palace." This bears out the view of the optimists that, though there may be decadence here and there, yet the entire nation is not standing still.

* * *

Signs of the times:—For sale, at half price, a large stock of Teddy Bears.

A SINGLE-CHAMBER MAN.

"FOR the future," said Julian, addressing the rest of the Octopus Club, "I will ask you to regard me as a Single-Chamber man."

Our party, including the one who had dealt this sudden blow, numbered eight—four Liberal Conservatives and four Conservative Liberals—who were in the habit of dining once a week in unison, drawn together by a common love of good food and a common detestation of political extremes. The dining part of the idea (I will not disclose the restaurant, or you would all come and then they 'd start a band) was thought to be original; but its conversational features were traceable to the late Conference. The failure of the other Eight had not shattered our belief in the ultimate triumph of moderate counsels; and when Herbert (who could cite poetry to his purpose) once referred to Britain as

> "A land of settled Government,
> A land of just and old renown,
> Where Freedom slowly broadens down
> From precedent to precedent,"

we had all agreed in looking forward to, and assisting the advent of, the time when these admirable words would once again be found to have some relation to the facts.

And now Julian had given us notice that for the future we were to regard him as a Single-Chamber man!

If a bolt had fallen from the blue, the shock would have been slighter; for indeed the imagery of the less expensive journals had tended to familiarise us with this heavenly phenomenon. A painful silence ensued. Had Julian, we asked ourselves, mislaid his sanity? Strange mental disturbances had before now been produced by the imminence of a General Election. Clearly it was a case for sympathetic treatment; a harsh phrase might permanently disfigure his reason.

After a considerate pause I stepped into the hiatus. "My dear Julian," I began, "we naturally appreciate the fundamental principles which have moved you to declare in favour of a Single-Chamber policy. All of us—Liberal Conservatives and Conservative Liberals alike—desire on any given point to see the better judgment of the People prevail. But how do you expect them to arrive at a clear and cool vision of any problem in the blinding heat of a General Election, with its bitter partisanship, its variegated issues, and its gaudy appeals to ignorance and greed?"

"I don't expect anything of the sort," said Julian; "and I abhor General Elections. Especially two in one year."

"Yet," I resumed, "you would apparently allow those who are elected under these conditions to make hay of the country's best traditions with no one to put a check upon their orgies! What, pray, would this lead to?"

"Red ruin and the breaking-up of laws," said Herbert, in inverted commas.

"I stigmatise the present constitution of the Second Chamber as rotten," remarked Julian.

"But why not reform it?" interposed Archibald. "Why not arrange for a round half of it to be elected by decently-qualified voters; others to be nominated, like the Privy Council, for services to the State, or for proved experience in business or statecraft (a good proportion of these would be drawn, by right of personal distinction, from the Peerage); a few others, perhaps, for the sake of tradition, to be selected from among the Peers by their own body; one-third of the whole to retire in rotation, say, every three years; and the referendum to be employed in cases where the majority on any vital question falls below a fixed proportion of those present and voting?"

"That," said Julian, "is approximately my own notion of an ideal House of Lords."

"Then would you propose," said Oliver, "to exterminate the existing Chamber before or after reform?"

"Much," said Julian, "as I admire the alleged moderation of Sir EDWARD GREY, I would not share the humour of his attitude when he advocates a reformed Second Chamber, and meanwhile goes hand-in-hand with those who clamour for its practical extermination. I would insist upon the House of Lords being reformed on some such lines as those indicated by Archibald; and then no honest politician would ask for its extermination."

"But," said I, "you are an honest politician, yet just now you declared yourself to be a Single-Chamber man."

"So I am," said Julian.

It was then that Henry, who was a mathematician, intervened.

"How," he asked, "can you reduce Two Chambers to a Single Chamber without eliminating one of them?"

"You can't," said Julian.

"But," said the lot of us, "if you are going to retain an amended House of Lords, how can you call yourself a Single-Chamber man?"

"Easily," said Julian.

* * * * *

The club-doctor, at our request, has examined Julian's mind, and pronounced him absolutely sane. Julian, in turn, has now commissioned him to investigate the mental condition of us others, and was very anxious about the result.

O. S.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

AN actress of the Comédie Française, who recently announced in an interview with the representative of a Paris paper that an English peer had asked her to marry him—"To be or not to be an English Duchess, that is the question"—caused it to be known the same evening that she "was very sorry these statements had been printed, and that she was exceedingly desirous not to be talked about."

The force of example is notorious, and we understand that a well-known Cabinet Minister, in an interview with a representative of *The Westminster Gazette*, remarked with genuine feeling that he would cut off his right hand if so he could obliterate the unfortunate impression created by his premature Manifesto. It was a deplorable document, vitiated by false sentiment, exaggeration and prolixity. Worse than all, he had put his admirable chief, the PRIME MINISTER, in a false position, since he had usurped the privilege, which belonged to his Leader, of issuing the first Manifesto in the campaign. The Cabinet Minister, who was now shedding tears, exclaimed in a broken voice: "After all, I am young enough to learn by this painful lesson. I can only say that I am bitterly sorry that my letter was ever printed, and that I am sincerely anxious not to be talked about, even by my best friends, but to do my duty quietly, firmly, and without any illegitimate appeals to publicity."

"The debate in the House of Lords lasted from half-past four till ten minutes to six. In that brief hour and fifty minutes the Peers presented a spectacle of undisguised panic."—*Daily News.*

The briefest hour and fifty minutes that we remember to have come across.

"DERN SOCIALISM IN ITS HISTORIC DEVELOPMENT," says an advertisement in *The Scotsman;* and most people will endorse the epithet.



A BIT OVER THE BORDER.

Mr. Winston Churchill. "O, YOU 'LL TAK' THE HIGH ROAD,
AN' I 'LL TAK' THE LOW ROAD,
AN' I 'LL BE IN SCOTLAND AFORE YE."



She. 'HERE COMES DIANA WEYBRIDGE. DOESN'T SHE ENTIRELY SATISFY YOUR ARTISTIC SENSE?"
He. "DEAR LADY, SHE SAVOURS TOO MUCH OF A *STATEMENT*. WE ANTE-POST-PRANDIAL IMPRESSIONISTS SEE BEAUTY ONLY IN SEMI-SUGGESTED INTERPRETATIONS."

A LAY OF FEDERAL HOME-RULE.

WHEN the Unionist Party was starvin'
For lack of a spicier fare,
There uprose a young genius named GARVIN,
Who gave them a Benjamin's share.
His mien was tremendously solemn,
His style was alert and alive,
And what others could say in one column
He swelled into five.

Though his past had been partially tarnished
By views that good Ulstermen shock,
He had swept and attractively garnished
His mind with an up-to-date stock.
It was vain to be harsh or censorious,
For he carried the Party by storm,
With his faith so sublime and so glorious
In Tariff Reform.

Home-Rule? He religiously shunned it,
As under the ominous name
Of "Calchas," oracular pundit,
He reaped an anonymous fame.
Or in prose that was gay as a gala
And deep as the roar of the sea,
He bettered the exploits of SALA
Upon the *D.T.*

He lent to *The Outlook* its lustre,
The National sat at his feet;
No intimate Tariffite muster
Without him was counted complete.
His sayings were constantly quoted,
His portrait appeared in *The Mail*,
And his censure, the Suffragettes noted,
Made ASQUITH turn pale.

By MAXSE acclaimed as a wiser
Political thinker than BURKE,
He blended the pomp of a KAISER
With the strength of a Terrible Turk.
He was closeted daily with leaders,
Awarding them praise or rebukes,
And among his most diligent readers
Were all of the Dukes.

At the height of his patriot fervour
He kindly consented to come
To the aid of the ancient *Observer*,
And made it amazingly hum;
For his leaders assumed a more strident
And ultra-pontifical tone,
Till it seemed that the Spear and the Trident
Were GARVIN'S alone.

For a season he ruled as Dictator,
Till all of a sudden the *rôle*
Of National pacificator
Appealed to his sensitive soul.
So, having empow'red a Commission
Of eight to consider the means,
The realm he resolved to partition
In four smithereens.

Alas for the tragical sequel!
Alas for the frailty of man!
The zeal of his friends proved unequal
To working the Federal plan.
They owned he'd the pen of a PETRARCH,
But they wounded his pride to the quick
By saying that REDMOND the Tetrarch
Was rather too thick.

The Downward Ascent.

The Daily Chronicle's Special Humorist at Nottingham reports that, when Mr. BALFOUR spoke of the determination of the Unionist party to fight for a strong navy he "rose to shrieking bathos." He soared, in fact, into the deeps.

Life's Little Difficulties.

"Wanted, Suite of Furniture: would exchange barber's pole for same.—Davies, Butcher."
Advt. in "South Wales Daily News."

DOLLARS!

[NOTE.—This speech may be performed in all parts of Great Britain and Ulster on payment of a fee of one guinea (English money)].

GENTLEMEN, it is my duty as an Englishman to explain to you clearly the nature of the crisis with which we are at this moment faced. This duty is the more necessary because, for reasons of their own, certain so-called Englishmen are already at their old game of obscuring the issue, are once again trailing their red herrings invitingly for their opponents to tread on. I for one shall not tread on them. I shall not be led away to discuss such academic questions as Tariff Reform, the Navy, and the abolition of the Veto. These questions, important as they are in their proper time, sink to insignificance before the dominant question of the day—*Are we to be bought and sold by American dollars?*

The Dictator is here! He has arrived on these shores, the shores of this happy land, this England, set in a silver sea, his pockets bulging with foreign gold, his trunks crammed with the ill-gotten dollars with which the enemies of this country (many of them Canadians) have loaded him. He has come to buy up our England, to offer the gold of the foreigner in exchange for the liberties which our forefathers won for us. When once that fact is understanded of the people, is there one patriot who will not writhe in shame, is there one Englishman, however lowly, who will not strike his breast and say, "While I have a breath to draw, this thing shall not be"? Tell it out among the counties! Tell it out among the boroughs! Tell it in the public places! Tell it in the public-houses! *The Dictator is here with his dollars!*

Dollars! Not honest British pounds; not gay French francs; neither the unstable Indian rupee nor the unemotional German mark; not doubloons, nor sestertii, nor pieces of eight. Had he come to buy us with Russian roubles even, our shame had not been so deep. But it is with dollars that his pockets bulge, with American (and Canadian) dollars that his portmanteau is stuffed. Tell it out among the counties, tell it out among the boroughs—it is for *them* to say if they will be bought with foreign gold.

Two hundred thousand dollars! Think of it! For what purpose has the Dictator made this unprecedented journey to a foreign land and collected this stupendous, this unheard-of sum (£40,000 in our money) from the sworn enemies of England, such as Sir WILFRID LAURIER? *For what purpose,* I ask. Ah, we know well that there is only one purpose which can demand so colossal, so staggering an amount—an amount nearly as much as some of our Dukes can earn in a whole year! He has designs on England! He has come to purchase the Government!

As yet we do not know how the money will be divided. The details are not settled; the exact proportion to be given to the Cabinet, the blood-money of the junior members of the Ministry, the difference between WEDGWOOD BENN'S bribe and the price demanded by Earl BEAUCHAMP for his share in the conspiracy—these matters are of minor importance. We do not even know yet how much will be allotted to each constituency in Great Britain in the attempt to purchase the votes of freeborn Englishmen. *But we are aware of one fact.* The Dictator is here with his dollars! Tell it in the public-houses!

With an amazing effrontery characteristic of him Mr. REDMOND does not seek to hide the sources of his ill-gotten gains. He actually publishes a list full of outlandish foreign names, like O'Leary and O'Flanagan. How different from the modesty of our own English Tariff Reform League, which publishes no balance sheets, although we know that the familiar name, dear to every Englishman, of Naselheim would be found there!

Luckily there are still some Englishmen left who are not afraid to stand up to the Dictator. Mr. BALFOUR has once again put the case in a nutshell. He has taken in the situation at a glance and summed it up in these noble words (spoken at Nottingham):

"*I appeal to every man whatever be his tradition or position to say that Great Britain shall manage the affairs of Great Britain.*"

Our hearts beat quicker as we read this, and learn that the Duke of PORTLAND leapt to his feet and waved his programme. An Irishman might say that this is precisely what his country has been asking for—for the last twenty years; but that is an uncivilised retort such as no gentleman would make. What Mr. BALFOUR meant is plain: *Are we to be bought and governed by foreign gold?*

Gentlemen, you understand the issue now. The Tariff question, the Constitutional Question, Land Questions, Licensing Questions, Education Questions—all these are nothing compared with the one great question before the country to-day: *Are we to be bought by American dollars?* At other times and other elections we have asked you if you wished to be ruled by Germany—we shall ask you that question again at future elections. But for the moment Germany sinks into the background. The question to be decided to-day is this:

Do you wish to be ruled by America?

Gentlemen, I can trust you, as lovers of your country (by which I mean England, other than Wales, and parts of Scotland), to decide this question in a true and patriotic spirit. A. A. M.



Caddie. "'OT STUFF, THE MAJOR."
Friend. "NOT ARF." *Caddie.* "FIERCE SOLJER, TOO."
Friend. "YUS—(*pause*)—I SHUDDERS WHEN I THINKS OF UNIVERSAL SERVICE."



THE PINK MAN'S BURDEN.

DIRGE TO A DEAD OWL.

["Most proprietors nowadays strictly preserve these beautiful and useful birds."—*Natural History.*]

SILENT, mysterious, on wings of down,
A swift, deceptive presence in the cover,
Vaguely irresolute, soft-breasted, brown,
Bird of Minerva, tawny-eyed moon-lover,
You faced the sunshine mid the fir-trees gaunt,
Roused by the beaters' distant sticks a-tapping,
From some sequestered, hidden, noontide haunt,
Where doubtless you 'd been napping.

Now, all that 's mortal of you, limp and dead,
Lies where a few pale, floating plumes still fly light;
Your little ghost, I like to think, has sped
To the dim nether world of endless twilight
(Fit paradise for one who loved full well
The empty dark), those shores forlorn, abhorrent;
To sail for ever o'er the asphodel,
By Styx's gloomy torrent!

Meanwhile with hasty hands the mould I 'll heap
Over your warm, uncaring, earthly habit,
Over the pinions that no more may sweep
Upon the unsophisticated rabbit;
Lost to the daylight (which you couldn't brook,
You loathed that sunrise bore, the dull but good cock),
None of the guns shall guess that I mistook
You for the sweepstakes woodcock.

Horrible Snobbery at Nottingham.

"There is no class in all England so aristocratic as the hangers-on of the aristocracy, and Mr. Balfour—an aristocrat to his finger-tips, although not possessing even a courtesy title—can always command the homage of an army of hangers-on, the cardinal point of whose political creed is worship of the aristocracy."

"The Daily Chronicle's" Special Correspondent at Nottingham.

Terrible as the toadyism of this gathering of delegates of the National Union of Conservative Associations must appear to all right-thinking persons (every man in the audience having his eye on some Household appointment in the next Unionist Ministry), there is something to be said for these hangers-on of the aristocracy. After all, let us concede in their favour that the man they were just then hanging-on to is not strictly an aristocrat, since he does not possess "even a courtesy title," and therefore has no claim to the highest place of honour in *The Daily Chronicle's* "Social and Personal" column.

From a story in *The Church Family Newspaper* (we always hide our copy when the ladies come into the room):

"Mrs. Fairfax professed a polite interest in the house that had come to Lovel with his uncle's death, wh lst she nursed one of the King Charles's spaniels and occasionally addressed that petted animal in a kind of baby talk, listening to his replies with an obviously wandering attention."

Spaniel. "Why don't you listen? For Heaven's sake don't keep pawing me about like this. Give me air . . . Oh, all right, go on . . . What 's for tea? . . . *I said, 'What 's for tea?'* . . . WHAT 'S FOR TEA? . . . Mashed biscuit again—what a life!"

POST-IMPRESSIONIST PROBLEMS.

(A SKETCH AT THE GRAFTON GALLERIES.)

TIME—*Saturday afternoon. Visitors discovered, some making irreverent remarks, but the majority conscientiously endeavouring to understand if not admire works which they have been assured by the only people who know represent the Apotheosis of French Art, and, incidentally, the annihilation of all previous artistic standards.*

Miss Pamela Sleyd (a young Art Student, who has not yet "found herself," to Mr. Dryden Prewin, *a painter who has long since found himself, but has not, as yet, been discovered by anyone else—as they inspect* MANET'S *Portrait of Mlle. Lemonnier*). I like the modelling of the nose, but do you know (*with some hope of impressing him by her anatomical knowledge*), I *can't* help feeling that her right sleeve has no arm inside it.

Mr. Prewin (*languidly*). And why *should* it have? MANET, whatever may be said *against* him, was perhaps the first to introduce the principle of eliminating all detail that is not absolutely essential.

Miss P. S. But *isn't* a right arm an essential detail?

Mr. P. Not if it doesn't happen to appeal to the painter. In that case he simply ignores it.

Miss P. S. I feel that *must* be right. (*As they pass on to* MANET'S "*Un Bar aux Folies-Bergère.*") Now this I really *do* like. Those oranges and the still-life on the counter are quite marvellously real! It isn't *possible* to put more truth into bottles than MANET has into all those, *is* it?

Mr. P. (*pained*). Possibly not. And it is just that realistic treatment that we Synthesists are in revolt against. It is too hopelessly out of date nowadays. We have got so *far* beyond MANET *now!*

Miss P. S. (*an assimilative young person*). Ah, poor dear! Perhaps he *was* just a little—er—early Victorian!

Mr. Ellis Dee (*a young City man with advanced views on Art, to Miss Nebula Mistley*). You may *like* this new style of painting, or you may *not;* but I can tell you *this:* it's like the motor-car, it's come to *stay*. You'll see—everybody'll be doing it in a year or two!

Miss Mistley (*dubiously*). I *wonder*. A good many people don't seem to see anything in it at all.

Mr. E. D. No more they did in TURNER or WHISTLER and all those chaps. And look where *they* are now!

Miss M. I *wish* I knew someone who could *tell* me about these pictures!

Mr. E. D. (*hurt*). That's just what I *am* doing. Why, there are fellows in Johannesburg—fellows who *know*, you know—buying everything they can get hold of. And prices simply *bounding* up.

Miss M. (*impressed*). Really? Then there *must* be *something* in it!

Miss Sleyd (*before "Calypso" by* M. Maurice Denis). I *love* that. I do *really!* The colour-effect of those warm pink rocks against the green sea is *too* charming!

Mr. Prewin (*drily*). *Much.* These attempts to represent Nature under a pleasing aspect are unspeakably offensive to the eye of all the more *advanced* Synthesists.

Miss S. (*feeling sorry she spoke*). Oh, I *quite* see that. And of course, as *Art*, a thing like this is simply *nowhere!*

Mrs. Molesey (*to* Mr. Rumbell Wetheram, *an eminent Art Critic, before some of* M. Gaugoin's *Tahitian studies*). Yes, Mr. Wetheram, I do feel the rhythm and the emotional significance and all that, but I *should* like to know why some of the figures are drawn with such hard black outlines.

Mr. R. W. Because, my dear lady, Primitive Art makes no attempt to draw what the eye perceives, but—ah—aims at putting a line round a mental conception of the object.

Mrs. M. I *see*. And they're Tahitians, too—*so* interesting! I must get a book about Tahiti and read it up. (*She stops in some stupefaction before a landscape in which the foliage is represented by irregular polygons of Indian red, chrome-green, salmon-pink, and Prussian-blue, edged with ochre rims*). Now *really*, Mr. Wetheram, I *can't* quite see why he should paint all his trees such odd shapes and colours!

Mr. R. W. That, dear Mrs. Molesey, is purely a matter of *technique*, which, let me remind you, is entirely the Artist's *own* affair. The Public has no right whatever to dictate to a painter *how* he should render the "tree-ness" of a tree.

Mrs. M. You mean he must be allowed to paint trees as he thinks they *ought* to be?

Mr. R. W. Precisely. And Synthesists have passed from the complexity of the appearance of things to the geometrical simplicity which design demands.

Mrs. M. I *see*. Then of course it's all right.

Miss Platt (*a matter-of-fact young woman*, to Miss Dobbs, *another*). "Le Postier." But why have they given him a *green* beard?

Miss Dobbs. Perhaps he'd been dyeing it just before he was taken. (*They pass on to a study of a black bottle and a chamber candlestick*). "Le Bougeoir!" Fancy giving it a title like *that!*

Miss Platt (*tolerantly*). Oh, well, they *had* to call it *something*.

A Wife (*to her husband, with enthusiasm*). Oh, George, *how* I envy the possessors of these glorious things! Don't *you?*

George. Well, not particularly. They may *have* 'em for all *I* care. But I tell you what, Laura, if you're so keen on 'em I don't mind giving you one for your birthday present. Only mind, you must hang it in your own room.

Laura. It's ever so sweet of you, dear—but I can't let you be so extravagant. You shall give me that sealskin and chinchilla coat I told you about, instead.

Mr. Askelon Gathborne (*a frank Philistine, to* Mr. Prewin, *who has been trying in vain to evade him*). No, but I say—just *look* at that picture of a donkey there. Why, it's more like a *wooden* animal than a live one!

Mr. Prewin. Possibly; but, as the introduction to the Catalogue very justly observes, "A good rocking-horse often has more of the true horse about it than an instantaneous photograph of a Derby winner."

Mr. A. G. Has it? I should be sorry to back it for a place, all the same!

Mr. Prewin. My dear fellow, that's entirely beside the *point*. But, of course, if you only come here to jeer——

Mr. A. G. Not a bit of it, dear old man. This has opened my eyes, I do assure you. I quite see from the way all this has caught on that there's only one set of men whose work is going to count in this country.

Mr. Prewin. I hardly expected you would say so, but you are perfectly right. If English Art is ever to be rescued from its present state of utter degradation, it will be by us Post-Impressionists.

Mr. A. G. I wasn't thinking of *you*, old fellow. I meant those chaps who exhibit on the pavement. But perhaps I'm wrong. Some of 'em *do* seem to have learnt to draw a bit!

[Mr. Prewin *is about to reply that, to the Synthesist, Drawing is entirely unimportant in solving the problem of how the artist may best express his own temperament—but decides, on second thoughts, to reserve his pearls for a more appreciative recipient.*] F. A.

CIVIL ANSWERS TO CIVIL QUESTIONS.

I.—AT THE DOUANE.

Question. Have you anything to declare?

Correct Answer. No trumps.

Further Question. No trumps?

Correct Answer. None whatever.

II.—IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.

Question. Amelia, will you be mine?

Correct Answer. No. But I will marry you, if you like.

III.—IN THE STUDY.

Question. May I ask as a father what your intentions towards my daughter are, Sir?

Correct Answer. You may.

Further Question. What are your intentions?

Correct Answer. I give you three guesses.

Further Question. Sir, I demand to know. What are your intentions?

Correct Answer. I haven't any.

Further Question. Do you call yourself a gentleman, Sir?

Correct Answer. I have too high an opinion of myself to call myself names.

IV.—IN THE BILLIARD-ROOM.

Question. Have you a cigarette on you?

Correct Answer. I have left my case at home, so I am afraid you will have to burn one of your own.

V.—IN THE STREET.

Question. Won't you come round and dine with us one of these days?

Correct Answer. Yes. Which?

VI.—AT THE ENQUIRY OFFICE.

Question. What is your name, Madam.

Correct Answer. N. or M. Strike out one of these.

VII.—IN COURT.

Question. Prisoner at the Bar, how say you? Are you guilty or not guilty?

Correct Answer. That is for you to find out.

VIII.—AT THE TELEPHONE (TRUNK CALL).

Question. Are you there?

Correct Answer. Your question admits of two answers, "Yes" on the one hand, and "No" on the other. It largely depends on what exactly you mean by "there."

Further Question. Are you two-three-double-six-nine Central, London?

Correct Answer. Again it is necessary to go into the matter at some length. You ask, "Am I two-three-double-six-nine Central, London?" In a way I am, and in another way I am not. I am often addressed by that name, but in fact, in so describing myself in the directory, I have, I fear, been guilty of a little harmless deception. I mean, that is not the name with which I was presented at my christening. My god-parents will, I am sure, bear me out in that statement. Their respective addresses are . . .

Further Question (from the London Exchange). Three minutes is up. Are you done?

Correct Answer. In approaching this, the third problem that is propounded to us . . .

Further Question (from the same source). Can't follow you. What 's that?

Correct Answer. In approaching, I say, this, the third problem that is propounded to us, precision is equally necessary. The word "done" is capable of several interpretations, and it is essential to your enquiry . . . [*Cut off.*



OUR ARTIST'S DREAM AFTER HEARING A PERFORMANCE OF TSCHAIKOWSKY'S "1812."

Poetical decision by editor weary of new billiard records: Gray's *Bard*.



CONSOLATION.

Wife of Belated Foxhunter. "OH, PERKINS, WHAT DO YOU THINK CAN HAVE HAPPENED TO SIR JOHN? SURELY IF HE'D BEEN THROWN AND HURT, THE MARE WOULD HAVE FOUND HER WAY HOME BY NOW?"

Coachman. "OH, NO, MUM—A NICE GENTLE ANIMAL LIKE 'ER WOULD HAVE BROWSED ROUND THE BODY UNTIL IT WAS FO'ND."

Notes and Queries.

Several correspondents have asked if they may call our attention (and we freely give them permission) to our comment on a *Daily Mail* cutting in last week's issue. They point out that, if you count all the sharps and flats (which we should never dream of doing) there *are* twelve notes in an octave, and they want to know what we have to say to *that*. We have to say:

(1) That, if there are, there oughtn't to be, because the whole point of calling it an octave is thus lost.

(2) That for the sake of our readers in America, where the colour question is so strong, we were purposely ignoring the black notes.

(3) That, even if we weren't, we always count an octave "from C to C" (as KIPLING says), and that this gives you thirteen.

An Electrical Shock.

From an advertisement of Memphis (U.S.A.) in *The Saturday Evening Post*:

"BRING THE WORLD TO MEMPHIS is the slogan of the City and it exactly expresses the intense desire of every man, woman and child in Memphis. This sentiment is backed up and given practical effect by the great Business Men's Club of Memphis, embracing 1,800 progressive citizens. They occupy their own $250,000 Club House . . . Every man of them is *a live wire* . . .

It is this thoroughly wide-awake progressive cosmopolitan people who will extend you *the glad hand.*"

The italics are ours, but there our interest ceases. We do not propose to grasp the glad hand of a live wire.

"But, whatever the sandwich used, the hostess should endeavour to make it distinctive of herself."—*Daily Chronicle.*

There is, however, a right way and a wrong way of doing this, and the thumb-mark way is the wrong one.

The Prophetic Eye.

"IMPERIAL DURBAR
A GREAT SOLEMNITY.
PROBABLE PROGRAMME.
By an Eye-Witness."
The Daily Telegraph.

"The Mayor and Corporation of Penzance yesterday attended service at St. John's Church."

For some reason unknown to us (it is really no business of ours at all) *The Western Morning News* heads this "PENANCE."

"Mr. Winston Churchill does not propose at present to fill up the second of the two appointments as Labour Adviser to the Home Office, the first of which has been accepted by Mr. D. J. Shackleton, M.P.

The Home Secretary wishes it to be known that he does not propose at present to fill up the second of the two appointments as Labour Adviser to the Home Office, the first of which has been accepted by Mr. Shackleton."

—*Leicester Daily Mercury.*

Well, that's all right. Now, it *is* known.

"The Press Association says: Before the end of next week the present will have ceased to exist."—*Liverpool Courier.*

Epigrams like this depend for their effect entirely upon the way they are said. In the mouth of a practised *raconteur* like the Press Association they appear extremely pointed.



PARDONABLE CURIOSITY.

Lord Crewe. "THIS, I THINK, IS THE INSTRUMENT YOU WERE ENQUIRING ABOUT?"
Lord Lansdowne (*on his way to trial*). "THANKS. I THOUGHT I 'D JUST LIKE TO GLANCE AT IT."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday, Nov. 15.—Something sublime about affectation of indifference assumed by House of Commons at critical epochs. Reassembled to-day amid intense public interest, testified to by unwonted crowd at gates of Palace Yard watching arrival of Members, arbiters of destinies of the Empire. When SPEAKER took the Chair every seat on floor was occupied. Late comers overflowed into side galleries. The menaced Peers were in the dock—I mean the Gallery over the Clock. Behind them serried rows of Strangers. To their right a line of Foreign Ministers and other distinguished personages. Buzz of eager conversation filled the Chamber.

The Conference had broken up, admitting failure. There had been going and coming between Downing Street and Sandringham. What did it portend? Immediate dissolution, or further parleying with Peers over the Veto Resolutions? Members crowded to Westminster to hear the promised answer to portentous question. All the world listened at the door.

And what do you suppose was the business the House straightway took in hand and proceeded to deal with in deliberate, prosaic fashion as if the political crisis everyone was talking about had its local habitation in the planet Saturn? Why, it was consideration of Gas Companies (Standard Burner) (No. 1) Bill, a measure which seems to have escaped ruthless hand of the Lords and reached the Commons intact. Anyhow there it lay upon the Table, with intimation that it had come on from the other House. What it was all about only nine Members, including the CHAIRMAN OF WAYS AND MEANS, had slightest idea. Of these, eight filled five folios of the Orders of the Day with notices of motion referring to it.

Thus it came to pass that, whilst the thronged House curbed its impatience, the Gas Companies (Standard Burner) (No. 1) Bill was understood to be dimly threading its way to the Statute Book.

This disposed of, surely we should have eagerly expected statement. Not a bit of it, as DON'T KEIR HARDIE said to himself. May be true that HARDIE Don't Keir for some of the impulses and observances common in certain grades of social and public life; but he does greatly 'keir' for an opportunity of advertising himself. Here was one fashioned with lavish hand. He seized it by the hair, as the French say. Proceeded to cross-examine SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR with respect to despatch of troops to protect life and property in disturbed colliery districts of South Wales. Nine times he rose to reiterate in slightly varied form enquiry already answered with Napoleonic curtness modified by Haldanean courtesy.

House looked on with ill-disguised impatience at surprising clemency of the SPEAKER. The letter and the spirit of procedure strictly limit number and range of Supplementary Questions. And here was KEIR HARDIE having his fling unrestrained and unrebuked.



JACK-IN-THE-BOX REES.

(Always a delightful counter-irritant to the Precious-Little-Empire Lot.) (Sir J. D. Rees.)

Too much for JACK-IN-THE-BOX REES. Is accustomed to keep watchful eye over irregularities at Question time. Now, with that unexpectedness that suggests the mechanical toy, he leaped to his feet and submitted point of Order, designed to put down KEIR HARDIE.

"That is not a point of order," the SPEAKER interrupted.

JACK-IN-THE-BOX not to be shut up so suddenly.

"With great respect, Mr. SPEAKER," he said, "I venture to think——"

"The views of hon. Members," interrupted the SPEAKER icily, "do not concern me."

Then there was heard something resembling the click of a closing box. Members, looking towards spot where REES lately stood, found he had disappeared.

Up again presently. This time certainly scored. To long list of interrogations addressed to urbanely smiling NAPOLEON B. HALDANE, DON'T KEIR HARDIE, commencing new column of advertisement, propounded long, argumentative conundrum addressed to WINSOME WINSTON. Came once more whirring sound from second bench below Gangway. JACK-IN-THE-BOX REES out again, fearlessly fronting the Chair. Distantly alluding to himself as "the hon. Member for Montgomery" he asked whether KEIR HARDIE'S views expressed in short speech put in form of Question were more in order than those that earlier brought upon himself rebuke from the Chair? General cheer approved point of enquiry. SPEAKER did not reply.

At last to business. PRIME MINISTER significantly absent. Understood to be in further conference with HIS MAJESTY on momentous issue at stake. In his absence CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER, in halting accents, with timid manner unfamiliar at Limehouse, explained that eagerly expected statement would not be made to-day, nor even to-morrow. On Thursday it should be forthcoming from lips of PREMIER. Turned out that PRINCE ARTHUR engaged in country on that day. Finally settled that full disclosure shall be made on Friday.

"*Absit omen!*" murmured the MEMBER FOR SARK, under whose complex character lurks a stratum of superstition.

Business done.—Gas Companies (Standard Burner) (No. 1) Bill read a third time.

House of Lords, Wednesday.—Muffled, presumably interesting, conversation going forward through hour-and-a-half. To those whom duty calls to attend Debate in the Lords, the Chamber familiar as the sepulchre of speech. This afternoon, interest in proceedings abnormally acute, entombment more than usually complete. LANSDOWNE as a rule successful in making himself heard. In the eyrie over the Bar where Commoners are, as they say in police-court reports, "accommodated with a seat," only by painfully intense listening

could the drift of his remarks be guessed at. ROSEBERY is another of the few Peers who can be heard in the Gallery. He also collapsed. Contemplation of growing iniquity of the Government, of increasing danger to the Empire, affected not only his spirits but his voice.

As for CREWE, barely audible at the best of times, he was excruciating. What made it worse for lookers-on from the Gallery was the aggravation of his manner. One could guess from the action of his hands, the gleam of genius on his countenance, that he was making an eloquent, probably a convincing speech, of which only here and there was caught fragment of a sentence.

Climax reached at close of CREWE'S reply to what was understood to have been LANSDOWNE'S speech. ROSEBERY, quitting Cross Bench, stood at Table facing Ministers. I made verbatim note of what followed as far as it was heard from Gallery where Commons clustered, and transcribe it for information of posterity, who will like to know how debate is carried on in House of Lords.

Lord Rosebery. ". . . first and second reading . . . opportunity to-day . . . printed?"

Up gat CREWE, anxious above all things to convey information. His play with his hat was, in absence of articulation, illuminating. Clutched it from his head with evident intention of demolishing hostile querist. As, holding it in hand, he advanced to Table, tenderer thoughts filled his mind. Proper sense of fealty to a father-in-law seized him. By time he reached the Table his nature so softened that he quite gently deposited, brim uppermost, what a moment earlier had been a really truculent hat. Then, in courteous accent, he made full reply.

Lord Crewe. ". . . er . . . in this matter . . . Monday next . . . er . . . I confess I . . . to everyone in the House . . . er . . . in any other case . . . er."

Lord Rosebery. ". . . slippery work . . . of course . . . am I to understand . . . next week?"

Lord Crewe (*emphatically*). "Yes."

Lord Rosebery. "Then may I ask . . . are we to . . . propositions of the Government?"

Lord Crewe. ". . . er . . . like all other Bills . . . our position was . . . we were willing . . . er . . . no amendments."

Happily one gleam of light shone through the mirk. On Orders of Day appeared Resolution in name of Lord LANSDOWNE inviting Government forthwith to submit their Veto Bill. Putting this and that together, closely following eloquent movement of CREWE'S hands and arms, gathered that request was conceded. Anyhow, no division. Noble Lords congregating in Lobby haggardly compared notes as to what they thought they had here and there caught of purport of two speeches and one cross-examination.



Persuasive, deprecatory, lucid, charming to look at—but inaudible in the Gallery!

Business done.—Generally understood that Veto Bill was read first time.

House of Commons, Friday.—Dominance of the unexpected kept up to last. Prevailed even in detail of Questions. Through the session Ministers enjoy on Fridays immunity from interrogation. To-day, the House thronged to fullest capacity with audience eager to know what the PREMIER had to announce on political crisis, an interval of a full hour was occupied with questions put and answered amid murmur of conversation along the benches.

Another surprise was the excessive tameness of the proceedings. Here was climax of situation whose growth had occupied men's minds for a full fortnight. Reasonable to look for scene of seething excitement, passion finding outlet in bursts of cheers and counter-cheering. That the impulse was there was testified to by the ringing cheer from Opposition that greeted entrance of PRINCE ARTHUR, a demonstration lustily responded to from Ministerial side when, five minutes later, the PREMIER entered from behind the SPEAKER'S chair.

Evidently there was plenty of gunpowder strewn about the floor. A match carelessly or designedly dropped would lead to explosion shaking the roof.

At the outset the artful PREMIER sprinkled cold water over the gunpowder. He was solely concerned in getting business through. Fireworks we might, if we pleased, have in another place on another occasion. Striking a conversational note, avoiding incitement to party feeling, in the space of twenty minutes—one-third of the time wasted on Questions—he announced that dissolution will be decreed on Monday the 28th. In the meantime business of session will be quietly wound up.

"A master of precise statement," PRINCE ARTHUR hailed the PREMIER, and taking time and tune from him delivered equally brief speech, also free from appeal to party passion.

It was not magnificent but it avoided futile fury and consequent waste of time.

Business done.—Dissolution announced.

"So the Asquithian *coup de main* fails in the nerveless arm of the Prime Minister, and the bottom falls out of the overflowing cup."
Pall Mall Gazette.

Horrible thought! Can the writer have translated "*coup*" by "cup"?

"Two hundred inmates of the Belfast County Gaol enjoyed a variety entertainment on Saturday, and listened to organ solos played by the prison governor."—*Manchester Evening News.*

It is a nice distinction, and we appreciate the tact with which it is made.



Small Boy (to High Priest of stately equipage). "DRIVE ON HOME, AUGUSTUS. I SHALL WALK!"

RHYMES FOR RATS.

[A lament suggested by the old rural superstition that rats could be rhymed to death.]

WHEN I despondently review
The way the modern poet's trade
Yields profits barely equal to
The takings of a tweeny maid,
I sigh for those attractive times
When rats were massacred with rhymes.

For then, when ravage in his rick
Had set the farmer swearing hard,
His friends would tell him: "Send round quick
For Robinson, the gifted bard,
Who boasts a pretty talent that 's
As good as sudden death to rats."

And straightway he would summon me,
Acting upon this timely tip,
And beg me try what poetry
Could do to give the beggars gip.
"Dead for a ducat," I would shout,
And he would dole the ducat out.

But even vermin treat to-day
All music with a cold neglect,
And BROWNING'S friend might pipe away
(Like billyo) without effect.
When man is fighting rats, no more
The minstrel boy goes to the war.

HINTS TO HOSTESSES.

["Hostesses often complain that they do not know how to entertain their guests in the long winter evenings unless they play cards, and the result is that the non-card-players retire early, having nothing better to do."—*Daily Mail.*]

POOR ladies, you must be helped; or else you must give up asking non-gambling visitors to your house at all.

One way to keep these unreasonable guests up is to make their bedrooms extremely uncomfortable. Forget to put hot water in their bottles; for nothing is more depressing than a cold water-bottle. Let their fires out, or don't have them laid at all. Leave the windows open. Shut the dog or cat up in the room.

That is one way. Another way is to have dinners later and later, so that there is no time for cards for any one. Don't sit down till ten and then serve slowly, so that the table is not finally left till midnight. This will break up the evening very pleasantly, and no one is likely to want to sit up much later.

Another way is to find you are out of cards. "Of course you 'd like Bridge, wouldn't you?" you can say quite naturally (practise this before a phonograph), "but unfortunately I can't put my hand on our packs. We have such lots, but I'm afraid one of our new maids has been lighting the fire with them—she 's Irish, you know!" or "The boys had a paper-chase yesterday and the little rascals used all our squeezers—how droll of them!" or "My husband's aunt, you know, she 's very strict—quite an Anabaptist I call her!—she hates cards, so that I 'm afraid she destroyed them. She left only this morning." Say something like this, gaily and humorously, and then suggest your alternative attraction, whatever it is—Spillikins, or Squails, or Consequences, or Charades.

But if all these devices fail and you are driven back on the conclusion that most of your friends actually do come to stay with you for the sake of Bridge, why then you must sacrifice those who don't. Nothing is so uncomfortable as to have friends who hate gambling. Don't ask them any more. Perhaps this is simplest.

"When butter is not worked properly, or is badly made up, its colour is often streaky and the flavour impaired. Butter should never be dragged along the bed of the worker, as this is a sure means of detracting from the quality of the finished article."

—*The Farmer and Stockbreeder.*

If we must have our bed tampered with we certainly prefer the ordinary apple-pie.

THE VAGABOND.

(Concluded.)

So, moving on where his fancy listed,
He came to a street that turned and twisted;
And there by a shop-front dimly lighted
He suddenly stopped as though affrighted,
Stopped and stared with his deep gaze centred
On something seen, like a dream's illusion,
Through the streaming glass, mid the queer confusion
Of objects littered on shelf and floor,
And about the counter and by the door—
And then with his lips set tight he entered.

There were rusty daggers and battered breastplates,
And jugs of pewter and carved oak cases,
And china monsters with hideous faces,
And cracked old plates that had once been best plates;
And needle-covers and such old-wivery;
Wonderful chess-men made from ivory;
Cut-glass bottles for wines and brandies,
Sticks once flourished by bucks and dandies;
Deep old glasses they drank enough in,
And golden boxes they took their snuff in;
Rings that flashed on a gallant's knuckles,
Seals and lockets and shining buckles;
Watches sadly in need of menders,
Blackened firedogs and dinted fenders;
Prints and pictures and quaint knick-knackery,
Rare old silver and mere gimcrackery—
Such was the shop, and in its middle
Stood an old man holding a dusty fiddle.

The Vagabond bowed and the old man bowed,
And then the Vagabond spoke aloud.
"Sir," he said, "we are two of a trade,
Each for the other planned and made,
And so we shall come to a fair agreement,
Since I am for you and you 're for me meant.
And I, having travelled hither from far, gain
You yourself as my life's best bargain.
But I am one
Who chaffers for fun,
Who when he perceives such stores of beauty
Outspread conceives it to be his duty
To buy of his visit a slight memento:
Some curious gem of the quattrocento,
Or something equally rare and priceless,
Though its outward fashions perhaps entice less:
A Sultan's slipper, a Bishop's mitre,
Or the helmet owned by a Roundhead fighter,
Or an old buff coat by the years worn thin,
Or—what do you say to the violin?
I 'll wager you 've many, so *you* can't miss one,
And I—well, I have a mind for this one,
This which was made, as you must know,
Three hundred years and a year ago
By one who dwelt in Cremona city
For me—but I lost it, more 's the pity,
Sixty years back in a wild disorder
That flamed to a fight on the Afghan border;
And, whatever it costs, I am bound to win it,
For I left the half of my full soul in it."

And now as he spoke his eyes began
To shiver the heart of the grey old man;
And the old man stuttered,
And "Sir," he muttered,
"The words you speak are the merest riddle,
But—five pounds down, and you own the fiddle!
And I 'll choose for your hand, while the pounds you dole out,
A bow with which you may pick that soul out."

So said so done, and our friend again
Was out in the raging wind and rain.
Swift through the twisting street he passed
And came to the Market Square at last,
And climbed and stood
On a block of wood
Where a pent-house, leant to a wall, gave shelter
From the brunt of the blizzard's helter-skelter,
And, waving his bow, he cried, "Ahoy!
Now steady your hearts for an hour of joy!"
And so to his cheek and jutting chin
Straight he fitted the violin,
And, rounding his arm in a movement gay,
Touched the strings and began to play.

There hasn't been heard since the world spun round
Such a marvellous blend of thrilling sound.
It streamed, it flamed, it rippled and blazed,
And now it reproached and now it praised,
And the liquid notes of it wove a scheme
That was one-half life and one-half a dream.
And again it scaled in a rush of fire
The glittering peaks of high desire;
Now, foiled and shattered, it rose again
And plucked at the souls and hearts of men;
And still as it rose the sleet came down
In the Market Square of Danbury town.

And now from hundreds of opened doors,
With quiet paces
And happy faces,
In ones and twos and threes and fours,
A crowd pressed out to the Market Square
And stood in the storm and listened there.

And, oh, with what a solemn tender strain
The long-drawn music eased their hearts of pain;
And gave them visions of divine content;
Green fields and happy valleys far away,
And rippling streams and sunshine and the scent
Of bursting buds and flowers that come in May.
And one spoke in a rapt and gentle voice,
And bade his friends rejoice,
"For now," he said, "I see, I see once more
My little lass upon a pleasant shore
Standing, as long ago she used to stand,
And beckoning to me with her dimpled hand.
As in the vanished years,
So I behold her and forget my tears."
And each one had his private joy, his own,
All the old happy things he once had known,
Renewed and from the prisoning past set free,
And mixed with hope and happy things to be.

So for a magic hour the music gushed,
Then faded to a close, and all was hushed,
And the tranced people woke and looked about,
And fell to wondering what had brought them out
On such a night of wind and piercing sleet,
Exposed with hatless heads and thin-shod feet.
Something, they knew, had chased their heavy sadness;
And for the years to come they still may keep,
As from a morning sleep,
Some broken gleam of half-remembered gladness.
But the wild fiddler on his feet of flame
Vanished and went the secret way he came.



Lady (wanting some wallflowers for bedding out). "HAVE YOU ANY 'BLEEDING WARRIORS'?"
New Assistant (inexperienced in floral nomenclature). "WELL, MA'AM, OUR FOREMAN HAS TWO BOYS IN THE SCOUTS."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

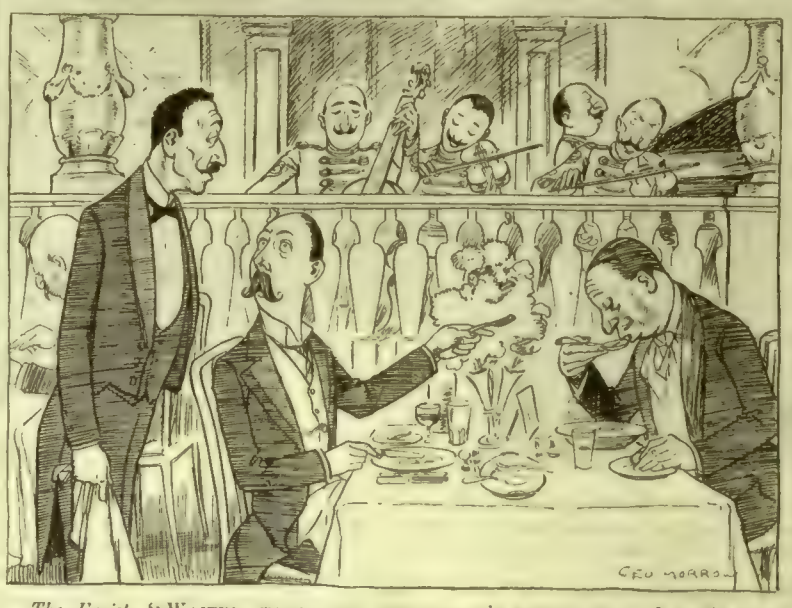
(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I SUPPOSE that what MISS S. MACNAUGHTAN doesn't know about Scotch country life isn't worth knowing, or at least making a book about. Her latest story, *The Andersons* (MURRAY), is just as good as those that have gone before; and there are many people who will recognize this for very high praise indeed. Though I have just finished reading it with a great deal of pleasure, I doubt if I could tell you accurately what *The Andersons* is about, except that it is about the *Andersons*—and they are a family to whom nothing very out-of-the-way happens, from one end of the book to the other. In fact, when, about halfway through, they moved from Clydebank to Kensington, and appeared anxious to involve themselves in the complications of an ordinary novel, I was quite sorry. Because, frankly, I do not think "plot" is MISS MACNAUGHTAN'S strong point, and, indeed, the episode of *Maggie* and the cheque struck me as so artificial as to be silly, and certainly quite out of place. I like the *Andersons* ever so much better when they are content to remain just ordinary and human types, and to reveal themselves as such, through the art of MISS MACNAUGHTAN, and with that exceedingly dry humour of which she alone of women appears to know the secret. Old *Mathew Anderson*, the shipbuilder; *Beatrice*, with her art-jargon and general futility; *Maggie* herself (except in that matter of the cheque-heroics); and the practical *Flora*—all these hold the attention as only living characters can. For these alone the book is excellently worth buying. And the storm that ends it is a quite tremendous piece of descriptive writing; I know of no wind in fiction (except perhaps the one in *Ravenshoe*) that has left me feeling so buffeted and breathless.

If I am to have my highwayman endowed with most of the Christian virtues, and only indulging his besetting foible at the expense of unrighteous attorneys and the like, I think I prefer the author to go the whole hog, and make him marry the heroine at the end. Take, for instance, *Jemmy Abercraw* (METHUEN), who is MR. BERNARD CAPES'S ideal night-rider. Most of his escapades were undertaken in a spirit of pure frolic humour; he never had to shoot a man (because people knew he could hit bats on the wing), and when, from want of funds and in the hope of securing some hidden treasure, he was led to impersonate the Young Pretender, thus imposing on those ardent Jacobites *Lady Drummond* and her charming niece, he backed out as soon as he discovered that the girl's honour was in danger of being compromised. Finally he saved this young lady's life and that of her more respectable but not nearly so attractive suitor, *Lord Denville*. And for all this virtue and gallantry how does MR. BERNARD CAPES reward him? Why, with a dastardly shot in the back on page 303. It is enough to make one despair of living a

noble life. For the rest there is some very pretty writing in this novel, and the author has managed his final and most thrilling situation with extreme skill; also he has introduced a couple of delightfully villainous desperadoes as a foil to the stainless chivalry of his young gentleman of the road. But why not have made *Jemmy Abercraw* a duke in disguise? And he could easily have built a hospital or a free library to atone for the trifling errors of his past.

I am come regretfully to the conclusion that Mr. HILAIRE BELLOC, M.P., is not helping us as he should. All is not well with England; yet, while there are Englishmen called BELLOC to point the way, should we not be able to escape from the mire? That Prime Ministers and Leaders of the Opposition are dishonest and incompetent fools (not, it may be, having enjoyed the advantages which you and I have enjoyed); that the two front Benches maintain a Portuguese indifference as to which shall be in power, so long as the salaried posts are divided equally between their friends; that Ministers are ruled by their wives and their wives by fat foreigners who pose as Englishmen—all this we have known and regretted for years. But we have thanked Heaven that, remote from the crowd of fat foreigners who pose as Englishmen, there has stood *one* honest Anglo-Saxon to whom we might look for the way out; "A BELLOC for England!" has been our cry. Alas! Mr. HILAIRE BELLOC, M.P., has not responded as we had hoped. Once again, in *Pongo and the Bull* (CONSTABLE), he dwells lovingly upon the disease, rather than indicates the remedy. He shows us no contrast between sincerity and insincerity; he pictures for us no honest Hercules M.P. struggling with the Westminster stables. Perhaps, you think to yourself in a moment of unrelieved gloom, there *is* no honest M.P. Ah, but we know that there is *one* . . . and he is not giving us the help that we expect from an Englishman.



The Egoist. "WAITER, TAKE THIS GENTLEMAN'S SOUP AWAY. I CAN'T HEAR THE BAND!"

In your study you devour
NIETZSCHE, KANT and SCHOPENHAUER;
Something in a lighter vein
Suits your fancy in the train.

Mr. RIDGE (PETT RIDGE) and I
Recommend that you should buy
Light Refreshment. Don't abstain,
But consume it in the train.

Go for RIDGE'S food and shun
Sandwiches and penny bun;
RIDGE'S food will give your brain
Ease and comfort in the train.

City clerks and working-men,
These inspire his current pen;
You will find them, in the main,
Good companions for the train.

Sometimes a pathetic note
Checks the smile—I 'd like to quote
Had I space, but must refrain;
Wait and read it in the train.

HODDER, aided by his chum,
STOUGHTON, brings it out. The sum?
Just a florin; so the twain
Cater cheaply for the train.

Since MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF published her Journal I have not read anything more illuminative of the complex character of woman than Mrs. T. P. O'CONNOR'S book, published by METHUEN. *I Myself*, she calls it, with characteristic frankness. Whilst it incidentally deals with many well-known people with whom she has made acquaintance, it is of herself chiefly, to a certain extent unconsciously, that she writes. POPE insisted that the proper study of mankind is man. He did not live to know Mrs. O'CONNOR. Born in Texas, she brings to the harder nature of more Northern latitudes an unfamiliar fire. She was nurtured in the luxury of a Southern home "befo' the wah," but circumstances threw her in early life upon her own resources. Gifted, strenuous, not afraid of hard work, she began her struggle for a livelihood in New York journalism, and in moderate measure succeeded. She never failed to get what she wanted by reason of undue shyness in asking for it. Desiring a modest appointment in a Government office, she did not potter round head clerks or even Under Secretaries. She went straight to the President of the United States, and talked taciturn General GRANT into giving her what she wanted. Not the least interesting chapters of a book which deals principally with life in London are the earlier ones devoted to pictures of her upbringing on a Texan plantation. They throw vivid light on a domesticity that has for ever passed away.

"Fearing that they may spread plague, large numbers of rats are being shot or poisoned in the Dunmow (Essex) district."
—*Daily Chronicle.*

This is most public-spirited of our dumb friends. Few humans could rise to these heights of self-sacrifice.

"The wide air of the world was theirs to breathe, but they breathed it only in short pants."—*Harpers Magazine.*

You can't do that nowadays, people are so strict.

CHARIVARIA.

"THE Government," said Mr. C. F. G. MASTERMAN at Stratford, "demand as much justice for the pickpocket as for the peer." We can well believe this.

***

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL was much mistaken if he thought that the release of the Suffragettes would please them. Nearly all, we hear, were angry, but the most aggrieved of them was without doubt the lady who, before attending the Court, had let her house furnished for a month.

***

If proof were needed of the unpopularity of Form IV. it is to be found in the CHANCELLOR'S confession in the House of Commons that, out of 8,601,447 issued, no fewer than 7,000,000 have been returned to him. It surprises us to hear that anyone should want to keep them.

***

While the POSTMASTER-GENERAL does not see his way to adopt Mr. HENNIKER HEATON'S proposal that, in telegrams, the letters M.P. shall be charged as one word instead of two, a compromise has now been reached on the point. If the Government are returned they will introduce a measure for the payment of salaries to M.P.'s.

***

"Let the Unionist party give a new value and added meaning to its title," suggests D. L. B. S. in *The Observer*, "by declaring and working for a union between rich and poor, instead of class hatred." There are difficulties, of course, but the poor, we understand, are quite willing to take the rich into partnership.

***

Die Post announces that measures have been taken by the German military authorities to prevent the repetition of such offences as that of Lieutenant HELM by other German officers visiting England. We understand that the form these measures take is strict instructions to other officers not to be found out.

***

The German newspapers are annoyed at the American fleet's avoidance of Germany. *Die Deutsche Tageszeitung* protests against its attitude of obsequious friendship to the United States, and declares that "we should in no circumstances give even the appearance of running after the Americans." Such a proceeding, in the event of war, would be obnoxious to the Americans also.

***

Meanwhile at Brest and Cherbourg there is considerable dissatisfaction as to the disturbances caused by the American tars, and the French are saying that they would never have helped the Americans to gain their independence had they known that they were going to use it like that.

***

There have been many worse crazes than the vogue for Pageants, and we are pleased to see that there is now an "Association for the Supply of Spectacles to London Elementary Schools."

***

It is rumoured that Mr. R. C. CARTON'S play, *Eccentric Lord Comberdene*, is to be followed by one from Mr. LAURENCE HOUSMAN'S pen, entitled *Eccentric Lord Chamberlain*.

***

"Never sit in damp shoes," says *Health*. As a matter of fact for years we have made it a rule never to sit in a shoe of any sort if there is a chair handy.

***

We thank you, O *Dublin Evening Mail*, for the following sentence in an account of a recent concert:—"The programme throughout was an exceptionally strong one, compromising the names of some of Dublin's most talented and popular artistes."

***

Some of our newspapers come dangerously near spoiling their readers by their acts of generosity. For instance:—"*The Express* presents its readers to-day with a new novel feature—a display page for advertisers." And without extra charge! How *can* it be done?

***

A young lady who was charged in Paris last week with smashing the glass of a fire-alarm pleaded that her *fiancé* was a fireman and that she hoped to see him by this means. This, of course, is not an original scheme. CALVERLEY had the same idea when he threw a stone through the window of the Dean of Christ's.

***

"What we have to do," said Mr. JOHN BURNS at Battersea, "is to scotch the Lords." But we quite thought they were to be irished.

***

"SALOME AT COVENT GARDEN,
BAN REMOVED
BY THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN,"

read an old lady last week. "Well!" she exclaimed, "I should have thought her costume was already scanty enough."

***

A congregation of Oxford University has negatived by 188 votes to 152 the proposed statute to abolish Greek for responsions, and in Constantinople the feeling against our country is more bitter than ever.



Candidate. 'MAY I HOPE, MRS. SAUNDERS, THAT YOUR HUSBAND WILL SUPPORT ME——"

Mrs. Saunders. "SUPPORT *YOU!* W'Y, 'E AIN'T SUPPORTED *ME* THE LAST SIX MONTHS!"

BETWEEN NOW AND THEN.

"PEACE and good will to men?" Quite so;
  But that 's for Christmas: that can wait;
There 's still a goodish time to go
  In which we 're free to fight and hate;
We 've had the schedule nicely planned—
  A fortnight sees our ructions ended,
Leaving us just a week in hand
  To get our muddy souls amended.

So let us make it our delight,
  As doth the vicious mongrel pup,
To growl and bark and sniff and bite,
  And chew the Constitution up;
A little hell we mean to raise
  For blighted dukes that hold, or let, land,
Then purge our sins for seven days
  (No chance of this for poor old Shetland).

And on the night, with turkey puffed,
  We 'll talk about this heathen feud—
What made us scalp each other's tuft,
  And how we came to be so rude;
And wonder, o'er the nuts and wine—
  Sick of the war we 've just been waging—
Why Christian Moderates can't combine
  And leave the rest to do the raging. O. S.

THE POWER OF THOUGHT.

A CASE OF POSSESSION.

Bow Street, Nov. 25.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Dr. JULIA SETON SEARS, M.D., the founder of the New Thought Church and School, U.S.A., is over here on a crusade. She expounded her views at a "small parlour audience" yesterday afternoon to a select few disciples and others. She holds that if you want a thing badly enough you get it. All you have to do is to concentrate your thoughts, visualise whatever you want to occur, and "see yourself in instant possession."

Fortified with this simple programme of procedure I determined to put it into practice at the earliest opportunity.

It occurred to me this morning, while strolling through the National Gallery, that I badly wanted ROMNEY'S portrait of Lady HAMILTON.

I concentrated hard for forty seconds, and visualised the occurrence most successfully.

No sooner thought than done.

I lifted the picture off its hook and walked away with the precious acquisition under my arm, feeling really immensely grateful to Dr. SEARS. I was, however, observed by an officious attendant.

The next moment I was practically "in instant possession" of the police, and am now waiting to be bailed out. Will the leader of the New Thought kindly think me out? The case is urgent—or rather, it is proceeding, and it will soon be too late.

(*Signed*) A MARTYR TO THE CAUSE.

WHEREAS the Editor of *The Calgary Daily Herald* (Alberta) has lifted from *Punch* a picture of a football crowd, and re-named it to suit local requirements; and WHEREAS he has done this without publishing any sort of acknowledgment; Now *Mr. Punch* herewith begs to make full acknowledgment on his behalf.

A ZEALOUS CONVERSION.

[*Mr. Punch* understands that the following suggestion for an election poster has been submitted to the headquarters of the Unionist Party.]

All Who Wish To
ABOLISH THE HOUSE OF LORDS
Must Vote for the Unionists.

The Unionist Leaders have Pronounced
THE DOOM OF THE HEREDITARY PRINCIPLE.

Those Who Support ASQUITH Support
AN EFFETE
AND SUPERFLUOUS PEERAGE.

Lord LANSDOWNE and Mr. BALFOUR Will
CLIP THE PEERS' CLAWS
and
DRAW THE DUKES' TEETH.

VOTE FOR [*here insert name of Unionist Candidate*]
and
NO INTERFERENCE WITH BUDGETS.
JOINT SESSIONS.
THE POPULAR REFERENDUM.
DESTRUCTION OF THE ARISTOCRACY.
TRIUMPH OF THE DEMOCRACY
and
THE ASSURED PREDOMINANCE
of
THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Whoever desires to Give
A DEATH-BLOW TO FEUDAL PRIVILEGE
Must
VOTE FOR [*here insert name of Unionist Candidate*].

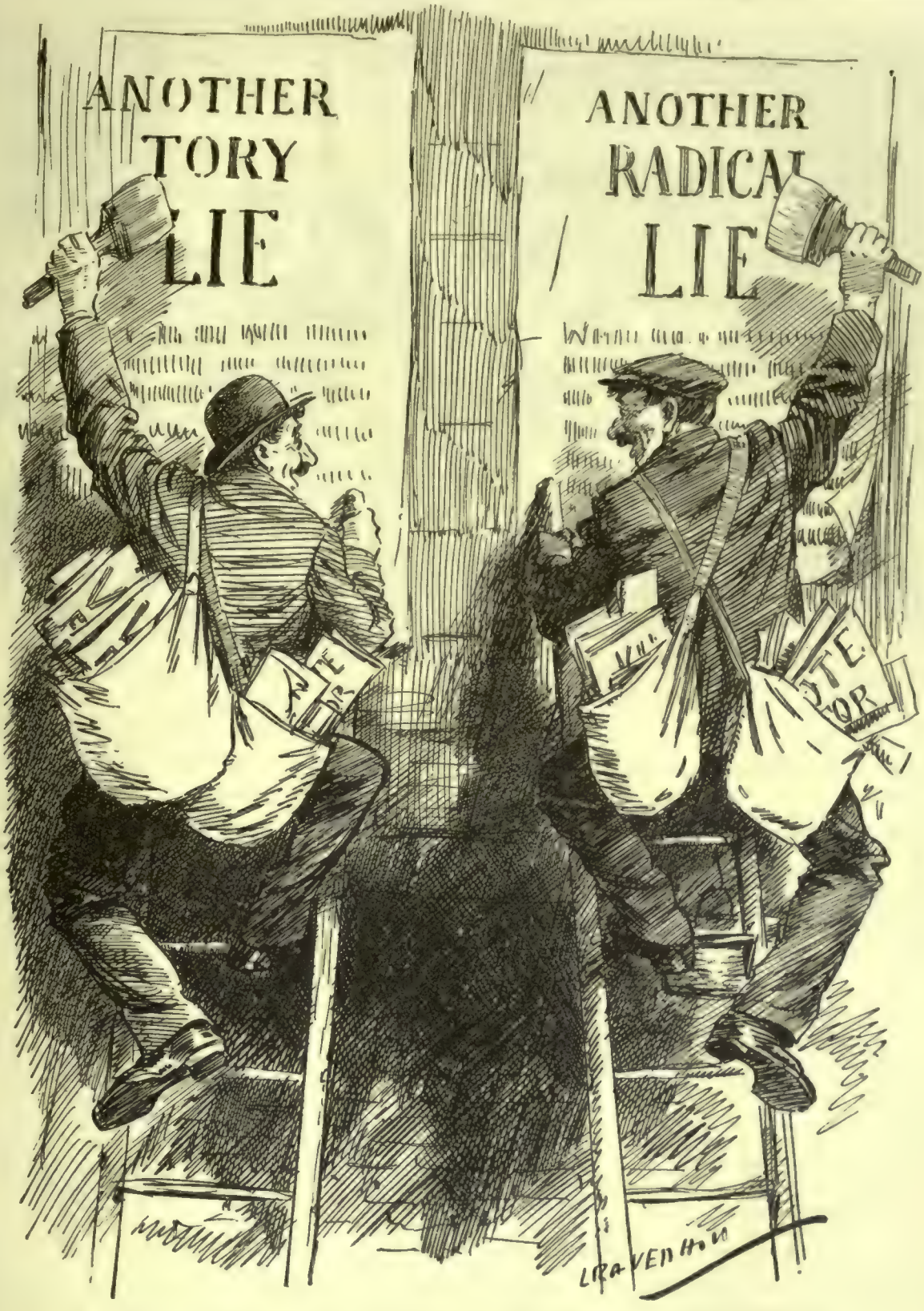
NORFOLK.

[A disrespectful postscript to some verses recently published in *The Spectator*.]

VISIONS of old that we vainly cherish,
  Dim and faint are your forms to-day,
Ancient memories fade and perish,
  Ancient houses decay.
Leisurely methods are out of favour,
  Cottagers follow the City mode,
Rural odours have lost their savour,
  Speed and smell are lords of the road.

Welcome, I ween, are the boons you offer,
  Norfolk, to those who eschew repose:
Sporting links for the red-faced golfer
  Flaunting his florid hose;
Sands for the matutinal dippers;
  Surf where they tumble and shout and sprawl;
Sea fronts blackened with cockney trippers,
  Raucous with strains of the music-hall.

Here, no matter what hour you waken,
  London papers are out on sale,
Here no hamlet, however forsaken,
  Is free from the *Daily Mail*.
Here of yore was the home of the bustard;
  Here were the Peggotty chapters planned;
Here to-day is the Mecca of mustard;
  Here is the centre of Bloaterland.



A PLAGUE ON BOTH YOUR HOARDINGS.

RIVAL BILLPOSTERS (*together*). "WHO SAYS TRADE'S RUINED BY THESE ELECTIONS? I LIKES 'EM!"





["The German public has lately been regaled with tales of a talking dog."—*Daily Press.*]

Wife. DO BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU ARE SAYING, DEAR. I FEEL CONVINCED THAT OUR CONVERSATIONS ARE REPEATED BY PINCHER IN THE SERVANTS' HALL."

A DINNER-TABLE TOPIC.

I HAD led her in to dinner; I had found her a chair next to myself; I had translated for her the opening bars of the *menu;* I had surrounded her with every condiment that money can buy; and still she wasn't satisfied. She looked up from the soup and said: "Well, what do you think of LLOYD GEORGE?"

I was so startled that I upset the pepper.

"Oh, I *am* sorry!" I said. "Has it gone all over you? My table manners are awful, I 'm afraid—in fact my family always refers to them as my stable manners. But that 's so like a family. And you had just said you wouldn't have any pepper," I added remorsefully, as we brushed it up. "There, that 's all right. A—a—a——*tishoo!* Have you been to many dances lately?"

She accepted my apologies, helped herself to toast, and turned brightly to me.

"Well," she said again, "what do you think of LLOYD GEORGE?"

"Just for the moment I had forgotten about him. Won't you try one of these almonds? What I say is, a man either likes almonds or he doesn't. If he does he starts at once. That," I added, indicating the third from the end, "is a nice brown one."

"Thank you. What 's going to happen, do you think? Shall we get this wretched Government out?"

"I wonder. I 'm afraid *I* shan't be able to help. I say, *isn't* the weather being rotten?"

"You don't mean to tell me you 're a Radical?" she said in horror.

"I most certainly *didn't* mean to tell you. All I meant to say just then was that I hadn't got a vote this election; there isn't going to be a contest in my division. Wasn't that an awful fog the other night?"

"I suppose the Radicals are afraid of fighting it," she said scornfully.

"I expect they are a little unnerved. They got beaten by about three thousand last time. Our Unionist man had the most telling poster of the whole election. It simply said, 'ALL GENTLEMEN ARE UNIONISTS.' I dashed off and voted at once. . . . Have you begun to think of Christmas presents yet?"

"I was looking round the shops yesterday afternoon. They say they will all be ruined by the action of the Government in forcing an election on the country at this time of the year."

"You should look at it like this: What are a few shops compared with the safety of the Empire? Every day that the Government is in means a day less safety. I suppose you were at the Motor Show?"

"Of course it *is* certain that we shall win, isn't it?"

"According to the papers both sides are going to win. So, whatever happens, half the Press is bound to be right. That is a solemn thought. You 'll have some pepper now, won't you? I 'll be more careful this time."

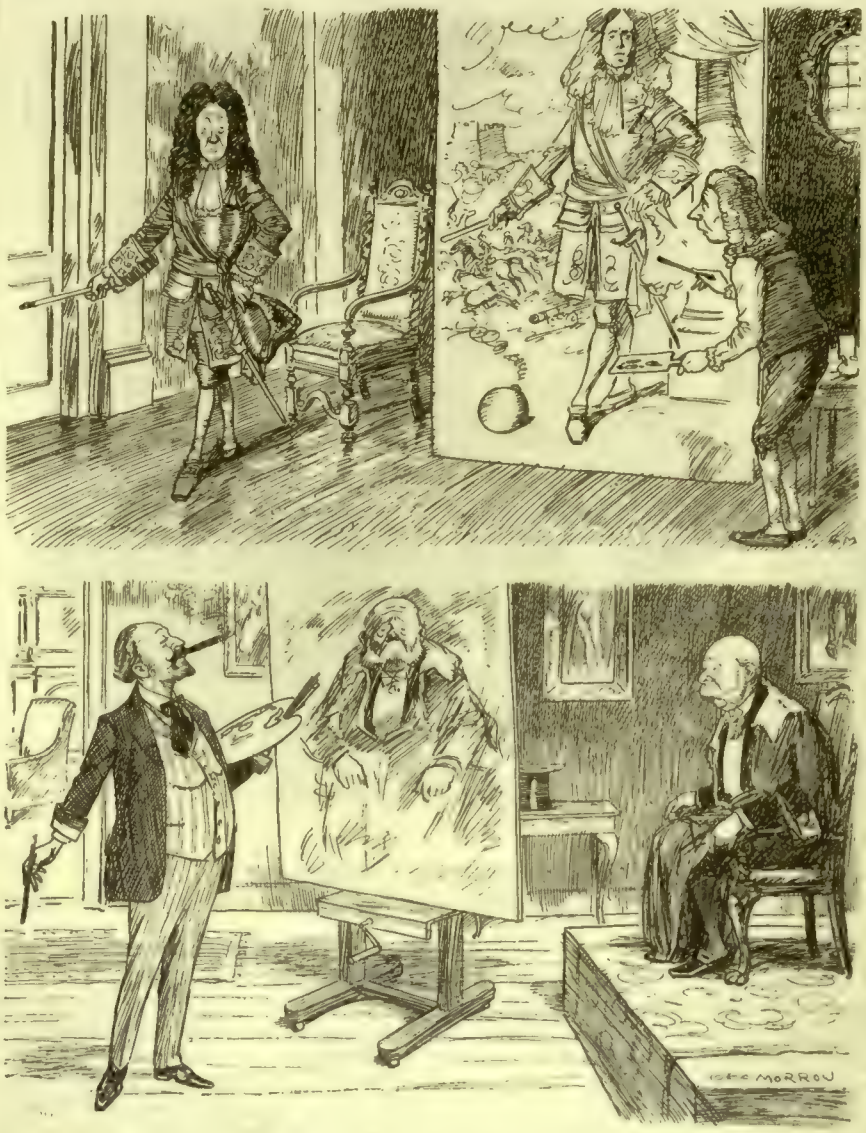
"You know, I simply cannot understand how any decent, honest man can vote for this Government."

"Oh, where does that come from?"

"What do you say?"

"I thought it was a quotation," I explained. "Well, you know, I 'm bound to confess—we may never meet again, so it doesn't matter—I am bound to confess that I do know one or two fairly decent Radicals. Comparatively decent."

"And honest?"



PORTRAIT PAINTING, PAST AND PRESENT.

THE DECAY OF FLATTERY.

"The servants often leave them alone in the drawing-room for a minute or two . . . and one lends them books . . . and so on."

"I meant honest in their convictions."

"They think they are. That 's as far as you can go."

"Of course, I daresay even a Socialist could be honest in his convictions——"

"Honest *between* his convictions, let us say."

"—because he does really *want* the rich man's money; but I don't see how a gentleman possibly *could* vote Radical."

"Perhaps they aren't gentlemen, then; I never know. One of them wears a top-hat, but that isn't saying much nowadays. Top-hats are so cheap, thanks to Free Trade—I mean they *will* be so cheap when Tariff Reform comes in—I say, let 's have another almond."

I had an almond, and she had something more substantial, and then we returned to the all-important subject.

"Did you read the leading article in *The Observer* last Sunday?" she asked.

"Well, I did begin it after breakfast," I said, "but I had to go out to supper, and I didn't have time to finish it. I often wonder how these writing fellows think of the things to say. Don't you?"

"How anybody after reading that could pretend to be in any doubt as to which way he ought to vote——"

"Exactly; even by the end of the ninth column or so I was in no doubt at all. But unluckily I shan't have a vote at this election. Do you know, until I heard that you had read a whole leading article in *The Observer* right through, I wasn't really in favour of Women's Suffrage. I should like to offer you *my* vote, as it 's no good to me."

She was very honest about it. "I didn't really read it right through," she confessed. "Father quoted bits at breakfast."

"Ah, I thought perhaps that was it. In instinct you women have the better of us—but in stamina, no."

"They speak of a woman's tact, too," she said, forgetting for a moment the dangerous condition of the Empire.

"I often wonder about that. For instance, if by some awful chance I had been a Radical, this evening's conversation would have been singularly embarrassing for me. But I suppose your instinct——"

"Of course! I knew you couldn't be. I take it for granted that all nice people are Unionists."

"Yes, but you don't really know that I 'm nice. That 's the point. Quite a short time ago I spilt the pepper over you. And I 've got an elbow on the table now. Besides——"

She looked at me with wide-open eyes. I could see that she was trying to remember all that we had said.

"You 're not *really*," she began in amazement——

Somebody at the opposite end of the room put in the reverse, and the conversation swung round. The man on her other side eagerly claimed her attention. The lady on my other side turned to me.

"Well," she said, "what do you think of LLOYD GEORGE?"

A. A. M.

Interesting Announcement.

A marriage has been arranged and will shortly take place between *The Chocolate Soldier* and *The Quaker Girl*. The bride will be given away by Mr. CADBURY. The best man will be the Editor of *The Spectator*, assisted by the Editor of *The Star*. We don't think.

Two consecutive advts. in *The Daily Mirror*:—

"Ask your Grocer for Free Sample of —— Wine Powder, sufficient to make a bottle of best Port or Marsella Wine.

Drunkards Cured quickly, secretly: cost trifling; trial free."

See how the passion for wine powder grows on one. Let this be a warning.

"Then came the first goal of the match from the foot of Vizard, who jumped at the ball from a centre by Stokes and headed into the far corner of the net."—*Yorkshire Post.*

We spell it Wizard.



Country Candidate. "LET'S HEAR THE PROGRAMME FOR TO-DAY AGAIN."

Agent. "CAR TO SLOPTON INTERVIEW FACTORY OWNER 9.45 LOCAL BRICKLAYERS 10.10, BACK HERE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE 11.0 CAR TO MUDFORD SPEECH TO BRICKWORKS HANDS 12.0 SMOOTH DOWN MUDFORD COMMITTEE 12.30 BACK HERE FARMERS' LUNCHEON 1.15 CAR TO RIPLEY KICK-OFF FOOTBALL MATCH 2.30 REASSURE AMALGAMATED CORNDEALERS 3.15 THEN ODD JOBS CHICKWEED GROWERS' DINNER AND THREE EVENING MEETINGS BACK HERE MIDNIGHT COMPOSE SPEECHES FOR TO-MORROW."

Candidate. "RIGHTO. GOT THE PROTEID AND CHOCOLATE? THEN COME ON!"

COMING ELECTIONS CAST THEIR SHADOW BEFORE.

"BUT we *must* have a General—all soldiers do," said Peter. "So I'll be the General."

"General what? General Post Office?" asked Margaret.

"I'll be General KITCHENER."

"An' I'll be Gen'al Lekshun," said Joan, marching round with Peter's gun on her shoulder.

"I *say*," said Norman, popping up from behind the sofa, where he had been waiting to be attacked, "I quite forgot to tell you; I heard father say at breakfast that there *is* to be an election, and before Christmas."

"Get down—don't spoil the game."

"Peter, dear, we'll put off the game; Norman has introduced something far more important," said Margaret.

"He's afraid of getting licked, that's what it is," said Peter ungraciously.

"It may not matter to you whether Uncle Bob forgets us again this Christmas," said Norman, "but it jolly well does to *me*."

"To say nothing of the ladies," murmured Margaret.

"If people *must* put up for Parliament they ought not to make their families suffer for it."

"You mean relations," said Margaret. "Uncle Bob hasn't any families—he isn't married, you must remember."

"Well, you know quite well what I mean, and if he was so busy last year that he forgot us, he'll be busier than ever this year and he'll forget us again, unless we do something."

"But what *can* we do?" said Peter, tossing his sword away.

A heated discussion followed. Norman was for a deputation; Peter advocated what he called a Red Robin; Joan was in favour of anything that would settle it quickly and allow them to return to the field of battle.

"No," said Margaret, "it is rude to ask for Christmas presents. I will write him a letter." And she wrote:

"DEAREST UNCLE BOB,—We are all so glad you are putting up for Slinghampton again, and we hope you get in. It seems ages since we saw you—it must be two Christmases ago. Poor Peter has had such an accident—his model steam-engine has been smashed to bits. Norman is very well. He is very keen on a model aeroplane and talks of trying to make one after Christmas if necessary. I am giving up foreign stamps for my hobby; I think of taking to painting in a month or two, if possible. Those paints in little tubes are *sweet*, I think.

Your affectionate Niece,
MARGARET.

P.S.—Dear little Joan is quite well. She can eat plain chocolate now without being a bit sick. Isn't that splendid?"

Commercial Candour.

Advt. in *The Motor Cycle*:

"We shall have all machines of any value on exhibit. Also our —— Motor Cycle."

PICTURES OF LOVE.

My Bella is a charming maid,
One of the fairest of earth's creatures,
Brown eyes, brown hair, a trifle staid,
Well off, and with attractive features;
She is a thing without a taint:
The one fly in my pot of honey
Is that she thinks that she can paint;
It 's very funny.

Truth is an attribute I prize;
But in the processes of wooing,
When she displayed to my shocked eyes
Some dreadful daub that she was doing,
I praised it warmly on the spot;
I called it great—but meant to flatter;
It was a lie, but I did not
Think it would matter.

Nor did it then. But ever since
We told our love (with some emotion)
Fate has inspired her to evince
The breadth and depth of her devotion
With gifts—not goods of silver, gold,
And such—not even an umbrella—
But pictures, awful to behold;
Oh, Arabella!

I have a "Spring" which makes one creep,
"Autumn" (the trees alone are muddy),
Some things which I believe are sheep,
And something which she calls a "Study,"
"Dawn on the sands" in fleshly pink,
A pair of blue seas and a green one,
And a weird cow, which makes you think
She 's never seen one.

My humble walls were once bedight
With works of some artistic merit;
Some bought, because they pleased the sight;
Some, I was lucky to inherit;
Those well-loved friends have vanished now;
Others, with strange and startling faces,
Headed by that infernal cow,
Usurp their places.

It may be, as my friends declare,
I err in being too fastidious,
But can the eye that holds her fair
See that her work is aught but hideous?
And, tho' I try to bear in mind
The thought that love is blind, or should be,
I am not blind—I can't be blind—
I wish I could be.

And yet, when Bella roams unchecked
About the room where hang those pictures,
And stands, admiring the effect,
I clean forget my private strictures;
The simple fact that she is nigh
Seems to improve their aspect vastly;
It 's when the artist isn't by
That they 're so ghastly.

DUM-DUM.

THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY OF PLASTERER PAINTERS.

(A further notice, in the manner of the gusher-critics of the Post-Impressionist School.)

THIS delightful *exposition* might be described as a *salon de franctireurs* which has declared a *guerre au mort* against draughtsmanship. Here, at last, we can revel in all the *nuances* of an art untrammelled by the impedimenta of academicity. Most of the craftsmen have cut themselves free from the worship of reality, and the sapient amateur, therefore, can revel in a Gargantuan banquet of artistic *hors d'œuvre* and decadent *entremets*. I was particularly *bouleversé* by one novelty, the absence of frames, the necessity for which up to the present has been an *idée fixe* with the pot-boilers. This *nouveauté*, with the triangularity of nearly all the canvases, added greatly to the charm of the collection.

238. "*Fog in a Coal Mine*," by A. D'Aubergne, though catalogued as an *esquisse*, almost possesses the attributes of the *grande machine*. Marked by frank reticence and well-considered tonality, the *peinture* gives forth a satisfactory colour appeal; the two coal trucks glooming through the murk are full of pendulous limpidity.

29. "*Madame de B— and Daughters*," by M. Fou, a *capo di opera* in this master's best vein, is replete with subtle feminality and *clairvoyant* coquetry. The central figure, *la mère*, asserts itself by the masterly way in which her *eau de Nil cheveux* are touched in. With one bejewelled hand (I think it is a hand) resting on the head of her daughters, she combines the *sveltes attraits* of the greyhound with the more ruminating maternity of the *vache*. The *chiaroscuro* is well considered, and the *essayage* strikes the *juste milieu* between decadence and art.

349. "*Bethnal Green in Flood Time*," by Miss Slade, is not so *sérieuse* a symphony as one would expect from her brush. The reverberations of the chimney stacks in the overflow from the gas works are void of colour music and are also too full of nervous line, and the fact that, for some occult reason, the picture has been hung *à l'envers* obliges one to view it from a somewhat inconvenient pose.

268. "*The Model's Siesta*," by Herr Johann, is a daring *étude* full of subtle *appas*, by the pioneer of the tessellated school. The recumbent figure posed in front of the lectern is imagined with audacity, and the dislocations of the right shoulder admirably foreshortened. The flesh tints, though, are not sufficiently *grisaille*, which, added to the fact that the drawing of the hands is indicated, fills me with the misgiving that Herr Johann is becoming a renegade and is pandering to the uncultured taste of the many who demand reality in art.

A SUPER-DIAMOND WEDDING.

[M. FERDINAND DUGUÉ, who wrote plays produced between 1835 and 1875, and Mme. DUGUÉ have just celebrated in Paris the seventieth anniversary of their wedding day. M. DUGUÉ is ninety-five years of age and his wife ninety-two. The *Petit Journal* has invented the expression "radium wedding" to denote this unusual occurrence. To silver, golden and diamond weddings, presents in those respective metals are appropriate, but here we must draw the line.]

A RADIUM Wedding 's the latest advance—
It hails from the home of marital romance
And twentieth-century science—that 's France.

O the radiant smiles, we can guess how they play
Round the features of M. and Mme. DUGUÉ
Faisant noce in their nonagenarian way.

But one little protest we 'd like to make known
To persistent and elderly friends of our own
Who are trying to match such a Darby and Joan!

We can't—times are harder than ever—present
Any *radium* tribute to mark the event,
As our last ready million was long ago spent.

Chronological Inexactitude.

Mr. Punch finds that a series of misprints which appeared in his last issue under the heading "Hot Effort by *The Weekly Times*" ought to have been credited to *The Evening Times*. He hopes that both papers will please pardon him.

Reading that Bournemouth is substituting the over-head for the conduit system of electric trams, a pedestrian over whom a Panhard passed the other day writes to suggest that a still more pressing desideratum is an efficient substitute for over-head motor cars.



Caller (to little Daughter of the House). "HULLO, DEAR, WHERE ARE YOU OFF TO!"
Daughter of the House. "I'M JUST GOING UP TO WATCH MARIE DO MOTHER'S HAIR."
Caller. "OH, DEAR! THEN I'M AFRAID WE SHAN'T BE ABLE TO SEE YOUR MOTHER."
Daughter of the House. "OH, YES, YOU'LL FIND HER DOWN THERE IN THE DRAWING-ROOM."

MUSIC AND POLITICS.

THE political crisis and the pending election are variously regarded by singers, instrumentalists, and concert-givers. Some take a pessimistic view of the situation and resign themselves to a period of inactivity, while others evince a laudable desire to rise to the occasion and turn their talents to party or patriotic uses. Thus Mr. Otho Dithers has composed a song cycle entitled "*Rex Dollarosus*," with which he intends to tour in the Unionist interest, while Mr. Widgery Biffin, an ardent and uncompromising Radical, has written a striking ballad entitled "*The Idle Plutocrat*," of which the first verse runs as follows:—

"Meet, O meet me in the gloaming
When the bloom is in my blood,
When the salt sea waves are foaming
And the Lords are in the mud."

Another extremely interesting musical product of the crisis is an illuminated symphony which Mr. Josef Quarterburn has composed and dedicated to Lord LANSDOWNE. The "programme" is furnished by the formula which appeared in last Friday's *Westminster Gazette*, and may be here reproduced:—

"The Lansdowne policy may best be stated in a mathematical formula in which the various letters represent the unknown quantities:

Let h = hereditary peer,
h' = hereditary peer *ex officio*,
p = person chosen from outside,
m = member of House of Commons.

Then
House of Lords (New Style) = $x\,h + y\,h' + z\,p$.

If the two Houses differ, then a joint Session is to be held, the members of which would be:

$$\frac{x\,h + y\,h' + z\,p}{a} + \frac{670\,m}{b}$$

where a and b are indeterminate and unknown divisors."

Each of the quantities will be represented by a separate motive, while the Joint Session will be treated as a *Presto strepitoso* with a grand coda typifying the Referendum. Mr. Quarterburn has already completed the opening section, *maestoso assai*, in which the motive of the hereditary peer is assigned to a muted trombone.

Finally Mr. HAROLD BEGBIE, inspired by his conversation with Mr. LLOYD GEORGE on the "national peril" of Tory snobbishness, is to rewrite the old topical song, "*The Galloping Snob*," under the title of "*The Motoring Snob*." The same gifted lyrist will also furnish a new song called "*Free Trade in a Tea-cup*," dedicated to Lord DEVONPORT.

"Even the best friends of the R.A.C. can hardly refrain from saying that the club 'Journal' has from first to last been as dry as ditchwater."—*The Westminster Gazette.*

Water, water everywhere
And never a drop of wet!

"Seventy guests lunched at Leicester round one of the dials of the great clock which is being built for the Royal Liver Insurance Company's new offices."—*Eastern Daily Press.*

On such an occasion the most dyspeptic guest could safely let himself go.



Man of the World (lighting up). "WE'LL 'AVE TO GIVE IT 'EM, I EXPECT, CHORLIE!"

STARVATION FOR PEGASUS.

YE tradesmen of England, who hear with dejection
The partisan shouts and the bellicose trumps,
On whose weary shoulders this plaguy Election
Has superimposed the most heavy of humps—
Good fellows, I echo your piteous cry;
You 're losing your trade—so am I.

Time was when my Pegasus soared in a flighty
Career that confounded the aeroplane;
But now, overcome by a *tædium vitæ*,
He sticks to the earth and won't flutter again.
It isn't caprice or an obstinate mood;
It 's simply a question of food.

In those happy days, now regrettably ended,
When statesmen were shorn of their freedom of speech,
Consigned to quiescence while eight supermen did
Their best to repair the political breach,
The papers would furnish my epicure steed
Each day with the daintiest feed.

He browsed with delight on those curious topics
On which their unoccupied space they 'd bestow—
Those pars on the hobble-skirt, modes in the tropics,
The KAISER and ROOSEVELT, the CENSOR and Co.;
When finished with these, and desirous of more,
He nibbled a bit at Form IV.

But these airy trifles, these delicate soufflés
Are now superseded by stodgier things,
And Pegasus, sullenly stamping his hoof, lays
Aside his high spirit and draggles his wings.
Election addresses *will* stick in his chest,
Manifestos he *cannot* digest.

Desponding, despairing, I ransack the journals
In search of a morsel to tickle his void;
But naught can I find that will suit his internals;
Meanwhile I must herd with the poor unemployed.
So off with the motley and on with the sack,
And ashes *ad lib.* for the hack!

"Besides the coats and skirts, there are some three thousand odd satin petticoats in 151 different shades, which should prove an inestimable boon to the girl who is contemplating a busy dance season or a round of country house visits."—*The Standard.*

We don't know much about these things, but we should have thought that 2,937 satin petticoats, not necessarily odd, in 148 different shades would have been quite enough.

Topical Irish Joke.

Teacher. What country is called the Land of Song?
Bright Boy. The Canary Islands.

"POPULARISATION OF TRICITELECY."—*Yorkshire Observer.*

They must hurry up—we had never even heard of it.



DISOWNED OR DISARMED?

LORD LANSDOWNE (*Reformer*). "LOOK HERE, MY GOOD MAN, THERE'S NO PLACE FOR YOU IN MY SCHEME."

"BACKWOODS" PEER. "OH, I SAY, YOU'RE WORSE THAN ASQUITH; HE SAYS I MAY STAY ON IF I DON'T INTERFERE. DASHED IF I SHAN'T HAVE TO THROW THE FULL FORCE OF MY INFLUENCE ON THE RADICAL SIDE AT THESE ELECTIONS."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, Nov. 21.—No one observing Lansdowne entering the House this afternoon would suspect him of having a card up his sleeve, much less a dirk in his hose. Well groomed, smiling, courteous, he took his seat as if things were likely to go forward in customary humdrum style. Reviewing events by light of final conflagration one recalls a swift look from under lowered eyelids comprehending His Majesty's Ministers on bench opposite, all unconscious of coming doom.

House crowded in every quarter. Unionist Peers finding no room on their own side crossed floor, redressing the balance between Ministerialists and the Opposition. Gave the ordinarily desolate quarter quite a comfortable appearance. From the galleries, on this occasion reserved exclusively for Peeresses, bright eyes rained influence. Some wives from whom no secrets are hid probably knew that mischief was afloat. Came down to see it launched. Black frocks imposed by Lord Chamberlain's edict gave funereal appearance to a portion of the stately Chamber which at other times blossoms like the rose.

For a while business went forward on ordered lines. Last week Opposition insisted upon having what is officially known as the Parliament Bill, more popularly the Veto Bill, brought in. Expected Government would refuse, on ground that since Dissolution is fixed for the 28th there would be no time to debate so important a measure. Possibly that had been original intention. By afterthought Cabinet decided Bill should forthwith be brought in, read a first time, second reading taken this week. This embarrassing for Opposition. Electioneering purposes much better served if able to say a tyrannical Government had withheld from House of Lords opportunity of discussing measure proposing to revolutionise its constitution.

Noble Lords on Front Opposition Bench were not born yesterday, or even the day before. For the game of tactics they number among them some of our oldest, ablest parliamentary hands. It would never do to throw out on second reading a Bill introduced at their urgent request. Introducing it Crewe stipulated that, since there would be no time for amending it before came the Dissolution with exigent shears and slit the thin-spun thread of the life of Parliament, the Lords must vote "content" or "Non-content" on question that the Bill be read a second time.

Here was opportunity, and Lansdowne suddenly, unexpectedly leaping aside from the track along which he had jogged for half-an-hour, seized it.

Crewe moved second reading in speech to whose temperate tone Lansdowne paid tribute. Leader of Opposition followed, criticising measure in familiar fashion that seemed to preclude customary conclusion by motion for its rejection. Whilst this was awaited, Lansdowne, literally stiffening his back, raising his voice, quickening his utterance, moved adjournment of debate till Wednesday, when, he announced, he would submit a series of Resolutions.

These, subsequently read, were found to embody alternative scheme of reform of the Second Chamber in substitution of that provided by Government measure.

Not even in succession of surprises that has marked growth of crisis since Parliament resumed its sittings has there been anything so dramatic as this. Crewe actually gasped for breath. Good King George, confronted by the mystery of the apple enclosed in the seamless dumpling, was not more taken aback.

Almost expected to hear the flustered inquiry reported by Peter Pindar, "What's this? What's this? What? What?"

Instinctively observing parliamentary formula, Crewe falteringly said, "I do not rise to oppose the noble Marquis, but I do not understand the nature of the proceeding he contemplates."

"What I propose to do this evening," Lansdowne replied, with curtness foreign to his habit, "is to move the adjournment of the debate."

Which he forthwith did, and so shunted into space the Veto Bill.

Business done.—Lord Lansdowne prepares little surprise for His Majesty's Ministers.

House of Commons, Tuesday.—The shadow of Dissolution, thickened by November fog, falls heavily on House. Contrast of appearance of Chamber this afternoon with scene of last Friday marks illimitable difference. Then thronged with multitude of excited Members. To-day benches almost empty. Members altogether listless. For all practical purposes their tale is told, their task is done. House of Commons no longer hub of political universe. Those who remain in town in obedience to frantic Whips are chiefly composed of Members who do not mean to offer themselves for re-election, or whose seats are so secure that they need not hurry off to fence



Oh! (Mr.) Law!

Mrs. Tariff Reformer. "What! Not to go out *to-day*, either! Oh, Bonar! I *believe* you're ashamed of me! You said I should have such a *lovely* time in Manchester—'*taxes everywhere*,'—and here I am cooped up in this miserable hotel and *hardly allowed out at all!*"

Mr. Bonar Law. "Well, you know, it really isn't my fault! Look here, I'll tell you what, I'll try and let you out *after the declaration of the Poll!!*"

them about. For the rest their hearts are with their constituents, their hearts are not here. They want to be out and about, telling it in the boroughs, telling it in the counties, telling it in Tottenham Court Road.

Only BUTCHER (J. G.) rises above influence of tyrant circumstance. Remains to make one last protest against conduct of iniquitous Government. Has discovered that Form IV., fallen like a hailstone on English homesteads, is withheld from hapless Ireland.

"Why should this be?" he sternly asks, with glittering eye fixed on trembling CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER.

Here is a Government professedly sympathetic with Ireland, insistent that its people shall in all respects be treated on footing of equality with the Saxon. Of course, what really is the case is that Ministry blench at the nod of their Master just back from the United States, shudder in their shoes when they hear the jingle of his many dollars. Any way you like to put it here is the unmistakable fact: whilst Form IV. is lavishly distributed throughout pampered England, Ireland, Cinderella of the Empire, is deliberately ignored.

"Why should Ireland wait?" exclaims BUTCHER, a tear of sympathy coursing down his still youthful cheek.

Presses point home in slightly varied phrase through a dozen questions. Having finally floored CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER, makes off with light footstep for York to renew his triumph of a year ago.

Business done.—Budget Bill read second time without debate or division. PRIME MINISTER tackled two delicate controversies. Informed Labour Members that under certain conditions he will next Session relieve pressure of Osborne Judgment upon Trade Unions.

"Blow your conditions!" Labour Members shout in chorus.

Next undertook in New Parliament (which he persistently assumes he will lead) to give effective opportunity for discussing Woman's Suffrage Bill. Lovely woman declines to stoop to folly of discussion. What she wants is an Act of Parliament. By way of retort courteous to PREMIER'S concession she hunts him from Downing Street to sanctuary at Athenæum Club, mobs ST. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, beats his hat down over his



"OFF TO YORK."

"Having finally floored Chancellor of the Exchequer."

MR. J. G. BUTCHER.

intellectual brow, and leaves him on the sick-list.

The ladies desire it should be known that if these arguments do not prove convincing there are plenty more of same kind in stock. At any cost they are resolved to demonstrate their capability and suitability for taking active part in the direction of public affairs.

Friday.—House of Lords adjourned yesterday after passing without division what JOHN MORLEY sweetly calls "their schoolboy scheme" of Reform proffered as alternative to Government Veto Bill. Commons also had arranged to adjourn and thus anticipate Prorogation and Dissolution by a few days. But, echo of an historical lapse of memory, the House "forgot" REES. On Monday JACK-IN-THE-BOX, popping up to some point of order, thought he might as well jump over to Opposition benches and there find new seat. This he did, amid good-humoured raillery of old political friends.

"Let them laugh who win," he murmured, as he surveyed faces of the mocking crowd.

Yesterday business of session and, as it happens, of Parliament, finished. PREMIER moved that at its rising House adjourns till Monday. This DON'T KEIR HARDIE'S positive last chance. Interposed with long screed denouncing police for conduct towards "law-abiding and God-fearing citizens," who have for some weeks kept South Wales in state of terror. WINSOME WINSTON having replied, BRADY followed, proposing to discuss cognate subject of habits of Dublin Constabulary.

Now chance of JACK-IN-THE-BOX. House almost literally empty. Survey of Reading-rooms, Smoking-rooms and Library showed them deserted. Returning, he moved a count. Only 36 Members responded to call of the Bell. Sitting broken up and to-day's gathering made necessary to manifold discomfort of all concerned.

Business done.—Adjourned till Monday.

House of Lords, Monday.—Parliament prorogued. Ceremony immediately followed by Dissolution.



"Lor' lumme! Yer sh'd see me knock 'em in the Mile En' Rahd!"

"PUBLIC NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that, at the Nomination of Candidates for the Office of Mayor, the following Gentlemen were nominated, namely:—

JOHN GALT.
THOMAS MACGIBBON.
1 Bay COLT, 5yrs. by Kentucky Yet (broken to saddle).
1 Bay Hackney MARE."

Mataura Ensign.

The competition, owing chiefly to the sudden nomination of the last candidate, is unusually severe.

The season for applying for licences for Theatres and Music Halls is now upon us. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has seen to it that, anyhow, the Paragon Music Hall gets as much licence as it can do with.



First Golfer. "WHAT'S THAT CHAP'S HANDICAP, I WONDER!"
Second Golfer. "GREEN CHARTREUSE!"

ONE.

BY TRICKS.

[A modest attempt at the sincerest flattery of MR. SEYMOUR HICKS.]

LOOKING back on my strange mercurial life the most striking thing is the extraordinary number of men I have known, all of whom had at once the wittiest tongues in England and were my very dearest friends. Try as I might I have never succeeded in knowing a dull man or disliking anyone.

As everyone knows—since one must either get on or get out, and one can get on only by advertising—I am a man whose pores work very easily. The other day I was lunching with my dear old friend Plantagin, the dramatist. He noticed me wipe my brow several times, and then he remarked, "Tricks, old boy, you ought to re-name yourself Lieutenant Sudor."

It was about this time that I first met that prince of good fellows and author of some of the most delightful *bons mots*, Charlie Wintry, the comedian, now my closest pal. He was the maddest wit and the joy of the Paregoric Club, to which I had just been elected. Seeing me enter its hospitable portals one day, he said, "Hullo, Tricks, old boy, it's all over the town!" "What is?" I inquired. "The sky," he replied. He was always saying brilliant things like that, to the discomfiture of matter-of-fact people who did not think in lightning flashes, as he does.

Apropos of good stories, I remember an irascible pork butcher who had by some means got into the Pullman car in which TOOLE, IRVING, GARRICK, Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE, BURBAGE, I and some others were going down to Brighton one Sunday not so long since. That type of man always excited BURBAGE to do his best, and he tipped us the wink. "Good morning, Sir," he said. "I have just been informed by the guard that there is no stop before we reach the Queen of Watering Places." "Of course there isn't," said the stolid merchant. "Why should there be? This is a non-stopping express." "Do you know why?" BURBAGE asked, with the same incomparable gravity. "No? Then I'll tell you: Because there's a 'b' in 'both'!" By this time we were all convulsed; but not so the pork butcher, who moved angrily into the next car.

Sam Boaker, the manager, is, I am proud to say, one of my very best of friends, and has been ever since we first met. The wittiest of men, I never heard anything fall from his lips but delightful sentiments and the finest thoughts. I remember once that we were walking on the Brighton Front. It was just after the police had had to be called in to his theatre owing to a row in the pit; I forget about what. He had suffered accordingly, and was not a little sore about it. When, therefore, a beggar stopped him and asked if he could spare a copper there is no wonder that he replied: "Spare a copper, my good man! Why, I could spare the whole Force!" which was, I think, one of the neatest *répliques* on record.

What my future plans may be I cannot at this moment state, but the public is hardly likely to be long in doubt. Meanwhile there is a little lawsuit trouble about *Richard III.*, so I think I'll stop this autobiographical caper and attend to it.

"The eclipse of the moon on Wednesday evening was eagerly viewed here. In a perfectly clear sky it presented a magnificent spectacle, and it is wonderful how accurately it was timed to take place."—*Border Standard.*

Dashed clever fellows, those astronomers.

"CHRISTMAS DATES ARRIVE," says *The Daily News*, but the announcement is premature.

AT THE PLAY.

"ECCENTRIC LORD COMBERDENE."

AT the end of the First Act it was darkly whispered by one or two critics, enjoying privileged information, that Mr. CARTON was giving us a travesty of a shilling shocker. In the interval after the Second Act the secret was in the possession of quite a number of people, and the fear was generally expressed that the ruder intelligences would fail to grasp the subtlety of it all. What the average man could make out unaided was this: That here was a play with a rather improbable and loosely-woven plot (not an uncommon thing in the legitimate drama); with a lot of secret conversation liable to be overheard (also a not unusual feature of the ordinary play); and with some very refreshing wit in the less lurid sections of the dialogue. If these are the right characteristics of a shilling shocker, then Mr. CARTON is an excellent parodist. But, of course, the only resemblance lay in the absurdity of the construction, and, perhaps, in one or two trifling eccentricities in the character of *Lord Comberdene*, who served as a kind of showman to point out the author's intentions.

I should have thought that if you are going to burlesque a novelette you should try and burlesque it all through. You can't combine a plot out of *The Family Herald* with dialogue of the first water. "Has he a wife?" "Not one of his own." Is this the sort of thing you look for in melodrama from across the bridges? And, to increase the inconsistency, some of the characters who were asked to do the most farcical things were perfectly reasonable between times; for example, *Joseph Radburn*, impossible as a criminal, was altogether probable and consistent as a hotel conversation-fiend. I really think that the people who enjoyed the play best were those who took it as pure melodrama, and did not worry themselves about the author's scheme. Certainly the enthusiasm was most spontaneous at the point where the hero outwits the villains and locks them up in the room they had meant to burgle.

All the same, I have a sneaking admiration for Mr. CARTON'S enterprise. Anything for a fresh idea, if it only means the revival of an art long lost to the regular stage.

Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER as *Lord Comberdene* was very happily suited, and seemed to enjoy himself. But then he had known all the time what the author was trying to get at. He was too generous to keep the knowledge to himself, and confided now and again to our dull ears that he was supposed to have the makings of a melodramatic hero. Miss COMPTON was irresistibly solid, but I wish she had been given a few more good things on which to employ her captivating drawl. Miss RITA JOLIVET was clever and piquante as a Grand Duchess masquerading as a maid, and Mr. LYSTON LYLE in the part of *Joseph Radburn*, arch-criminal, was so admirable when he assumed the disguise of a harmless prattler that I recommend him to give up the primrose path of crime and settle down as a virtuous bore.



GETTING THE MAIN SHEET INTO A KNOT.

Lord Comberdene ... MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.
Lady Glenmoray ... MISS COMPTON.

Captain Clamp, on the other hand, (played easily by Mr. BARNES) had no occasion to disguise himself, and was just *Captain Clamp* all through—a tough and villainous sea-dog who stuck at nothing and did not trouble his head about finesse.

The deck of *Comberdene's* yacht, *The Morning Star*, was the best deck I remember to have seen on the stage.

O. S.

Commercial Candour.

"This Dynamo was thoroughly overhauled some little time ago, and has not worked since."

From a Malta programme:—

"N.B. Felice Scioccamocca will punish with a pound sovreign who does non laugh."

A similar threat from some of our musical-hall stars should draw thousands.

TO ARAMINTA.

(Who suddenly proposes a meeting to-morrow after a separation of several years.)

AH! no, Araminta, 'twere better
To leave the affair as it was—
Myself in the merciless fetter
Of Cupid (because
You refused me) and *you* with the memory sad
Of one who—how silly—
On grass that was chilly
Knelt down at your feet and proposed
—an absurd undergrad.

Let us probe not the past nor awaken
The power of the slumbering spell,
But leave me to languish forsaken—
I do that so well;
For I doubt if I know how to greet you and grin
With the air that romances
Prescribe and your fancies
Expect of a party that's seething with passion pent in.

Or leave me a month or two longer
To learn the appropriate mien
Of a love that has hourly grown stronger,
While winters between
Have swept with their storms; let me study the works
Of the pens that exhibit
Poor souls on the gibbet,
But doing their best to be calm in the difficult circs.

For it 's not that I fear, Araminta,
That (careless of whether it snows)
I shall sprawl at your feet and imprint a
Chaste kiss on your toes,
Or shall whack myself (wild with the heat of my mood)
A terrible punch on
My chest after luncheon;
I never take exercise now on the top of my food.

But, unless you can grant me a trifle
Of studious ease to prepare
The pose of a heart that must stifle
Its passionate air,
You may fancy perhaps from the coolness I show
That a heart you had busted
For ever (you trusted)
Has somehow got mended—and that will annoy you, I know. EVOE.

"Two women were fined 40*s.* or 14 days for throwing stones at Mr. John Burns's residence, and missing.'—*Western Morning News.*

We *must* have Efficiency.

"To appreciate —— Whisky one trial is enough."—*Advt. in "Daily Telegraph."*

Once bit twice shy, as they say.



A CURE FOR OLD AGE.

First Sportsman. "I WONDER YOU RIDE A BRUTE LIKE THAT AT YOUR TIME OF LIFE, JACK!"
Second ditto. "KEEPS ONE YOUNG, DON'T YOU KNOW."
First ditto. "LIKELY TO PREVENT YOUR GETTIN' OLD, ANYWAY."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. EDEN PHILLPOTTS is so accomplished and versatile a writer that sooner or later one knew he would write a fairy story for children. I must confess, however, to being a little disappointed by the result—*The Flint Heart* (SMITH ELDER)—for it has faults both of matter and of manner; and those of manner I had most fervently hoped were obsolete. I refer to the clever sophisticated asides of the author, in a story that ought to be wholly and single-heartedly addressed to the young. Mr. PHILLPOTTS should be peculiarly able to resist this temptation since he has such a large purely grown-up public. As for the faults of matter, they are chiefly due to a complex rather than a simple scheme, and extend even to the creation of a pixy named *Thomas de Quincey*, and to an imbroglio in the domain of frogs not too unlike our own political crisis. But the first part of the book and the controlling idea is excellent, and I wish that no fairy had ever been let in, Mr. PHILLPOTTS being so peculiarly a writer about human beings.

I think that VIOLET PEARN was ill advised to introduce a cricket match so early into *Separate Stars* (MURRAY), especially as it has so little to do with the plot of the book. "As he spoke Roger lifted his bat" (this was how the game ended), "the ball smashed through the air over the fielders' ducking heads; it was the third six of a magnificent innings. The match was won for the Gunners with two wickets and thirty seconds to spare." After that I should, if I had been the printer, have placed a whole row of stars. But as a matter of fact the contest which forms the theme of the novel is that of Art *v.* Love in the soul of a woman prevented by circumstances from realising her own considerable talent. *Joan Pellew* marries a gay officer (the JESSOP alluded to above) and when he dies still hopes to see her ambition fulfilled in the genius of her son. When he turns out to be a painter of brilliant technique but no grandeur of inspiration, she sets to work in despair to learn again the craft she has almost forgotten. Both the matter of the story and the manner of its telling improve considerably in the later stages, and the childhood of *Maurice* and the characters of *Lady Julia Hardcastle*, with whom he falls in love, and of the artist who falls in love with his mother in her widowhood, make up for the rather wooden portraiture and style with which the book begins. But I am glad that *Maurice* did not take to cricket like his father, and cut sixes through the shrinking chests of third man and second slip.

It all depends on whether you have outgrown your taste for Polperro Rock. You remember the stuff? Made by

Uncle Polperro (FISHER UNWIN). Anyhow, it was a sort of illustrated sweetmeat ("Bite where you like and there 's always a picture in the middle," as Mr. ALPHONSE COURLANDER takes care to remind you), made of a combination of three simple ingredients, boiled sugar, gelatine, and liquorice. What is more, this ingenuous Rock enabled *Mr. Polperro* to retire from business and purchase the title-deeds of Bongoland from a kind of confidence-trick man, by name *M. Jenairien;* and if you study that name closely you will realise to the full the trustfulness of *Mr. Polperro's* character. By his successful manufacture of confectionery *Mr. Polperro* brought happiness to thousands of children without impairing their digestion; and his failure to become the self-made President of the Republic of Bongoland spells bliss, I gather, to those two other children, *Jennifer*, his niece, and *Charles Hastable*, his hard-up medical nephew. More than a third of the book is occupied with an account of the voyaging of the would-be Republicans from London to Bongoland on board the *Dje-mi-méh* (so readily does Mr. COURLANDER appreciate the humour of names), and the vessel is commanded by *Captain Snack*, the most saccharine sea-dog who ever conducted a mutiny, and a gelatine mutiny at that. As a make-weight *Lord Aveling* is thrown in. He is a peer who takes unconventional holidays. "In London," he says, "do you think I could go into a cheap restaurant without losing half my friends?" And it is in the disguise of a mate that he ships under the unsuspecting *Snack*. There is no lack of boiled sugar in this story, but I was not in the least fed up.

I cannot help feeling a little sorry for *Carfax*, into whose mouth Mr. "JANE WARDLE" has placed his story, *The Little Gray Man* (ARNOLD), because he suffered from such inefficient stage-management that—to get the information which his *rôle* required—he was everlastingly hiding in cupboards, dodging round corners, and placing his ear to keyholes. Still, I am not concerned to say that either my excuses, or those which he made so lavishly for himself, leave him a desirable creature. In the race for the iniquity-stakes, however, he was a very bad second to *Mandevil*, who was so incredibly vicious that I regarded him more as a globule of concentrated wickedness than as a human being. Possibly the author gains some piquancy from the way in which he has chosen to tell his tale; nevertheless, should any budding novelist be thinking of writing in the first person, I do not hesitate to recommend this book as a warning. Let me add that it also contains several distinct thrills, and that—since the innocent ultimately wax rich and multiply, while suicide disposes of *Mandevil*, and *Carfax* reports himself in debt and "in a beastly thirty-pound-a-year villa in Tottenham"—it emphasises the danger of being either a criminal or a cad.

When an author, still more when an authoress, sets about to tell a pretty story of rustic love in a rose-garden, of white cottages, of sunny orchards, and of a fairy god-mother in modern dress, it is always a matter of touch and go whether the written word be one of sweet simplicity or laboured affectation. Once, indeed, ANNIE E. HOLDSWORTH (Mrs. LEE-HAMILTON, that is) touched and went, for she told the critic that through the open door of a church "the scent of newly mown hay wandered in *hand in hand* with the summer day," and the critic laughed at the idea of it. For the rest, when he laughed, he laughed with her at the quaintness of the country carrier and the town-bred smartness of *Mrs. Pratt-Thompson;* and, when the loves of pretty *Ruth* and proud *Roger* did not go well for all the legacies of *Miss Madden*, the sentiment was very touching and the pathos never too pathetic. There were, moreover, *Mrs. Cartwright*, stern mother of *Roger* and outspoken old gossip, and some other village bodies, happy *protégées* of *Ruth;* there were the amiable gentry, even an intellectual or two, and on the whole the critic has no reason or desire to suggest that, for delicacy of taste and lightness of touch, the substance of the book is a whit inferior to its title, *The Little Company of Ruth* (METHUEN).



Countryman (giving the benefit of his greater experience). "WHEN THE COVE T' OTHER END SAYS, 'BE EE THERE, JARGE?' YOU SAYS 'YES' OR 'NO,' AS THE CASE MID BE."

When I was about ten I narrowly missed a black eye from a youth of eleven because I gave away the plot of a Henty before the excited young pugilist had had time to read it. I am not, therefore, going to let the cat out of the bag in respect of Mr. HERBERT STRANG'S book, *The Adventures of Dick Trevanion* (FROWDE AND HODDER AND STOUGHTON). I will say merely that there are smugglers in it, and excisemen, and caves, and privateers, two young heroes, a first-class villain, and regular top-hole adventures. Let those take note who are prospecting for Christmas gifts.

The Western Morning News prints Mr. F. E. SMITH as follows:

> "Little fleas have smaller fleas upon their backs to bith them:
> Smaller fleas had lesses fleas, and so on ad infinitum. (Laughter.)"

This is hard on Mr. SMITH, but it is also unfair to the big flea, who gets left out altogether.

CHARIVARIA.

THE capital proposal has now been made that not only shall Members of Parliament be paid a salary but they shall also be provided with a neat uniform, to lend them an air of distinction—as is done in the case of postmen and policemen and other paid servants of the State.

* * *

In this connection we have to report that one of the most useful police dogs of Moscow, according to *The Express*, has just fallen a victim to the misplaced zeal of an official dog-catcher who mistook him for a "stray," and made away with him. No doubt this will lead to these canine policemen wearing uniform in the future instead of being plain-clothes dogs.

* * *

"On the Female Suffrage question women themselves are divided." Suggested new title for the Sex:—The Divided Skirts.

* * *

"You may take it from me," said Mr. ASQUITH at Reading, "that Mr. REDMOND has no more to do with the Dissolution than the man in the moon." But surely the man in the moon had something to do with it? See Reports of Lunacy Commissioners.

* * *

"At present," said Mr. HERBERT SAMUEL at Farnworth, "the Lords have doubled like a hare with the hounds behind." The word "hounds," we hear, has given grave offence to many of Mr. SAMUEL'S fellow-sportsmen.

* * *

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S sympathies are certainly limited. He decided to give an habitual criminal whose acquaintance he and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE made at Dartmoor "another chance." But the Lords——

* * *

By-the-by, *The Law Journal*, in commenting on this case, says, "This man has a habit of stealing from churches—a peculiarly mean form of crime." But, we would ask, has the Editor himself never stolen from church—during a dull sermon?

* * *

A writer on the subject of "Fashions for Men," after stating that "the frock-coat has fallen irrecoverably into the *débris* of shattered institutions," goes on to mention that they are still worn by certain peers of the realm. This is not quite that attitude towards the aristocracy which one has come to expect of a writer on fashions.

* * *

"The election posters," says OBSERVATOR in *The Observer*, "bear signs of having been put out in a hurry. One, in a representation of Mr. ASQUITH, contrives to put the big toe on the right side of his right foot!" This, however, is only a clever piece of symbolism; the big toe is supposed to have needed a change, being tired of "toeing the line."



VOTER'S VERTIGO.

VERY PREVALENT JUST NOW.

London's Dreadnought, *The Thunderer*, is to be launched next January. It would be a graceful compliment to invite the Editor of *The Times* to perform the christening ceremony.

* * *

In future, French match-boxes are to be beautified by the reproduction on them of paintings in the Louvre. But we fancy that what the long-suffering French public wants is not so much striking pictures as striking matches.

* * *

An American firm is about to flood this country with advertisements of its "Arrow Collars," and the British trade is said to be alarmed at the incursion. The British trade, it seems to us, had better make the most of Eton collars while they are left to it.

* * *

Mr. FISHER UNWIN has published a book entitled "Aspects of Death in Art." This seems to suggest the possibility of a cheery exhibition at the Graves Galleries.

* * *

Answer to a Correspondent: No, the Censor has not removed the ban: "Inconstant George" is not the title of Mr. LAURENCE HOUSMAN'S play.

* * *

SUDERMANN'S strong novel, *Das hohe Lied*, has been translated into English by Mr. SELTZER. Will the result, we wonder, be SUDERMANN and SELTZER water?

* * *

At a memorial meeting for the great German tragedian, JOSEF KAINZ, held in Berlin last week, it was stated that one of his favourite ideas was that theatre programmes should not disclose the identity of the players. Over here it has never been found possible to get the actors to go further than to consent to the concealment of the name of the playwright.

* * *

We have often wondered what was the meaning of the expression "High School," and now we know. According to an advertisement in *The Spectator*, Buxton College, Derbyshire, is "1,000 feet high." It is good to know that American sky-scrapers are not having everything their own way.

* * *

Another conversion! Father Christmas used to be liberal, but times are so bad now——

"Mr. C. T. Edwardes played a banjo solo, accompanied on the same instrument by Miss Elsie Edwardes."—*Evening News.*

Soloist (*crossly to accompanist*): "There you are, getting in the way again! Why can't you keep to the E string?"

Accompanist (*with dignity*): "Very well: this decides me. Next time I shall bring my *own* banjo."

"It was a really typical gathering. There was a welcoming of the preacher . . . which was most encouraging, and we were followed home by a gift of a dozen eggs."—*Church Times.*

It certainly sounds typical, though occasionally one is chased home by more eggs than a dozen.

THE DETACHMENT OF PRENDERBY.

THE PEOPLE *v.* THE COMMONS.

IN times of great stress and heat I am always glad to avail myself of the atmosphere of temperate calm which pervades the presence of Prenderby. As a General Election approaches he grows more and more detached, till he almost disappears from sight. Of course I only take an academic interest in his points of view, and would never let him persuade me to adopt an attitude even of semi-detachment. And, to do him justice, he never tries to convert me. He says he would not wish to sacrifice any source of quiet entertainment.

"Well, what about the Referendum?" I asked.

"I hold no brief for that Alpine device," said Prenderby, "for I have never mistaken the people's voice for the voice of a god. But I retain the right to be surprised and shocked when I see that the very party which has always vouched for the divinity of Demos now protests against the idea of directly consulting its own beloved oracle on matters of grave doubt."

"Our contention," said I, coming fresh and fortified from a study of Lord MORLEY'S great speech in favour of maintaining the Constitution intact, "is that our country's system is a representative system, and that the Referendum would disfigure the authority of the people's representatives."

"If," said Prenderby, as though reading my thoughts, "you allude to Lord MORLEY, for whom I entertain a profound respect, I should think more of his Conservative arguments if he himself were not in favour of a Radical Bill for breaking up the Constitution by means of what he facetiously calls an "adjustment of the relations between the two Houses on an amicable basis.' However, I sympathise with you—for the moment. I have always held that, in an ideal democracy, the people's representatives, once elected, should be given a free hand to do their best for the country during the natural term of Parliament. But then I would have our representatives chosen on a principle very different from that which is in use. I would choose —Liberals or Unionists—men of the highest intelligence, experience and patriotism, on whose judgment I could rely even for the handling of questions on which my opinion had never been consulted. But how and why do we actually elect our Members? Not, except in rare cases, on their personal merits; not as thinking men; but just as specimens of one or other party, foisted on us by a caucus. And there they sit in the House with instructions to surrender their private judgment (if any) and act as voting automata at the bidding of the party whip. What guarantee can we have that on any given question, possibly not even contemplated among the variegated issues at a General Election, our dummy really 'represents' us? Unless we make a change in our methods, I see no solution of a rotten state of things except through the Referendum."

"Its introduction as a party cry," I said, "at the last moment justifies our humorists in describing it as a red-herring-endum."

"True wit delights me," said Prenderby, on a note of discouragement. "But what, after all, is the matter with a good red herring? It is an excellent thing for dragging across the trail when the field is on the scent of a hare that 's got the plague. But to return to this piercing outcry against the notion of going over the heads of the people's representatives to consult the people themselves. Have you observed lately what a deal of talk there is about the dignity and authority of the House of Commons? It seems to have assumed an importance far exceeding that of the men who elect it. And, curiously enough, it is with the steady decline in the personal weight and influence of its Members (since only a dozen or so on each side are allowed to count as anything more than mere Ayes or Noes), and with its gradual humiliation under the pressure of party machinery, that we find the House of Commons developing this habit of self-complacency. And I recognise in the Referendum the best available corrective for such a state of swelled head. If I am not inviting you to betray a party secret, what, may I ask, is your objection to it?"

"If," I said, "the people's verdict were unfavourable it would mean a General Election every time. No self-respecting Government could survive the rebuff to its prestige."

"I doubt it," said Prenderby cheerfully. "I have too firm a confidence in the tenacity of most Ministries. They would sit tight and try something else. But, in all probability, they would seldom or never incur such a rebuff. They would guard their dignity by so moderating their proposals as to ensure their acceptance by the country."

"Well, anyhow," said I, "it was only a tactical move of the Tories at the eleventh hour."

"My dear fellow," said Prenderby, with a touch of compassion, "the peculiarity of the eleventh hour is not only that it comes just before the twelfth, but also that it comes just after the tenth. Late tactics have to be answered by tactics later still. Black at an advanced stage makes a forward move which exposes one of his own pieces. White steps in and snaps it up. 'Aha!' says Black, 'why didn't you think of that before? You've committed an afterthought.' Or else he shouts, 'White Flag!' just because his opponent deliberately sacrifices a pawn or two to save his King."

"If you 're going to drag in the Crown," I said—

"I drag in nothing," said Prenderby, "not even a red herring. As I said before, I hold no brief for the Referendum. I am not a good enough democrat. But I may permit myself to be politely amused when I find the Conservative party more democratic than your democrats themselves; stealing the Radical thunder and going one better with it. I may permit myself this recreation and yet remain detached from party."

"Like Lord ROSEBERY at Manchester," I said witheringly. "I see that in his 'non-party' speech he referred to the American dollars, though I noticed that he said nothing of Sir WILFRID LAURIER'S contribution."

"If you must drag in the Prime Minister of Canada," said Prenderby, "let me say that I have a particular regard for him which is not increased by his interference in the matter of Home Rule. What would you and Canada think of Mr. ASQUITH if, while Premier of England, he openly subscribed to the funds of one of the parties in a Canadian election? As for Lord ROSEBERY, I resemble him, very modestly, in this—that we are both enamoured of moderate counsels; he as a member of the despised peerage, I as an ornament of the down-trodden middle-classes. I look forward to the day of moderate men; to the coming of a National party which shall combine the best of both sides."

"Meanwhile," said I, for I shrank from flirting with this rather seductive prospect,—"meanwhile the polls begin to-morrow, and we shall soon know whether the people accept or reject the idea of a Referendum."

"Whether, in fact," said Prenderby, "they prefer to put their trust in their representatives or in themselves."

"We shall see," said I.

"We shall see," said Prenderby.

At last we had touched a point of agreement, and I seized the opportunity to shift my ground to domestic woods and pastures uncontroversial. O. S.



THE "NON-PARTY" WEAPON.

Mr. Asquith. "I SAY, DON'T DO THAT."

Lord Rosebery. "IT'S ALL RIGHT, MY DEAR FELLOW; THIS ISN'T A SWORD, IT'S A PLOUGHSHARE."



Betty (after the party). "AM I PRETTY, MUMMY?" *Mother (indulgently).* "OH, YES, DEAR."
Betty. "AM I SO PRETTY THAT JACK AND DICK WILL DREAM ABOUT ME TO-NIGHT?"

THE NEW PLANK AT WORK.

IN the year 19— the Referendum was in full swing. Mr. Bilberry's seven years' rule had just come to an end, with the result that he had been compelled to ask for a dissolution of Parliament; and he and Mr. Aston were now appealing to the country.

The position of affairs at this time may be described in a few words. Switzerland, flattered that the greatest nation in the world should re-model its Constitution upon the lines of hers, had returned the compliment by laying down a naval programme which altered entirely the whole European situation, and called for a renewed effort on the part of England. For this effort more taxes were necessary, and it was upon the method of raising these taxes that the Election would turn.

Mr. Aston was for getting the new taxes from the Rich.

Mr. Bilberry was for getting them from the Others.

Mr. Aston appealed to the Working Man for support. He said: "The situation is simply this: We *must* have this money. Shall we get it from the Rich or from the Others?"

The Working Man thought profoundly, and then said, "What you mean is, would I rather you got it from *'im* or from *me?*"

"Exactly," said Mr. Aston.

"Right you are," said the working man. "Then I says from *'im.*"

Mr. Bilberry appealed to the Working Man for support. He said: "The situation is simply this: we *must* have this money. Mr. Aston proposes to tax the Rich. I need hardly point out to you what a calamity that would be to the working classes. It is folly to suppose that you can take money from the Rich without hurting the poor. In a thousand indirect ways it would affect you. Now my tax would only have the effect of stimulating you slightly."

"Wot O!" said the Working Man, and left it at that.

To the Middle Classes Mr. Bilberry said, "The nation is in Deadly Peril of Socialism. When the nation is in Deadly Peril there is only one party for which an Englishman can vote." And some of them, who had read of the Deadly Peril in which the nation had stood when the Abolition of the Death Penalty for Larceny was first suggested, were not greatly alarmed. But others were, and gave him their votes.

To the Upper Classes Mr. Bilberry said: "What do you think of *this?*"

There were many other questions brought forward during the election, but the surprising unanimity of the rival candidates on the more important ones prevented them from having any considerable bearing on the result. For whenever an Astonite said: "Once again I advocate this and this," the Bilberryite would say hastily: "Why, my dear fellow, of *course!* That 's what I 've been saying for *weeks!* If anything, I should go even *further*, and do that and that."

Mr. Aston was returned by a small majority. His Bill for taxing the Rich was immediately drawn up, discussed in the House of Commons, and submitted to a Referendum.

Those who had previously voted for Mr. Bilberry, having no use for Mr. Aston, answered "No."

Of those who had voted for Mr. Aston:—

The Working Man said, "O' course, if it 's a choice between me and 'im, I say, tax *'im.* But if they leave me out and say, 'Do you *want* 'im taxed?'



Canvasser (to indifferent Elector). "D' YOU WANT MONEY TO GO OUT OF THIS COUNTRY AND TRADE TO BE STAGNANT?" [*No answer.*

Canvasser. "VOTE FOR MY MAN AND HE 'LL PUT MONEY INTO YOUR POCKET AND TAKE IT FROM THE FOREIGNER." [*No answer.*

Canvasser. "IF YOU VOTE FOR THE OTHER MAN WE SHALL SOON BE RULED BY GERMANS!!"

Elector. "ACH! GOOT! I *am* A SHERMANS."

then I say 'No,' becos 'e 'll only take it out o' *me* afterwards."

The Middle Classes said, "Our second cousin by marriage tells us that he 'll be ruined if this Bill passes; and those nice people who asked Phyllis down for Christmas are in a terrible way about it. Of course, we should never dream of voting for Mr. Bilberry, but this really goes a *little* too far."

The Upper Classes said: "Frankly, old man, you 're asking rather too much, you know. I voted for you at the last election and I 'll vote for you again at the next. If you say bluntly to me: 'Ought we to tax the Rich or the Others?' well, I answer 'The Rich'; and if now I had to decide whether I or the poor man should pay, of course I 'd pay up like a shot. But I haven't got to decide that. You 're pledged not to tax the Others any more, and the only question for *me* is whether I like your Bill. Well, you can't blame me, old man, if I say that I don't."

Mr. Aston's Bill was rejected by the People. He resigned. Mr. Bilberry accepted office and advised a Dissolution.

At the General Election Mr. Bilberry pointed out that the Astonites had shown themselves absolutely impotent to deal with the extremely critical situation, the threatened danger from the Swiss programme not having been met by any of the necessary financial provisions. He also pointed out that this election had been forced upon the country at an extremely inconvenient time for shopkeepers. Mr. Bilberry was returned.

Mr. Bilberry's Bill for taxing the Others was immediately drawn up, discussed in the House of Commons, and submitted to a Referendum.

Those who had voted for Mr. Aston, having no use for Mr. Bilberry, answered "No."

Of those who had voted for Mr. Bilberry:—

The Upper Classes said, "I say, old man, what? I mean—well—I shall have to think it over. I didn't know it was going to be like *this!* Of course, I 'd sooner shoot myself than do anything to put Aston in, but—— You know, even if this went against you, you needn't *resign*, need you?"

The Middle Classes said: "Of course, it *is* a time of national peril, and one is prepared to make sacrifices. But they must be *reasonable* sacrifices. I don't think I should be *justified*, as a family man, in voting for this. It isn't a question of what we want, but what we can afford. I have just worked it out, and I see that I shall have to pay—well, I mean, it 's *absurd*."

The Working Man said: "Well, lorblimey, *do* I want it? Do I *look* as if I wanted it? I may 'ave been a mug at the election, but 'eaven bless your dear innercent face if you think you 'll catch little Willie *again*."

Mr. Bilberry's Bill was rejected by the People.

I forget whether Mr. Bilberry resigned.

* * * *

And nothing had been done about the Swiss Menace.

And the Astonites' exchequer was empty.

And the People were *sick* of polls and posters and posters and polls. . . .

You will understand, then, how it was that some years later, when a Bill for remodelling the Constitution on its old lines of Parliamentary Government was brought in, it was approved by the People amidst scenes of the greatest excitement. An additional reason for celebration was the fact that it was the first Bill which had survived the Referendum. A. A. M.



PALS BEFORE PARTY.

M.P.'s Wife. "I SAY, ARCHIE, IT 'S A SHAME TO ABUSE POOR RODDY AS YOU DID IN YOUR SPEECH LAST NIGHT. AFTER ALL, HE 'S YOUR BEST PAL, ALTHOUGH HE *IS* ON THE OTHER SIDE."

M.P. "MY DEAR GIRL, THAT 'S NOTHING TO WHAT HE 'S GOING TO SAY ABOUT ME TO-MORROW. HE 'S SHOWN ME HIS SPEECH, AND I 'M JOTTING DOWN A FEW ADDITIONAL EPITHETS FOR HIM TO STICK IN."

IN PRAISE OF WINTER ELECTIONS.

At the season of chills, when the breath of the vapours
Is hardened to delicate rime,
You have heard, Mr. ASQUITH, no doubt, from the papers
That polls are a crime.
Let it cheer you to know, in the midst of their curses,
Whoe'er may be moaning his lot,
That the writer of these irresponsible verses
Is not.

For, whether in winter or whether in summer,
The farce of electoral throbs
Interferes with the odes of a lyrical thrummer,
And bores him to sobs;
But I think, on the whole, that the moon of the holly
Is best for the madness to fall,
If we must have these moments of imbecile folly
At all.

For out in the streets there are hundreds of posters
The eye of the artist to vex;
There is thumping of tubs and a legion of boasters
That bark through their necks.
Is it there that Apollo is like to exhort us,
Or lead his melodious choir?
Shall the voice of the turtle be there or the tortoise-
-shell lyre?

Not much: but within, for the brethren of Orpheus,
Is comfort and wassail and ease,
Undisturbed by the insolent *argot* of wharf-use—
The words of bargees.
It is well that a time when the demagogues prosy
Are drowning the harp with their roars
Should be also a time when it 's deucedly cosy
Indoors.

When the vulgar are crowding, with faces that tingle,
To booths where the hurricanes whizz,
I shall sleep by the fire, in the nook of the ingle
(Whatever that is),
And be glad that the polls have come round in December,
When (warm with the winter's good cheer)
The bard can most easily fail to remember
They 're here.

EVOE.

From an Indian paper:

"FOR SALE.—The valuable business lately carried on at Ghoom, near Darjeeling, as a Boarding House and Piggery."

So they 've noticed it in India, too!

"As a precautionary measure, workmen were yesterday busily engaged in feeling some of the more dangerously situated trees."

The Daily Telegraph.

This is the sort of job we have been looking for for years.

ROUND AND ROUND.

(*A Romance of* 1915.)

March 2.—Great meeting of Unionist Free-Traders, attended by Lord CROMER, Lord BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH, Mr. ARTHUR ELLIOT, Mr. ST. LOE STRACHEY, Lord ROBERT CECIL, Lord HUGH CECIL, and others, Lord CROMER being in the Chair. After delivering many impassioned speeches in defence of Free Trade, they decide to reorganise themselves and to offer a determined resistance to Tariff Reform. The meeting separates amid great enthusiasm, punctuated by patriotic songs.

March 3.—Introduction and first reading of Government Bill for the Nationalisation of Motor-Cars.

March 4.—*The Times*, in a leading article, declares that to nationalise motor-cars is to ruin the nation. *The Daily Mail* publishes an article by Mr. LEO MAXSE declaring that all members of the Government, including the Junior Lords of the Treasury (unpaid), are outside the pale of humanity and must be shot at sight. *The Daily News* denounces opposition to the Bill as factious and interested.

March 5 (*if March* 5 *falls on a Sunday*).—Mr. J. L. GARVIN publishes in *The Observer* a leading article twelve columns in length. He demands the impeachment of Mr. ASQUITH and the immediate execution of all Irish Nationalist Members on Tower Hill. "Only thus," he concludes, "can we avenge the dastardly insult which has been offered to our English manhood. Only thus can we remove the ineffaceable stain which has been smeared in lurid and degrading colours over our escutcheon."

March 6.—Formation of Motor Nationalisation League.

March 7.—Establishment of Anti-Nationalisation of Motors League.

March 8.—Each League calls on the other to publish a list of its subscribers.

March 12.—Mr. J. L. GARVIN declares in a leading article of nineteen columns that he is not now a Home Ruler.

March 17.—Lord ROSEBERY makes his three-hundredth non-party speech against the Government at a great non-party meeting held in the City of London under the chairmanship of Mr. A. J. BALFOUR.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE addresses a meeting at Plaistow. He threatens the House of Lords with extinction, and compares their lordships to rats fed on red herrings.

March 20.—In a long and carefully reasoned letter to *The Times* Sir HENRY HOWORTH points out that, whatever Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S own diet may be, he (Sir HENRY) has never yet known a member of the House of Lords who cared to eat a red herring.

March 21.—Mr. F. E. SMITH, in a great speech at Cheltenham, calls Mr. LLOYD GEORGE the Red Herring King.

March 22.—Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, in a great speech at Sevenoaks, denounces Mr. F. E. SMITH as impish, impudent and impossible.

March 23.—Mr. F. E. SMITH and Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL dine together.

March 24.—Lord ROSEBERY makes his three-hundred-and-first non-party speech against the Government at a great non-party meeting in Birmingham under the chairmanship of Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN. He shows that the nationalisation of motor cars leads straight to the nationalisation of clocks and watches, spoons and forks and small change of all sorts, and that from this to the destruction of religion, family life, marriage and Sunday beer is but a step.

April 3.—The Unionist Free Traders at a great and enthusiastic meeting declare that if Mr. BALFOUR will agree to postpone Tariff Reform they will be prepared to vote for Tariff Reformers.

April 4.—Mr. BALFOUR says he is willing to postpone Tariff Reform for a fortnight.

April 5.—Great enthusiasm expressed by Unionist Free Traders over Mr. BALFOUR'S promise. *The Morning Post*, however, salutes him as "the late leader of the Unionist party."

April 8.—Lord ROSEBERY makes his three-hundred-and-second non-party speech against the Liberal party at a great non-party meeting held in Belfast under the chairmanship of Sir EDWARD CARSON.

April 10.—Mr. F. E. SMITH at a meeting in Devizes says that Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL is a disgraced disseminator of dishonour.

April 11.—Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL at a meeting in Deptford declares that Mr. F. E. SMITH always prefers mendacity to men and stupidity to statesmanship.

April 12.—Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL and Mr. F. E. SMITH lunch together in London.

(*Further dates may be filled in according to taste and experience.*)

SOLOMON AND THE MONKEYS.

APES and peacocks and almug and ivory
  SOLOMON sent for over seas,
And, if you ask me the reason why for he
  Sent his shipping for such as these—
Peacocks flaunt like an opal necklace,
Figurey almug's fair and fleckless,
Ivory 's smooth and white and speckless
  (Tusks on a plinth of gold);
And the little grey monkeys, so wrinkled wise,
Little grey apes with the twinkling eyes,
  Puckered, brown and cold,
'Spite of their lightsome ways and reckless,
Know the wisdom of gods of old!

SOLOMON sat by his garden palaces
  Seeking wisdom of earth and air;
Little grey apes, full of mocks and malices,
  Chipped and chattered around his chair;
Chipped and chattered and made grimaces,
Rubbed their backs and their wrinkled faces,
Swung themselves with a score of graces
  Through the cedar trees;
But never their knowledge could SOLOMON catch,
For, if he asked them, they 'd only scratch,
  Stop and scratch for fleas;
Then they 'd rocket away in races,
Ruffling, scuffling, in twos and threes!

So SOLOMON sent for HIRAM, King o' Tyre;
  HIRAM strode 'neath the budding leaf,
Purple vesture and golden ring, attire
  Fit indeed for a merchant chief;
He bade him watch the monkeys slipping
Through the pomegranate branches dipping
Over the fountains ferned and dripping,
  Green and clear and cold;
And "'Tis excellent knowledge," King HIRAM said,
"That keeps its learning inside its head;
  That 's your monkey's gold—
That 's the reason that sets them skipping—
That 's their wisdom of gods of old!"

A Blow for Smith minor.

"That the feeding of school-children during holidays was illegal was the opinion of Sir R. B. Finlay."—*Daily Mirror.*

FANTASY.

THERE is no truth in the following account. It is based solely on the unconfirmed report of the central figure. That central figure is I, and I have just stated that there is no truth in it. It is not the truth, part of the truth, or anything like the truth. It is the invention of one miserable, downtrodden Junior; the outpourings of a soul clamouring for freedom and self-expansion. Let me pretend, just for once, that I am not the most permanently rebuked person in the world, who may not even say "Boo!" to an usher without being told that I am frivolous, vexatious, and an abuse of the process of the Court. Let me pretend all that. Will you?

* * * *

Counsel for the Plaintiff said what he had to say, and all eyes were fixed on me. You see, I was Counsel for the Defendant, and there we all were sitting in the High Court and making a day of it.

"Forgive me," I said, "but I did not quite follow what you were saying. I was thinking of something else. Start at the beginning and say it all over again." Then I closed my eyes and put my feet up on the K.C.'s bench in front of me, not, as I assured them, to go to sleep, but because I could hear better in that position. When at last they insisted on a few words from me, I, seeing that there was no way out of it, got up and addressed them.

"Look here, Judge, old man," I said, "it is all very fine for t'other fellow to talk about vendors and purchasers and estoppels (what is an estoppel, anyway?) and all that rot. It is all very fine for him to go burbling on about statutes and cases, but the cold truth is that he wants my client to pay his client hundreds and hundreds of pounds, and my client ain't going to do no such thing. He has the best reasons for refusing, but I am not at liberty to divulge them. At least I have forgotten most of them, and I never could understand the rest. I can promise you that they are first-class reasons, if a bit complicated in parts, and I can promise you that my client is a man in a thousand."

Mr. Justice What's-his-name, who I really don't think can have been listening, bestirred himself to ask me what about the Sale of Goods Act. But I told him that I was not going to answer that question, because I knew there was a catch in it somewhere. Besides, I told him that I knew nothing about the Law, and cared less.

"*Ignorantia juris haud excusat*," he muttered, and while the court rocked with subservient and hilarious laughter I took my pipe out of my pocket and lit it.

"Tell me when I'm due to laugh," said I between the puffs, "and I'll do my best for you. Now, if you are quite sure you have finished being funny, I will go on with the case. My dear old Lud, what is the use of all this chin-wagging? The fact is that my client wants all his money for himself, and if he finds, when he comes to do his accounts at the end of the year, that he has got a little over, you may bet your wig that he is not going to give that little to a man with a face like the Plaintiff's. Do we admit liability, you ask? We admit any old thing you like, for a little peace. More than that, if you will all come across to the Cock Tavern, Plaintiff, Plaintiff's counsel, Plaintiff's solicitor, clerks, ushers, court-loafers, and even your bonny old self, we'll stand the drinks if you'll let bygones be bygones. There!"

I sat down, humming a popular melody to show that I bore no malice, and the Judge said something bitter about "Judgment for the Plaintiff in the full amount of his claim and costs." As for me I went up to where the old fellow sat on his perch and cooed, "Bench, dear boy, you are not cross with me, are you?" and, arm-in-arm with my client and his solicitor, strolled out of court as happy as a sandboy.

* * * *

Thank you for bearing with me. I feel better now.



THE UNDEFEATED SALESMAN.

Customer. "BUT IT HASN'T SAID A WORD ALL THE TIME I'VE BEEN IN THE SHOP!"

Salesman. "THURSDAY AFTERNOON, MADAM. HIS LATE OWNER ALWAYS WENT TO SLEEP ON EARLY CLOSING DAY, AND AFTER TWO O'CLOCK ON THURSDAYS NOTHING WILL INDUCE THAT INTELLIGENT BIRD TO UTTER A SOUND."



THE FREE AND INDEPENDENT.

Candidate. "HOW DO YOU THINK THINGS ARE GOING?"
Agent. "WELL—THE HARMONIUMS HAVE DONE A LOT OF GOOD, BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO CHANGE THAT BAGATELLE BOARD AT THE WORKMEN'S CLUB FOR A BILLIARD TABLE."

OPERATIC INTELLIGENCE.

EXPENSIVE PRODUCTION OF "TORQUEMADA."

(*Special.*)

THE music of *Torquemada*, as all intelligent amateurs are doubtless well aware, has been more extravagantly praised and abused than any which has ever been composed since the days of Orpheus. Herr Boboloff, the famous St. Petersburg critic, has described it as a musical Reign of Terror; while Signor Puppo Stecchi, of Milan, calls it the "*ne plus ultra* of cosmic ecstasy." The same eminent authority also calls attention to the extraordinary way in which Herr Cassowar combines deep spirituality with a cynical freakishness. "Scenes of an outrageous indecorum," he writes, "are handled with the utmost solemnity, while those passages in the drama which touch on the deepest mysteries of religion are treated with a hearty irreverence which recalls the most splendidly ghastly orgies of the cult of Reason in the French Revolution. Herr Cassowar is as cruel as Nature, as brutal as death—in short, a genius of the deepest dye, and in *Torquemada* he has found a theme which gives his gorgeous inhumanity superlative scope." It will be readily understood that music of this quality is extremely expensive to compose and produce, and no apology is needed for the announcement that, on the occasion of the performance of this epoch-making work, the price for hiring opera-glasses will be raised from sixpence to ten shillings.

The *rôle* of *Dolores* will be undertaken by the famous American *prima donna*, Madame Poppæa Scarlett, who created it on the occasion of the original production at Widdin. As Madame Scarlett holds the record for the highest fee ever paid to a *prima donna* for a single performance—viz., £10,000—the prices will be raised on this and all occasions on which she will appear. All the reserved seats have already been taken, with the exception of a few extra stalls attached by pulleys to the central electrolier. These can be had for 50 guineas apiece.

The orchestra will be increased from 85 to 170 performers for the production of *Torquemada*, as the scoring for the instruments of percussion is unusually rich, the drums being often divided into as many as twenty genuine parts, while extra instruments of peculiar sonority, including the Schreckhorn, are employed in the torture scenes in order to drown the shrieks of the victims. The immense extra expense to which the management has been put in order to meet these requirements has involved a revision of the refreshment tariff, and on the nights on which *Torquemada* is performed the charge for coffee will be 2*s.* 6*d.* a cup, and for ices 15*s.* each.

The scenery, which has been specially hand-painted for the production, is of special magnificence, many thousand tubes of the choicest paint having been exhausted on the superb canvases provided by the artists, MM. van Dorb and Karameloff. In consequence of this terrific outlay, running into several thousands of pounds, the management have been reluctantly obliged to raise the prices of the programmes and books of the words, which will be supplied at 5*s.* and £1 1*s.* respectively.

The Ballet of Inquisitors is of altogether unusual size, and the strain imposed upon them in the Dance of the Seventy Thumbscrews is so exacting that a special honorarium has been added to their usual salary. In view of this fact the management respectfully beg to announce that the cloak-room fees will be increased on *Torquemada* nights from 3*d.* to 4½*d.*

It is only right to add that, in spite of all these enhanced charges, the management expect to lose at least £20,000 on the production.

COMFORTING REFLECTION AT THE POST-IMPRESSIONISTS'.—Things, after all, are not so bad as they 're painted.



THE PREFERENDUM.

MR. TARIFF. "AFTER YOU, MY LORD; IT SEEMS YOUR NEED OF REFORM IS MORE PRESSING THAN MINE."



Virile Lady (*after a long narrative of her doings in various branches of sport*). "AND DO YOU MEAN TO SAY YOU DON'T GO IN FOR EITHER HUNTIN' OR SHOOTIN' OR GOLFIN'? DON'T YOU SOMETIMES GET FEARFULLY BORED?"
Hostess (*feelingly*). "YES, I DO."

THE BISHOP'S MOVE.

[In a recent number of his *Diocesan Magazine* the Bishop of WORCESTER lays down a rule that men ordained by him are "not to contract matrimonial engagements" during their Diaconate. "In the event," he adds, "of this not being observed, I should feel it my duty to remove the young man to another curacy, if the lady were a resident in the district."]

WHEN Strephon wooed, I showed immense
Reciprocal devotion,
Although, to speak without pretence,
I 'd not the slightest notion
That love's unwelcome consequence
Would be perpetual motion.

As we surveyed the placid sea
It showed no warning beacon;
We clean forgot the penalty
Our Bishop vowed to wreak on
The rebel who presumed to be
Affianced while a deacon.

"The man who dares to disobey
His Bishop comes a cropper"
(His Lordship wrote); "I beg to say
Your conduct is improper.
I hope you 'll choose the easier way—
Which is, of course, to drop her.

"Else *you*, who show me disrespect,
Must be severely dropped on;
You 'll quit your post (I fear neglect
Of duty if you stopped on)
And undertake, as I direct,
The curacy of Plopton."

"D' you think," I cried, while Strephon stood
Irresolute, "I 'll swallow
Defeat like this? What hardihood
To utter threats so hollow!
You go to Plopton? Well and good—
Mother and I will follow!"

He went—and *we* went. In a week
The Bishop, who had thirsted
For vengeance, finding, so to speak,
His machinations worsted,
Bade Strephon move again, to seek
The curacy of Burstead.

From Burstead on to Newton Leas,
From Newton Leas to Keating,
Still an astonished Diocese
Beholds my lover fleeting;
But, try his lordship as he please,
He can't prevent us meeting!

Poor Bishop! By-and-by he 'll gain
The sorrowful conviction
That here his threats are all in vain,
His rule an empty fiction,
And that young ladies yet remain
Beyond his jurisdiction!

Mr. BONAR LAW as reported in *The Scotsman*:

"Surely it was the most unreasonable of propositions to assert that we could not have a greater moral right to ask equality of treatment on the Indian market when we gave to them advantages in our market which were not given to other people than we had that right now, when we gave her no advantage which was not enjoyed by every other country in the world so much as it was by India. (Cheers.)"

Even Mr. LAW'S bitterest opponent could hardly have forborne to cheer so exciting a finish.

Extract from the letter of a Baboo, who, after much correspondence with the postal officials over some small grievance, at length breaks into poetry and sums up the case against red tape as follows:

"The bell of death is ever ring,
Over the poor and over the king.
The world is ever tit for tat,
Over the thin and over the fat."

A QUESTION OF DEGREE.

GREAT confusion having arisen in the papers with regard to the PRESIDENT OF THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD, some referring to him always as Dr. BURNS, in recognition of a degree recently conferred upon him by Liverpool University, and others still adhering to Mr. BURNS, a public meeting was called to decide upon some united course of action. The Mayor of BATTERSEA was in the Chair, and many prominent journalists and public men were present.

Mr. BUCKLE, of *The Times*, said that he was averse from conferring such titles. Take, for example, the case of the head of the Salvation Army. *The Times*, it is true, called him "General," but only between inverted commas. He would admit that Mr. BURNS'S degree was not, like the General's, self-imposed. *The Times*, however, would continue to call him Mr., and with the more confidence in view of the recent case of a certain Doctor who thought he had been to the Pole.

Mr. JAMES BRYCE, the British Ambassador at Washington, said that no one, he believed, possessed so many honorary degrees as himself; but he had never called himself Dr. BRYCE, and never should, unless, of course, he occupied part of his leisure in his retirement in becoming a medical student and qualifying for his M.D.

Mr. MARLOWE, of *The Daily Mail*, said that he had given instructions for Mr. BURNS to be called Dr. BURNS in that paper. He, the speaker, believed that when honours were conferred they should be recognised. If the KING were to confer the title of knighthood, or even a peerage, on himself, he should be careful to make his name correspond to the compliment.

Mr. DONALD, of *The Daily Chronicle*, said that his staff still called Mr. BURNS Mr. He had noticed that *The Daily Mail*, which he occasionally saw at his club or on the seat of a railway compartment, had adopted the Dr., and he assumed that it did so for party reasons, hoping that it might suggest ridicule. For him, however, Mr. BURNS would always remain plain honest JOHN, in no need for honorary degrees from anyone, least of all from the enemy.

The Editor of *The British Medical Journal* said that he objected to the term Doctor for any but medical men. There should be no such thing as Doctors of Laws or Divinity. Doctors should mean medical practitioners or consulting physicians. He could foresee great confusion in Battersea if Mr. BURNS were called Dr. BURNS. All kinds of people who were taken ill would be sending for him.

Dr. MACNAMARA said that he was called Doctor because he had been made an hon. LL.D. of St. Andrew's. He did not know that the title had done him any harm. It is true that he had occasionally been asked to prescribe, and had always done so, his one remedy for all ills being ipecacuanha.

Dr. CLIFFORD said that he had been entitled Doctor for many years, but had never been called in to attend anyone who was physically ill. Spiritually, yes. He would be glad to attend spiritually, or politically, anyone present at that meeting at a moment's notice. He considered that the prefix ennobled a man. He strongly advised Mr. BURNS to be known as Doctor.

Mr. EDMUND GOSSE, speaking on behalf of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, said he was strongly in favour of what he might call the doctorial differentiation. By this means only could an end be put to the confusion which had so long existed between the Member for Battersea and his namesake the poet, who could never be accused of an honorary degree.

Lord INVERCLYDE strongly protested against the assumption of the prefix Doctor on the strength of an honorary degree. At that rate they ought to speak of Dr. KITCHENER and Dr. CROMER.

Mr. J. ST. LOE STRACHEY, the Editor of *The Spectator*, vigorously objected to the question being decided by a snap vote at a local meeting. This was clearly a "question of great gravity," which should only be settled finally by resort to the Referendum. The cost of a Referendum had been grossly exaggerated by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, who said it would involve an outlay of £2,000,000. As a matter of fact, he (Mr. STRACHEY) had convinced himself by a careful inquiry that it would not cost more than £250,000. In conclusion he advocated this method of deciding the question for the following reasons:—

(1) Because he was a democrat and wished the will of the people to prevail.

(2) Because he had supported the Referendum for fifteen years.

(3) Because Switzerland, the home of the Referendum, possessed the best system of universal service in the world.

Sir EDWIN DURNING-LAWRENCE, Bart., pointed out that the names BURNS and BACON both contained the same number of letters, and that the aggregate equalled the number contained in the name SHAKSPEARE. The word *honorificabilitudinitatibus* clearly referred to an honorary degree. On all these grounds he cordially supported Mr. BURNS'S assumption of the title "Doctor."

Mr. FABIAN WARE, of *The Morning Post*, said that he should continue to refer to Mr. BURNS as Mr. BURNS whenever it was impossible to avoid mentioning him altogether.

Mr. SIDNEY LEE said that he also was an honorary Doctor, three deep at least. He had no fixed rule as to style. Sometimes he used the term, and sometimes not. In America he had used it, because the Americans liked that kind of thing. He was often called Professor in America, but never, so far as he could remember, Colonel or Judge.

The Chairman then put the question to the meeting—Shall we call our old friend JOHN BURNS Mr. or Dr.? The result was an overwhelming majority in favour of retaining the more modest designation, and the company dispersed, singing the Battersea National Anthem.



"WOT'S WRONG WIV OLD ENGLAND? WHY, I'LL TELL YER WOT'S WRONG, MATE! IT'S THESE 'ERE SOSHALISTIC IDEAS, THAT'S WOT IT IS! IF FOLKS 'UD ONLY KEEP THEIR EYES OPEN, THEY 'D SEE THE BLOOMIN' CONSTITUTION A-CRUMBLIN' UNDER THEIR VERY FEET! BUT THEY DON'T; THEY GOES ABAHT BLIND!"



"IN GOOD LLOYD GEORGE'S GOLDEN DAYS."—DRIVING DOWN TO THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

IN THE EVENT OF A GRATEFUL COUNTRY RESTORING THE MINISTERIALISTS TO OFFICE WE ANTICIPATE SOME SUCH INSPIRING SCENE AS THE ABOVE.

AT THE PLAY.

"DECORATING CLEMENTINE."

THE atmosphere of Miss UNGER'S American adaptation from the French is sufficiently cosmopolitan. The names and plot and geography are French; the manner is Franco-Anglo-American; the language of three of the leading characters is American and of the other two broken English with either a French or a Russian accent. As for the humour—in Paris where it originally came from it was, no doubt, very heady, but that was before it had been watered out West.

The scheme, of course, has an almost purely French interest; it is a satire on the methods *là-bas* of canvassing for the Legion of Honour. A woman novelist, in agony lest a female rival should secure the only available ribbon, persuades her uxorious husband to flirt with the wife of the Minister who has the disposal of it. The husband, at first expostulating, carries out her wishes too generously, and the prize is hers at the temporary cost of conjugal security. That's all: except that the rival ribbon-hunter turns out to be a man writing under a female *nom de guerre*. The revelation of his identity is the one effective episode in the play; but very little was made of it. This was a pity, as there was not enough stuff to go quite round; and it had to be eked out with fun of a farcical order, in which Mr. HUNTLEY figured as a devastating Adonis, and Miss DORIS KEANE was extremely sinuous and susceptible. Miss HATTIE WILLIAMS'S workmanlike style helped to hold together a play that was handicapped by a poor start. Much of the dovecote business of the First Act might have been spared, though I daresay that if Mr. RICHIE LING as the doting husband had been a little less commonplace we might have been on better terms with ourselves at an earlier stage. Still, I incline to the opinion of a critical friend who thought that this kind of thing is done better in France, and perhaps best not done at all.

The advertisements of the American company say that "Mr. CHARLES FROHMAN presents *Decorating Clementine* with Mr. G. P. HUNTLEY." Well, I don't know what we should have done without him, or if Miss DORIS KEANE had worn more clothes. O. S.

Life's Little Emergencies.

"TO PREVENT A DOG HOWLING:—When playing the piano someone should pet the dog, and pat it on the head, and stroke it."
Dublin Evening Mail.

HOW THINGS MANAGE TO KEEP OUT OF THE PAPERS.

THE crowding of the newspapers just now with political matter is a real grievance to more people than to the poet who throbbed out his plaint in your last week's issue (writes a correspondent).

There is the unfortunate case of Miss Rosie FitzVerriloe, who is to play the principal girl in one of the leading pantomimes. Such a part requires, of course, very careful preparation. This dainty young comédienne therefore arranged a visit to St. Paul's Cathedral. While she was standing in the gallery at the top of the dome a young man assailed her and snatched a priceless diamond necklace from her throat, and flung it so skilfully that after a scintillating journey it fell into the hands of an accomplice waiting in the churchyard below. Although a photographer and a news-gatherer happened to be passing at the time, no report whatever appeared in the papers.

Then again there is the incident of the famous novelist in Fleet Street last Friday. Although he has not received much publicity for some weeks now, it was quite inadvertently that he was knocked down by a motor-bus and bruised his elbow against a roast chestnut barrow. His hat fell off, and the crowd, recognising him, stood away reverently to give him air. At his request he was led into the office of a leading newspaper, where everything he desired was placed at his disposal—*except an interview.*

On Monday one of the judges in the King's Bench Division had the day of his life. He kept himself roaring with laughter, and a few sycophantic juniors laughed too. Yet not one of his jokes was to be seen in Tuesday's papers. I point this out as a matter of interest. I do not complain, for from this unpublished fund of humour I have collected one or two specimens which, with the Editor's permission, I will now——

[No, no! ED.]



HONESTY JUST NOW THE BEST POLICY.

Coster (who usually describes these things as "fresh-laid eggs"). "E-LEC-SHUN EGGS. GUARAN-TEED ABSO-LU'TELY ROTTEN!!!"

THE PROFITABLE PIROUETTE.

[At Polish marriages it is the custom to have a big wedding dance, at which the bride receives a money forfeit from every man she can tire out with dancing. At a recent wedding the lady won over £50.]

I 'VE sometimes grown sarcastic
On noting, dearest Sue,
How much the light fantastic
Was occupying you.
Myself, I 'd choose a small room,
A *tête-à-tête*; I 'm not
Enamoured of the ball-room;
I think the ragtime rot.

But now I know such capers
Should please a frugal youth;
A snippet from the papers
Has cut my wisdom tooth.
No more, Susannah, shall you
Hear plaints of mine; I see
Pecuniary value
In your agility.

So, dear, in practice daily
Your time of leisure spend,
Till you can trip it gaily
For many hours on end;
And when throughout the whole land
Your skill surpasses man's
We 'll emigrate to Poland
And there put up the banns.

To you in bridal raiment
The people of the town
Will yield the wonted payment
When you have danced them down.
And so by this extortion
You 'll prove my prop and staff,
A plutocratic portion
As well as better half.

The Brightlingsea News, in dwelling upon its value as an advertising medium, points out that any announcement which it prints "will be seen and read at a time when people are in the act of reading." There must be something in the bracing air of Brightlingsea after all.



Dealer. "TOO MUCH MONEY? BUT JUST LOOK AT HIS MAKE AND SHAPE! WHY, THE SHADOW OF HIM ON THE WALL'S WORTH AS MUCH AS A COMMON HORSE."

STRENGTH AT THE HELM.

As everyone now knows, there is not a German waiter or clerk in London or England to-day that is not an active spy and soldier in the service of his Fatherland, only waiting for the moment to rise and strike. The interval that occurs between the ordering of your chop at a restaurant and its tardy appearance is due not to any defect in the kitchen but to allow time for the waiter to make a full note for the Berlin War Office as to your appearance and probable fighting weight. So again with the German clerk who receives you in the City. Those constant entries in his ledger have not, as it may seem, any reference to your business, but to yourself. Only in this way can Germany be properly forewarned, and thus forearmed. But, as any military authority will tell you, it is no use having a highly efficient and numerous band of spies in the enemy's midst unless they are under control. Who, then, controls the myriad German spies in London? We are in a position to give the answer, and to give it for the first time. The head of this gigantic system is probably the last man you would suspect, for, by a masterpiece of Teutonic subtlety, he is notoriously a builder-up of the English frame, a maker of muscle, an apostle of fitness. See the devilish cunning (*Teufel-schlauheit*) of it. It is as though a poacher were a gamekeeper, a burglar a detective, a lawyer a gentleman. Yet it is this man whose name is in every paper as a renovator of the Anglo-Saxon fibre who is at the head of the German army secreted in our midst. In other words, it is the famous Muskel-Brust.

Nothing is wanting but Muskel-Brust's word of command for every German clerk in the country to convert his pen into a poisoned bayonet, every German waiter to drop hyoscine into the food, every German barber to let loose the tetra-chloride, and England to be a conquered nation.

The main facts of the case are of course known to every Teutophobe, yet never before has the truth about Muskel-Brust been told. But we have not yet revealed all. For it has come to our knowledge that Muskel-Brust himself is a more masterful MACHIAVELLI even than we have indicated. We are in a position to state that his magnificent development is not genuine. That huge biceps standing from his arms like Primrose Hill, those grand muscular protuberances on his shoulders and thighs, are in reality receptacles for the deadliest form of concentrated explosive. The man is a walking magazine of terrific menace. He can carry about with him enough cordite tabloids to blow up all London. Divested of his secret cargo he is a slight and hollow-chested man of insignificant appearance, such as might do the lock-step down Regent Street. *Verb. sap.*

In a recent announcement of "Prospective Arrangements" the Passmore Edwards Settlement gave notice of—

1. Monday, November 28—Debate in support of the hereditary principle of the House of Lords.

2. Saturday, December 3—Lantern Lecture: Some more extinct monsters.

Thus Humour manifests itself in the most unlikely spot.

Another Inexactitude.

"I say there is only one word for it and that is 'Come on.'"

Mr. Churchill at Lambeth.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN point of solid literature this may be a mediocre age, but now and then it does produce a short story worthy of the laurel; and I would like to include the name of EDITH WHARTON among the masters of that modern art. *Tales of Men and Ghosts* (MACMILLAN) are the sort of which, however late the hour, you must just read one more before you go to bed. If the ghosts are few and not too ghastly, the men are divers and many and very much alive. Better than either are the ideas, of which there is at least one, bright and sound and neatly pointed, to each of the ten stories. The main theme is the littérateur at the top of his success or in the depths of his failure, the artistic temperament in embryo and apotheosis. There is also some mention of love and a case of insanity. The general atmosphere is one of cleverness which is never smart, and of irony which is always gentle. The best of the stories are "The Letters" and "The Legend." In the latter *Mrs. Bain* entertains the Artistically Superior and the Mentally Elect to a discussion of the latest intellectualism and a stand-up supper; and a touch most delightful and also typical of the book is the discovery of *Mr. Bain*, withdrawn to his study and there smoking a surreptitious cigar over the last number of *The Strand*.

Reading *The Charm* (METHUEN) you get a curious impression that here is an incident of real life not very efficiently reported. You have no doubt that *Mark Rennard*, of the Indian Civil, existed in the flesh. You do not suspect that his being jilted by an English miss and married, in the off moments following, by a half-caste widow, of beautiful exterior but vulgar origin, is all make-believe. Accepting these as facts of life, you are pleasantly curious to see what happens when he has to go through with his folly under the gaze of the better Indian society and even of the jilt herself. You wish you could find out from the people concerned what they felt about it, instead of having to take Miss ALICE PERRIN's account. If you are an inquisitive person you may even be tempted to go to Koranabad to enquire how it all ended, for you are by no means definitely informed; or, failing that journey, you may ask at Scotland Yard if anything has been heard of *Mark's* stepson, *Alaric*, alias *Junksie*, a child of marked and mischievous promise, who ran away to England halfway through the book and was not referred to again. Certainly, if you begin the story you will finish it, partly in the vain hope of finding out who the pretty lady on the cover may be, more because you will be interested in a remarkable, if melancholy, affair.

The secret (if you care to know)
Which Mr. GARVICE has in keeping
Is that he has the sense to sow
Where there 's the greatest chance of reaping;
He caters, so to say, for those
Who like a plot, not over gory,
Dressed up in unassuming prose—
In short, a plain straightforward story.

In such he does a roaring trade
Which one I 've read from start to finish—
The Heart, he calls it, *of a Maid*
(HODDER AND STOUGHTON)—won't diminish:
Candour and cunning, love and cash,
Fight the old fight for top-dog places,
With no confusing balderdash
Of literary arts and graces.

I dare say you think now that a book all about a little girl at boarding-school is not likely to be particularly interesting to the grown-up reader. If so, this is because you have not yet read *The Getting of Wisdom* (HEINEMANN), and therefore do not know what a clever writer like "HENRY HANDEL RICHARDSON" can make of such a subject. Of course, the authoress is a little helped by her setting; for the school to which *Laura* was sent, at the age of twelve, was in Melbourne, and both there and in her country home the colonial background to the story is picturesque and unfamiliar. As for the story itself I have no words but those of sincere admiration. The study it gives of the development of a single character is really amazingly clever. *Laura's* companions, too, are all made to live; indeed, though I was never myself an inmate of a girls' school, I feel certain that life there must be precisely what the book describes it. Needless to say, *Laura* has little in common with the virtuous protagonists of the school stories of an earlier generation. The wisdom she gets is not all of it what would be called desirable; and the various stages of her progress are shown with a realism that is wholly modern. This it is, of course, that makes the history so absorbing. *Laura* is, and remains to the end, an entirely human creation; the fact that, at a crisis in her career she is allowed to cheat flagrantly, and is neither found out nor remorseful, completed my admiration for her historian.



IMPROBABLE SCENES.—VII.

AT A BARGAIN SALE.

From *A New Cookery Book:*

"Now sit on the front of the stove and stir constantly."

The advice contained in the last two words is unnecessary. One would.

CHARIVARIA.

EACH side has been complaining of a shortage of vehicles on polling days, and the party which sent a motor bicycle for a voter who was in his eightieth year and suffering from rheumatism lost a supporter.

* * *

At the close of his last speech before the poll at Bolton, Colonel HESKETH, the Unionist candidate, was presented by a lady with a horse-shoe. He was, however, defeated at the poll, and this looks as if the horse-shoe, as an emblem of luck, is now hopelessly out of date. Next time, we suspect, the Colonel will be presented with a motor-tyre.

* * *

"A—— S——, aged thirty-three," we read, "has escaped from Long Grove Asylum, Epsom." We dare wager we all know which party he voted for.

* * *

Mr. F. E. SMITH's recent veiled reference to a politician whom he likened to DIOGENES, who lived in a tub, has been misunderstood by some persons. Mr. SMITH, whose hatred of personalities is not so well known as it should be, was not referring to the figure of our War Minister.

* * *

The ignorance of some people is astounding. "What is the meaning of '2D' on that soldier's tunic?" asked an anxious enquirer. "Oh, I suppose it is the price he charges servant-girls for walking out with him," came the answer.

* * *

"A safety razor is always an acceptable present." And yet we know an artist with a Vandyck beard who felt grossly insulted on receiving such a gift. Some persons are *so* touchy.

* * *

Speaking of Miss MARIE BREMA'S opera season at the Savoy Theatre, *The Musical Times* says:—"As interludes Mr. FRANK BRIDGE has provided some well-conceived arrangements of Breton folk songs, which are appropriate to the surroundings, as the scene is laid in the Belgian Ardennes." We are left thinking.

"WOMEN'S DRESS

VOGUE OF THE BUTTON."

We were frightened when we read these head-lines. It sounds so inadequate. Can this be the *Salome* influence?

* * *

"Mr. ——," an advertisement tells us, "is the leader of the Petticoat World." Someone ought to introduce him to the Garter King.

* * *

A certain firm which supplies furniture on the deferred payment system, advertises "No security." This announcement is somewhat ambiguous, but we are sure it cannot refer to the furniture.

* * *

We hear that the editor of a certain advanced Radical contemporary with whom a hatred of titles has become quite an obsession, has given instructions that in future all articles and paragraphs in his paper are to appear without headlines.

* * *

"TRIAL BY SONG.

PRACTICAL TEST FOR STREET VOCALISTS."

There is nothing novel in this. We have all at one time or another gone through this sore trial.



THE POINT OF VIEW.

Doubtful Character (as he cautiously looks over garden-wall of a house he has been burgling). "LUMME! I NEARLY RUN INTER THAT BLOKE—NEVER *DID* LIKE 'IM—NARSTY—SNEAKIN'—SUSPICIOUS—UNDER'AND BLIGHTER!"

It was stated at a meeting of the Leeds City Council, that the local police were considered the best dressed in the country. They all wear tailor-made costumes.

* * *

"There is a boom in sprats at Brightlingsea," we read. "The fish are making 3*s.* and 3*s.* 6*d.* a bushel." It must be an interesting sight to see these bloated creatures going the pace at Brightlingsea, and no doubt the CHANCELLOR has his eye on them.

* * *

A "Foot Wear" firm has been advertising an "Election Boot." Its immediate purpose seems to have been achieved with only moderate success, if one may judge by the comparatively small number of Candidates who have been kicked out.

On the subject of the Working-Men Unionists Mr. O. LOCKER-LAMPSON writes:

"If we can secure a sufficient number of motor cars on the polling days in question, the return of at least two of them is absolutely certain."

A sporting car-owner would risk it. There is always the chance that his car may be one of the lucky two.

"On entering the Hiratsura tunnel something went wrong with the locomotive, the train coming to a standstill and remaining in the tunnel some time. Finally the driver managed to get the train into motion, when it was found that one of the drivers was missing. A search was made and the driver was discovered lying unconscious in the funnel."—*Peking Times.*

No wonder the engine wouldn't work.

"Early in the New Year penny postage will be introduced between the United Kingdom and the Australian Commonwealth."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

One of these days we shall be able to cable to Australia.

"SALOME."

A DRESS REHEARSAL.

A YELLOW moon, reeking with presage, looked down upon the terrace of the Tetrarch. Beyond the Syrian landscape, the smoke of what I took to be passing trains drifted across an immovable cloud-wrack. Through the palace-entrances shone three great parallelograms of red light, like the slabs of colour you see on a poll-screen when a Conservative victory is about to be recorded. On the terrace stood a well-head, a familiar domestic feature which used to give tone and character to the tetrarchal terraces of those days. A young captain discussed the situation with the page of *Herodias* (contralto). Everybody was in the full dress of the period.

Suddenly there came a pause, and the voice of the conductor (in short sleeves) rang out. "Where is the Prophet?" he cried in bell-like tones. And the answer, as in the case of DE QUINCEY'S reporter, was "*Non est inventus.*" The stage-manager rushed on and peered down the well. The soldiers joined him in the search. It flashed upon me as just possible that Truth, having fled to the bottom of the well during these Elections (I can't get the silly things out of my head), had left no room for the Prophet. But I was in error, for after a dreadful delay he was reported to have arrived—by one of those lower entrances which habitually occur in Syrian wells—and to have sent up word that he couldn't see to read his score, the lighting arrangements at the bottom of a well being almost always inadequate. Meanwhile the curtain was dropped, and eventually we began all over again; and once more, at the same point, there was the same hitch, and once more the voice of Mr. BEECHAM rang out, "Where is the Prophet?" At last the notes of Mr. WHITEHILL'S magnificent organ came filtering up, and the great tragedy moved forward.

Our next shock was when the lithe figure of *Salome* ran on from the halls of festivity in a white blouse and dark skirt, looking extraordinarily occidental, and quite different from the *Salome* of the preliminary boom-photographs. No doubt the local colour was to be there all right on the night, but this afternoon she was saving herself and giving nothing away. As for her voice, she opened her mouth at the proper places, but made no attempt—and I don't blame her—to compete with the noisy cacophonies of the orchestra.

Hearing Mr. WHITEHILL'S voice coming from the cistern, she thought she would like to make his closer acquaintance, and ordered him to be brought up. Greatly attracted by his appearance, she insisted upon kissing him. Mr. WHITEHILL, however, very properly resisted her advances, and after a while withdrew back into the cistern; but not till the young captain, in a spasm of jealousy, had killed himself—an episode in which neither *Salome* nor the Prophet took the faintest interest.

Presently *Herod* emerged in a pea-jacket and trousers to match, accompanied by *Herodias* in ordinary afternoon dress, but without a hat. The Tetrarch was in a fractious mood, and barked out his words like a German officer on early-morning parade. His temper was not improved by the corpse of the captain, into whose blood he had put his foot through an oversight. It seems that the Tetrarch never cared greatly for the sight of dead men unless he had had a hand in their killing. As the *First Soldier*, in the original text, had previously remarked, knowing his *Herod*: "*Il faut faire transporter le cadavre. Le tétrarque n'aime pas regarder les cadavres, sauf les cadavres de ceux qu'il a tués lui-même.*" To which the *Second Soldier*, knowing his OLLENDORFF, had replied: "*Vous avez raison; il faut cacher le cadavre. Il ne faut pas que le tétrarque le voie.*"

Another source of annoyance to the fretful potentate was the way in which a lot of Hebrew sceptics would keep on talking to him all at once about the Prophet. Mr. BEECHAM didn't like it either, and stopped to tell them that they must pay attention to the beat; this, in fact, being what the beat was there for. So they tried again, and I believe that this time they did what he wanted, though I confess that I noticed no difference, so terrible was the *mêlée* of jarring sounds.

Nothing, in the end, would content *Herod* but that *Salome* should dance before him; but she was pensive and not feeling at her best, and frankly hinted that she would prefer to keep still. However, a very large bribe induced her to do the Seven-Veils dance. Seven veils take some time to arrange, and the orchestra seized their advantage. Then *Salome*, who was a little hampered by some of the supers, and let them know it, went through a few easy motions, dropping her veils from time to time all round the place, and strolling and lounging about in between, till the music caught her up. The Tetrarch seemed more satisfied with the performance than I was, and it was a bad set-back for him when he found out what he was expected to pay for it. But *Herod* was a man of his word, and so a Nubian butcher, carrying a large carving-knife at the salute, was introduced into the cistern.

During the awful interval that ensued the orchestra let itself go. There was one sound, painfully iterated, like the chirrup of a sick hen, which, I think, came from some part of a violin which is usually left alone. From my vantage in the stage box I had already been intrigued by a sort of toy harmonium, from which an acrobat was extracting notes which had never yet come within my experience of instrumental music. Something between the click of muted bones and the smacking of fat cheeks.

And now from the cistern emerged the butcher's knife with a great blotch of red paint smeared along the blade. *Salome* seized and bore it aloft in triumph; then, advancing to the foot-lights, she complained to Mr. BEECHAM that this would never do; it made her fingers messy, and she quite wanted to keep them clean. At this trying moment a happy diversion was created by the appearance of an official with the glad news (so I gathered) that Mr. REDFORD had consented to the use of a dish for the red paint. Or it may have been that the thing had just arrived from the dish-monger's. Anyhow, Mr. BEECHAM and *Salome* were visibly affected by the announcement, and the latter wiped her soiled fingers first on a piece of property and then on a spare part of the robe of a super.

Back we went for a page or two, and this time it was a pewter dish that was handed up from the well—clearly a great assistance to the imagination. So *Salome* carried it to the front, and put it on the floor and lavished endearments on the head that wasn't there.

And all might have ended happily and smoothly with *Herod's* order to his soldiers (he was now in a thoroughly bad mood) to put her to death, if only the military hadn't been mobilised a shade too soon. "What in the name of —— are you doing?" said Mr. BEECHAM; "I'm not half through the opera yet!" An overstatement, if pardonable; for *Salome* had only a few more bars in hand. These she now negotiated, and the impatient soldiery was then free to despatch her beneath their bucklers.

For those who propose to criticise this opera, no vocabulary could be too large or peculiar. I content myself with complimenting Mr. BEECHAM on the prodigies he performed with the bâton, and I gratefully hope that he will soon ask me to another dress rehearsal of an opera: one, for choice, in which Messrs. STRAUSS and CENSOR shall have again collaborated.

O. S.



A STAR IN ECLIPSE.

MISS BUDGET. "AH, LAST YEAR *I* WAS PRINCIPAL BOY, AND NOW I 'M NOT IN THE BILL AT ALL!"





THE POETRY OF MOTION—LATEST DEVELOPMENT: THE JUDY-WALK.

THE MASTIX.

[An attempt to preserve some record of the horror of the scene when "Mastix," a contributor to *The Daily Chronicle*, penned in the Radical interest certain open letters in the manner of "JUNIUS" to Unionist statesmen who had the misfortune to incur his special displeasure.]

DEEP in a den whose outlet yawned betwixt two upas-trees,
Festooned with snakes and vampire bats and horrible things like these—
Deep in a dark and awesome den where a cockatrice had died,
Slain by the glance of a basilisk who envied his place inside—
Deep in a stifling sulphurous den, heavy with poisoned air,
Sitting on eighteenth-century eggs—the Mastix had his lair!

Ah, how the foam flew forth his lips, what dragon teeth he gnashed,
What antediluvian odours rose from every egg he smashed!
With a passion for rage inherited from the cockatrice deceased,
And a glare in the eye as full of bane as a basilisk's at least,
With a cry that had half of a hydra's hiss and all of a griffin's roar,
And the pounce of a militant suffragette—the Mastix took the floor!

A spasm tore the universe, a shudder shook the vast,
The ghost of SWIFT was seen to walk and JUNIUS rose aghast.
Louder, more shrill, the scolding shriek to topmost heaven scaled,
Whilst Peers held on their coronets and politicians paled,
Till all the horrid tale was told, the criminals attainted—
The people staggered to the polls—and then the Mastix fainted!

HENRY SILVER.

MANY of *Mr. Punch's* oldest friends will share his profound regret at the loss of a veteran member of his staff, HENRY SILVER, who died on the 3rd of December, at the age of eighty-two. His first contribution to the paper was made in 1848, and he joined the Table in 1857, retiring in 1870 on the death of MARK LEMON. His contributions, which were both in prose and verse, included "*Punch's History of Costume*," illustrated by JOHN TENNIEL. Among his closest friends was CHARLES KEENE, whose earliest drawings for *Punch* were of his devising, the first of these being published in 1851. HENRY SILVER was the happy possessor of a fine collection of KEENE's original work.

According to *The Daily Mail* a dairy manager explains the shortage in milk thus:

"One of the reasons was the hard weather of last month, and another is the high price of beer."

How ignorant we laymen are—the second reason would never have occurred to us.

"Clemency preferred not to think so; but Tring's criticism was apt enough; she had a boyish look, despite the broad-brimmed, fashionable hat. The slim figure, the firm, olive column of the throat rising from the plain silk skirt she wore, were essentially boyish."—*Daily Mirror.*

She was wrong. High waists are no longer fashionable.

"The only way is to grow the plants on yourself from cuttings. This will take a few years," says *Gardening Illustrated* in reply to a correspondent. If this is the Japanese gardening, it would account for the chrysanthemum in the Geisha's hair.

A MATTER OF PRINCIPLE.

I.—BEFORE.

THE main ideas of our local campaign were evolved in the small hours. When George is tired of addressing envelopes and James's moisture has given out and there are no more applicants for the higher literature for me to interview, we gather round the fire, and the Committee Room becomes generally inspired. We allow Crump to take the middle of the stage only because he happens to be our Candidate. On this night in particular we were discussing posters, which, being encouragers of home industries, we invent, print and publish ourselves.

"What we want," said Crump, "is something neat, if possible, but certainly gaudy, plenty of the broader humour with not too much of the subtler sense, personalities but no politics. George, work up all you have heard or supposed of the other fellow's past and put it into a number of pithy questions, beginning 'WHAT ABOUT . . .?' Say, six fatal innuendos, just on this side of libel, heavy leaded, and a hundred posters of each. Get to it . . . Now, you other fellows, we want some general maxims that will appeal at once to the electorate."

'SINGLE CHAMBER GOVERNMENT MEANS . . .," I began.

"Never mind about meanings," said Crump. "Just a word, visible from afar and intelligible at sight. A brief command to vote for me."

"PLUMP FOR CRUMP," said James tentatively.

"Five hundred large and a thousand small of 'PLUMP FOR CRUMP,'" said Crump to the Agent. "Then what about the other fellow?"

"OUT WITH GROUT," said James, foolishly. "If only his name had been Grout instead of Brown! What about 'No JOE'? His name may be Joseph."

"Five hundred large and a thousand small of 'DOWN WITH BROWN.' Next, please."

"Insisting, as I do," I began again, "on a reference, however vague, to a policy of some sort, I suggest 'VOTE FOR TARIFF REFORM AND——'"

This time they would have thrown me out but for Crump. "If he will have it," said he, "we will give it him in leaflet form. Five thousand 'FREE TRADERS! P.T.O.'"

"Yes," said I; "and what on the back of it?"

"William," said Crump, sadly, "I see that you are not only a politician, you are also a fool. Go to bed."



She. "LIZZIE'S BLOKE CALLS 'ER 'IS PEACH AND THE APPLE OF 'IS EYE. WHY CAN'T YOU CALL ME THINGS LIKE THAT?"

He. "YUS, THAT'S ALL VERY WELL; BUT 'E'S IN THE VEGETABLE BUSINESS—I'M IN THE WHELK TRADE, REMEMBER!"

II.—AFTER.

". . . And, gentlemen," continued Crump to the surging mass below him, "not only do I thank you for myself, but your Country, nay your Empire, thanks you for vindicating those great policies upon which its welfare depends. This is no personal matter. There have been placed before you solemn and serious issues concerning imperial and domestic government, defence and economy, and you, after mature consideration, have pronounced with no uncertain voice for those high principles of state which form the whole programme of that party which I represent, those principles which we have spared no pains of logical argument and honest ratiocination to establish. You have given your judgment as becomes judges who will hear both sides, but will not tolerate for a moment irrelevant matter, and in so doing you have confirmed the belief which I and far greater men than I have ever held—the belief in the insight, the tenacity, the unvarying sanity and the inevitable wisdom of that infallible tribunal, the People."

THE UNLUCKIEST MAN IN LONDON.

WE were all backing ourselves as the unluckiest of mortals.

"I maintain," he said, "that I am the unluckiest man in London, at any rate. And by bad luck I mean the real unasked-for things. Because you fellows who complain of losses over horses or at bridge don't count. That 's gambling, and gambling must go against you pretty often. No, I mean the bad luck that is thrust upon one. That 's where I am a champion. I was unlucky enough before, but taxis have just put the lid on it. I whistle and wait for one for, say, five minutes—which is, of course, under those circumstances, eternity—and then I take the worst hansom in Europe; and a second later three empty taxis creep by. Or in the pouring rain, when I have no artificial whistle with me, and cannot

produce any sound but a mild '*Whoo!*' from my natural one, a taxi will go by with the flag up, but the driver looking the other way with all the intent earnestness of a statue."

"That reminds me," said another speaker. "What do you do when a driver with his flag up sees you and takes no notice? It's the most infuriating thing in the world. I don't know whether it has ever happened to any of you?"

"It happens to me," said the first man, "every day. I am accurst. And another thing—when I am at haste in a taxi it is always the first vehicle that the policeman stops at a crossing. I head the block. There I sit, no matter what hurry I am in, and watch the meter mounting. It always happens at Wellington Street. Next time you pass there and see the block in the Strand look in the first taxi and you'll find me.

"And finally—to get rid of the taxi indictment—when the time comes to pay the fare I can never get any change out of the brutes. They keep their money, to begin with, in some place compared with which a woman's pocket is the height of accessibility; and then they never have anything there but gold and half-crowns when they find it. So I am always parting with fourpences and sixpences when all I want to give extra is twopence.

"I tell you fellows honestly I long for the dear old days, when cab-horses crawled or fell down, and cab-drivers called you foul names, and you didn't know the worst till you got out. Life was worth living then.

"The Tubes too," he continued, "how one's bad luck has been aggravated by that draughty invention! When I go by Tube the lift-man always bangs the gate while I am getting my ticket, and when at last I reach the platform it is just in time to see the tail light of the train disappearing. Some day the controllers of the Tube (if there are any) will try to arrange a correspondence between lifts and trains. The new system will probably be inaugurated on the day of my funeral. My funeral—O happy thought!"

"Apparently," said another speaker, "your bad luck is associated wholly with what are humorously called London's increased traffic facilities."

"Not at all!" said the unlucky man. "I merely mentioned those first because they are just now the most conspicuous element in the scheme of frustration called my life. I am unlucky in grain. If I go to a picture exhibition and take a fancy to a picture, it is always the one that is sold—perhaps the only one. If I buy a new novel and hurry home to lose myself in it, it has the section from pages 97 to 144 missing. If I send to the library a list of four books that I want, they return four books that I don't want. If I am invited to a house where really good dinners are served, I am bound to have indigestion all that day. If I dine at a restaurant, the only bottle of wine that is corked wanders to my table, and I am the only guest to whom the manager is not amenable under remonstrance. If you ever meet a carefully-dressed man on his way to a lunch party with a spot of mud on his collar, it is me."

"But these things can happen to all of us," said another man.

"Yes," said the grumbler, "but with me there are no exceptions. Some of you occasionally attend a matinée and see something. I attend matinées and find myself always behind the largest hat—always. When I buy evening seats they either have a pillar right in front of them or the particular man I wanted to see is ill or away on a holiday.

"No," he concluded. "I am unlucky. You are unwise to be in my company. It's catching—bad luck is—I'm certain of it. No shrewd man ever has dealings with an unlucky one."



Ground-keeper. "DON'T YOU KNOW THAT YOU SHOULD REPLACE THE TURF?"
One of the Golfers. "AW, WE ALWAYS DO, ON THE GREENS."

The Christmas Spirit.

"Christmas Excursion to the Riviera—Via Folkestone-Calais: A special express Train will run on Dec. 23rd from Calais to Cannes, Nice, Monte Carlo and Mentone without charge."—*Journal de Bordighera.*

OUT OF THE HURLY-BURLY.

"OUR dance," I said; "and it's no good pretending it isn't."

"Come on," said Miss Middleton. "It's my favourite waltz. I expect I've said that to all my partners to-night."

"It's my favourite too, but you're the first person I've told."

"The worst of having a dance in your own house," said Miss Middleton, after we had been once round the room in silence, "is that you have to dance with *everybody*."

"Have you said that to all your partners too?"

"I expect so. I must have said everything. Don't look so reproachfully at me. You *are* looking reproachful, aren't you?"

I let go with one hand and felt my face.

"Yes," I said. "That's how I do it."

"Well, you needn't bother, because none of them thought I meant *them*. Men never do."

"I shall have to think that over by myself," I said after a pause. "There's a lot in that which the untrained observer might miss. Anyhow, it's not at all the sort of thing that a young girl ought to say at a dance."

"I'm older than you think," said Miss Middleton. "Oh, bother, I forgot. You know how old I am."

"Perhaps you've been ageing lately. I have. This election has added years to my life. I came here to get young again."

"I don't know anything about politics. Father does all the knowing in our family."

"He's on the right side, isn't he?"

"I think he is. He says he is."

"Oh, well, he ought to know . . . Yes, the truth is I came here to be liked again. People and I have been saying awfully rude things to each other lately."

"Oh, why do you want to argue about politics?"

"But I *don't* want to. It's a funny thing, but nobody will believe me when I say that."

"I expect it's because you say it *after* you've finished arguing, instead of *before*."

"Perhaps that's it."

"I never argue with mother. I simply tell her to do something, and she tells me afterwards why she hasn't."

"Really, I think Mrs. Middleton has done wonderfully well, considering. Some parents don't even tell you why they haven't."

"Oh, I'd recommend her anywhere," said Miss Middleton confidently.

We dropped into silence again. Anyhow, it was *my* favourite waltz.

"You did say, didn't you, the first dance we had together," said Miss Middleton dreamily, "that you preferred not to talk when you danced?"

"Didn't I say that I should prefer to do whatever you preferred? That sounds more like me."

"I don't think it does, a bit."

"No, perhaps you're right. Besides, I remember now what I did say. I said that much as I enjoyed the pleasant give and take of friendly conversation, dearly as I loved even the irresponsible monologue or the biting repartee, yet still more was I attached to the silent worship of the valse's mazy rhythm. '*But*,' I went on to say, 'but,' I added, with surprising originality, 'every rule has an exception. *You* are the exception. May I have two dances, and then we'll try one of each?'"

"What did I say?"

"You said, 'Sir, something tells me that we shall be great friends. I like your face, and I like the way your tie goes under your left ear. I cannot give you *all* the dances on the programme, because I have my mother with me to-night, and you know what mothers are. They *notice*. But anything up to half-a-dozen, distributed at such intervals that one's guardians will think it's the same dance, you are heartily welcome to. And if you care to take me in to supper, there is—I have the information straight from the stable—a line in unbreakable meringues which would well be worth our attention.' That's what you said."

"But what a memory!"

"I can remember more than that. I can remember the actual struggle. I got my meringue down on the mat, both shoulders touching, in one minute forty-three seconds."

The band died slowly down until no sound could be heard above the rustle of frocks . . . and suddenly everybody realised that it had stopped.

"Bother," said Miss Middleton.

"That's just like a band," I said bitterly.

"I'll tell it to go on again; it's *my* band."

"It will be your devoted band if you ask it prettily enough."

Miss Middleton went away, and came back to the sound of music, looking rather pleased with herself.

"Did you give him the famous smile?" I asked. "Yes, that one."

"I said, '*Would* you mind playing that one again, *please?*' And then ——"

"And then you looked as if you were just going to cry, and at the last moment you smiled and said, 'Hooray.' And he said, 'Certainly, madam.' Isn't that right?"

"I believe you're cleverer than some of us think," said Miss Middleton a trifle anxiously.

"I sometimes think so too. However, to get back to what we were saying—I came here to recover my usual calm, and I shan't be at all calm if I'm only going to get this one dance from you. As an old friend of the family, who has broken most of the windows, I beg for another."

"To get back to what I was saying—I've simply *got* to do a lot of duty dances. Can't you take me to the Zoo or the Post-Impressionists instead?"

"I'd rather do both. I mean all three. No, I mean both."

"Well, perhaps I would, too."

"You know, I think you'd be doing good. I've had a horrible week—canvassing, and standing in the streets, and shouting, and reading leaders, and arguing, and saying, 'My point is perfectly simple,' and—and—swearing, and all sorts of things. It's awfully jolly to—to feel that there's always—well, all *this*," and I looked round the room, "to come back to."

"Isn't that beautiful Miss Ellison I introduced you to just now part of 'all this'?"

"Oh, yes, it's all part; but——"

Miss Middleton sighed.

"Then that nice young man with the bald head will have to go without. But I only said I'd see if I could give him one. And I have seen, haven't I?"

The band really stopped this time, and we found a comfortable corner.

"That's very jolly of you," I said, as I leant back lazily and happily. "Now let's talk about Christmas."

A. A. M.

A Growing Reputation.

Describing a Sunday afternoon meeting at Whitefield's Tabernacle, addressed by Dr. CLIFFORD, *The British Weekly* says:

"When he chanced to name Mr. Lloyd George, there was a burst of cheering. Each man in the audience seemed to know the Chancellor."

But you don't need to be Radicals in a place of worship for that. We all seem to know him.

"'Oh, Harry!' in reproof. 'You wicked old thing!' But she saw it was rather a dangerous line to pursue. The mere thought of failure now sent a shiver down her spine.

And so the day drew on.

(*To be Continued on Monday.*)"

Daily Express.

Evidently this shiver occurred on a Sunday.











HOUSE-PLANNING.

SOMETIMES INTERNAL COMFORT HAS TO BE SACRIFICED TO EXTERNAL BEAUTY, AND THIS IS THE CAUSE OF SOME SLIGHT INCONVENIENCE—

WHEN THE PLUMBER COMES INTO YOUR BEDROOM TO EXAMINE THE CISTERN AT 6.30 A.M.;

WHEN THE BATHROOM AND SCULLERY ARE COMBINED;

WHEN THE DUSTMAN'S ONLY WAY LIES THROUGH THE DRAWING-ROOM;

WHEN THE ROOF-LINES OF THE PICTURESQUE STUDY GET IN YOUR WAY; AND WHEN THE LARDER WINDOW FACES SOUTH.



GOOD BUSINESS.

Our Club Oracle. "WOT I SAY IS, GOOD LUCK TO BALFOUR AND D—— THE VETO BILL!"

Alert Stewardess. "PASS THE HOSPITAL-BOX, PLEASE. ONE PENNY FOR EACH SWEAR-WORD, BUT AS IT'S OUR ELECTION TIME YOU'LL BE ALLOWED SEVEN FOR SIXPENCE."

LEFT STANDING.

THE line, by request, I 've been toeing;
The fight has been frantic and free;
I think I know all that 's worth knowing
Of the woes of a would-be M.P.
My highly-strung nerves are in tatters,
My appetite 's wretchedly small,
I 've a headache that hammers and batters—
And I didn't get in after all!

The brew of the local soup-kitchen
I drank with a counterfeit zest,
Large circles of fat it was rich in,
And soup I can never digest.
And later, where footballers gathered,
I modestly kicked-off the ball;
With mud I was lavishly lathered—
And I didn't get in after all!

I fawned on the street-corner loller,
I dandled the babes of the slum,
They slobbered all over my collar,
But I beamed, and cooed, "Doodle-di-dum!"
I was garnished with ribbons and "pretties"
Like an ox in cattle-show stall,
I flirted with female committees—
And I didn't get in after all!

My meetings were savagely stirring,
Ripe eggs and tomatoes I faced,
The aim of the brutes was unerring
And I was so publicly placed.
I sought to ensure my survival
With fictions I 'd gladly recall,
Ignobly insulting my rival—
And I didn't get in after all!

EXCITING INCIDENTS AT THE POLLS.

THE first man to record his vote at Clodbury yesterday was an Old Age Pensioner, with a wooden leg made from a beam of H.M.S. *Victory*.

Mrs. Maria Smithers, of Blightham, presented herself at the polling station on Saturday for the forty-fifth time. On being informed by the Returning Officer that she would not be allowed to vote she went home.

Owing to the prevailing floods no voters appeared at Slushington, and the chief polling-clerk was presented with a pair of white gloves.

At Azuregore a member of the idle rich class was so exhausted after making a cross on his voting paper that he had to be assisted to his motor car by three footmen.

A great saving in pencils has been effected in the Coalford constituency, where the sturdy miners prefer to make the necessary mark with their fingers.

A tired polling-clerk at Slowtown had an unpleasant experience last evening. As the last vote was being recorded he gave a tremendous yawn and was mistaken by the elector for a ballot-box. Both Candidates claim the vote.

"The expression on the smiling face was so hateful that Saxon's arm shot out one blow, struck the other between the eyes, turned on his heel, and left the house."—*Tit-Bits.*

Our own arm turns on our shoulder, but we have no wish to sneer at Saxon on that account.

"The Liberals realise that the adoption of the Referendum as a main plank in the Unionist programme has completely spiked their guns."—*Daily Graphic.*

The best way of doing this is to cut it up into little wedges.



CALLING THE CATTLE HOME.

Arthur Balfour (*the Merry Swiss Boy*). "THEY DON'T SEEM TO TAKE MUCH NOTICE OF THIS THING. PERHAPS I HAVEN'T PRACTISED IT LONG ENOUGH."

RUY LOPEZ.

THERE were no almonds this year on the almond tree over the way; a great sorrow, if I picture the man rightly, to the owner of the tree, an incalculable benefit to the morals of the district, and a spring of gentle meditation to my landlady and myself.

Last year there was a fine crop, and except during their hours of enforced idleness in the schoolroom, the children of the neighbourhood were busy with them all day long. Infants who were not old enough to hurl books and brickbats and errand-baskets up into the boughs were brought by their elders to be shown what they might do in time if they were good. It used to be quite dangerous to walk on that side of the road when the girls were holding target practice with their arithmetics.

The proprietor of the tree made very little effort to stop the looting, and I think on the whole he rather liked it. You see, the very possession of this rarity marked him out as a man above his neighbours on either side, who ran to nothing better than a mere elder-bush and a small horse chestnut; it gave him a kind of Byronic personality, something of the glamour of the South; and this constant pillaging only called attention to it. At any rate, it was a long time before he had the fruit picked, and even that was a sort of simple pageant in its way. The man-of-all-work propped a ladder against the trunk and went up it. Every five minutes or so he would strike a branch and knock down two or three of the fruit, and then wait until a friend came along. "Hullo! what you got there?" the latter would say. "Wornuts?" "Hammonds," he would reply, expectorating with a sort of quiet dignity. But for my landlady and me the emotions stirred by this piece of vegetation were neither those of pride nor gluttony, but the pleasures of a ruminative philosophy. It was our third conversational gambit. That is why (perhaps you wondered when I was going to get to my title)—that is why I have christened it Ruy Lopez; that and a deference for its romantic Southern origin.

For a long time the only two topics which aroused a responsive thrill in my landlady's heart when she brought in the breakfast were the weather and the latest tragedy or crime. Then one morning I happened to mention the almond tree, and in a moment I knew that we had yet another enthusiasm in common. The fact that the blossom of this species arrives before its leaves, the mystery of its exotic birth-place, the size and colour of the fruit, the ravages of the wind on its foliage, evoked numberless profound and useful discourses on the mutability of Nature and the vicissitudes of human affairs. Mind you, I never overdid it; but when things had been very dull and gloomy I would say to myself on going to bed, "To-morrow shall be an almond-tree morning," and I woke up with a sort of glow of pleasurable excitement; and though it is now winter and the leaves are gone, we still remark from time to time on the strange absence of fruitage this year as contrasted with last, and remind each other that the road was not nearly so merry without the children. But I have a haunting fear of the next few months. How shall we keep the subject warm? Perhaps—but I am not sure—perhaps I shall tell my landlady the history of *Tannhäuser*.



"À LA LANTERNE!"—A STUDY IN BRITISH (REVOLUTIONARY) ENTHUSIASM.

DELIRIOUS TRANSPORTS OF A TRIUMPHANT ELECTORATE ON LEARNING, AS THE RESULTS ARE POSTED UP, THAT BY THEIR SUPERHUMAN EFFORTS THEIR COUNTRY HAS BEEN SAVED, AND THAT A GREAT DEMOCRATIC REVOLUTION IS ON THE POINT OF FRUITION.

The Dictator.

"ASQUITH CANNOT WIN NOW.

LORD ROSEBERY SAYS 'IF THE GOVERNMENT LOSE BUT 5 SEATS IN BALANCE THEY CANNOT PROCEED WITH THEIR PROJECTS.'"

Pall Mall Gazette.

If the worst comes to the worst Mr. ASQUITH can always ask Lord ROSEBERY to re-consider his decision.

A FRESH SUBJECT.

["Shyness suffers painfully from clammy hands, and no poet has yet hymned the clammy clasp."—*Daily Paper.*]

HANDS and the man I sing, whose nervous mien
And clammy clasp (which he would love to lose)
Have hitherto invariably been
Omitted by the Muse.

And who could do it better? Do not I
Display the symptoms that the hard world mocks,
Being in point of fact a modest, shy
Pansy (in shrinking socks)?

I know, when striving to appear my best,
The blush, the silent tongue, the head that swims,
And feel like flappers at their flappiest,
All arms and—other limbs.

And so I feel no proud contempt for such
As shyness troubles, since their clasp within
My own 's enough to prove one clammy touch
Of nature makes us kin.

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

A NEW MOVEMENT—THE LATEST CURE.

Park Lane.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—I 've started a Movement! In these horrible times of alarms and excursions and strikes and elections and class hatreds and all that sort of thing, I consider it the *duty* of *nous autres* to try to bring all classes together, and do away with *bitterness*, you know, and make those poor, dear things see that we mean kindly towards them and want to soften their lots, and everything of that kind. So I 've founded the Smiling League, and I believe it will have *immense* results, and will do more towards settling the country than any number of Conferences or similar nonsensical things.

The Smiling League, of which I 'm Perpetual President and Patroness, makes all its members pledge themselves *to go among the People and Smile at them.* Members have simply rolled in. I 've two seckies hard at it all day, enrolling fresh members and sending out pledge-forms. Of course the idea is that all members must have the *right* sort of smile. But people who haven't *will* insist on joining. *That* 's your poor Blanche's fly in the ointment. Mrs. Croppy Vavasour, for instance, one of our first and most enthusiastic members, has a smile that I 've heard Norty (who, of course, is her brother-in-law) say is one of the greatest trials their family has ever had! She went off the other day on Smiling League business, had her motor drawn up in front of one of the big East End factories, and, as the workers came out, she *smiled* at them. They gathered round the car, but they didn't seem at all pleased or happy or softened or anything of that kind; and —well, my dear, it ended by her chauffeur having to drive off as quick as possible, for they began to *throw things!* I 'm in a regular hole about it. I simply *can't* let her go about on Smiling League business any more. Yet I *really* don't know how to make her see that *her* sort of smile does more harm than good.

The League gave its first dance the other night at the Piccadilly Galleries. It was a Doll Dance, and everyone was sweet enough to say it was immensely well done. I was voted absolutely *It* as an old-fashioned bisque doll, with little dumpy curls all round my head, a bunchy gauze skirt looped up with roses, white stockings and bronze boots. Babs, being literary, came as a doll-penwiper, with a crinoline and ever so many different-coloured graduated skirts. Some of the other good ones were Bosh and Wee-Wee as the man and woman out of an old toy farm (Wee-Wee's wooden figure and skirt awfully well done!); Popsy, Lady Ramsgate, as a Lord Fauntleroy boy-doll; Beryl Clarges as a Dutch ditto, and Norty as a golliwog. We kept up the characters of dolls, winding each other up, squeaking, and saying Pa-pa and Ma-ma, and so on, and altogether it went with a howl, and has brought a big addition to the funds of the Smiling League.



First Bricklayer. "'ARK, BILL—WHAT A HEXTRORDINERY COINCIDENCE! THERE 'S THE DINNER WHISTLE!"

The sour-milk treatment is completely cut out by the bad-egg cure. People are utterly obsessed by it. The eggs must be quite *quite* past praying for, and you must train yourself to eat an immense number of them. You begin with *one* egg—we 'll call it an egg *with a past*, or a *problem* egg, or an egg *with views*, for "bad" is *not* a pretty word, is it, my dearest? and one 's chary of using it nowadays even to an *egg*—and eat it in spoonfuls, counting twenty after each spoonful. Then you lie on your back for ten minutes. Then you begin your *second* problem egg, counting between the spoonfuls in the same way, and after you 've finished it you lie on your *right side* for ten minutes. After the third egg you lie on your *left side*, and after the fourth, on your back again, and so you go on till you can dispose of twenty or thirty of these eggs a day. The result is that, if you 're old, you grow young; if you 're young you never grow old; and the complexion gets a bloom, and the eyes a soft brightness that only eggs with a long, long past can give. There 's just *one* little thing that you must be careful about. You must make every effort to banish *entirely* the expression of face you had *while eating the eggs.* For, of course, it 's not of much use having blooming cheeks and bright eyes if, at the same time, you 've an expression of disgust that amounts almost to horror. This is what 's happened to Beryl Clarges. She looks *utterly*, all but her expression, and *that* is simply terrifying!

One of the latest thrills is that the Middleshires are so hard hit by this Land Tax that the duke is selling his land for whatever it will fetch, and Lala has gone into business. *That* 's nothing new, of course. Numbers of people whose luck is dead out have gone into business. It 's Lala's *line* of business that 's the thrill. She was always a serious person, and she has opened a *Maison de Deuil* and calls herself an *Artiste Funèbre.* She not only supplies sweet toilettes, from widow's first to lightest complimentary, but conducts the melancholy affairs that have hitherto been left to tradespeople—and does it *à merveille.* Old Lady Humpington's funeral the other day was a complete triumph for Lala. The poor old dear's *parties* used to be *ghastly* affairs, duller and drearier than most funerals. But, *en revanche*, her funeral was a simply charming function, perfectly well done, and with several new features. Lala 's overwhelmed with business from the outlying tribes. Her fee to them is five hundred guineas, and another five hundred if she goes to the funeral and allows her name to appear as a mourner in the papers. For another five hundred she will advise bereaved suburbans when to change, and when it would be quite correct to accept invitations to dine and dance and so on. Her mourning gowns and confections are so becoming and full of snap that I hear of people inventing relatives and then killing them on purpose to



Housekeeper at Lord X.'s. "AND WHICH WAY DID YOU VOTE, MR. BUDD?"

Butler. "THE 'OLE OF THIS ELECTION HAS BEEN FOUGHT ON CLARSE 'ATRED, MRS. TIMMS, AND IS DIRECTED AGAINST *HUS*, AND I DID MY DUTY ACCORDIN'!"

give her an order. Just as I was feeling I *must* get something there, by a lucky chance Josiah heard that some relative of his had died somewhere. Of course, the rule in mourning is that when people don't count and live a long way off, you *don't* mourn. But Lala's *demi-deuil* for people and doggies is so absolutely top-hole that darling Pom-pom and I have gone into violet and white (the little thingy-thing looks *ravissant*, and his teeny-weeny, mauve-bordered pockyhankies and mauve silk socks are joys for ever!). The best of it is, my dear, that Josiah is so *gratified*—*his* word, not mine—at the respect shown to the memory of his first uncle once removed that he's given me a dilly new set of Russian sables.

Ever thine, BLANCHE.

THE VICTOR.

ANOTHER gain "for the Peers" had been shown on the screen, and the young man with the mild and prominent eyes lifted up his voice and cheered, as if he represented in his own commonplace person the last reserve of England's chivalry.

"'Ray, 'Ra-ay, 'Ra-a-ay!" he shouted, with the reckless *abandon* of one who has put it to the touch to win or lose everything in a last hot contest with the growing forces of a new era.

A cross person, wedged at his elbow, turned to him with a scowl, and said, "What price Peckham?"

The young man gave a quick, uninterested glance at the speaker, settled his head more comfortably into his collar, and gazed up at the illuminated screen again, his face radiant with a happy expectancy.

It was a win "for the People" this time.

Instantly his voice rose high, as if he saw already with the Seer's prophetic eye the passing of the dark shadow of feudal tyranny and the dawn of a glorious age of freedom at last.

"'Ray, 'Ra-a-a-y!" he yelled—a long, lingering cry of triumph, in which was the making of many headaches.

"Enjoying yerself, ain't you?" said the rude person in front of him, with some asperity. "Wot you cheer 'em both for? Can't you keep to your own side and give us a chance?"

"That 's all right," replied the young man contentedly, "it 's quite all right—'Ra-a-ay! I 've always been used to havin' a good old shout at election times. Used to cheer my own party once; but now, what with this—this—" he made a dash at it, slurring the words over prudently—"this Tarriveto and Rifferaffendum and all, I don't know what *anybody* 's at. So I cheer 'em all, and get twice as much shoutin' as ever I did before. Jolliest election I 've ever been in."

Again the magic-lantern spoke.

"Hi! Yi! Yoi! 'Ra-a-ay!" he bawled ecstatically; and I edged away to the extreme limit of his sphere of influence.

But I was glad to have seen him in all his simple greatness—the one man who had managed to extract contentment unalloyed out of the election results of December 1910.

WORD FOR WORD.

Extract from "The Ploughchester Advertiser," December 3, 1910.—A very successful meeting was brought to a close by Mr. James Harbutt, C.C., who in his usual stirring fashion proposed a vote of thanks to the Chairman. Mr. Harbutt's reception showed that his great popularity has been in no way impaired by the unfair attacks which have been made upon him in connection with the Dilbury Gasworks scheme.

From Mr. James Harbutt to the Editor of "The Ploughchester Advertiser," December 3, 1910. (*Not for publication.*)

SIR,—I think I have some rights to complain of the manner in which my speeches are reported in your paper. For instance, to-day you print the speeches of Mr. Burncastle and Captain Pilditch all but in full, but you don't give a word of mine, which was the same length, and my friends assure me it was quite as important. There must be something behind this, but what it is I can't make out. If my speech had been fairly reported I was ready to take one hundred copies for distribution to my friends so as to help the Cause. I shall be much obliged if you will see to this, for if it is left as it is it cannot help your paper.

Yours ffly, JAMES HARBUTT.

From the Editor of "The Ploughchester Advertiser" to Mr. James Harbutt, December 5, 1910.

DEAR SIR,

Yours of December 3.

I regret to find that you are not satisfied with the manner in which your speeches have been reported in the columns of this paper. I might perhaps urge that considerations of space do not always make it easy to give as full a report of speeches as I should like. I have, however, issued instructions which will, I trust, make a repetition of your complaint unnecessary. As you are billed to speak at the Barlington Town Hall on Wednesday, may we have the pleasure of booking your order for one hundred copies? Faithfully yours,

HENRY SLIMMINGTON, Editor.

From Mr. James Harbutt to the Editor of "The Ploughchester Advertiser," December 6, 1910.

DEAR SIR,—Your letter is what I should have expected from one in your position. Kindly arrange for one hundred copies of next Saturday's *Advertiser* to be sent direct from the office as per list of addresses enclosed herewith. I also enclose P.O. for the required amount including postages. Yrs ffly, JAMES HARBUTT.

Extract from "The Ploughchester Advertiser," December 10, 1910.

The proceedings were brought to a close by a vote of thanks to the Chairman and the speakers, proposed by Mr. James Harbutt, C.C., who spoke as follows:—

Mr. Chairman—a-hum—Ladies and—er—Gentlemen, before we separate there is one thing more. (*A Voice*: "*Gas*"). Did anyone say "Gas"? (*A Voice: "That's what you're talking, ain't it?" Loud laughter.*) I am quite open to correction—a-hum—like any other man who 's tried—ah—(*A Voice: "You keep on trying, Jimmy." Laughter*)—who 's tried—(*A Voice: "Try, try again." Another Voice: "Give him a chance"*)—who 's tried—(*A Voice: "Get on with it"*)—to carry out an improvement which isn 't—(*A Voice: "Wanted. No, it ain't"*). My duty, and a very—er—a very important—and—ahum—it has been a proud moment—er—confided to me—to support those in this crisis—(*A Voice: "By laying gas-pipes where they ain't wanted"*)—who have come forward in this election which has turned on (*A Voice: "The gas." Loud and long-continued laughter, in the midst of which Mr. Harbutt was understood to move the vote of thanks*).

The audience then sang the National Anthem, all standing, and a very successful meeting ended at five minutes before ten.

TO A DECEMBER GROUSE.

(*Heard from the Smoking-room.*)

NAY, is it now you 'd have me take the hill,
Voice from the snow line, far away and mocking?
In August, well, you might have roused a thrill,
But now, when sleet showers drive and pines are rocking
In the keen north-east wind,
I find
The cheery hearth and a dry boot and stocking
More to my mind
Than the wet mountain and your wild cok-coking!

In August, yes, 'twas doubtless vastly well,
When butterflies and bees and guns together
Made holiday in dingle and in dell,
To seek you 'mid a charm of sky and weather,
With a fair interlude
For food,
In sunshine that could tan one's cheeks to leather,
Before I strewed
Again your youthful kind upon the heather!

I know the game to-day—the snow, the blast
Down which the swinging packs will whirr and whizz hard,
I 'd hear your ramping pinions whistle past,
And—I should miss you, nipped of nose and gizzard,
And drain the futile dram,
And dam
The braes, the bleakness, and the brutal blizzard,
For oh, I am
A chilly thing and "meagre as a lizard"!

I come not at your challenge, haughty bird!
Let the more earnest and the harder bitten,
If they should choose to make themselves absurd,
Compass your end in mackintosh and mitten;
I find my sole desire
The fire,
And this great padded chair which now I sit on,
Nor shall I tire
Of pipes and papers and the Persian kitten!

We have often wished to take up musical criticism. Literary criticism is a dull thing, for one can never really let oneself go; but in the life of every musical critic there come times when his art demands from him such things as this:

"He cared not a jot for his audience, except that he valued the responsiveness he fetched out of them to himself to deepen and heighten the heights and depths which he wanted to reach up and get down to."

Or, if the note of criticism must be sounded too, this:

"His solos were memorised, but not with that success which will doubtless come in after years. If some phrases were omitted and others somewhat mixed, we have no cause for surprise—they were due to the impossibility of memory carrying too much at the stage of its development."

To *The Bury Times* our compliments.

From a Candidate's letter to the electors:

"I sincerely regret that very serious illness has prevented my calling upon you or in fact leaving my bed."

It is more usual to leave one's card.



Candidate (who has spent a precious half-hour being pleasant to old lady). "WELL, GOOD-BYE, MRS. SMITH, I HOPE YOUR HUSBAND IS ALL RIGHT."

Mrs. S. "I 'OPES SO, SIR—IT'LL BE SIX MONTHS COME CHRISTMAS SINCE 'E DIED."

MISSING NUMBERS.

WHAT I want to know is—why do not some of my favourite publications issue Christmas numbers?

There's *The Quarterly Review*, for instance. Same old cover every year, and not even a verse or two by GEORGE R. SIMS to introduce a touch of the festive season. Where's its enterprise? Why shouldn't the autumn number have a nice Christmassy picture cover (a masked man with a reddened dagger, or something of that kind), and include an illustration or two, such as Miss ZENA DARE, a group of Waits with a howling dog in the snow, and a Mother's Darling or His First Trousers—something that the children can understand and really love. Add a complete novel by the authoress of *Her Massive Transgression*, and 32 pages of special advertisements; then double the price to 12*s.* net—and what more could anybody want?

Then there's that old favourite, the *A.B.C.*, or *Alphabetical Railway Guide*. It has never given a single coloured plate away within my memory. Always with the same yellow cover and full of dull, uninteresting figures. Why doesn't it issue its December number at the beginning of November, like the up-to-date monthlies, have it in the shape of the outline of a railway engine, and charge a shilling for it? The proprietors would sell thousands more if they brightened it up a bit. Why not a competition, offering prizes of ten shillings and five shillings to the two readers who first discovered mistakes in the information given regarding fast trains to the North and to the West Country? Or a real guard's whistle to the child who was first to send in the exact total, in centuries, years, months, weeks, days, hours and minutes, of all the times mentioned in the book. It lacks *vim*, you know.

And *The Lancet*—I am so fond of *The Lancet*; but it never attempts to meet the Christmas demand. Of course I know that it has said that Christmas fare is the most digestible that can be eaten. But such a statement is very inadequate at Christmas time. Has not the time arrived when it might give us coloured illustrations to a popular article on the symptoms and disorders of a healthy person who by choice or in mistake has a chop, a piece of cheese, and a cup of coffee for his Christmas dinner?

The Storey-Teller.

"Mr. Balfour said he was going to reconstruct it, to build a new edifice, and so he told them something about his new edifice. Let them examine the ground plan, and see how many storeys it was to have."

Mr. Birrell at Lowestoft.

Mr. BIRRELL, we think, was ill-advised to ignore the elevation.

"Twice a day and once a week the hands should be rubbed all over with a slice of lemon."—*Weekly Dispatch.*

The question of whether to do it once a week as well might safely have been left to the owner of the lemon.

More Clerical Intolerance.

"Canon Horsley stated at the Southwark Diocesan Conference last week that he goes nearly every Sunday afternoon at a Nonconformist Chapel."—*Bermondsey Recorder.*

"WANTED, 1 flat, ½ tube West End, rent 8*s.* 6*d.*, at once."—*Advt. in "Evening News."*

Can't be done at the price!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I WONDER if the persons who illustrate popular novels fully realise their responsibility. Here, for example, on the cover of *The Golden Silence* (METHUEN) the artist would have me believe that the heroine of C. N. and A. M. WILLIAMSON'S fascinating story was a plump flapper of a type which, though it might possibly appeal to others, I should myself find detestable. Fortunately, however, I drew my idea of *Victoria* from the inside of the book, not the outside; and I am ready to confess that I fell in love with her before our friendship was more than a few pages old. The scene of *The Golden Silence* is North Africa, whither *Victoria* had come on a romantic quest after her long-lost sister, who, years before, had married a native and disappeared. Being the heroine of the tale, *Victoria* naturally meets *Stephen Knight*, the hero, on the voyage out. Less to be expected is her rather improbable conduct in trusting herself to the guidance of a strange Arab chief, who takes her (with *Stephen Knight* in pursuit) many weeks' journey into the desert. Eventually *Saidee*, the missing one, is discovered, but only as the centre of a mystery, which I shall not spoil your pleasure by indicating, except to say that her rescue is a work of difficulty and danger. At this point, indeed, the story, hitherto leisurely, works up to some quite breathless chapters; but eventually, of course, all comes right. True, there is still a slight complication in the case of *Stephen*, who began the adventure engaged to someone else; but this, like the love affairs of *Mr. Toots*, is "of no consequence really," and didn't worry me in the least, once *Victoria* and he were restored to civilisation. An excellent and almost motor-less tale, upon which I tender to C. N. and A. M. my sincere congratulations.



Extract from local paper.—"MANY OF THE GUESTS INVITED TO THE MAYOR'S FIRST FANCY DRESS BALL HAD MAINTAINED THE GREATEST SECRECY ABOUT THEIR COSTUMES, WITH THE IDEA OF STRIKING A NOTE OF INDIVIDUALITY, AND MANY STARTLING IMPRESSIONS RESULTED."

Mr. C. J. CUTCLIFFE HYNE does not seem to me to have made the most of his idea in *Empire of the World* (EVERETT). He conceives an inventor who discovers a mysterious ray which can annihilate iron. Whether the iron be in a *Dreadnought*, or an Atlantic cable, or a printing press, when once the ray is directed at it, from no matter what distance, it slowly dissolves into nothing. Empire of the world is an adequate description of what is within the reach of the possessor of such a power; but Mr. HYNE'S man, while terrorising Germany as the anonymous proprietor, can get nothing better for himself in his own name than a job as fitter in an electrical tramway workshop. He does in the end float a mine in Mexico and marry an heiress, but the ray does not help him in either. The book is interesting to read, and I wanted to get to the end to see what happened, but when I was there it was so tame that I regretted not having lingered over the exciting parts.

A school story by the author of *Godfrey Martin* is something to look forward to each year. CHARLES TURLEY'S latest book, *A Scout's Son* (NELSON), shows all those qualities which have given him his special position in the regard of boys and parents. Chief of these qualities is a gift for characterisation which many workers in this field are content to do without. *Trumper*, the Scout's son, is, I think, a new figure in school-boy fiction. Born at Mafeking, and spending his early years in the wild places of the world, he enters Rossborough at fourteen to find the world of public school life something entirely mystifying. For *Beckenham major*—a hero of the Eleven and Fifteen, worshipped by the small boys—he feels not the slightest reverence. The thought of this great man (who is also Head of the House and a few other things as well) inspires him with no fear; indeed, he openly criticises him in (horrors!) an American slang which Rossborough does not use. How he settles down gradually into the school ways, learning much from his new friends and in return opening their eyes to much which they had formerly taken for granted, is told by Mr. TURLEY with his accustomed ease and humour. *A Scout's Son* is a good deal more than the mere "gift-book" which its cover proclaims it, and the grown-up is therefore strongly advised not to present it to his boy without first reading it himself. He will find it better worth his attention than many of the books which he buys for himself and would not allow his boy to read.

My chief impression after reading Miss RHODA BROUGHTON'S *The Devil and the Deep Sea* (MACMILLAN) is one of regret that so much cleverness should be wasted upon such unsatisfactory people. *John Green* or *Bill Street* or *Tom Rutland* left Eton, Christ Church, and a "three-storey high window" precipitately, and his last precipitation was so abrupt that he took to a *chaise longue* and the Riviera. There, as an interesting invalid, he lied wildly to *Miss Field*, who also had "a screw loose." If I am to read of a liar I confess to a hope that he should lie well, but not even this merit pleads in his favour, and I cannot imagine how *Miss Field* could expect to be happy with him. It is true that her father had appropriated trust-money, but that does not seem a sufficient reason for marrying a confirmed scamp. But perhaps she did not stick to him, for the book ends by asking, "Did she, or did she not?" For my own part I was so little interested in both her actions and intentions that I was even grateful for the incessant sincerity of a vulgar girl from Australia. I must not, however, forget that the book contains an excellent portrait of a prig, and is written in the style we expect from its author.

CHARIVARIA.

AT last the orgy of electioneering oratory is at an end, and the proposal that Members of Parliament shall in future be paid to listen to one another now appears to be an act of elementary justice.

* * *

Poor CHANCELLOR! It is now alleged that the American Music-Hall Manager who offered him a handsome fee if he would appear on the Variety Stage did not intend his offer to be taken seriously.

* * *

"FRUIT FOR SPEAKERS"
is the title of a paragraph in *The Globe*. It is, of course, quite true that a pumpkin, well aimed, may be more effective than the old-fashioned egg.

* * *

Mr. KING FARLOW, the Unionist Candidate in the recent contest in South Hackney, has written a strong letter to the Press to protest against the stone-throwing by children which was such an ugly feature of the fight, he and his chauffeur being hit. While heartily endorsing the protest, we cannot, at the same time, help rejoicing at the fact that a nation of marksmen is apparently springing up at last.

* * *

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL has been pleading in a pretty, Christmassy speech at Parkstone for "a season of rejoicing and amity, of concord and good feeling." He himself will be willing to stop wrangling—when he gets what he wants, the Coronation is coming, but "first of all the Veto must go," declared this generous soul.

* * *

The only other item of political news of any importance this week is to the effect that the Liberal Government in the Willesden Parliament has been defeated and has resigned. It is quite possible now that, if Mr. ASQUITH should persist in his objectionable proposals, a Willesden House of Lords may be formed and seats therein offered to all the members of the Westminster Upper Chamber.

* * *

A letter in *The Daily News* sings the praises of a poor tailor who had left his voting district in search of work, but "turned up and voted at a cost of twenty-three shillings and one penny railway fare." It sounds as if the refreshment-room charges were exorbitant.

* * *

According to *Le Matin*, M. BRIAND is considering a proposal for making Paris a port. Certainly some use ought to be made of the floods.

* * *

The Censor having allowed references to be made to ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST, in *Salome*, under the title of "The Prophet," Mr. HOUSMAN, it is said, is about to ask whether the ban will be removed from his play if he alludes to King GEORGE THE FOURTH as "The Monarch."

* * *

Madame ACKTÉ, who has been taking the title *rôle* in *Salome*, is a Finn. This is a welcome innovation on the operatic stage, where for too long almost every heroine has been a Fatt.



MY OPPONENT LOOKING FOR HIS BALL.



MY OPPONENT LOOKING FOR MY BALL.

A contract for a super-*Dreadnought* had been placed with SCOTT'S of Greenock, and the statement that a contract for a supper-*Dreadnought* has been placed with SCOTT'S of Coventry Street is inaccurate and misleading.

* * *

Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE has given £2,000,000 to promote the cause of international peace, with the provision that when the establishment of universal peace is attained the income of the fund is to be devoted to the "next most degrading evils." Meanwhile we hear that the next most degrading evils are feeling peculiarly chirpy and secure.

* * *

"Nature," said Mr. PLOWDEN at the Marylebone Police Court, "seems to be evolving a new sex; it is certainly not man, and very unlike what we used to know as woman." Let 's call it "The Middlesex." Anyhow, that 's where Marylebone comes from.

* * *

"Don't say 'Buck up!'" exclaimed Judge WILLIS in the Southwark County Court. "It is a vulgar phrase. I have never heard it in respectable society. . . . Why does not a person say, 'I hope you are prospering!'?" Partly, dear Judge, because it doesn't mean the same thing.

Mr. PÉLISSIER'S "*All Change Here*" has come as a peculiarly welcome diversion after the monotonous "No Change" of the Elections.

* * *

Said an ill-informed person on leaving the Post-Impressionist Exhibition:—"It 's what they call the 'Salon des Humoristes' in Paris, is it not?"

* * *

The Rev. W. D. WARD, the new vicar of St. Oswald's, Fulham, is also attached to the Theological College at Farnham, and he has been telling an interviewer how he teaches there the principles of voice production. "I start my instruction," he says, "by teaching men how to breathe properly." This is very necessary; we have known worshippers, at any rate, breathe so badly during a sermon as almost to lead one to think that they were snoring.

* * *

One always hears a great deal about "the rising tide" during an election. Even the weather is having a hand in it this time.

ELECTION NOTES.

IT is generally admitted that, had the Election been on the new register, each side would have had a considerably increased representation in the new House.

* * *

The return of Mr. WASON unopposed confirms the anticipation that the Orkney-Shetland result would be known in good time for the Member to claim his right to be present at the Coronation.

* * *

A large number of Repton boys are stated to have attacked the local Liberal Committee Rooms and done much damage. We have known politicians to behave like schoolboys. Now we have schoolboys behaving like politicians.

THE FIVE HUNDRED.

[Five hundred individuals so impervious to ridicule that they would accept a Peerage under a contract to vote for the immediate destruction of the House of Peers ("Cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground?" as Mr. BARNES says) are yet to be found. Mr. GEORGE, however, has been telling Romford that he can find them easily.]

UP stood the General, spur on heel,
And called for volunteers,
Five hundred men with hearts of steel
To pulverise the Peers;—
Men in whose orbs the light of death,
Of setting suns, superbly pink, shone;
Ready with their ensuing breath
To undertake their own extinction.

"Now who will charge with thundering hoof
In one concerted rush,
And occupy from floor to roof
Yon shrine of gilded plush?
And once inside—no quarter shown,
No time for parley, not a minute—
Using your weight (6,000 stone)
Bring down the House and all that's in it?

"A bloody end, I won't deny,
Yet not without reward;
Who volunteers to do (and die),
I'll have him made a lord;
His honoured corpse within the tomb
Shall wear its crown and robe of ermine,
If he contrive the common doom,
And perish with the other vermin.

"God for the People! Who will go
And try this simple cert?
Who for the Cause will strike a blow,
And doesn't mind the dirt?
Speak out—not all at once, but speak!
Speak on the nail, I say, or never!"—
But from the stalwarts, tough as teak,
There issued no response whatever!

But murmurs rose of "Pish!" and "Tut!"
And even stronger terms;
"We may," they said, "be thickish, but
Not quite such pachyderms!
High courage through our bosom thrills,
But for our sons' sakes, coming after,
We fear the ridicule that kills,
We fear a nation's countless laughter!"

Then sent the Chieftain forth with bribes
To see if he could raise
Men for his need from out the tribes
That tramp the hedgerow ways;
But Weary Willie, with a jest
Of which I won't repeat the rumour,
Spat freely and declined the quest,
Having too strong a sense of humour.

Then said the Boss: "My total aid
From amateurs is none;
So I propose to have this raid
Professionally done;
Ho! Master CHURCHILL, have you got
Five hundred stout policemen handy,
The kind that saved our troops a lot
Of painful work at Tonypandy?"

O. S.

THE CURSE OF EDUCATION.

SUPPOSE you let me get in a word or two. I've listened to everything you've said, and I tell you honestly you haven't convinced me. Mind, I'm not saying that education isn't a good thing for *some* people, but you've got to pick the right sort of people and give 'em the right sort of education. If a boy's going to be an agricultural labourer what's the use of stuffing him full of Greek verbs? and if a girl's to be a housemaid is there any sense in teaching her French and the piano? Much better let 'em run wild, and then they won't get hold of any silly ideas that'll make 'em too big for their boots. Let everybody keep their proper stations and then we shall all be happier. How do I know what's a man's proper station? The station he's been born to ought to be good enough for him all the time. This talk about ambition and rising in life makes me tired. Was I born to be a Bank manager? Well, I *am* a Bank manager, and so I suppose I must have been. Besides, what's the use of comparing agricultural labourers and Bank managers? They're as different as chalk from cheese.

However, I'll just tell you a bit of a story which'll show you what I mean. It's about a man I used to know in the old days, a little chap called Widdowson. He'd a pot of money left him by his father, so he hadn't got to *do* anything—just lived by himself in a tidy little house and did what he liked. No, he wasn't really much of a fellow; rather near with his money and awkward in his ways. Not enough gumption to set up a cat, I should say, but his dinners weren't too bad, and he rubbed along all right.

He'd got a whacking big St. Bernard dog. I suppose he must have bought it to give himself an air, for I never heard of his being particularly fond of dogs before he got this one. *Odin*—that was the dog's name—was as big as a pony, with a heavy orange-coloured coat and a great head and huge teeth. I never saw such a monster. Widdowson looked like a microbe beside him when they went out walking together—too absurd for words. Everybody felt inclined to laugh when they saw this great beast pacing meekly along with his little spindle-legged whipper-snapper of a master.

And the best fun of it was that Widdowson was always showing off his power over the dog. He would make him sit down in the street and wait till he gave him a sign to come on, and if he didn't keep to heel he'd touch him up with the dog-whip, and *Odin* would take it all as humbly as if Widdowson was a fifty horse-power giant instead of being one of the scrubbiest little pigeon-breasted dwarfs you ever set your eyes on. No, he hadn't taught *Odin* any tricks. He said it was no use educating a dog like that: they couldn't learn things like poodles. Besides the dog looked upon him as a sort of god, and that was good enough for him, he said.

Well, it all went on right enough till Barker came along as *locum* for our doctor one summer. Barker was a smart fellow; stood six foot two, and put the weight for Oxford. He'd done pretty well at Bart's too, and had got notions of his own on psychology and things of that sort. He got arguing with Widdowson one day about dogs. One of his ideas was that the development of dogs had been arrested, and if you only set about it in the right way you could teach a dog to speak—at least he'd understand you and answer you back in his own way—and in time he might be able to read and even do a sort of writing with his paw. There was no reason, he said, why dogs shouldn't be on the



THE AWAKENING.

BERTIE ASQUITH. "I SAY, YOUR STOCKING LOOKS A BIT THIN."
ARTIE BALFOUR. "WELL, YOURS ISN'T AS FAT AS IT MIGHT BE."



Socialist. "I'M THE FRIEND OF THE WORKING-MAN!"
Morose Hairdresser (at back of crowd). "WOT! WITH NINE-PENN'ORTH OF 'AIR-CUTS OVERDUE!"

same intellectual plane as human beings in time. Widdowson laughed at him, but the upshot was that when he went away for a fortnight he lent *Odin* to Barker to be educated in the new way and made a man of.

What Barker did with the dog I don't know, but I know what happened when Widdowson came back. I was there and saw it all. Barker brought *Odin* round to Widdowson's, and Widdowson came out with the dog-whip as usual and called the dog. *Odin* never stirred, but he whinnied once or twice in the St. Bernard way, and Widdowson said, "What 's the matter with the dog?" Barker said, "He 's telling you he isn't coming with you this morning. He 's got business of his own that he 's got to attend to." "Oh, has he?" said Widdowson; "we 'll soon see about that," and he upped with his dog-whip and made for *Odin*. As soon as the dog saw him coming he just gave a couple of short barks, more like a laugh than anything else, and then he rolled Widdowson over with one of his great paws, bent over him, fixed his teeth in his waistband, lifted him up in his mouth, and began trotting off. "It 's no use, Widdowson," said Barker, "he says he 's had enough of you, and now that he 's been educated and knows what he 's worth he isn't going to obey you any longer." Widdowson caved in directly and the dog dropped him and went off full gallop to Barker's house. Barker's got him still, I believe, and they get on pretty well together. But there you are. If that dog hadn't been educated he 'd be Widdowson's dog still. That shows you the danger of the thing. Better off with Barker, is he? I don't know so much about that; and, anyhow, Widdowson didn't think so, and he was the dog's proper master.

THE END OF WOMAN.

[Miss Fluffy Frou-Frou's reply to Miss JANET HOGARTH, who, at a recent Encyclopædia-Contributors' Dinner, said the best answer she had ever heard to the question, "What are women put into this world for?" was, "To keep the men's heads s'raight."]

WHEN you would settle woman's place and aim
And duties on this planet,
I, and whole *heaps* of girls who think the same,
Bid you shut up, Miss JANET!

Speak for the Few, if speak you must, but *pray*
Don't speak for *us*, the Many;
We simply *scream* with mirth at what you say;
We are not taking any.

Your words, dear JANET, frankly are *si bête*
That all we others spurn them;
We (Heavens!) *we*, "to keep the men's heads straight!"
We who just live to *turn them!!*

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,—You will doubtless remember that, last year, I was the first person to hear the cuckoo. My letter to *The Times* of the 4th of March was widely commented upon. Yesterday, 13th December, I heard a party of carol singers pronounce the name of Good King Wenceslaus satisfactorily. This is probably a record."

We think that our correspondent, who uses the *nom de guerre* of "Veritas" and subscribes himself "Yours truly," is over-straining his strength, and may do himself an injury.

Things Hamlet might have said.—I.

"Age cannot wither nor custom stale the infinite variety of Rambler's scheme, as Hamlet might have said."—*Liverpool Evening Express.*

THE CHILDREN'S SHOP.

OUTSIDE in the street the rain fell pitilessly, but inside the Children's Shop all was warmth and brightness. Happy young people of all ages pressed along, and I had no sooner opened the door than I was received into the eager stream of shoppers and hurried away to fairyland. A slight block at one corner pitched me into an old, white-bearded gentleman who was standing next to me. Instantly my hat was in my hand.

"I beg your pardon," I said with a bow. "I was—— Oh, I'm sorry, I thought you were real." I straightened him up, looked at his price, and wondered whether I should buy him.

"What do you mean by real?" he said.

I started violently and took my hat off again.

"I am very stupid this morning," I began. "The fact is I mistook you for a toy. A foolish error."

"I *am* a toy."

"In that case," I said in some annoyance, "I can't stay here arguing with you. Good morning." And I took my hat off for the third time.

"Don't go. Stop and buy me. You'll never get what you want if you don't take me with you. I've been in this place for years, and I know exactly where everything is. Besides, as I shall have to give away all your presents for you, it's only fair that——"

An attendant came up and looked at me inquiringly.

"How much is this *thing*?" I said, and jerked a thumb at it.

"The Father Christmas?"

"Yes. I think I'll have it. I'll take it with me—you needn't wrap it up."

I handed over some money and we pushed on together.

"You heard what I called you?" I said to him. "A thing. So don't go putting yourself forward."

He gazed up innocently from under my arm.

"What shall we get first?" he asked.

"I want the engine room. The locomotive in the home. The boy's own railroad track."

"That's downstairs. But did you really think of an engine? I mean, isn't it rather large and heavy? Why not get a——"

I smacked his head, and we went downstairs.

It was a delightful room. I was introduced to practically the whole of the Great Western Railway's rolling stock.

"Engine, three carriages and a guard's van. That's right. Then I shall want some rails, of course . . . *Shut* up, will you?" I said angrily, when the attendant was out of hearing.

"It's the extra weight," he sighed. "The reindeer don't like it. And these modern chimneys—you've no idea what a squeeze it is. However——"

"Those are very jolly," I said when I had examined the rails. "I shall want about a mile of them. Three-pence ha'penny a foot? Then I shan't want nearly a mile."

I got about thirty feet, and then turned to switches and signals and lamps and things. I bought a lot of those. You never know what emergency might not arise on the nursery floor, and if anything happened for want of a switch or two I should never forgive myself.

Just as we were going away I caught sight of the jolliest little clockwork torpedo boat. I stopped irresolute.

"Don't be silly," said the voice under my arm. "You'll never be asked to the house again if you give that."

"Why not?"

"Wait till the children have fallen into the bath once or twice with all their clothes on, and then ask the mother why not."

"I see," I said stiffly, and we went upstairs.

"The next thing we want is bricks."

"Bricks," said Father Christmas, uneasily. "Bricks. Yes, there's bricks. Have you ever thought of one of those nice little woolly rabbits——"

"Where do we get bricks?"



Lady (to Professor who has spoken learnedly of the Atlantosaurus, Ichthyosaurus, Iguanodon, etc.). "HOW INTERESTING! HOW *VERY* INTERESTING! BUT DO YOU THINK WE CAN BE REALLY *QUITE* SURE THEY WERE CALLED BY THOSE STRANGE NAMES?"



AN ECHO OF THE POLLS.

Mistress. "HOW IS IT, MARY, THAT THE PUDDING LAST NIGHT WAS AGAIN SENT UP BROKEN DOWN?"
Mary. "WELL, M'M, IT NEVER SOMEHOW SEEMS TO BE THE RIGHT CONSTITUENCY."

"Bricks. You know, I don't think mothers are as fond as all that of *bricks*."

"I got the mother's present yesterday, thanks very much. This is for one of the children."

They showed me bricks and they showed me pictures of what the bricks would build. Palaces, simply palaces. Gone was the Balbus-wall of our youth; gone was the fort with its arrow-holes for the archers. Nothing now but temples and Moorish palaces.

"Jove, I should love that," I said. "I mean *he* would love that. Do you want much land for a house of that size? I know of a site on the nursery floor, but—well, of course, we could always have an iron building outside in the passage for the Moorish billiard table."

We paid and moved off again.

"What are you mumbling about now?" I asked.

"I said you'll only make the boy discontented with his present home if you teach him to build nothing but castles and ruined abbeys and things. And you *will* run to bulk. Half of those bricks would have made a very nice present for anybody."

"Yes, and when royalty comes on a visit, where would you put them? They'd have to pig it in the box-room. If we're going to have a palace, let's have a good one."

"Very well. What do your children hang up? Stockings or pillow-cases?"

We went downstairs again.

"Having provided for the engineer and the architect," I said, "we now have to consider the gentleman in the dairy business. I want a milk-cart."

"You want a milk-cart! You want a milk-cart! You want a—— Why not have a brewer's dray? Why not have something really heavy? The reindeer wouldn't mind. They've been out every day this week, but they'd love it. What about a nice skating-rink? What about——"

I put him head downwards in my pocket and approached an official.

"Do you keep milk-carts?" I said diffidently.

He screwed up his face and thought.

"I could get you one," he said.

"I don't want you to build one specially for me. If they aren't made I expect it's because mothers don't like them. It was just an idea of mine."

"Oh, yes, they're made. I can show a picture of one in our catalogue."

He showed it to me. It was about the size of a perambulator, and contained every kind of can. I simply had to let Father Christmas see.

"Look at that!" I exclaimed in delight.

"Good lord," he said, and dived into the pocket again.

I held him there tightly and finished my business with the official.

Father Christmas has never spoken since. Sometimes I wonder if he ever spoke at all, for one imagines strange things in the Children's Shop. He stands now on my writing table, and observes me with the friendly smile which has been so fixed a feature of his since I brought him home. If he did speak, perhaps I misunderstood him. Because I am sure he wouldn't *really* mind the weight. A. A. M.

PERPETUAL EMOTION.

(*From "The Times" of December* 20, 1960.)

THE series of spritely dinners given by the proprietors of *The Encyclopædia Britannica* to the contributors to the eleventh edition is still in full swing, the two hundred and fiftieth being held last night. Sir HUGH CHISHOLM took the Chair as usual, habit having become second nature with him; and he made, for a nonagenarian, a singularly lucid speech, in which he once again explained the genesis of the Encyclopædic idea and its progress through the ages until it reached perfection under his own fostering care. Sir HUGH, who spoke only for two hours instead of his customary three, was at times but imperfectly heard by the Press, but a formidable array of ear-trumpets absorbed his earlier words at the table.

Sir THOMAS BEECHAM, Mus.Doc., responding for the toast of the musical contributors, indulged in some interesting reminiscences of his early career. In those days, as he reminded his hearers, he was a paulo-post-Straussian. But it proved only a case of *sauter pour mieux reculer*, and now he confessed that he found it impossible to listen with any satisfaction to music later than that of MENDELSSOHN. After all, melody, simple and unsophisticated, was the basic factor in music, and an abiding fame could never be built up on the calculated pursuit of eccentricity.

Lord GOSSE, who entered and dined in a wheeled chair, remarked incidentally that he had missed only seven out of the two hundred and fifty dinners, and then told some diverting if not too novel anecdotes of his official connection with the Board of Trade and recited a charming sonnet which he had composed in honour of the Editor, the two last lines running as follows:—

"Foe of excess, of anarchy and schism,
I lift my brimming glass to thee, HUGH CHISHOLM."

Few centenarians can ever have contributed a more exhilarating addition to an evening's excitement.

Dr. HOOPER, late Master of Trinity and ex-Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge University, expressed his gratification that his *alma mater* was indissolubly associated with the great undertaking which they were once more met to celebrate in convivial conclave. Cambridge was famous for its "Backs," and it had put its back into *The Encyclopædia Britannica*. He hoped that he might be spared to attend their three hundredth meeting, with Sir HUGH CHISHOLM as Autocrat of the Dinner-Table.

A popular feature of these evenings has become the reading of the list of contributors who have died since the last gathering. It is our melancholy duty to record the death of one of the most valued section-editors during Sir HUGH'S closing remarks. The old gentleman expired so peacefully that his immediate neighbours believed him to be merely as fast asleep as themselves. He leaves a venerable but mirthless widow and several tons of MS. notes for the twelfth edition.

OUR POET PEERS.

["Lord Coleridge," as we learn from *The Daily Mail* of the 15th inst., "has composed a song in praise of Ottery St. Mary, Devonshire, with which place his family has long been connected. Lord Coleridge also set the song to music and sang it at the annual gathering of the Old Otterian Society in London. The chorus is as follows:—

Oh, Ottery dear, oh, Ottery fair,
My heart goes out to thee;
Thou art my home where'er I roam,
The West—the West for me.

The secretary of the society states that Lord Coleridge's song will be sung by Otterians all over the world."]

THIS, however, is no isolated effort. Encouraged by the success of their party at the polls, a number of Liberal Peers have recently burst into song.

The contribution of Lord PIRRIE, K.P., to this literary renascence of the Gilded Chamber takes the form of a touching elegiac poem in which he contrasts his stately Surrey mansion with his former abode in Belfast:—

"Oh, Witley, charming Witley,
Haunt of my leisure hours,
To celebrate you fitly
Transcends my humble powers.
And yet I love that far land
Where once I had my home,
In the Company of HARLAND
And WOLFF, across the foam."

Lord PIRRIE has set this poem in the key of C sharp minor with a beautiful arpeggio accompaniment. The closing cadence is of extraordinary melodic charm, and Lord PIRRIE'S secretary states that it will be sung by all the shipwrights of Belfast.

Lord COURTNEY OF PENWITH is an accomplished *littérateur*, but he has not before this courted the Muse, a fact which lends peculiar interest to his eulogy of Liskeard:—

"Oh, Liskeard, lovely Liskeard,
Ere I was fully whiskered
I doted on your grace.
Now though I 'm coronetted
And properly Debretted
I never have regretted
That I 'm of Cornish race."

Lord COURTNEY'S setting of his lyric recalls the delicious flavour of the ballads of twenty years ago, and has a lilt that is worthy of STEPHEN ADAMS at his best. The Manager of the Great Western Railway states that the song will be sung by Cornubians all over the English Riviera.

Lord DEVONPORT, as becomes a keen yachtsman, has cast his new song in the form of a "chanty," the opening verse being as follows:—

"If you want to go free and cheerly O!
Get up in the morning early O!
It 's the way to health
And fame and wealth
According to HUDSON KEARLEY O!"

The score of this "chanty" is remarkable for its simplicity, and the Secretary of the Port of London Board confidently predicts that it will be sung by all the stevedores in the British Empire.

Baron DE FOREST'S musical talent has long been notorious in the highest circles. He has now given convincing proofs of its high quality in a touching *barcarolle* dedicated to the HOME SECRETARY:—

"Ye isles of Greece, ye isles of Greece,
Where *Honor* cruised in perfect peace,
Containing, like the gods of myth,
WINSTON and also F. E. SMITH—
Ne'er shall the glories of that trip
From my retentive memory slip."

The skipper of the *Honor* states that Baron DE FOREST'S song will be sung by Free Foresters all over the world.

Lord DENMAN has devoted his distinguished talent to a spirited song in praise of Balcombe, which runs as follows:—

"O Balcombe, breezy Balcombe,
My heart goes out to thee
At breakfast and at luncheon,
At dinner and at tea.
They say the German foemen
Are coming o'er the sea
To trample down our yeomen
And place them 'on the knee.'
But I say, 'Let 'em *all* come,
So long as I 'm at Balcombe
To keep old England free.'"

The Secretary of the Bachelors' Club declares that this song, which the author has wedded to a luscious air, is already a favourite with Mr. GILLETT.

Lastly, Lord ABERDEEN has recently succumbed to the divine *afflatus* with the following exhilarating results:—

"O Dublin is a peerless town
As every Viceroy knows!
The Liffey, stained a lurid brown,
Through Dublin city flows;
And on its banks of verdant hue,
To quench the nation's drought,
The firm of GUINNESS loves to brew
The most refreshing stout.

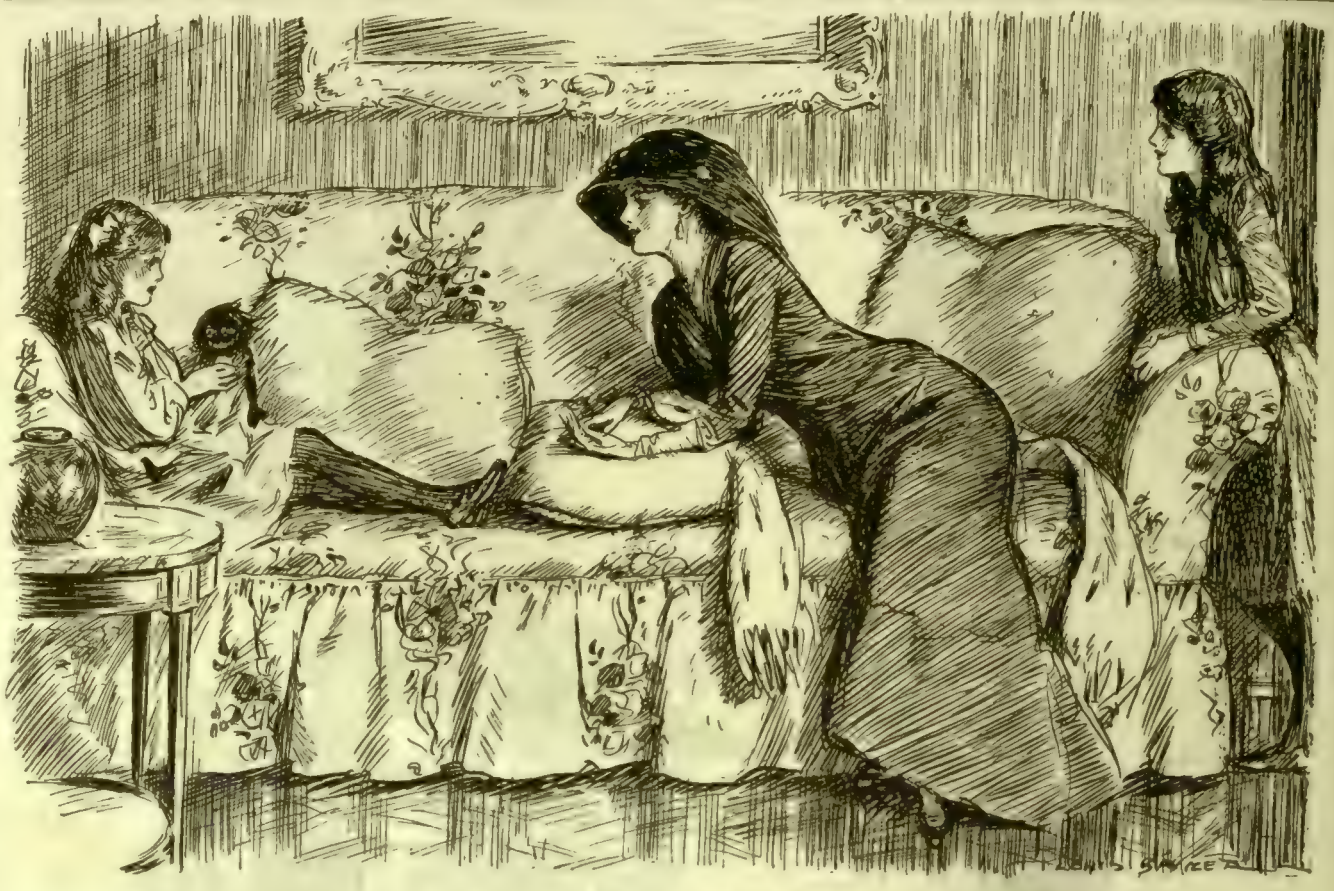
Chorus.

O porter, you 're a jewel!
O porter, you 're a joy!
You 're meat and drink and fuel
To every Irish boy!"

The CHIEF SECRETARY states that Lord ABERDEEN'S song will be sung by every porter-drinker in the Emerald Isle.



A PANTOMIME REHEARSAL.



"AND WERE *YOU* BORN IN INDIA?" "I WAS." "WHAT PART?" "ALL OF ME, OF COURSE."

OUR AUTHORS IN POLITICS.

[Whilst the Press has paid much attention to Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD'S political letters to her neighbours the activity of other deserving authors has been ignored.]

THE feature of the West Wilts election was the appearance of Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT in complete armour on the Liberal platform. It was asked that all questions should be impaled on the lance that Mr. HEWLETT held out to the meeting. It is considered rather remarkable that throughout the campaign not a single question was put to the Radical candidate.

All hope of defeating the LORD ADVOCATE vanished when Mr. CROCKETT, his zealous supporter, hinted that in case of his defeat he was prepared to lay the scene of his next romance in Linlithgow. The defeated Conservative Candidate is taking counsel's opinion as to whether this amounts to intimidation.

Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON was most prominent in the sharp contest in North Bucks. At the first meeting of the campaign he sat on a Tory interruptor. After that, interruptions absolutely ceased. It is expected that the interrupter will leave the Cottage Hospital early in the New Year.

The great triumph at Hastings is universally attributed to the clever topical leaflets issued by Mr. COULSON KERNAHAN. "The Lion and the Leech," a striking comparison of Imperialism and Socialism; "The Bee and the Ballot," a defence of the Industrious Voter's right to the Referendum; "Providence and the Peer," a vindication of the House of Lords—all thrilled the hearts of the lodging-house keepers and led to the famous Unionist victory.

Mr. VICTOR GRAYSON wishes it to be known that the prominent place he occupied in the Kennington poll—only four thousand short heads behind the winner—was due to the support he received from Mr. HILAIRE BELLOC. Mr. BELLOC'S exposures of the party game — his revelations that Mr. CHURCHILL was the real author of Tariff Reform; that Mr. URE, Mr. BALFOUR'S intimate friend, suggested the policy of the Referendum, and that Sir EDWARD CARSON and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE exchange epithets for their speeches — moved the electors immensely. In fact, the Conservatives were so disgusted that they voted for the Radical candidate, and the Radicals that they plumped for the Conservative. Hence Kennington should be reckoned as a Unionist gain.

The eloquence of Mr. LE QUEUX led to the splendid Unionist victory at Grimsby. One could have heard a pin drop in the crowded halls as he detailed conversations on Tariff Reform he had held with the Prince of MONACO, the Bey of TUNIS, Don CARLOS, the Grand Duke of BADEN, and the Chief of the Italian Secret Police. His address to the Primrose League on the Certainty of a German Invasion—illustrated by locks of hair belonging to Princesses he had known—marked an epoch in Grimsby's political history.

More Contempt of Court.

"The Lord Chief Justice occupied Canon Scott Holland's stall, and took part in the singing. As is stated in the fore part of the service-paper the object of the service is not to gratify the ear or the taste."—*The Guardian.*

Had this appeared in any other paper we might have suspected something.

The subject for debate at a recent meeting of the York Law Students' Society was as follows:

"Mrs. Quiverfull, parent of Quinta (a child of five), negligently allows Quinta to go out unattended upon a road frequented by motors. Owing to the negligence of the driver of a passing motor the child is injured. Can the child recover?"

Time alone can show.



"WHICH NOBODY CAN DENY."

Father Christmas. "WELL, HERE WE ARE AGAIN!"

John Bull. "GOOD! THAT 'S THE FIRST UNCONTROVERSIAL STATEMENT I 'VE HEARD FOR WEEKS."



Clergyman (returning on Christmas morning from the sick bed of aged parishioner, to very deaf Old Woman). "POOR MR. SMITH IS IN A HIGH FEVER." *Old Woman.* "THE SAME TO YOU, SIR, AND MANY OF 'EM."

YULETIDE YARNS—I.

"Ring out the false; ring in the true."

FATHER CHRISTMAS.

The False.

FATHER CHRISTMAS, fat with gifts,
Scorns the ordinary lifts,
Comes, unnoticed, by the grate
On the customary date.

The True.

Armed with over-crowded hose
Father to the nursery goes;
Tommy, with but little tact,
Catches father in the act.

MISTLETOE.

The False.

For about a fortnight this
Sanctions the illicit kiss.

The True.

As a custom, this is rotten
(Being, as a rule, forgotten).

THE YULE GLOW.

The False.

Tripping o'er the crisp, white snow,
See the children come (or go),
Bringing in the Christmas fuel,
Though the frost is keen and cruel.

The True.

Yule is signalled by the flight
Of the staid electric light,
Amputated from the main
(The dynamo is crocked again).

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

The False.

Father, Mother, Uncle, Aunt,
Labour round the loaded plant,
And enjoy the children's glee
As they romp about the tree.

The True.

See! a merry little ring
Dancing round like anything!
Each has got a hoary head
(All the kids have gone to bed).

CHRISTMAS NUMBERS.

The False.

These appear at Christmas time
Full of seasonable rhyme.

The True.

These are published during June;
We shall have the next ones soon.

CHRISTMAS CARDS.

The False.

Every day the postman brings
Heaps of Christmas cards and things;
All the children love them so;
We arrange them in a row.

The True.

Every day the postman knocks
(Chiefly for his Christmas-box);
Cards enough to fill a sack,
But I always send them back.

MINCE PIES.

The False.

These are made of minced meat
(It is Martha's greatest feat)
From an ancient recipe
Grandma had in '43.

The True.

These are made of——

[*This verse to be had only on private application at the poet's residence.*]

"Twice the forward shot himself, and on each occasion Shaw had to be very sprightly."
Daily Mail.

Our sympathies go out to SHAW. We know how difficult it is to force the sprightly vein on sad occasions like this.

"What all my pretty ones——!"

"The seventh line is two syllables long; delete 'sombre.'"—*From "Literary Help" in "T. P.'s Weekly."*

THE WHOLE DUTY OF HOSTESSES.

LIFE is such a ticklish business at its best that it is hard indeed that such accessory functions as dinner parties, which all wise men would avoid if they could, should be a means of adding to our difficulties. Yet don't they?

Who is there that has not now and then blundered with his partner—who is there that has not now and then blundered with her partner—before the entrée, simply through insufficient information being given by the hostess as to the name, standing, antecedents, relatives and friends of the stranger?

As it is, what happens? "Oh, Mr.—er—Mr. Barr, I want to introduce you to your partner for dinner, Mrs. [here a mumble]." Mr. Barr says that he is delighted; he is led to Mrs. [mumble]'s chair and they prepare to descend the stairs, he in his usual doubt, owing to total ignorance of precedential rites, as to the precise moment when he should offer his arm and make for the door, and then walking as if on hot iron for fear of stepping on the dress of the lady ahead of him. They take their seats, and after the usual openings—just now *Salomé*, the Post-Impressionists, and *Marie Claire*—they get to the staple of all London conversation, men and women.

This is where trouble is liable to begin, because one cannot discuss men and women without expressing opinions, and so small is the world and so mischievous is chance that Mr. Barr's partner is probably first cousin to his *noiriest bête*. Always a peril, during election time or any critical period of politics this risk is far greater, when feeling runs high and dislikes are intensified; and during the past few weeks some perfectly horrible things must have happened at what should be festive and genial boards.



TIME—*Christmas Eve.*

Loafer (pressed into service and temporarily forgetting his promotion into the realms of Art). "TAXI, MY LORD!"

Now there are two protective courses which might be pursued. (1) The guests might arrange to provide their hostesses with a complete list of the subjects on which they intend to talk and the names of prominent persons that they will introduce. The hostess could then apportion them according to Party and general temperament, or if she had no ladies quite in tune return the list with a few editorial suggestions, such as "Better not say anything about WINSTON." "Your partner is a great admirer of STRAUSS." "They have a Gauguin on their staircase." The guest could then modify accordingly.

But perhaps a better way is to throw the whole burden on the hostess, who, after all, must pay the price of giving dinner parties. Let her (2) supply each guest, either on the evening or, preferably, before, with a full account of his or her partner, written very clearly. Thus: "You will take in Lady Peters. She is the wife of Sir Ferdinand Peters, the Rand magnate. She was a Miss De la Porte, the daughter of a London magistrate. Sir Ferdinand is one of the largest contributors to the Tariff Reform funds, and a personal friend of Mr. CHAPLIN and AUSTEN. He has the best English collection of Meissoniers, and won the Porterhouse Stakes at Ascot this year. Lady Peters has written two novels under the name of 'Henry Stiles.' She collects fans, and has a home at Byfleet for orphaned Suffragettes, but never appears at meetings or takes any active part in the propaganda. She is a friend of the TREES and also HERBERT TRENCH. Her brother is on *The Times*." That is not, of course, a complete biography, but no man with any brains should fail to make use of such pointers. To have anything but an amicable meal with such an assistance would argue one utterly tactless and unworthy of his hostess's hospitality.

For the ladies the hostess might write something like this: "You will be taken in to dinner by Mr. Flitt. He comes from Devonshire and is about twenty-eight. He rowed in the Cambridge boat. His father hunted big game. He is a Conservative, but not one of the rude witty ones. He is at the Bar and unmarried. He collects Japanese prints, and has translated one of MATILDE SERAO'S novels. He wants encouraging to do some original work." These cases presuppose a knowledge by the hostess of her guests—rather a large order. When, as is more likely, she knows nothing of them, they must furnish an autobiography. Where they are really famous she would have but to write, "You will be taken in by Mr. So-and-So. See *Who's Who*," page 287.

LINES TO PROFESSOR BUDGE.

[What is probably the longest biography in the new *Who's Who*, observes *The Daily Express*, is that devoted to Professor ERNEST A. WALLIS BUDGE, the Keeper of Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities in the British Museum. More than a column is given up to his publications alone, but the reader is left quite in the dark as to Professor BUDGE himself, who in particular has omitted to answer the question relating to his recreations.]

WHEN back from Bloomsbury you trudge,
What do you do, Professor BUDGE?

Are you, perchance, that patient drudge
Who plays at chess, O learned BUDGE?

Or do you every minute grudge
That 's spent away from golf, good BUDGE?

And when the links are thick with sludge,
Do you go rinking, ERNEST BUDGE?

(To such inquiries, "Faugh!"—or "Fudge!"—
Briefly replies E. WALLIS BUDGE.)



Husband. "I SHALL HAVE TO BE AWAY ALL DAY THURSDAY."
Wife. "MY DEAR, HOW CAN YOU POSSIBLY DO THAT WHEN YOU KNOW THAT IS *ALWAYS* THE DAY YOU GIVE JAMES NOTICE TO GO?"

NOWADAYS.

FATHER CHRISTMAS tip-toed softly to the bedside of the little golden-haired maiden and laid a hand gently on her curls.

She woke up and looked upon him without surprise.

"I am Father Christmas," said he proudly.

"Very pleased to meet you," was the conventionally polite reply. "Won't you take a chair?"

Father Christmas looked a trifle hurt. "Little girls usually give me a kiss," said he.

"What have you brought me?" replied the little maiden non-committally.

"Do you like dollies?"

"Yes, I don't dislike dolls—when their clothes are expensive."

"How would you like this?" He held up one with apple cheeks and bright blue eyes. "See, her eyes open and shut—you can put her to bed."

"Thanks. Of course she's a little bit dowdy at present, but I can get my dressmaker to turn out some frocks for her. Have you brought her hat-box?"

"I'm afraid not," said Father Christmas humbly. "I didn't know."

"Perhaps it's just as well—men have such poor taste in hats. I must get my milliner to see to her. . . . What else have you brought me?"

"You'll like this woolly bear, I'm sure. Isn't he a beauty?"

"Thanks," came the doubtful reply; "but aren't bears a little *démodé* now that ROOSEVELT is quiet again?"

"But he growls when you squeeze him," said Father Christmas, pathetically anxious to please. "See—wouf! wouf!"

"Yes, very creditable, but I'd prefer something else, thank you."

"Would you like this pony-trap? See—the harness takes on and off."

"I'd prefer a motor, of course. One really *must* have a motor nowadays."

"I should have liked you to have the pony-trap," said Father Christmas, "but I have brought a motor-car also. Here it is."

The little maiden examined it critically, and remarked: "It only works by india-rubber."

"Won't that do?" asked Father Christmas humbly.

"One can buy a *proper* toy motor," was the dignified reproof.

"But it would be very expensive, and you might break it."

"Of course. What does it matter?"

"Mummy and Daddy would be angry if you were to break such an expensive toy."

"Oh dear no! I have my breakage allowance—that's an understood thing. I'm on very good terms with my people."

"Then you don't like my gifts?"

"Oh yes, thanks very much, of course, for bringing them. I can do with the doll—you'll hardly recognise her when she's licked into shape. I suppose you expect a kiss now?"

Poor Father Christmas walked away sadly from the bedside of the little maiden. "I must be getting old," said he to himself. "I must be getting old, very old. I don't seem to get on with the children as I used to do."

"Having bought from a gentleman his 16-20 touring car, only used a few months during each season, he wintering abroad, consequently in pink of condition," etc., etc.
Advt. in "The Motor."

It's the only way. One can't keep fit in this English climate.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE PRINCESS CLEMENTINA."

THIS is a pleasant and innocuous blend of *The Three Musketeers* and *The Story of Rimini* (Mr. H. B. IRVING doubling the parts of *Paolo* and *D'Artagnan*), with the difference that *Francesca* and her proxy-husband do nothing wrong, and the Three Musketeers do practically nothing at all. It was perhaps a mistake to lay so much stress at the beginning on the nationality of the four Irish gallants, for there wasn't a Celtic temperament among the lot, and only one second-rate brogue between them.

As for the Rimini part of the plot, the extremely cold weather and the rarefied altitudes of the Brenner frontier may have contributed something to the self-restraint of the lovers. I cannot say what might have happened if the time had been nearer the vernal equinox, or if Bologna (their destination) had lain a little farther South. As it was there were moments of strong feeling on both sides. In the man's case the struggle was less between love of the lady and loyalty to the King whose bride she was to be, than between a selfish passion and a pure desire to save the Princess for a higher destiny. With her it was less easy, either from the text or its interpretation, to follow motives. She was really at the mercy of *Wogan:* his, in fact, for the asking. The personality of a Pretender whom she had never set eyes on, who had never even taken the trouble to come and court her, but sent his servants to fetch her (a king's daughter) across half Europe on the hazy off-chance of winning an English crown, could scarcely have been an overwhelming attraction. The reward of her pains was to find him gone from the *rendez-vous* at Bologna—gone to Cadiz (a bad place for fidelity, as BYRON discovered) with the idea of making an expedition to Scotland. He writes of it as if he were just going stalking. He would be back presently; had, indeed, hoped to be in time to receive her. For the unavoidable delay he consents to express his royal regrets. I am afraid that the voices of some score of supers (without), representing the multitudinous welcome of Bologna, must have afforded her an indifferent solace for her wounded propriety.

Mr. IRVING played *Charles Wogan* with great sincerity. To his easy air of disregard for danger (his nonchalance at the Inn of The Green Cross—an admirable scene — was particularly happy) he added a touch of poetry and fatalism. He made no pretence, however, to being an Irishman, but left the Celtic element in his constitution to be taken as read—in the original text, I presume, of Mr. MASON's novel.

Miss STELLA PATRICK CAMPBELL, as *Clementina*, was always fresh and delightful to watch. It is little blame to her that her youth was hardly equal to the task of conveying some of the stronger emotions demanded of the character. But she needs also a wider range of vocal colour; her voice seldom varied from its one sweet tone.

Miss DOROTHEA BAIRD's gifts were wasted on the short, explosive part of *Jenny*, and Mr. NIGEL PLAYFAIR as the *Prince of Baden* had very little scope for his natural humour. Miss HELEN ROUS played soundly in the rather stodgy *rôle* of *Clementina's* mother.

The name, by the way, is in the air just now; it was only the other night that I assisted at the "decorating" of another *Clementine*, now announced as about to be taken off. I trust Mr. MASON's heroine will come off in a happier sense: he certainly deserves better luck than he has had. O. S.



Her Highness. "Of course, *really* our conduct has been irreproachable, but don't you think it would look rather suspicious for you to enter Bologna in my hat?"

Princess Clementina ... Miss STELLA PATRICK CAMPBELL.
Charles Wogan ... ... Mr. H. B. IRVING.

"General Menna Barreto, the commander of the garrison at R o, was wounded in the leg by a shell while watching the bombardment from the shore."—*Glasgow Daily Record and Mail.*

Doubtless the gallant General replied with a will.

"KING'S PROCTOR IN A REMARKABLE SUIT."
—*Daily Mail.*

We are sure we have seen these loud checks, but we didn't recognise the King's Proctor.

SLAVES TO THE SOIL;

OR, A LOW-DOWN ELECTION.

YES, I call it pretty rotten;
Patriots who deigned to roll
Up in rude and half-forgotten
Types of vehicle to poll,—
Free and independent voters,
Satisfied to sit in motors,
Have we pinched or not the sky's control?

Was it vain to cut the trammels
Long imposed on human clay?
Are we better than the camels
All for nothing, Britons, say?
Mingling with my own your "Eheus!"
Tell me why no airy Jehus
Joined on either side the civic fray.

None of those intrepid mortals,
Brothers of the kite and hawk,
Haled you to the ballot portals—
Lifts in motor-cars! good lawk!
Not for several kinds of toffees
Would I do the voter's office,
Thus insulted: I would sooner walk.

Rotten (as I said) I term it,
For, by Phœbus and the Nine,
Even this recluse and hermit
Would have left his lonely shrine
Had he seen some gas-distended
Airship giving him the splendid
Chance to "Vote for Binks and guard the brine."

Even I, the bard who boasted
Sheer indifference to the fight,
Had a gentle birdman coasted
Down from some enormous height,
Asking me to plump for Perkins
("No more alcoholic firkins:
Peers *v.* People: Cocca and the Right")—

Even I had paused to wonder;
Therefore, O electors stout,
Let no tyrants beat you under,
Ere next polling time, give out:—
"Candidates who mean to skimp us
Of our transport through Olympus
Only have themselves to thank for rout."

EVOE.

Pocket Cabbages.

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, according to *The Westminster Gazette*, has stated that "the production from their waistcoat pocket of the Referendum, as if it were a kind of vegetable," has "degraded the leaders of the Tory Party from the position of statesmen to the level of the merest political cheapjacks." But surely this vegetable trick is quite high-class conjuring.



First Sportsman. "I SAY, OLD CHAP, ON WHAT SORT OF SCALE DO YOU TIP THESE KEEPER JOHNNIES? I GENERALLY GIVE 'EM ABOUT TUPPENCE FOR EVERY BIRD I KILL; DO YOU THINK IT'S ENOUGH?"

Candid Friend. "I EXPECT THEY'D MUCH RATHER YOU GAVE 'EM A PENNY FOR EVERY ONE YOU MISS."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

To glean in a field reaped by Mr. SPIELMANN, who harvested the comprehensive *History of Punch*, is an unpromising task. In his *Douglas Jerrold and Punch* (MACMILLAN) Mr. WALTER JERROLD judiciously confines himself to the connection of his grandfather with the paper, and brings into convenient compass matter which, if not new, is always interesting. DOUGLAS JERROLD was of the earliest *camaraderie* who started *Punch*. By the present generation he is chiefly known as the creator of *Mrs. Caudle*, the recorder of her Curtain Lectures. These did not appear till 1845, when *Mr. Punch* gave his eighth volume to an appreciative public. Four years earlier, writing over the initial "Q," DOUGLAS JERROLD was fiercely breasting the sea of politics, making a pretty splash. To the reader accustomed to the more restrained political writing of to-day "Q's" fierce attack on men and measures may seem a little excessive. Absolutely fearless of consequences, DOUGLAS JERROLD took his walks abroad, bludgeon in hand, and bashed the head of anyone met on the way whom he regarded as advocating causes harmful to public interests or oppressive to the poor. His vigorous diatribes commanded attention from week to week not only at home but abroad. Whilst suggestion was made by one of his victims in the House that he should be indicted by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, an edict was issued by the Austrian Government forbidding him to pass through their country on his way to Rome. This sort of thing encouraged rather than disheartened JERROLD, and he went on his way rejoicing. In private life he could not resist the temptation to say a witty thing because it might wound a friend within hearing. Conscious of his infirmity and repentant, he from his deathbed sent by HORACE MAYHEW a touching message to old companions at the *Punch* Dinner Table. "Tell the dear boys," he said, "that if I've ever wounded any of them I've always loved them." To personal reminiscences of his grandfather, gathered from various sources, Mr. WALTER JERROLD adds reprints of some of his serials contributed to *Punch*, making a portly and pleasant volume.

At the end of each chapter of *Howard's End* (ARNOLD) I gave a sigh of pleasure, and then went on happily to the next one. Mr. E. M. FORSTER has written a book which may be classed with *The Country House*, *The Old Wives' Tale* and *Joseph Vance*, to mention three of the great novels of recent years. Perhaps he has most in common with the author of *The Country House*, but he rises superior to Mr. GALSWORTHY in this—that there is more humour and sympathy behind his realism, something of the humour and sympathy of Mr. DE MORGAN. (Now I have found him his

godfathers.) There are faults of melodrama in the book—a glaring coincidence, in connection with *Mr. Wilcox's* past, such as would only be allowed on the stage; *Helen's* relations with *Leonard Bast*, which seem to me altogether improbable—but anything can be forgiven an author who introduces us to the great *Wilcox* family. What do they know of England who do not *Wilcox* know? For the *Wilcoxes are* England; they contain more of the essence of England even than Sunday afternoon, or Lords, or Sir WILLIAM BULL. The *Schlegel* family, *Margaret* and *Helen* and *Tibby*, is equally true to life, and it is in the contrast between *Schlegels* and *Wilcoxes* that the *motif* of the book lies; for the *Schlegels* had had a foreign father. (Surely not German, Mr. FORSTER, with so lively a pair of daughters.) *Howard's End* is a book to buy and a book to keep; I offer my heartiest congratulations to its author, and beg him to take his time over the next one. I shall have all his earlier books to read while waiting for it.

In his *English Country Life* (FOULIS), Mr. WALTER RAYMOND shows a very intimate and peculiar sympathy with both country people and their pursuits. He is deliciously alive to the humour and quaintnesses of the hoop-maker, the carter, the dairyman, the farmer and his refractory tenant—in short, of all the characters that crowd upon the stage of Sutton, but he never writes with one disfiguring touch of patronage. "I really do admire how he do go about an' poke his nose into everything," *Japheth Pike*, the "hedge-caffender," remarked of this chronicler of Sutton; to which I can only add that it was a very friendly nose and was poked to admirable purpose. No one can read Mr. RAYMOND'S book without feeling that he loves the life which he describes and the people who live it, and he has done both them and us a great service in making a true record of the kind of village life which will soon—too soon for many of us—be improved out of existence. The charming volume is beautifully illustrated by Mr. WILFRID BALL.



IMPROBABLE SCENES.—VIII.

A HOUSE AGENT BEING TIMED WITH THE PURPOSE OF ASCERTAINING THE EXACT WALKING DISTANCE FROM A VILLA TO THE RAILWAY STATION.

Halfway through *The Wisdom of Folly* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) I thought I should probably say of it:—"Let the reader persevere with a somewhat maudlin plot and shut his ear to an occasional note of priggishness, in order that he may make the acquaintance of *Mrs. Frisby* and, in that delightfully garrulous lady, of ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER at her best." For, though one of the characters had in the beginning murdered her husband, the others had done little else since, save argue about it. ("I never care much for judges," said *Mrs. Frisby*; "I always think that those heavy wigs confuse their brains.") But when the plot suddenly woke up and proceeded from complication to complication to end on a complete surprise, the ingenuity of which left me gaping and has even confused the writer herself once or twice, I felt a new respect for it. It may not be legitimate, it may even be a little hectic, but it certainly is not maudlin. Treating the plot therefore with silent awe, I recommend to you this witty treatise on the folly of being overwise (especially in your love affairs), presented in the form of a novel at least as readable as any this writer has ever produced. Which is equivalent to saying that *The Wisdom of Folly* is certainly to be read and inevitably to be enjoyed, plot and all.

Mr. Punch once more gratefully acknowledges a number of seasonable gifts, not perhaps strictly literary, but liable to be of great assistance in the regulation and adornment of the literary mind. Such are the diaries that come from Messrs. T. J. AND J. SMITH, very practical and business-like, yet not disdaining the aid of artistry. Charming diaries, too, and suitable for all pockets, emanate from the establishment of Messrs. WALKER. Among the many solid and serviceable devices that spring from the teeming brain of Mr. CHARLES LETTS is a "Ladies' Year Book," excellently tabulated for the peculiar use of housewives. No Suffragette should be without it. To those who cannot bear the effort of selecting their Christmas cards and are certain that madness lies that way, I commend the fresh and original products of the house of HILLS, where you can pick with your eyes shut and make no mistake. The cards that issue from the factory of Messrs RITCHIE of Edinburgh show a noble effort on the part of a home-firm to stem the German invasion. Marvellous bon-bons are built in the craft-shops of Messrs. CALLY, and the customary cargo of crackers—still unopened and taken confidently on trust—comes from the generous and fertile storehouse of Mr. TOM SMITH. To all these philanthropists *Mr. Punch* presents his compliments and thanks.

The sad history of Bridget's wedding day, as revealed in the "*Daily Mail*" *feuilleton*—

"There was a shining new band on the third finger of her left hand. She was pledged to Dick until death parted them, but she knew that it meant far more than that even. . . . . As soon as they were alone together in the carriage Theodore caught at Bridget's hand nestling beside him."

All we can say is that this is not strictly fair to Dick.

"This increase of 16 in the Liberal vote exactly corresponds with the difference between the decrease in the total number of votes polled and the decrease in the Unionist vote (40 *minus* 24). Thus a transfer of 16 votes from one side to the other was sufficient, in the circumstances, to convert a Unionist majority of 14 into a Liberal majority of 42."

Morning Post.

We are the first to recognise the vigour and relentless logic of the opening sentence, but we confess that the second sentence, while it appeals to the artist in us, leaves the arithmetician a trifle cold.

CHARIVARIA.

The Lancet asserts that General Elections are bad for the health. This is quite correct. We have known Governments die from them.

* * *

The Spectator has pointed out that one difficulty in connection with the addition of five hundred Members to the Upper Chamber would be that the House of Lords is not large enough to hold them all. We believe that the Government realises this fact, and will see to it that the new Peers are all very slim men.

* * *

The EARL MARSHAL has issued his orders concerning the robes to be worn by Peers at the Coronation. "The mantles," he says, "are to be worn over full Court Dress, Uniform, or Regimentals." Prude!

* * *

And, "No Jewels or precious Stones are to be set or used in the Coronets." This fear of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE is becoming an obsession with some people.

* * *

Further, there is to be no concession to the Socialistic spirit of the age. For Knights of the various Orders it is to be a "Collar Day."

* * *

Madame DE THEBES, the Parisian prophetess, has now published her forecasts for 1911. As regards Russia, the fate of that country is to be such, she declares, that, rather than say what she has read in the book of destiny, she prefers to hope that she has been mistaken. This is supposed to point either to a war with Monaco, in which Russia will be defeated and annexed, or else to a visit from the KAISER.

* * *

The QUEEN, we read, made a number of Christmas purchases of toys from the Soldiers' and Sailors' Help Society. Among the articles Her Majesty bought was a collapsible doll's house. We do hope that this will not be taken as an encouragement to jerry-builders.

* * *

An interesting feature of the Windsor Strollers' performances at the new Windsor Theatre, *The Daily Mail* tells us, was the appearance on the boards of a veteran amateur actor, aged 86. We believe, however, that this record has often been beaten in the *corps de ballet*.

Mr. W. HOPPE, a well-known American billiard player, has just married Miss ALICE WALSH, of New York, whom he rescued from drowning in the surf at Atlantic City. We are so glad that this pretty custom of wedding the lady whom one saves from drowning is not falling into desuetude. Personally we always do it.

* * *

In a letter to *The Postman's Gazette* on the subject of the proposed new shako, one of the men of letters pleads that, whatever design be adopted, it should provide a cap that will "not only be protective but smart and, if possible, artistic, and thus attract and not frighten the lovely young maiden who would woo a postman." The addition of a few artificial flowers would only cost a trifle.

* * *

The Globe mentions, in its "Hints on Health," that a correspondent has written to say that an infallible cure for hiccoughs is "to hang by the hands with the legs clear of the ground, the hands well apart, and the breath held for, say, fifteen seconds." Ropes, with handles, suspended from the roof will now, we presume, be a feature of every well-arranged civic banquet.

* * *

"CATHEDRAL THEFT"

is a heading which attracts our attention in a newspaper. Where were the police? One would think it would be impossible for anyone to steal a cathedral without being stopped.

* * *

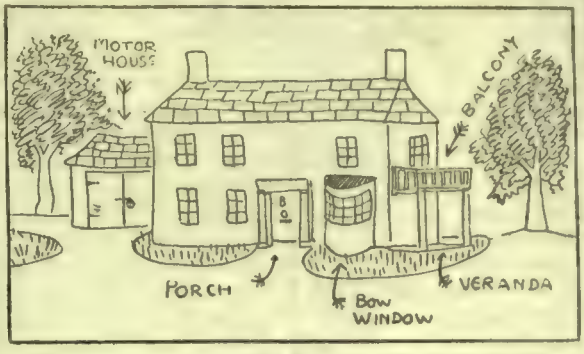
It is denied that the "Twopenny Tube" is about to emulate the example of the Metropolitan Railway, and exhibit in its carriages a series of Interesting Views on the Central London Railway.

* * *

"A brave act was witnessed in Reading," *The Evening News* tells us, "when GEORGE NEVILLE, a brewer's drayman, affected the rescue of a child in the River Kennet." We trust that he "affected" it favourably.

* * *

"Darling," said the wife, "I shall want a little more money for house-keeping this week, as I made all those cakes for Christmas Day." The purse-bearer lost his amiable look for a moment. "Well, I can't make bricks without straw," explained the wife.



THIS IS THE ROUGH IDEA FOR HIS NEW HOUSE WHICH MR. JONES GAVE TO HIS ARCHITECT.



AND THIS IS THE IDEA WHICH THE ARCHITECT THEN GAVE TO MR. JONES.

"Cheltenham can be regained at the next time of asking, but this only if we are all equally determined that all those other petty, childish, but yet formidable and insidious seeds of weakness should be, once and for all, rooted out, lock, stock, and barrel."
Cheltenham Looker-on.

See next page for portrait of elderly gentleman rooting out a seed by the barrel.

"The concert and dance promoted in its initial state for the purpose of encouraging sociability and intercourse between the board of trade members and their families is a departure from the regular course of the board's line of action and it is thought that the move will prove one of exceptional merit."
Vancouver World.

There *must* be simpler ways of getting to know one's own family.

What to do with your White Elephant.

"Elephant, trimmed black, evening, day three-quarter wrap; new; 12s. 6d."
Advt. in "The Lady."

His Besetting Sin.

"Sam's exclamation this time was of a stronger nature. 'Well, I'm hanged!' he said furiously."—*"Star" Feuilleton.*

We have spoken to Sam about this before.

WICK BURGHS: THE LAST PHASE.

("Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle.")

WE watched her keel across the bar go
From free wee Kirkwall town;
We watched her skipper dump his cargo
Of ballot-boxes down;
An Empire hung with pale complexions
Upon the tidings, tick by tick;
For Fate had left, in these Elections,
The final word with Wick.

Shetland, that old-established Thule,
Her bloodless fight had closed;
Had nominated, well and duly,
Her WASON unopposed;
The immemorial right she wielded
To play the last protracted trick—
That privilege she now had yielded,
Handing it on to Wick.

So ends the combat, loud and gory,
That cost a cool two million quid,
And leaves the rivals, Rad and Tory,
Standing (like Scotland) where they did;
And I, for one—I can't help saying,
As I review the dead and quick,
This futile game that we 've been playing
Was hardly worth the wick. O. S.

OUR WONDERFUL WORLD.

"EVERY genuine Teddy Bear has a small button in the ear." Did you know that? *I* didn't. Yet it is the sort of thing one ought to know, otherwise one may be imposed upon. Before the postman came this morning I shouldn't have been aware of the awfulness of a Teddy Bear without a button. Now that I have received *The Xmas Bazaar* I feel that a buttonless Teddy Bear would be a disgrace.

It is an entrancing volume, *The Xmas Bazaar*. Its roll of Teddy Bears (each with a button in the ear) by no means exhausts its interest. Were you aware, I wonder, that London contains a Plush Jointed Dachshund? I wasn't—not until I beheld him waddling across a page of *The Xmas Bazaar*. Would you like a Puddle Duck? Or an Indestructible Stuffed Territorial? They are all in *The Xmas Bazaar*. And have you met Squinting Micky? He (I quote) "flaps both ears, squints with both eyes, and can also move his arms and mouth." Many readers of *The Xmas Bazaar* cannot flap either ear. . . . As for Clockwork Foxy Grandpa—but he only costs tenpence-halfpenny, so we shall not bother about *him*. I doubt whether he has a button in his ear.

These, however, are, after all, mere toys for the young. Their elders require more intellectual amusement. *The Xmas Bazaar* has not overlooked the fact. Rightly, indeed, do we speak of a merry Christmas. What Christmas could be less than merry if you have taken the precaution to provide yourself with a fivepenny packet of Beetles in the Beer? What! Never heard of Beetles in the Beer? Hear, then, and marvel. "The joker quietly drops one of these beetles into his beer"—champagne would perhaps do as well—"and then objects to drink it until an offer is made to exchange the liquor. However, on second thoughts"—it is taken for granted that the joker is a subtle comedian—"after removing the beetle he drinks the beer. The company feel ill at the sickly sight. Great joke to those in the secret."

It made me rock with laughter even to read of it. Unfortunately I am a teetotaler, so instead of Beetles in the Beer I think I shall get The Ladies' Cigarette Box. "This dainty box has a small ball in the cover. When your lady friend presses the ball to obtain a cigarette, she receives a spray of water on the nose." Capital! And *how* my lady friends will laugh!

Concerning the Joke of the Season (price 6½*d.*) I am less sure. *The Xmas Bazaar* seems to speak with a more uncertain note on this subject: "Show your friend the latest handy Flash Light, tell him coloured lights will appear when the button is slightly pressed. Suggest he goes under the table to get a good effect, which he does. On his return you know how he has been sold. With one of these jokes in your possession you will have endless fun." Quite so. But, well, how *has* he been sold? *The Xmas Bazaar* is silent on this head. And suppose your friend is too stupid to care about coloured lights, and declines to accept your suggestion that he should go under the table? The world is full of curmudgeons who protest that they dislike going under tables. I shall not risk my sixpence-halfpenny on The Joke of the Season.

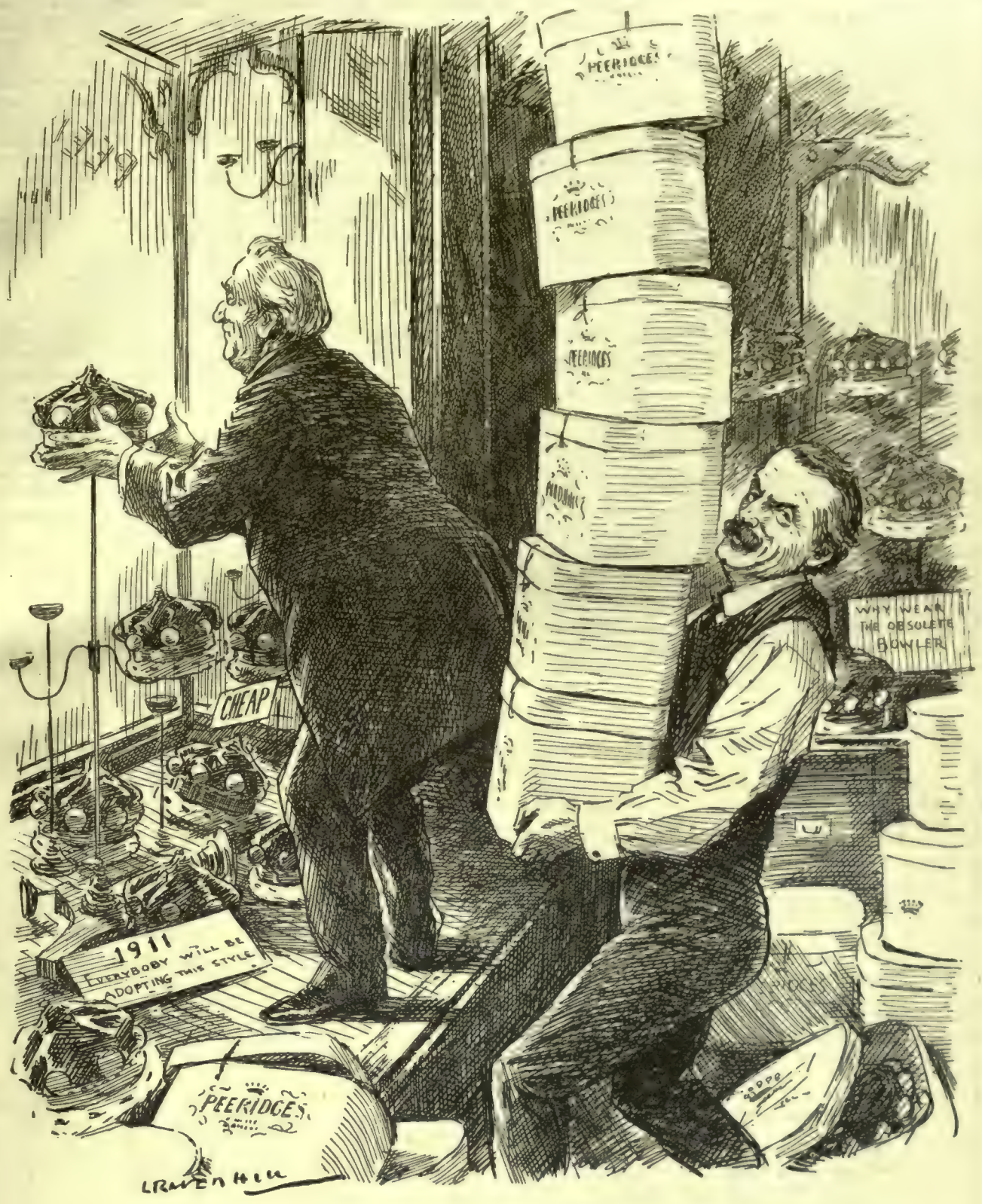
Instead, I think I must buy The Scent Bottle Joke. It costs threepence, and here again we have an opportunity of delighting our dear ones. "When your friend"—it is well to keep a large supply of friends—"removes the cork to smell the perfume, the contents of bottle empties down his sleeve." Yes, it is certainly desirable to have a large supply of friends.

And while you are about it you had better spend a shilling on the really stunning humorous effect entitled, "'Oh! Oh!' she cried." You might not guess it from its price, but it is a jewel-case. Succinctly its virtues are described: "Snake jumps out of Jewel Box. Creates screams of laughter."

Hark, too, to the virtues of The Crash Bang Joke. They are simplicity itself. "A number of pieces of tuned metal when thrown on ground give the sound of glass smashing." Here, plainly, we have the invention of an acute psychologist. If The Crash Bang Joke does not reach the heart of the British people, nothing will. It is redolent of Yuletide's spirit of merriment.

Among the minor accessories of a happy Christmas, as pictured in this suggestive volume, are Imitation Cigar Ends. "We have designed a perfect cigar end"—I can almost see the great conclave at which the perfect cigar end was worked out—"and are offering these at 1*d.* each." And what, you ask (for your wits are working slowly, you know), is the precise application of the perfect cigar end? You would never guess, to look at it, that it was not to be placed nicely in an ash-tray. No, it is to be thrown into the middle of the billiard table—to give your host a bad moment of fear for his cloth. They need waking up, these Idle Rich. Please send me one dozen of your perfect cigar ends.

Another fellow who ought to have some of the conceit taken out of him is the fussy Good Samaritan. For twopence you can cure him of his coddling ways by providing yourself with The Finger Stall. It is a great notion, The Finger Stall. "Your friend" (if you have any left by now) "questions you about your cut finger, then ask him to tie a piece of tape to keep the stall secure. Just as he is about to tie a knot, you turn around, leaving the stall in his possession. The poor fellow, thinking your finger has come off, gives a shrieking yell. YOU MUST HAVE ONE!" *Farceur!*



THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME.

OUR MR. ASQUITH. "FIVE HUNDRED CORONETS, DIRT-CHEAP! THIS LINE OF GOODS OUGHT TO MAKE BUSINESS A BIT BRISKER, WHAT?"

OUR MR. LLOYD GEORGE. "NOT HALF; BOUND TO GO LIKE HOT CAKES."

CINDERELLA'S DIARY.

(Picked up in a Provincial Theatre.)

Tuesday.—Sometimes I think I am a very lucky girl, having two big sisters to look after me. I expect there are lots of young girls who have nobody at all, and I think they must be so lonely. There is always plenty of fun going on in our house. Yesterday I heard Sister Fred telling Sister Bert something about her old man coming home very late one night—I didn't quite understand who the old man was, or what it was all about, but I know Sister Bert thought it was very funny, and I seemed to hear a lot of people laughing; perhaps it was the fairies. And then whenever Sister Bert sits down she always pulls her skirt right up to her knees, so as people can see her stockings. I mean there's always *something* amusing happening.

Of course I have a good deal of work to do, and all the washing up, but my sisters are so big and strong that one can't expect them to bother themselves with niggling little things like that. Besides, they have so many other things to do. Only this morning, when Sister Bert was just going to sit down, Sister Fred pulled away her chair, and she sat on the floor and her legs went up in the air. She said it was a "grand slam," which some of us thought very funny. I didn't laugh myself because I never go out anywhere, and so I don't understand topical remarks, but I do think it is nice to live in such an amusing house.

(Later).—A wonderful thing has happened! Two messengers came from the Prince an hour ago to invite us to the ball to-night! I'd never seen a messenger in my life, so I peeped out of the chimney corner at them and wondered if they would stay to tea. But instead of that my sisters put up what they call a "trapeze" (I never knew we had one before), and the messengers did some *extraordinary* things on it, I thought they would kill themselves. After it was over, Sister Fred told them a lot of stories about the old man, and altogether it was quite different from what I expected. Ours *is* a funny house.

As soon as the messengers had gone, my sisters began to get ready for the ball. I knew I shouldn't be able to go, because I haven't got a frock, and I simply *couldn't* wear anything of theirs, they are so much bigger than I am. They finished dressing *downstairs* for some reason, where anybody might have seen them—they are so funny about things like that—and we had a lot of laughter about the clothes being too tight and so on. I think anything like that is so amusing. Then they went off, and here I am all alone. It is getting dark, and so I am going to cheer myself up by singing a little.

(Later).—*I am going to the Ball!* My Fairy Godmother, whom I had often heard about, suddenly came to see us. I told her my sisters were out, and she asked where they had gone, and wouldn't I like to go too, so of course I said I should *love* it. So I am going, and she has got a frock for me and everything. She is very kind, but not quite so *fairylike* as I expected.

Wednesday.—I have had a *lovely* time, and I think I am in love. I got to the Ball just as the juggling and the ventriloquism were over—it must be a delightful Court to live in—and there was *such* a sensation as I appeared. The Prince singled me out at once. He has the pinkest cheeks and the reddest lips of any man I know, and his voice is soft and gentle, and oh! I love him. One wants a man to be manly and a woman to be womanly, and I don't think I should love a man if he were at all like Sister Fred or Sister Bert. The Prince is *quite* different. We were alone most of the time, and we sang several songs together. My sisters never recognised me; it was most surprising. I heard Sister Fred telling a very fine-looking gentleman a story about a lodger (whatever that is) who had a bit of a head; it sounded very humorous. Wherever Sister Fred goes there is sure to be fun. I am indeed a lucky girl to have two such sisters and to be in love with a Prince. Sister Bert sat down on the floor twice—it was most amusing.

A terrible thing happened just as the clock struck twelve. All my clothes turned into rags, and I just *ran* out of the room, I was so frightened. Then I remembered what my Fairy Godmother had said about leaving before twelve o'clock. I suppose she knew what would happen if I didn't. I'm afraid I left a glass slipper behind—I hope she won't mind about it.

Well, I've had a lovely time. Even if I never see the Prince again, I shall always have this to look back to. I don't mind *what* happens now.

Thursday.—I am going to marry the Prince! I can't believe it is true. Perhaps it is only a dream, and I shall wake up soon, but even if it's a dream it's just as good as if it were real. It was all because of the slipper I left behind. The Prince said that he would marry the person whom it fitted, because he had fallen in love with the lady who wore it at the ball (*me!*), and so everybody tried it on. And they came to our house, and Sister Bert tried it on. She pulled her skirt up to her knees and made everybody laugh, but even then she couldn't get into it. And Sister Fred made a lot of faces, but *she* couldn't. So I said, "Let *me* try," and they all laughed, but the Prince said I should, and of course it fitted at once. Then they all recognised me, and the Prince kissed me, and a whole lot of people came into the house who had never been invited, and we had the trapeze out again, and there was juggling and ventriloquism, and we all sang songs about somebody called Flanagan (whom I don't think I have ever met), and Sister Bert kept sitting down suddenly on the floor. (But the Prince didn't think this was at all funny, so I expect I must have been right all the time when I have only *pretended* to laugh. I used to think that perhaps I hadn't a sense of humour.) And then the Prince kissed me again, and my Fairy Godmother came in and kissed us both. Of course we do owe it all to her really, and I shall tell Charming so.

I do think I am a wonderful person!

A. A. M.

CRACKER MOTTOES.

For Mr. Lloyd George.

"Either I am the foremost horse in the team, or I am none."—FLETCHER.

For the Lord Advocate.

"Oh no, we never Pension them!"
HAYNES BAILY (*revised*).

For Mr. T. P. O'Connor.

"Much have I travelled in the realms of gold."—KEATS.

For Mr. J. L. Garvin.

"The observed of all Observers."
SHAKSPEARE (*Hamlet*).

For Mr. F. E. S.

"Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith."—O. W. HOLMES.

For Home Rulers.

"You k'n hide de fier, but w'at you gwine do wid de smoke?"
JOEL HARRIS.

For the People.

"Play with your peers."—*Proverb.*

For the Socialist.

"I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls!"
Bohemian Girl.

For Tariff Reform.

"He'd make a lovely corpse!"
CHARLES DICKENS (*Martin Chuzzlewit*).

For the Country.

"England does not love coalitions!"
LORD BEACONSFIELD.



Maid. "PLEASE, 'M, COOK'S CAUGHT A MOUSE IN THE TRAP!" *Mistress.* "WELL, DROWN IT."
Maid. "YES, 'M; D' YOU THINK IT 'UD LIKE 'OT WATER, OR COLD?"

TO MY POSTMAN.

(A YULETIDE HOMILY.)

HENRY or William, as the case may be
(Or let me call you Herbert, like your master),
Unbinder of the bags of destiny,
The meter-out of sunshine and disaster,
I noticed, Herb,
You capped me yestermorning on the kerb.

You want your Christmas box? but tell me why;
Your cousin in the casque and beetle-biffers
Who quells obstruction with his awful eye
When frays occur or when the cabman differs,
He, as a rule,
Has earned the silvery palm he wears at Yule;

He keeps the pestilential tramp away;
Blend of the tireless sleuth-hound and the tough lynx,
He nearly always knows the time of day,
And nabs the felon who would pouch my cuff-links;
But you, old son,
What, in the name of SAMUEL, have you done?

Have you not always tried to fob me off
With stale old bills, and futile propaganda,
And moneylenders' ads, and cures for cough,
When I was faint for something from Amanda?
Ay, and far worse,
When I expected meeds for flower-like verse?

Morns there have been—ay! blush for it as red
As your own pillar-box—when you have simply
Passed by the front-door gate, and cut me dead,
Though all your sack with envelopes was pimply:
Never a line
To feed the sacred Muse, the fire divine.

Others again, when you have brought me—wet
With tears of editors—some homing sonnet,
Wrapped in a note like this of wild regret:—
"Your manuscript has every sign upon it
Of heaven-born flame,
But will not suit us. Thanks for offering same."

At times you 've roused me from the evening lamp
For some absurdly unimportant billet
(Because it failed to wear your footling stamp)
To squander twopence—by Apollo's fillet!
At times to weep
Over some card returned from death's long sleep.

This is the way, O Herb, you 've done your job,
And now you seek for largesse from the poet!
Small value have I found for this five bob,
Still, as you say, it 's Christmas; I 'll bestow it;
Only look here!
My correspondence *must* improve next year. EVOE.

"GREAT MASTERS OF LANDS ARE PAINTING."
Advt. in "The Times."

This is what our peer landlords are reduced to for a living!

OF LIGHT VERSE.

ANOTHER collection of the lighter and gayer sort of poetry has just come into the world, and I make haste to welcome it, not, indeed, as having read it through from cover to cover, but as having used it aright by dipping into it again and yet again. It is called *A Book of Light Verse*, has been gathered together by Mr. R. M. LEONARD, and is published by the Oxford University Press. Now that the Cambridge Press has taken up *The Encyclopædia Britannica*, with all its apparatus of Transatlantic booms and touting circulars, it is pleasant to see the printers of Oxford modestly putting forth this delightful edition of pretty immortalities.

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Mr. LEONARD has done his work with skill and discretion. He gives us less than six pages of preface, and two of these are taken up by a quotation of Mr. LOCKER-LAMPSON'S famous definition from the preface to *Lyra Elegantiarum*. In the body of the book he has grouped his poems pleasantly according to their subjects, and has added a small body of notes. Certainly he is catholic in his taste, for, though he includes no living masters (they may still be bought to their own profit in their own volumes), he ranges from CHAUCER through CAMPION, HERRICK, PRIOR, LOVELACE and all the rest of them to J. K. STEPHEN. I do not say that I agree with him on every single point of his selections or his omissions, but I agree, and I think most readers will agree, in the vast majority of points, and no anthologist can properly ask or obtain more.

***

It is agreeable to find light verse frankly recognised by a great and learned university. Too often there has been more than a hint of patronage in the attitude of the academic towards the airy sportiveness of the friendly muse, as though we were to understand that the light versifier must not presume to count himself a poet because men had been beguiled by his efforts into a smile. Now, however, all this is changed, no doubt owing to the presence in Oxford of Mr. A. D. GODLEY, a most witty poet and a profoundly learned man. Let us agree, then, that if a man is to write good light verse he must be a poet, though he may consciously circumscribe his genius. He may refrain from those loftier flights in which a great poet exercises his wings, but wings he must have, though they never bear him beyond the pretty garden-flowers or out of hearing of the pleasant conversation of his friends.

***

What, then, is this kind of verse, and with what subjects does it deal? It may be playful or tender, but it must not be spiteful or mawkish. It may be humorous or regretful, but the humour must not be mere buffoonery and the regret must not become a bitter lamentation. It can sport with the little grief of a child, but it has no concern with the tragedy that ruins a man's life. It may invite a friend; it can never denounce or trample on a foe. It can prick folly as it flies, but it averts its gaze from vice. It may recognise with a sigh the sense of tears in mortal things; it may even shed a half-acknowledged tear; but its sorrow is touched with resignation and with hope. It may play lightly with the emotions, but it leaves to others barbarous and elemental passions. It is refined without affectation, polite without servility; often conventional, but never dull. It may be serious in intention, but it must be sparkling in manner. Even if it speaks in the guise of a lover it must be ready to laugh love away with a jest. It may be as gay and gallant as the ideal courtier, but a loyal heart must beat beneath the silks and laces even while the pretty compliment is being turned. Friendship it delights in, and the cheerful intercourse of men and all that is pure and of good report. It can smile with you along the pleasant paths; it can encourage you with happy raillery or console you with a song when the ways are rough and thorny; and through all and above all it offers you a companionship which is never exacting, a learning which is never pedantic, and a knowledge of life which is never ponderous.



"NOW, JOHNNY, WHAT WAS THE SERMON ABOUT?"
"WEREN'T YOU LISTENING, MOTHER?"

***

So much for what I may call the spirit of light verse. As to its execution much might be said and many examples might be given if space permitted. Here I must content myself with saying that the language must be simple, natural, and easy. The sentences must flow in a happy sequence of the right words. There must be no rough inversions tearing the words from their due order merely to suit the exigencies of rhyme or metre. This is to be the abject slave of your rhymes, instead of their gallant master. And as to the rhymes themselves, they must have the appearance of being absolutely inevitable, as though, in fact, they were the only words which enabled the writer to express his thought adequately. Even those daring acrobats of verse who dance on a tight-rope of three-syllable rhymes must have a care to their feet, for a slip may be fatal. And if anyone should dare to rhyme "harder" with "Armada" and "grate" with "great" he will be held doubly accursed, first as a Cockney and next as a Frenchman—so far at least as his wretched rhymes are concerned.

R. C. L.



Yokel. "'OUNDS BE GONE ACROST YONDER, MISTER." *Boxing-Day Sportsman.* "OH, HANG THE HOUNDS. WHERE'S THE HOTEL?"

YULETIDE YARNS.—2.

"Ring out the false; ring in the true."

THE WAITS.

The False.

Listen to the sweet refrain
Floating down the moonlit lane—
Wench and stripling, lad and lass,
Chanting *Good King Wenceslas.*

The True.

Every evening at the gate
Figures the accurséd Wait:
All of them, I say, are curs'd;
But the basses are the worst.

THE POSTMAN'S CHRISTMAS BOX.

The False.

"This has been a heavy year;
Give him half-a-sovereign, dear."

The True.

"Nothing but rejected verse!
Tell the man I've lost my purse."

CRACKERS.

The False.

There are crackers for the boys,
Crammed with quips and caps and toys.

The True.

There is something which they lack;
Crackers do not always crack.

SNOWBALLING.

The False.

Everyone whose heart is right
Loves to have a snowball fight.

The True.

I have never loved it yet;
English snow is very wet.

SKATING.

The False.

O'er the ringing ice we skim,
Glad at heart and lithe of limb.

The True.

Skating is a fraud, I think;
There is plenty at the rink.

SLIDING.

The False.

When it freezes, we shall make
Splendid slides upon the lake.

The True.

If I want to have a fall,
I can get it in the hall.

SKI-ING.

The False.

"Let us *ski* across the downs;
We can call upon the Browns."

The True.

"On the whole I feel that we
Should not shine upon a *ski*."

SEEING THE NEW YEAR IN.

The False.

Here we stand, mid frost and rime,
List'ning for the village chime;
Soon the solemn note is heard,
And the Vicar says a word.

The True.

Playing Bridge, we do not hear
When the bells ring off the year,
And discover with a shock
It is nearly two o'clock.

Seasonable Greeting.

FOR SITTING MEMBERS.—"Mr. Blank begs to wish you the compliments of the season and to solicit the favour of your vote at all the elections in the New Year."

"The ship rides the Atlantic waves with ridiculous ease, and most of the passengers have mustered for every meal."
The Daily Telegraph.

It is really quite an ordinary condiment. (N.B.—To get the full flavour of this paragraph read it aloud to your friends.)

The Flowing Bowl.

"CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES.
Give your friends ——'s soda water."
Advt. in "Manchester Guardian."

Keep it moving, Perkins.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE BLUE BIRD."

ON my second annual visit to Mr. TRENCH'S aviary in the Haymarket I confess that I forfeited the Luxury-of-Being-in-one's-Stall-at-the-Start in favour of the more human Happiness-of-Dining-in-Comfort. But I saw quite as many beautiful things as I can ever take in at one sitting. I did not however find occasion to make any great change in my opinion of M. MAETERLINCK'S work. I felt, as I felt before, that if he chooses to represent the search for



Gentleman with pear-shaped figure, to Tyltyl (Master ERIC RAE). "I am the Luxury-of-Owning-Land."

Peer's Voice (from the Pit). "Then you must have been overlooked by Lloyd George!"

happiness symbolically in the concrete shape of children looking about for a Blue Bird, he should be logical with his symbols and not make them behave as they never would or could; not make his children hang about churchyards at midnight, for instance, or inspect caverns full of noxious bogies.

In any work, too, of which the decorative quality keeps the eye busily employed, I protest that the spectator ought not to be made to think too furiously. The general scheme of this allegory may be simple enough, but over its details, often apparently arbitrary, one exhausts oneself in trying to discover a meaning where I daresay the author himself was at a loss to know what he was driving at.

The new scenes, showing (1) a feast of wanton and obese gourmands; (2) the same as gibbering brown spectres stripped of their external gauds and internal adipose deposit; (3) a bevy of higher Happinesses, did not help much to remedy the inconsistency of the author's original design. For here, to judge by their nomenclature, we have a host of abstractions—such as the Happiness-of-Being-Well, and the Joy-of-Walking-Barefoot-in-the-Dew—imported into a play which sets out to illustrate its ideas by symbolism. What are these humanised abstractions doing here? They ought to be birds. If you start by symbolising your Happiness-in-Chief as a Blue Pigeon then your particular Happinesses should be represented by Blue Canaries and Green Thrushes and Purple Tomtits. The fact is that M. MAETERLINCK has strung loosely together some pretty fancies and moral lessons, and that Mr. TRENCH has given them an amazingly beautiful setting; but to say that *The Blue Bird* is a perfect work of art, in any constructive sense, is to talk through one's Gibus.

In the interval that followed these novelties I own that I freely enjoyed the Luxury-of-Not-Being-Preached-at. What the boy *Tyltyl* thought of it all I can't imagine; or how he contrived to escape the self-consciousness which everybody was working hard to instil into him. It is enormously to the credit of his undefeatable innocence that he didn't wake up next morning a confirmed prig. It was no fault of the style of instruction employed by his guides and councillors—*Light* and *Night*, and the Caretaker of the Palace of Happiness—from whose lips came a steady flow of adult rhetoric like a dictation lesson. What should a little child of nature want to know, for example, of the "peerless joy of maternal love"? All this kind of thing was really being shot over his head at the larger intelligences of stall and pit.

The play could well do with a little more comic relief, though Mr. RIGBY, as *Bread*, contributed some nice effects in this line, and *Tyltyl* was funny among the tombstones. Personally, I never frequent churchyards at midnight and cannot say whether jokes about the dead are regarded as more seemly at this hour than in broad daylight. Master ERIC RAE was extraordinarily good, and showed, I thought, a more appreciative interest in the various exhibits than the previous *Tyltyl* did. I missed Miss INA PELLY as *Water*, but she had had a hand in the charming dances, and her place was well filled by Miss SEYLER.

The lighting (and darkening) was admirably handled, notably in the approach to the Land of Memory, but the veiled movements of the white draperies in the gloom of the forest were too rapid, and gave the effect of a pillow-fight.

I should like to end by saying that, after all traceable faults have been found, *The Blue Bird*, if not taken too seriously (as in some of the above stodgy remarks), is a really delightful entertainment. O. S.

"OUR LITTLE CINDERELLA."

On another page I have made a guess at the way in which modern pantomime strikes Cinderella. Let me say at once that I do not mean *Cinderella* of the Playhouse, for Mr. LEO TREVOR has made a gallant attempt to escape from modern pantomime. His "ugly sisters" are women, his Prince is a man; for this alone he deserves our thanks. Moreover the story goes along straightforwardly, without any pauses for performing seals and such, while the lyrics have a real connection with the plot, and never wander into irrelevant



"Maude, with his exquisite face,
And wild voice pealing up to the sunny sky."
Tennyson.

Mr. CYRIL MAUDE ... ... *Lord Punterfield.*

inquiries after Kelly. In fact, Mr. TREVOR gave himself every chance of success, and then, alas! just missed it.

I first began to fear that he had missed it when one of the sisters started cutting short her words in the manner of PHIL RAY. This method of conversation, straight from the Tivoli, always makes me laugh, but it also made me wonder whether Mr. TREVOR meant to borrow anything else from the music-halls. And so when fun began to be extracted from the fact that the *Baron's*

clothes smelt unpleasantly of Bloomer's Beetle Powder, and when the *Baron* bent down to the accompaniment of a loud tearing noise, why then I knew that we should have to wait till next year for the real *Cinderella*.

But *Our Little Cinderella* will do to go on with; it is a step in the right direction. HERMANN LÖHR'S music is pretty, the play is beautifully staged, and the lyrics of ARTHUR WIMPERIS are well above the average. (One verse, in a song called "*The Captain*," should be left out; decent theatres don't sneer at the Territorials nowadays.) And if some of the "book" is a little stuffy there is a good deal in it that is fresh and charming. In fact, it comes midway between *Pinkie* and Pantomime; and the question is whether its attempt to attract the devotees of each will make a lasting appeal to those of either. Luckily, however, for the success of The Playhouse afternoons one hears a lot of the "moderate man" just now.

Mr. CYRIL MAUDE as the Baron, *Lord Punterfield*, is as delightful in this sort of play as he is in any other. He, his servant *Massenger* (Mr. H. J. FORD), and *Hurlingham* (Mr. ROBERT AVERELL) provided most of the fun, the last-named being a real tower of strength to the cast. Mr. HUBERT BROMILOW was an extremely handsome Prince, but I don't think he ought to have made eyes at the stalls. Both the sisters were good; and Miss MARGERY MAUDE was very sweet and simple and pretty as *Cinderella*. I liked her best in her old clothes and with her hair down, and she too seemed more at home then. To one dear little fairy, whom I take to have been Miss RENÉE MAYER, I offer my humble tribute of thanks—bless her! M.



Indignant Lady. "I'VE BEEN WAVING AND SHOUTING TO THE DRIVER. WHERE ARE HIS EYES?"

Conductor. "THE FACT IS, LADY, HE'S ONLY GOT ONE PAIR, AND HE KEEPS THEM FOR HIS MISSUS."

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS;

OR, THE NEW IDEALISM.

IT has been urged upon Mr. HAROLD COX and Mr. BELLOC that they should stand again for Parliament, not as Liberals or Conservatives, but in the Business Government interest. Hitherto, however, the Business party's demands have not been defined. Perhaps the following Election Address might be found useful when the time comes.

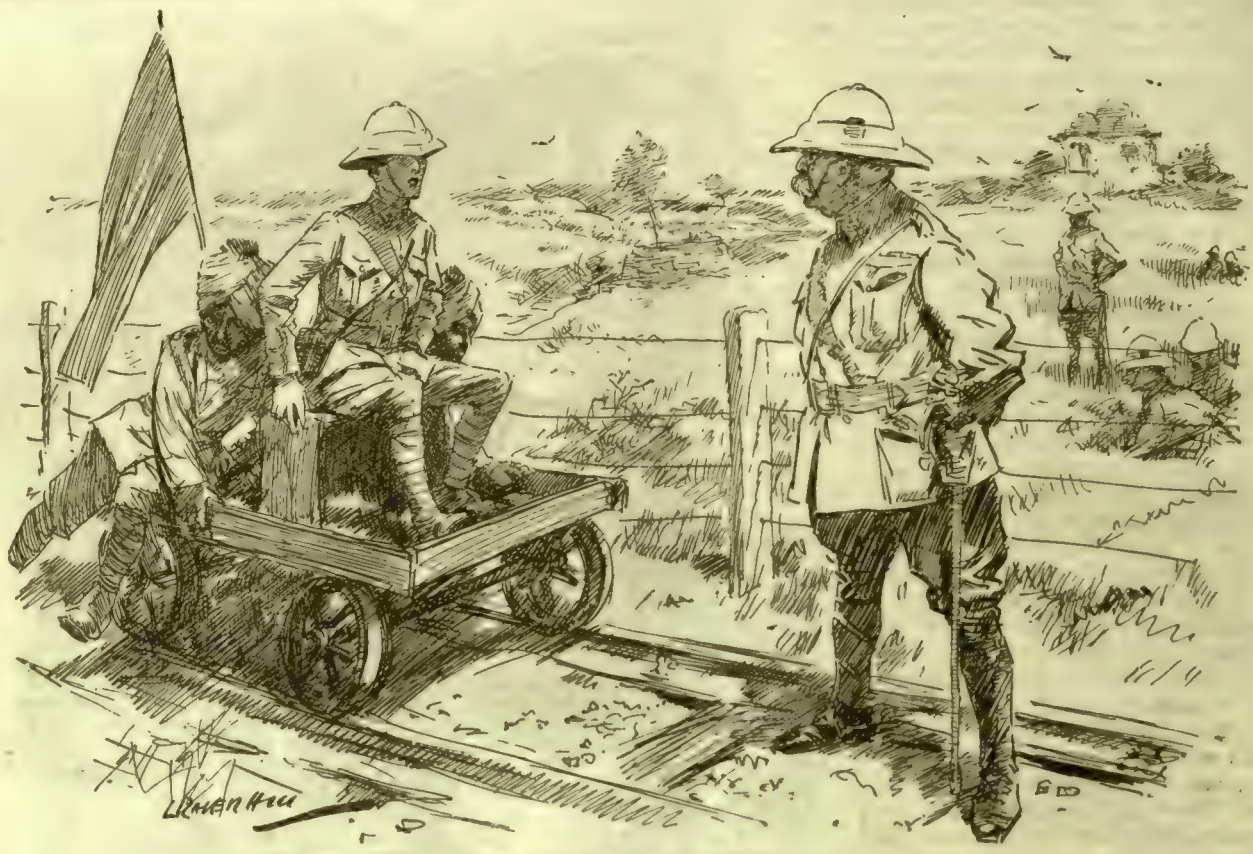
To the Electors of——

Gentlemen (or to be more practical, Men) of——, I come before you as a Candidate for the vacancy caused by the [*here state reason of bye-election*] of your late Member. I will not waste either your time or my own by polite and flattering circumlocution, which means nothing. I do not consider you the most enlightened set of voters in the country, nor do you want to be called so. We understand each other. I want to get into Parliament in order to keep an eye on the rascals already there, and see that they do not talk too much and too insincerely and squander public money; you want a representative who will protect your interests.

The old fetish of Party is dead, so far as I am concerned. When the Government brings in a measure that I believe in I shall vote for it; when it brings in a measure that I do not care about I shall vote against it. I intend to be equally at home in both Lobbies if need be; and the Government Whip and I will never be heard calling each other "old chap."

My ideal of the House of Commons is a kind of glorified Whiteley's. Every holder of office must understand his department through and through. The first essential in a Foreign Secretary is fluent French and a smattering, of course, of other tongues, therefore I should go for him to the Berligo School of Languages and take their most capable linguist. The War Minister should be a practical soldier, and one knows only too well where to find him. The Chancellor of the Exchequer should understand finance; a ROTHSCHILD could easily be found for the post, and who better? The best Home Secretary is an experienced London stipendiary magistrate. (No humourist need apply.) The perfect Postmaster-General would be an elderly, thoughtful postman. And so on. All my selections, you observe, would be characterised by a blunt, genial common sense.

As for the Premier, he should above all things be a shrewd, prosperous man



INDIAN MANŒUVRES.

Peppery Colonel. "CAN'T COME THIS WAY, YOUNGSTER, WE'RE DESTROYING THE LINE."
Nervous Sub. "BUT EXCUSE ME, SIR, I'M A—ER—ARMOURED TRAIN."
Colonel. "ARMOURED TRAIN, ARE YOU? WELL, I'M A D——D FLYING MACHINE! SO CLEAR OUT!"

of affairs, one who knows the world and is awake to its little games, as high above party as poverty, and accustomed to authority. I should not demand in him any intimacy with Parliamentary procedure; he could always be kept right by legal advisers at his elbow. What I do demand in him is commercial imagination, the instinct for success. Such a man, for example, as Sir THOMAS LIPTON or Mr. JOSEPH LYONS or Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES—men who have worked their way to positions of eminence and respect—men whose names are familiar as household words—men to whom failure is unknown and unthinkable—men who have no gift of spurious rhetoric, no mediæval superstitions, no patience with frippery, no aptitude for marking time. Such a man it would be a pleasure and privilege to serve, and under him England would rapidly recover her old commercial prestige and gain a reputation for mercantile ability that she has never yet enjoyed.

This, Voters of ——, is my creed. Return me as your Member and I will do my best for you and for the country. Your Friend.

THE REJECTED PHRASE.

THE poor old fellow groaned and then rose wearily.

"Well, well," he cried. "I suppose I shall have to go on the rates. . . .

"You don't understand? Perhaps you don't know all the years I've been employed, Sir. I have been employed regularly. I have scarcely missed an election; '68, '74, '80 ('85 I don't count—I was out of work for such a short time), '86, '92, '95. I had a fat job on each occasion. All the papers gave me space. But there's an end at last."

I nodded sympathetically, as if I understood, which I didn't.

"When did you begin to suffer?" I asked.

"1900," he answered promptly; "1900 was the beginning. I saw before the election was three days old that I'd get no work *that* time! And I didn't. However, 1906 cheered me up. I had a thoroughly good run all the election."

"Then what has happened since?"

"The election of last January has happened since! This December election has happened since! The Liberals have had a majority three times running. I had made quite certain of regular employment by their Press this time, but——"

"But who *are* you, anyhow?" I burst out.

"I? Surely you know me? I used to be one of the best known election phrases in England. I've had my place in the leading article of nearly every losing side since '68. But while I managed to hang on in '85 and 1900, I can't hang on any longer. I'm the well-known SWING OF THE PENDULUM!"

An advertisement in the *Nassau Guardian and Bahama Islands Advocate and Intelligencer* (the paper everybody is talking about just now—it's on all the bookstalls; you simply *must* have a copy)—well, an advertisement in it starts as follows:

"In connection with my Fresh Meat Trade I have installed a Cold Storage Cabinet in which I can take care of all my customers."

The rush for places in this Cabinet in hot weather is said to be terrific; even Mr. ASQUITH has never experienced anything like it.



NO MOURNERS.

The Old Year. "I'M AFRAID I HAVEN'T BEEN VERY POPULAR. TOO LITTLE SUN, AND TOO MANY ELECTIONS." [*Dies.*

PATAGONIAN WRESTLING.

(By a "Times" expert.)

AFTER the Icelandic wrestlers come the Patagonians, the *dernier cri* in the annals of the *palaestra*. Ball games—if we except the primitive sport known as Boltibol, introduced by the troglodyte immigrants from Peru in the eighth century—have never caught on in Patagonia, and it is not surprising that the gigantic aborigines, a gizzard-hearted set of men who preferred fighting to every other pastime, should have adopted wrestling as their favourite diversion.

As far back as the fifteenth century Prince Alfonso, known as the *Trottore di Globo*, alluded to the species of co-operation contest known as *Skrimchanko*, practised by the Patagonian braves on the borders of Tierra del Fuego. From that day until the visit of Mr. HESKETH PRICHARD the knowledge of *Skrim*, as it is generally called, was a jealously guarded national secret, and no exhibition was given before strangers until Mr. PRICHARD'S visit in quest of the Giant Sloth, when two Patagonian Bishops, Snitram Stykkibak and Tango Blennidip, wrestled in his presence at the Court of King Cocodrillo.

Now, however, the barrier is broken down, and Occabot Tucyvan, the champion of Patagonia, is giving object-lessons in co-operative *Skrimchanko* to the Londoners. Years ago this writer saw Patagonian wrestling in the Falkland Islands, but the performance was perfunctory, and a charming young giantess, measuring 6 ft. 8 in. in her stockings, with amber-coloured hair and emerald eyes, who had donned her "dinkiest" pampooties with alabaster speedles in honour of the occasion, was far better worth looking at than the laborious efforts of the perspiring Skrimchankers. She reminded me of the lines of KEATS:—

> "By her in stature the tall Amazon
> Had stood a pygmy's growth. She could have ta'en
> Achilles by the hair and bent his neck,
> Or with a finger stayed Ixion's wheel."

Truly she was a most enchanting scion of the era of Struldbrug.

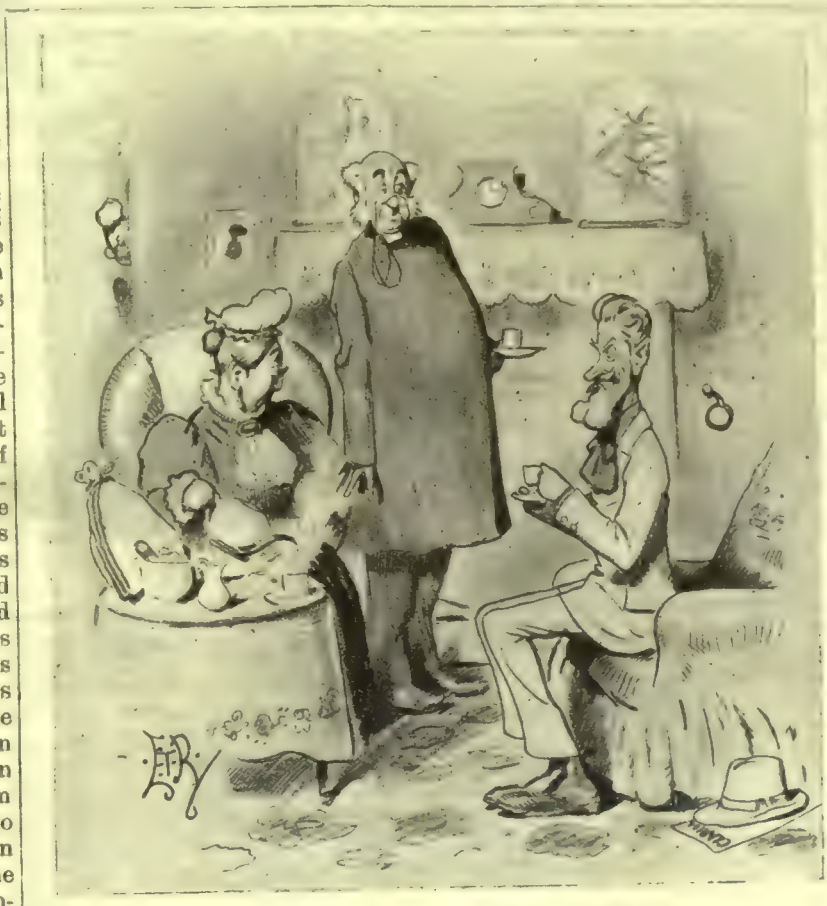
But to return to Occabot Tucyvan, who is to wrestle to-morrow night at the Bolosseum with Strindberg, the Horrible Finn. He is a beautifully built athlete, whose muscular development is only equalled by his superlative artistry. Indeed, in sheer *bravura* of footwork he reminds me more of a great organist than anything else. His polyphonic dexterity is a treat to witness, and in sheer contrapuntal prestidigitation he recalls the best achievements of G. O. SMITH or BLOOMER.

THE TECHNIQUE OF SKRIMCHANKO.

Without diagrams it is impossible, of course, to give a lucid explanation of the innumerable gambits and counter-gambits of the Patagonian wrestlers. The grip is strongly reminiscent of the corbel-clutch practised by the Tonypandy miners in dealing with refractory policemen. But all sclaffing, buffling, clicking and tamping are rigorously forbidden. The stance is remarkably open, resembling the posture of a skater executing the Mohawk. The various refinements of the hipe, the swoggle, and the dorsal *portamento* are all used to good purpose by the Patagonian expert. So also are the variants of the spoop and the counter-spoop, which involve a temporary declutching of the clavicular clinker-hold—always a dangerous manœuvre—but they are seldom resorted to without triumphant results by the best exponents of *Skrimchanko*.

The costume of the Patagonian wrestlers, again, is quite unusual in its *tessitura*. It consists of the *bastique*, a sort of kilt made of the untanned hide of the Giant Sloth; a steeple-crowned sombrero; and waterproof buskins of porbeagle skin laced with thongs of raw mesquit. A close-fitting vest of granulated calabash completes the costume. It should be added that, unlike the Cumberland, Cornish and Græco-Roman wrestlers, the Patagonians sing without intermission during each of the bouts to the accompaniment of a brass nose-flute played by their backers.

Skrimchanko, in fine, is the most intellectual and exquisite style of wrestling known, and its variety seems inexhaustible. But its complexity is so great and cryptic that to master it is the study of a lifetime; and even the English athlete of infinite leisure could hardly hope to acquire the transcendent but apparently effortless technique of an Occabot. We admire but dare not imitate his post-Straussian virtuosity.



CELEBRITIES OUT OF THEIR ELEMENT.

(Suggested by a sad picture of Mr. Grahame-White in a Bath-chair.)

MR. BERNARD SHAW LOOKS IN FOR AFTERNOON TEA AT THE VICARAGE.

"Archdeacon Sinclair, the chairman of the National Council of Public Morals, and the Rev. F. B. Meyer, vice-chairman, point out that in future this organisation will be known as the National Council of Public Morals—a title which, it is suggested, is more in keeping with the comprehensive educational character of the work."—*Morning Leader.*

That settles it. Now we shall join.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

YOU open *The Private Life of Cecil Rhodes*, by his Private Secretary, with every hope of studying human greatness apart from the delusive glare of the limelight. You think to discover at last the Empire-maker's attitude to a refractory stud, discover the genesis of an imperial idea over the buttered egg. At any rate, you shall see for yourself the true relations of those public schemes of which you read with those domestic circumstances which you have experienced. You close the book with a sense of having learnt little more than that one CECIL RHODES, a plutocrat, was most kind to his employés, and not, as has apparently been alleged, in any way addicted to drink. For the rest there is an interesting account of Kimberley under siege, and a detailed programme of the great man's funeral. I should have liked to say a word in favour of Mr. JOHN LANE'S excellently upholstered publication, but the dismal truth is that, whether from too little acquaintance with the art or too much with the subject, Mr. PHILIP JOURDAN has not shown himself a gifted biographer. He gives you a number of details of the real life, but leaves behind him no impression of the real man. And that, I am afraid, does not spell success.

Of course if a nicely-brought-up young girl, and a clergyman's daughter too, *must* run away with a free-thinking Socialist, bearing the ominous name of *Hammeryard*, when she has just promised to marry a virtuous, if terribly self-satisfied, Conservative M.P., well, what can one expect? That is what the heroine of *The Bride's Mirror* (HUTCHINSON) does, and very heavily she has to suffer for it; and to us at least her rashness seems all the more surprising because MARGARET BAILLIE SAUNDERS has penalised her with the curiously cacophonous name of *Sheila Sachster*, which anyone (I should have supposed) would have taken the earliest opportunity to alter by legal ceremony; for it was only after some time and earnest entreaty that *Hammeryard* consented to marry her. All the figures reflected in *The Bride's Mirror* are very clever and very clearly defined, *Sheila* herself being a particularly haunting image; the authoress too has a fine, if rather bitter, sense of humour. "'Oh, Adela . . . but Christian charity, when things are made legal, and that—and I believe she has suffered—forgives, doesn't it? After all, it has to.' 'I hope,' said Adeliza cuttingly, 'my principles will *never* descend to expediency.'" But was it necessary to add to *Hammeryard's* already colossal iniquities by making him hereditarily in league with the Powers of Darkness? If there be any ethics in novel-writing, it is the aristocrat surely, not the self-made man, who should descend from wicked and Rosicrucian forebears.

Mr. CLAUDE WASHBURN, in *Pages from the Book of Paris* (CONSTABLE), insists rather unnecessarily upon his youth, for that he is young in thought—whatever his years may be—is abundantly evident. I am not, however, saying this in a spirit of depreciation, because youthfulness gives a charm to his book. I have great hopes for Mr. WASHBURN, since his complaint (if it is a complaint) is one which can be cured. He is that rare anomaly, a delightful platitudinarian; and to listen to him talking about love, for instance, is as ingenuous an entertainment as can possibly be desired. Nevertheless it would be unfair to him if I failed to add that he does not confine himself to platitudes. It may be superfluous for him to state (in brackets) that "no sincere feeling is despicable," but I can congratulate him upon his observation when he says that the Philistines "are at bottom the most sentimental of creatures." As for Paris, he has captured the elusive spirit of that city, and when otherwise disengaged he writes of his captive with genuine feeling. For Mr. LESTER HORNBY'S illustrations I have nothing but praise.



IMPROBABLE SCENES.—IX.

A BOOKING-OFFICE CLERK FORCIBLY RETRIEVING A PASSENGER TO WHOM HE HAS GIVEN TOO LITTLE CHANGE.

I fancy that Baroness VON HUTTEN might have found several more suitable titles for her latest novel than *The Green Patch* (HUTCHINSON), because the incident to which this refers does not come till almost the end of the book, when what is, to my mind, the best part of the story has been told. Really, there are two stories. The first treats, delightfully, of the growing up of the three *Lambe* girls, and the life of their charming scatter-brained father. In an early chapter the children (abandoned in an open-boat by their parent, who has dived overboard to bathe, and forgotten them) are rescued by *Hughie Gunning*. He promptly falls in love with beautiful stupid *Sylvia*, the eldest; *Susan*, the second, is equally in love with him; and the third girl, *Daphne*, cares for nobody but her father. The question which of them he will marry provides the plot of the tale, and very well told and entertaining it is. But when this was finally settled, and for some reason the book was found to be not quite the right length, I rather fancy that Baroness VON HUTTEN may have said to herself, "Why not tack on an excellent idea I've got about a husband who accidentally puts out the eye of his wife's lover?" Accordingly the whole thing is shifted off to Malta, with a married *Daphne* as heroine, and a new set of characters. Even the note of these last chapters is different. The second story is exceedingly clever in its own way; but I objected to it because it was so obviously not the one we began with. Besides, I wanted to hear what had become of all the nice people in the other.

"Correction.—P. Mitchelmore writes: 'In my letter in Saturday's *Mercury* there is a misprint. It should read the old shipping port, instead of "old higginfoot."'"

This having been satisfactorily explained, the local "Mitchelmore Society" is now turning its attention to the more obscure passages of BROWNING.



THE Tory Earl of Meadsbridge had given up his park to the Boy Scouts for a field-day. All the neighbourhood was made free to come and look on. Like so many of his order and political persuasion, he had been at much expense of money and pains to assist Mr. HALDANE in his Territorial Scheme, but his heart was even more deeply engaged in the success of the Boy Scouts movement, which he regarded as the best thing that had happened to England within his memory. His youngest boy had joined them, and was at this moment manœuvring beside his favourite comrade, the son of the local plumber.

Tory by tradition, but very liberal in all matters that concerned his tenantry, the Earl himself had never taken more than a desultory interest in party-politics, and was therefore classed among the "Wild Peers" or "Backwoodsmen" that go to make the gaiety of Limehouse. But his eldest son had stood for the neighbouring borough of Meadsbridge and just been defeated by a Radical carpet-bagger from London—Blagden by name—who had rented a villa in the neighbourhood in order to woo the constituency. He had lingered in the scenes of his triumph and was among the spectators in the park this afternoon. I chanced to find myself beside him. On his other side, also by chance, was Joynes, the plumber, watching his son at work with the Scouts. I think the new M.P. must have imagined Joynes to be one of his working-men supporters, for he opened speech with him on a note of affability.

"An excellent idea, these Boy Scouts," he said, "if only it doesn't encourage the military spirit. Socially and morally I am all in favour of the movement; brings all kinds together; helps to break down class-hatred."

"Don't you let LLOYD GEORGE hear you saying things like that, Sir," said Joynes.

Blagden threw a quick glance of suspicion at his man. "If the CHANCELLOR," he replied, "may seem at times to say a few hard home-truths about the Peers, you ought not to blame him. It all comes of his passion for the Cause of the People."

"Well, I'm one of the People," said Joynes, "but I voted Unionist."

"You voted for the Peers?" said Blagden, employing *The Daily Chronicle's* party-denomination. "But that's very generous of you, and rather exceptional."

"Why 'exceptional'?" said Joynes. "A good half of England voted my way this election."

"Ah, but those were the well-to-do, with their selfish interests—publicans and pluralists and so forth."

"Don't you make any mistake about that, Sir," said Joynes. "Lots of 'em were of my class, and thousands and thousands more would have voted the same way if they could have got the idea of the Referendum into their thick heads. But a week's notice wasn't enough. You want a whole Zoo-ful of parrots saying nothing else for a couple of years on end. Then they begin to take it in, like 'Your food will cost you more.' Give 'em time and I'd bet you an even dollar that if they could have a Referendum *on* the Referendum they'd accept it."

"I do not take your bet," said Blagden, "firstly because I am not a betting-man, and secondly because I think I should lose my money. But it is our business as the People's Choice to save them, if necessary, from themselves. 'Trust the People's Representatives,' is our watchword. Your Tory Candidates went about saying: 'Don't trust me; trust yourselves.' And the People took 'em at their word."

It was at this point that I intervened in the cause of comity. "If I may venture to say so, you seem, Sir," said I, "to assume that the Liberals will have a monopoly of Government for the remainder of Time. That is a prospect which, as a cross-bencher, I should regard with abhorrence for its lack of variety. But supposing—for such things have happened before—supposing the Tories came back one day; and supposing they passed a Bill so violently curtailing the franchise as to ensure their party a continuance of power till the crack of doom—again a prospect that I should deplore on the ground I have mentioned. Where would your party be then without the Referendum, for which, in the plenitude of your strength, you have nothing but contempt?"

"There would be a Revolution," said Blagden, sonorously.

"Ah," said Joynes, "if Revolutions are to be part of the game, perhaps we shan't have to wait till the Unionists come back. What about Ulster?"

"Don't let 's talk of Revolutions," said a quiet voice beside me. I looked and saw an oldish gentleman of a very genial countenance. "Let 's stick," he said, "to the Referendum. I happen, though not a party-politician myself, to be addicted to the habit of referring to my own constituency."

"And what may your constituency be?" said Blagden.

"The civilised world in general," said the old gentleman calmly; then added, as if to correct an impression of immodesty, "in particular, the British Empire."

I could see that Blagden thought he had to do with a soft-brained old crony who ought to be humoured. "And how often," said he, "do you use the Referendum?"

"Once a week, and, by way of confirmation, twice a year. It chances that I have at this moment, under my arm, an example of the bulkier kind of Referendum."

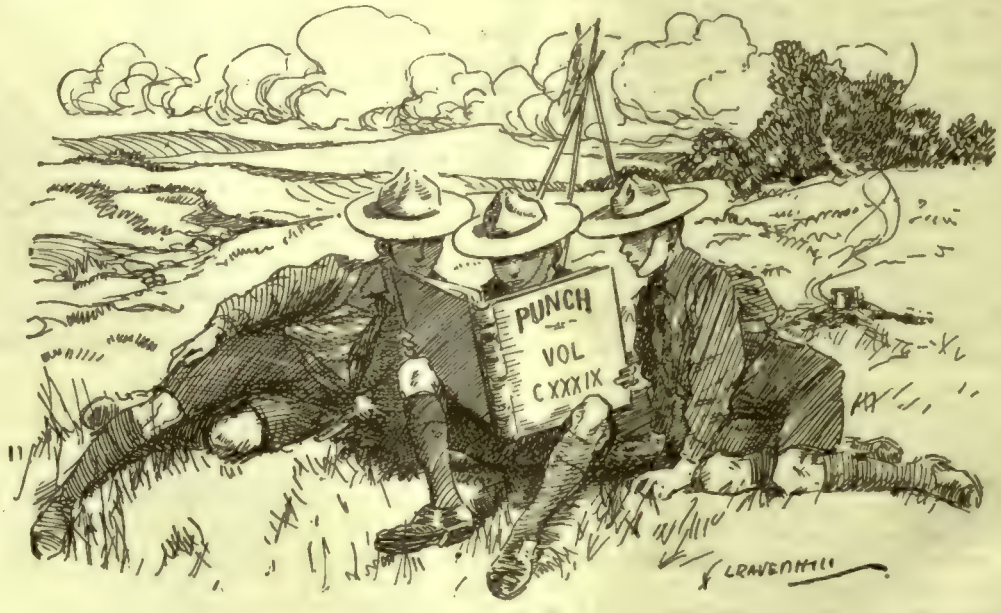
"What 's this about the Referendum?" said Lord Meadsbridge as he strolled up and greeted the old gentleman with a smile of protest. "No party-politics allowed within earshot of Boy Scouts, you know!"

"My dear host," said the quiet voice, "there are other things besides party-politics that may be classed as Referenda—in the sense that they need to be submitted for approval to the public intelligence. And such are the contents of this parcel of which I propose to present a facsimile to each troop of the Boy Scouts at whose evolutions I have to-day had the great pleasure of assisting. Had the political wisdom it contains been of a partisan colour I should never have permitted myself to make this offering in such a quarter!"

"My dear Mr. PUNCH," said his lordship, "though I am only a Backwoods Peer" (here he bowed and smiled to Blagden), "yet I have read your Epilogues for years and years, and I have wit enough to guess how this one is going to end. You are about to say——"

"I am," said Mr. PUNCH (for it seems that he had been correctly accosted); "I am about to say that I hope to have the honour of presenting to each troop of your Boy Scouts an early specimen of my

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